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(see Page 23)

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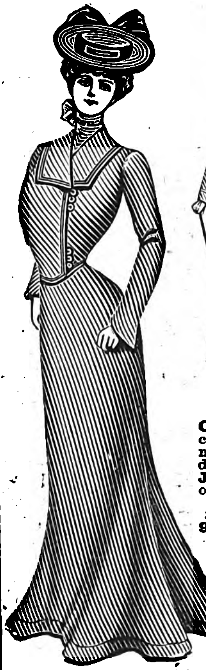

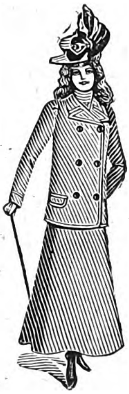

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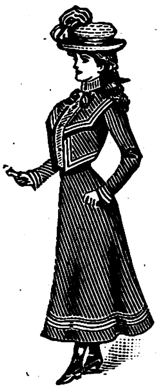

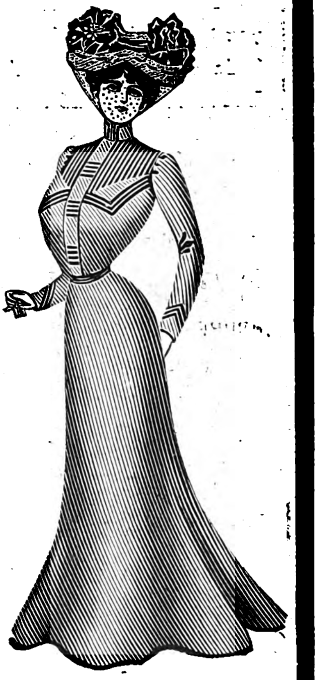

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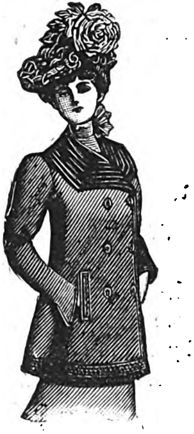

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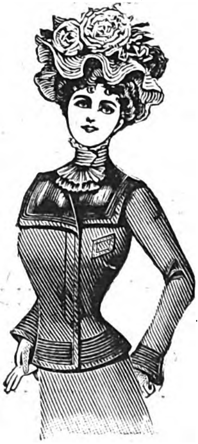

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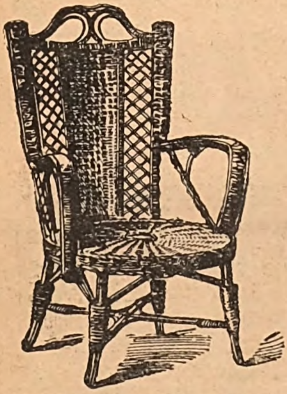
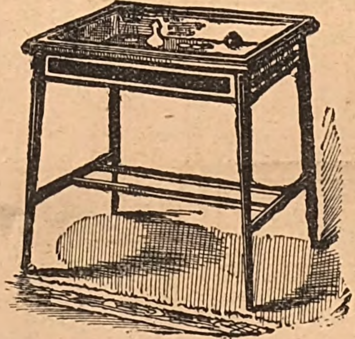
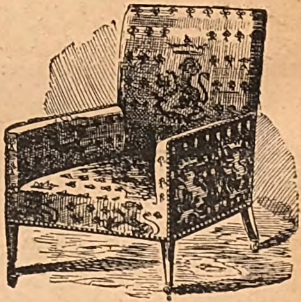


Fancy Rush and Wicker Arm Chair, 6s. 9d.



Inlaid Sheraton Curio Table, fitted with glass sides and top, lined inside with silk, £1 5s. 6d.



The "Kenilworth" Easy Chair, with spring seat, covered with good tapestry, and finished with brass nails, £1 3s. 6d.

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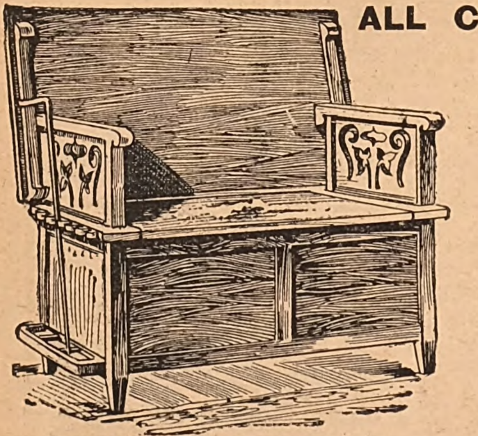

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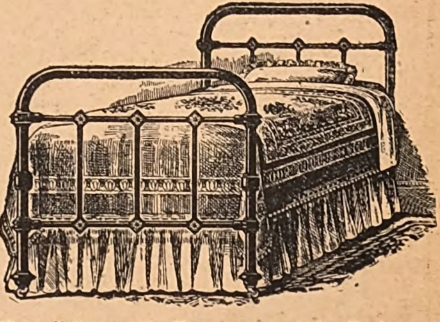

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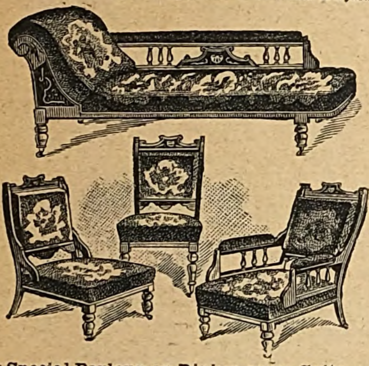

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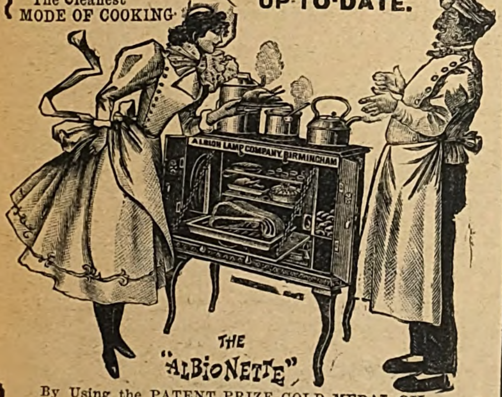

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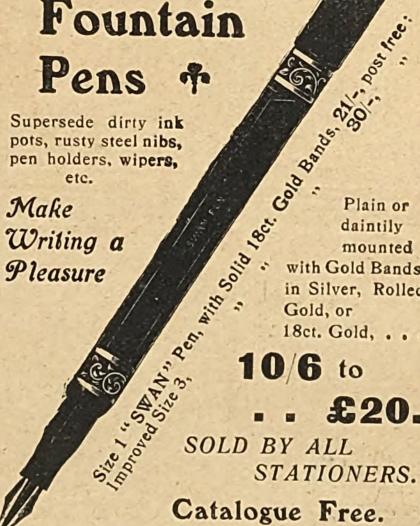
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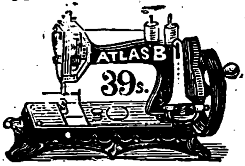

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May. *Royal Magazine.*

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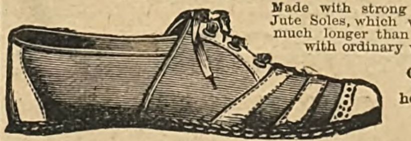

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FOR THE HAIR AND FOR THE LACK OF HAIR.

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"I can honestly recommend 'Tatcho.' I have used it for more than two years, and it has really entirely renovated my hair."

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"Your preparation 'Tatcho' is delightful. Its merits are indisputable. My hair has grown several inches since I began to use it." EMMA AGAR.

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"My husband's head was as bare as the palm of his hand for years. After using 'Tatcho' it is quite covered with short hairs, for which we are very thankful, and shall recommend it when possible." MRS. BROWN.

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Would you like to be a power among men and women—to be able to exert your influence over your friends and acquaintances in any direction you desire—to have them do your bidding, to turn them from wrong to right? Would you possess the means to secure friendship, influence, love, and bend the will of others to your own? Are you desirous of making a success of your life; of reaching a position of rank in the business and social world? Would it not be a blessing to be able to banish pain and conquer disease?

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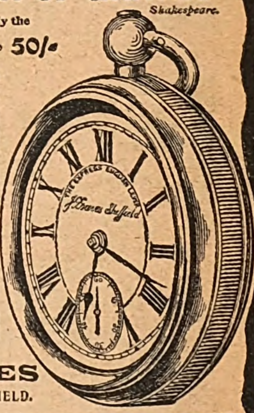

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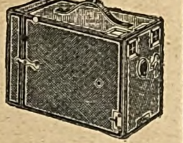

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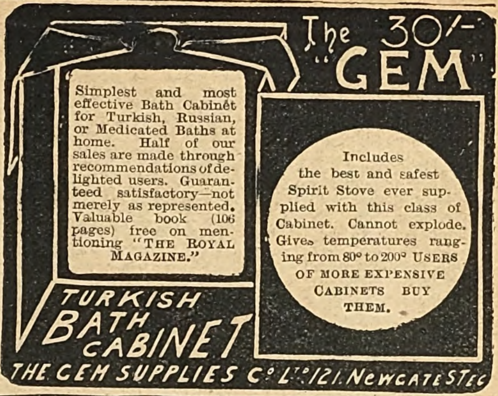

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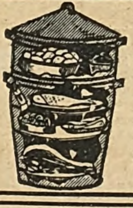

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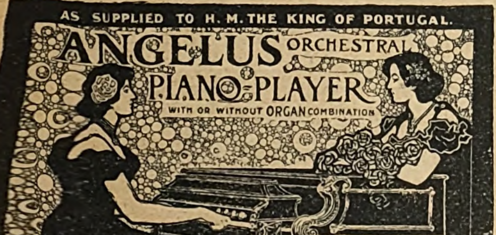
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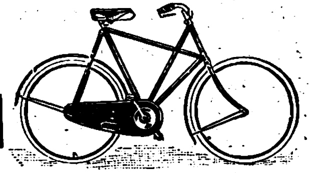

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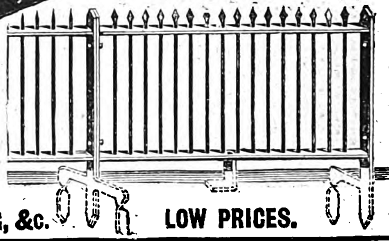

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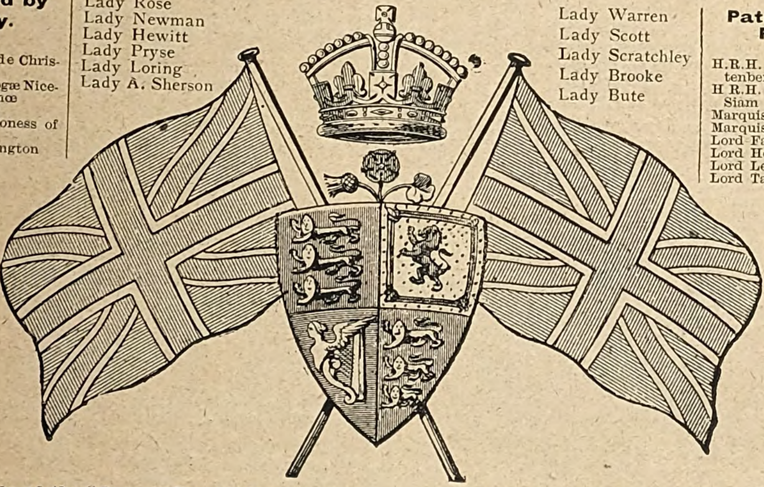

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9 ft. by 9 ft. ...	**7/6**	,,		12 ft. by 15 ft. ...	**15/9**	,,
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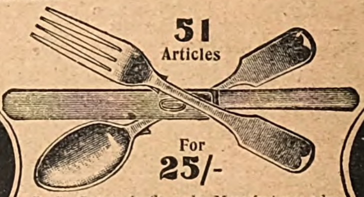

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions, whether literary or pictorial, and, where stamps are enclosed will make every endeavour to ensure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he cannot hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

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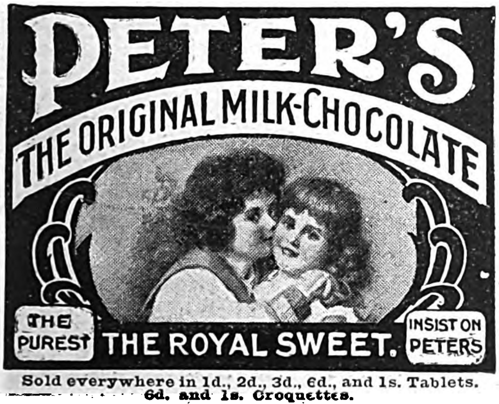

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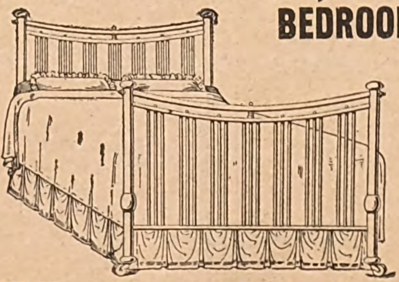

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THE

ROYAL MAGAZINE.

VOL. VIII.

MAY TO OCTOBER, 1902.

PUBLISHING AND EDITORIAL OFFICES:

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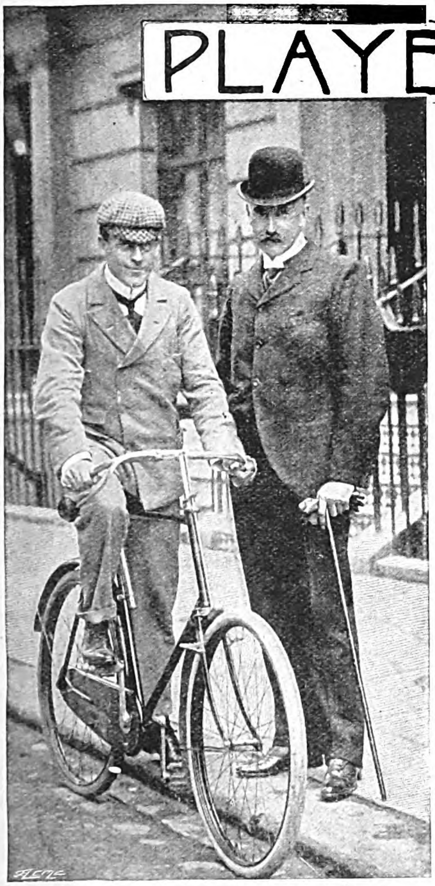
LONDON:
PRINTED BY HORACE COX, WINDSOR HOUSE, BREAM'S BUILDINGS, E.C.

PLAYERS AT PLAY

The Favourite Recreations of Famous Actors and Actresses.

By A. Wallis Myers.

Illustrated with Photographs by R. W. Thomas.



Mr. Cyril Maude and Mr. Frederick Harrison. The former is an ardent cyclist.

The activity of some of our leading players is the marvel of many. These versatile people, after two strenuous performances in one day in an enervating theatre, think nothing of going to bed in the small hours, rising again with the average man, and then rushing off on motor or cycle for a long morning's outing. Pleasure before business is their maxim, and a very health-giving one it is, when you have to do all your work by gas-light.

Mr. Cyril Maude rises early usually. His managerial duties at the Haymarket bring a heavy letter bag, so that he has to attend to an immense amount of business as well as acting. No man is in greater need of some counteracting exercise, and for many years Mr. Maude has been an ardent supporter of the bicycle, though lately he has somewhat abandoned it for a canter in the Park. Like many of his kind, Mr. Maude is an enthusiastic fisherman, and something more than an average shot.

Some of his "fishy" stories are characteristic, not of the fisherman, but of the genial actor. He once, when fishing in Scotland, quietly bagged his neighbour's haul while the latter was landing something with a net, and then requested his victim to examine his basket! But those were his younger days.

Sir Henry Irving has no favourite recreation, he says, excepting work; but Miss Ellen Terry, so long associated with the great Lyceum actor, is devoted to yachting and driving, her spare time being taken up, too, with reading. Mrs. Patrick Campbell is an ardent cyclist and no small musician; in fact, she won a scholarship at the Guildhall School of Music before she took up the histrionic art. Mr. Tree, the energetic proprietor of Her Majesty's theatre, is a great horseman, and may often be seen in the Park on a fine morning, as may also Mr. George Alexander, who adds to this a weakness for the cycle and a passionate love of the links.

If Mr. Penley had not gone on the stage he would have made a first-class squire, that is, a squire of the open-handed, sporting quality. The house which "Charley's Aunt" built for himself at Woking is skirted by the Basingstoke Canal, upon which you may often see Mr. Penley on board his little launch, the *Union Jack*, his head sprucely covered with a soft-peaked cricketing cap.

Mr. Penley's home is veritably his castle; he keeps his carriage and frequently drives it in the Surrey lanes; he uses a gun with dexterity and effect, and he rides occasionally. But, above all, he is wrapt up in his children, of whom there are six, equally divided in sex.

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Vol. VIII.—May, 1902.—No. 43.

Talking of actors and their children reminds one that Mr. Walter Passmore, the eminent Savoy actor, likes nothing better than getting astride a horse-exerciser in the garden with his little son. "It gives you a rare shaking-up," Mr. Passmore will tell you, "and it's splendid for the liver, and gives you a mighty appetite for lunch." Mr. Passmore's other favourite pastimes are riding on real horse-back, which he does assiduously, especially in the country, driving and rowing—in fact, anything where there is motion, except that produced by the sea.

A queer hobby of Mr. Walter Passmore is to sit astride a horse-exerciser with his little son. His other pastimes are riding, driving, and rowing.

Mr. Gus Elen has never broken any records on his "bike," but he has broken many other things. He never passes a month without cultivating a mild bruise. One day he was out with a fat rider, not exactly a cyclist; but a wobblist. Mr. Elen always took care to ride thirty yards away from this gentleman, in case of accident either to machine or machinist; but on one occasion he failed to take this precaution, or rather he endeavoured to pass him in order that he might take a few snapshots with his kodak. All of a sudden, his friend swerved and commenced making shorthand tracks on the road, finally landing flat on his back. "Don't move," yelled Gus Elen, "lie still till your breath comes back," and he proceeded to secure a beautiful picture of him in that position.

Mr. Elen's greatest hobby is, however,

Mr. Penley, had he not been an actor, would have made a first-class country squire. He delights in shooting, fishing, and riding.

shooting. He has enjoyed many pleasant outings and experiences, and is always very willing to talk about them.

Some actors are exceptionally quiet in their amusements. One of these is Mr. Kyrle Bellew, who might almost be called "a stay-at-home." Mr. Bellew, who favours a rural scenery, is passionately fond of microscopic research, and enjoys few things better than examining his botanical and entomological finds under the lens. He does not profess to be an expert, though his friends may be pardoned for regarding him such. He reads a great deal, too, and is, in short, an unusually cultured and versatile man.

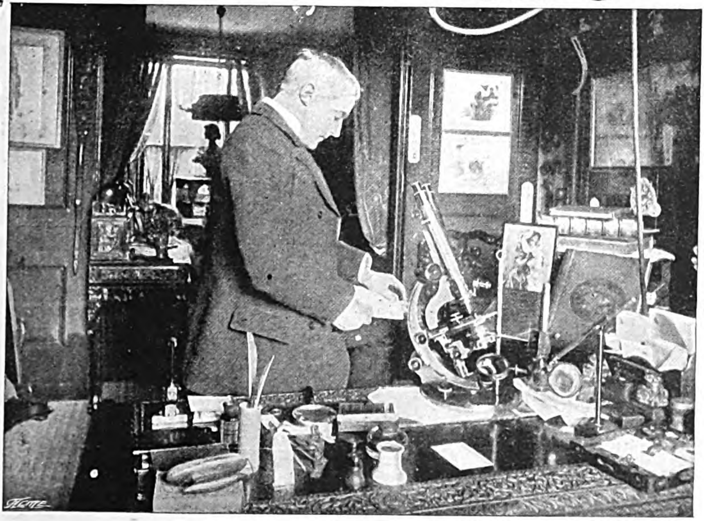
Of lady players who cycle there are numbers; indeed, so general has cycling become among actresses, that a few have taken to motoring with a view to setting a new fashion. But Miss Ada Reeve is still devoted to the wheel, and may be considered one of the pluckiest riders that the stage possesses. Her touring *impedimenta* is incomplete without her bicycle, and when she goes to America, you will find it safely crated on board ship. Miss Reeve has covered hundreds of miles a wheel in the States, frequently foregoing a comfortable train journey in order that she may enjoy her favourite exercise.

Another enthusiastic cyclist is Miss Julia Neilson, who with her husband, Mr. Fred Terry, is constantly to be seen pedalling in the country lanes near London.

Mrs. Terry is a graceful, but not a fast, rider, and being a great lover of nature, she advocates gentle runs, unless there is a matter of business to accelerate the wheel. Yachting is another favourite hobby of this talented actress, and as she is a very capable swimmer she is naturally not afraid to venture out alone. Her husband, by the way, is a proficient sculler, and in addition to cycling and golf, is very fond of a rubber at whist. He also takes a great interest in racing, and is a not infrequent figure on the course.

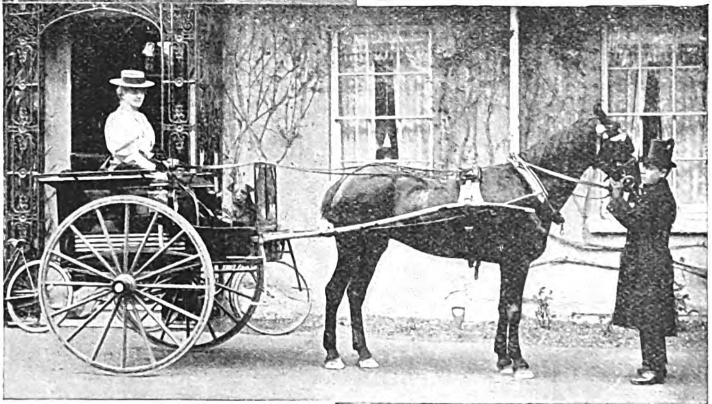
Miss Margaret Fraser has recently become a victim to the motor craze, and is not ashamed to admit it. She is a capable automobilist, with plenty of nerve, and oft-times pilots her motor

There is no more enthusiastic devotee of the bicycle than Mr. Gus Elen.



No out-of-door exercise for Mr. Kyrle Bellew. His microscope is his great hobby; he is also an ardent reader.

Miss Maxine Elliot and Miss Gertrude Elliot (Mrs. Forbes - Robertson) are devoted to gardening.



All out-of-door exercises attract Miss Ellaline Terriss, driving and cycling being her favourites.

through the densest London traffic.

On the other hand, Miss Ethel Matthews, though a motorist, is not addicted to it very badly, and prefers to hibernate indoors for the greater portion of her spare time during the winter. She is naturally very fond of the country, and when summer arrives goes thither as often as work will allow. She shoots, drives and fishes—all a little, this charming lady will modestly tell you. Of the bicycle she has at present no very great regard; she never cycles in London, having discreetly dispensed with her machine—"lest," she says, "I go out and hurt myself."

Miss Matthews has a number of interesting dogs at her flat off Whitehall, and spends much of her spare time with them. In the summer months she enjoys few things better after a hard night at the theatre than sitting lazily on her balcony, which overlooks the river, and gazing upon the water and the stars.

There are few prettier gardens near London than that at Jackwood, Shooter's Hill, the home of Mr. Nat Goodwin and his beautiful wife, Miss Maxine Elliot, and there is no prettier spectacle in that garden than Miss Elliot in company with her sister, Miss Gertrude Elliot, now Mrs. Forbes Robertson. The two are passionately fond of the outdoor life to which they were brought up in their Irish home. Miss Gertrude Elliot, like her husband, is an enthusiastic golfer and an accomplished singer, and what is more uncommon, delights in whistling solos in the privacy of her garden.

Ask Mr. Seymour Hicks what his favourite

Miss Lily Hanbury's favourite hobby is music; she is also skilled at tennis, riding, swimming, and cycling.

recreation is and he will answer immediately "work"; and you have only to ask some of his "children" at the Vaudeville to have this statement confirmed. But at their home near Windsor Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Hicks throw off the trappings of toil and lead a fresh, open-air life. Miss Ellaline Terriss is passionately fond of driving, and goes out nearly every day in her smart little dog-cart, accompanied by her dog, who occasionally has to be muzzled. She and her husband are also great cyclists, and their machines are rarely absent from the front door in the warmer months. They can both fire a gun and land a fish, and they entertain a good deal when rehearsals are not too exacting.

Miss Lily Hanbury has many hobbies, and she is proficient in all of them, just as she is proficient in her acting. She is very musical, and is frequently to be found seated before her grand piano singing a favourite air. Nominally her recreations are riding, swimming, cycling and playing tennis, but though she excels at all four, each may be periodically allowed to vegetate, to be actively taken up again when the inclination returns.

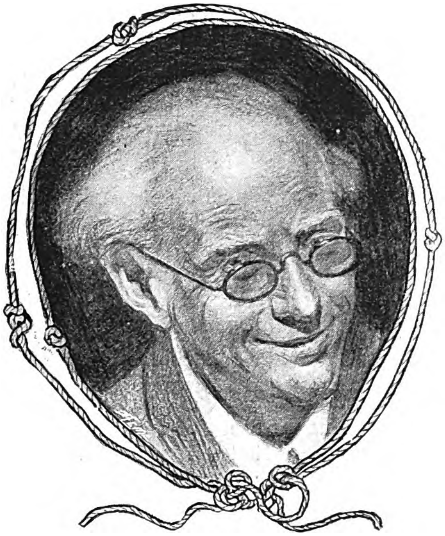
It is surprising how many well-known actresses are accomplished players of string instruments in private. Miss Louie Freear, for instance, never tires of strumming to herself on the banjo, singing the while some soothing ditty which sticks in her head. Miss Isabel Jay plays a guitar, and plays it well. Miss Florence Collingbourne is a gifted banjoist, and, certainly, the pastime becomes her.

Three lovers of string instruments : Miss Louie Freear, Miss Isabel Jay, and Miss Florence Collingbourne.

Finally, let it be said that the great majority of actors are sportsmen in the true sense of the word. Many a well-known stage face is to be seen of an afternoon in the pavilion at Lord's or the Oval; and were there no such things as matinées, it is safe to say that the owner of the face would be actively figuring in a Saturday afternoon match.

A favourite recreation — for such it seems to be — of many actors and actresses which deserves mention is—charity. Comrades in distress have seldom to plead in vain ere sympathy, and often something more tangible, are bestowed upon them. Sir Henry Irving, prince of good fellows, has silently given away hundreds in the cause of charity. "Johnny" Toole has done the same. Miss Ellen Terry is always doing good unobtrusively. Such examples could easily be multiplied.

THE YORK MYSTERY.



Being the Second of a Series of Stories entitled "The Mysteries of Great Cities."

Illustrated by P. B. Hickling.

By
Baroness E. Orczy.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Man in the Corner *of the A.B.C. shop who tells the story to*
The Lady Journalist.
Lord Arthur Skelmerton.
Lady Arthur Skelmerton.
Colonel McIntosh.
Chipps (*Butler*).
James Terry. } *Bookmakers.*
Charles Lavender. } *Bookmakers.*
George Higgins. } *Bookmakers.*

I.

The man in the corner looked quite cheerful this morning; he had had two glasses of milk and had even gone to the extravagance of an extra cheese-cake. He was itching to talk police and murders I knew, for he cast furtive glances at me from time to time, produced a bit of string, tied and untied it into scores of complicated knots, and finally, bringing out his pocket-book, he placed before me two or three photographs.

"Do you know who that is?" he asked, pointing to one of these.

I looked at the face on the picture. It was that of a woman, not exactly pretty, but very gentle and childlike, with a strange pathetic look in the large eyes which was wonderfully appealing.

"That was Lady Arthur Skelmerton," he said, and in a flash there flitted before my mind the weird and tragic history which had broken this loving woman's heart. Lady Arthur Skelmerton! That name recalled to me one of the most bewildering, most mysterious passages in the annals of undiscovered crimes.

"Yes. It was sad, wasn't it?" he commented, in answer to my thoughts. "Another case which, but for idiotic blunders on the part of the police, must have stood clear as daylight before the public and satisfied general anxiety. Would you object to my recapitulating its preliminary details?"

I said nothing, so he continued without waiting for a reply.

"It all occurred during the York racing week, a time which brings to the quietest cathedral city its quota of shady characters, who congregate wherever money and wits happen to fly away from their owners. Lord Arthur Skelmerton, a very well-known figure in London society and in racing circles, had rented one of the fine houses which overlook the racecourse. He had entered Peppercorn by St. Armand—Notre Dame, for the Great Ebor Handicap. Peppercorn was the winner of the Newmarket and his chances for the Ebor were considered a practical certainty.

"If you have ever been to York you will have noticed the fine houses which have their drive and front entrances in the road called 'The Mount,' and the gardens of which extend as far as the racecourse, commanding a lovely view over the entire track. It was one of these houses called 'The Elms' which Lord Arthur Skelmerton had rented for the summer.

"Lady Arthur came down some little time before the racing week with her servants—she had no children; but she had many

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relatives and friends in York, since she was the daughter of old Sir John Etty, the cocoa manufacturer, a rigid Quaker, who, it was generally said, kept the tightest possible hold on his own purse-strings and looked with marked disfavour upon his aristocratic son-in-law's fondness for gaming tables and betting books.

"As a matter of fact, Maud Etty had married the handsome young lieutenant in the ——th Hussars, quite against her father's wishes. But she was an only child, and after a good deal of demur and grumbling, Sir John, who idolised his daughter, gave way to her whim, and a reluctant consent to the marriage was wrung from him.

"But as a Yorkshireman, he was far too shrewd a man of the world not to know that love played but a very small part in persuading a Duke's son to marry the daughter of a cocoa manufacturer, and as long as he lived he determined that since his daughter was being wed because of her wealth, that wealth should at least secure her own happiness. He refused to give Lady Arthur any capital, which in spite of the most carefully-worded settlements would inevitably, sooner or later, have found its way into the pockets of Lord Arthur's racing friends. But he made his daughter a very handsome allowance, amounting to over £3000 a year, which enabled her to keep up an establishment befitting her new rank.

"A great many of these facts, intimate enough as they are, leaked out, you see, during that period of intense excitement which followed the murder of Charles Lavender, and when the public eye was fixed searchingly upon Lord Arthur Skelmerton, probing all the inner details of his idle, useless life.

"It soon became a matter of common gossip that poor little Lady Arthur continued to worship her handsome husband in spite of his obvious neglect, and not having as yet presented him with an heir, she settled herself down into a life of humble apology for her plebeian existence, atoning for it by condoning all his faults and forgiving all his vices, even to the extent of cloaking them before the prying eyes of Sir John, who was persuaded to look upon his son-in-law as a paragon of all the domestic virtues and a perfect model of a husband.

"Among Lord Arthur Skelmerton's many expensive tastes, there was certainly that for horseflesh and cards. After some successful betting at the beginning of his married life, he had started a racing-stable which it was generally believed—as he was very lucky—was a regular source of income to him.

"Peppercorn, however, after his brilliant performances at Newmarket did not continue to fulfil his master's expectations. His collapse at York was attributed to the hardness of the course, and to various other causes, but its immediate effect was to put Lord Arthur Skelmerton in what is popularly called a tight place for he had backed his horse for all he was worth, and must have stood to lose considerably over £5000 on that one day.

"The collapse of the favourite and the grand victory of 'King Cole,' a rank outsider, on the other hand had proved a golden harvest for the bookmakers, and all the York hotels were busy with dinners and suppers given by the confraternity of the turf to celebrate the happy occasion. The next day was Friday, one of few important racing events, after which the brilliant and the shady throng which had flocked into the venerable city for the week would fly to more congenial climes, and leave it, with its fine old Minster and its ancient walls, as sleepy, as quiet as before.

"Lord Arthur Skelmerton also intended to leave York on the Saturday, and on the Friday night he gave a farewell bachelor dinner party at 'The Elms,' at which Lady Arthur did not appear. After dinner, the gentlemen settled down to 'bridge,' with pretty stiff points, you may be sure. It had just struck eleven at the Minster Tower, when constables McNaught and Murphy, who were patrolling the racecourse, were startled by loud cries of 'murder' and 'police.'

"Quickly ascertaining whence these cries proceeded, they hurried on at a gallop, and came up—quite close to the boundary of Lord Arthur Skelmerton's grounds—upon a group of three men, two of whom seemed to be wrestling vigorously with one another, whilst the third was lying face downwards on the ground. As soon as the constables drew near, one of the wrestlers shouted more vigorously, and with a certain tone of authority:

"'Here, you fellows, hurry up, sharp; the brute is giving me the slip!'

"But the brute did not seem inclined to do anything of the sort; he certainly extricated himself with a violent jerk from his assailant's grasp, but made no attempt to run away. The constables had quickly dismounted, whilst he, who had shouted for help originally, added more quietly:

"'My name is Skelmerton. This is the boundary of my property. I was smoking a cigar at the pavilion over there with a friend when I heard loud voices, followed by a cry and a groan. I hurried down the steps, and saw this poor fellow lying on the ground, with a knife sticking between his shoulder-blades, and his murderer,' he added, pointing to the man who stood quietly by with constable McNaught's firm grip upon his shoulder, 'still stooping over the body of his victim. I was too late, I fear, to save the latter, but just in time to grapple with the assassin——'

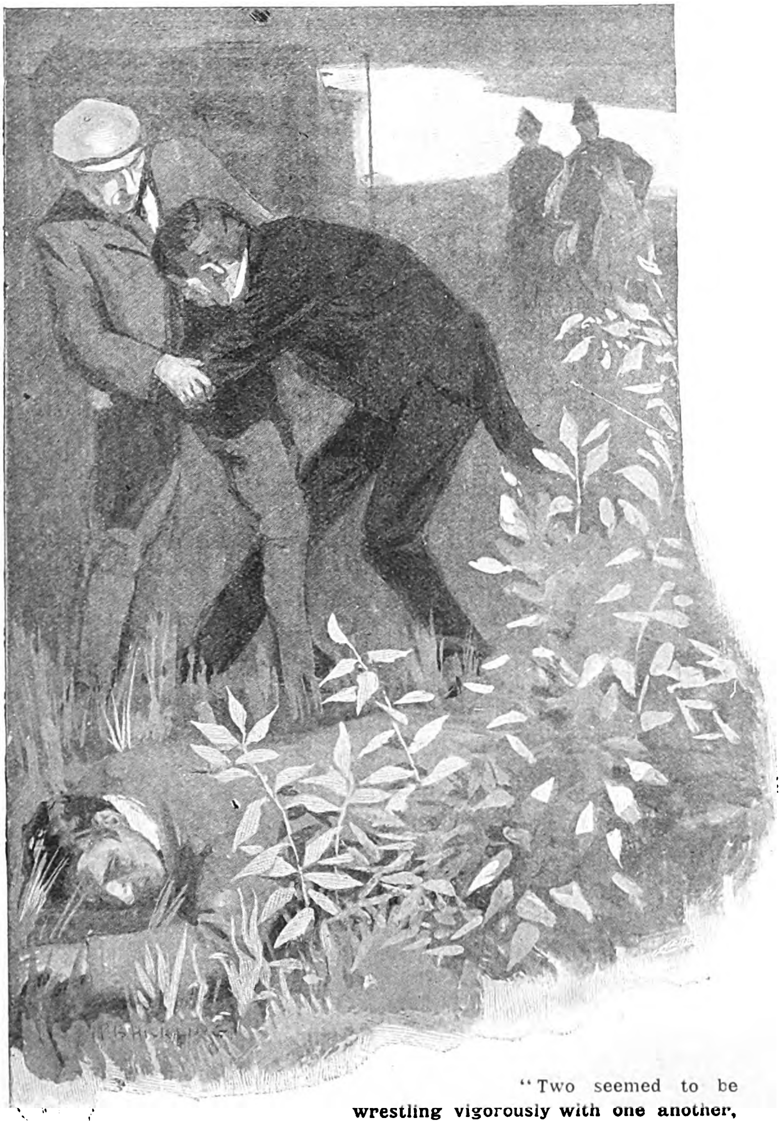
"'It's a lie!' here interrupted the man hoarsely. 'I didn't do it, constable; I swear I didn't do it. I saw him fall—I was coming along a couple of hundred yards away, and I tried to see if the poor fellow was dead. I swear I didn't do it.'

"'You'll have to explain that to the inspector presently, my man,' was constable McNaught's quiet comment, and, still vigorously protesting his innocence, the accused allowed himself to be led away, and the body was conveyed to the station, pending fuller identification.

"The next morning the papers were full of the tragedy; a column and a half of the *York Herald* was devoted to an account of Lord Arthur Skelmerton's plucky capture of the assassin. The latter had continued to declare his innocence, but had remarked, it appears, with grim humour, that he quite saw he was in a tight place, out of which, however, he would find it easy to extricate himself. He had stated to the police that the deceased's name was Charles Lavender, a well-known bookmaker, which fact was soon verified, for many of the murdered man's 'pals' were still in the city.

"So far the most pushing of newspaper reporters had been unable to glean further information from the police; no one doubted, however, but that the man in charge, who gave his name as George Higgins, had killed the bookmaker for purposes of robbery. The inquest had been fixed for the Tuesday after the murder.

"Lord Arthur had been obliged to stay in York a few days, as his evidence would be needed. That fact gave the case, perhaps, a



"Two seemed to be wrestling vigorously with one another, whilst a third was lying face downwards on the ground."

certain amount of interest as far as York and London 'society' were concerned. Charles Lavender, moreover, was well known on the turf; but no bombshell exploding beneath the walls of the ancient cathedral city could more have astonished its inhabitants than the news which, at about five in the afternoon on the day of the inquest, spread like wildfire throughout the town. That news was that the inquest had concluded at three o'clock with a verdict of 'Wilful murder against some person or persons unknown,' and that two hours later the police had arrested Lord Arthur Skelmerton at his private residence, 'The Elms,' and charged him on a warrant with the murder of Charles Lavender, the bookmaker."

II.

"The police, it appears, instinctively feeling that some mystery lurked round the death of the bookmaker and his supposed murderer's quiet protestations of innocence, had taken a very considerable amount of trouble in collecting all the evidence they could for the inquest, which might throw some light upon Charles Lavender's life, previous to his tragic end. Thus it was that a very large array of witnesses was brought before the coroner, chief among whom was, of course, Lord Arthur Skelmerton.

"The first witnesses called were the two constables, who deposed that, just as the church clocks in the neighbourhood were striking eleven, they had heard the cries for help, had ridden to the spot whence the sounds proceeded, and had found the prisoner in the tight grasp of Lord Arthur Skelmerton, who at once accused the man of murder, and gave him in charge. Both constables gave the same version of the incident, and both were positive as to the time when it occurred.

"Medical evidence went to prove that the deceased had been stabbed from behind between the shoulder blades whilst he was walking, that the wound was inflicted by a large hunting knife, which was produced, and which had been left sticking in the wound.

"Lord Arthur Skelmerton was then called and substantially repeated what he had already told the constables. He stated, namely, that on the night in question he had some gentlemen friends to dinner, and afterwards 'bridge' was played. He himself was not playing much, and at a few minutes before eleven he strolled out with a cigar as far as the pavilion at the end of his garden; he then heard the voices, the cry and the groan previously described by him, and managed to hold the murderer down until the arrival of the constables.

"At this point the police proposed to call a witness, James Terry by name and a bookmaker by profession, who had been chiefly instrumental in identifying the deceased, a 'pal' of his. It was his evidence which first introduced that element of sensation into the case which culminated in the wildly exciting arrest of a Duke's son upon a capital charge.

"It appears that on the evening after the Ebor, Terry and Lavender were in the bar of the Black Swan Hotel having drinks.

"'I had done pretty well over Peppercorn's fiasco,' he explained, 'but poor old Lavender was very much down in the dumps; he had held only a very few small bets against the favourite, and the rest of the day had been a poor one with him. I asked him if he had any bets with the owner of Peppercorn, and he told me that he only held one for less than £500.

"'I laughed and said that if he held one for £5000 it would make no difference, as from what I had heard from the other fellows, Lord Arthur Skelmerton must be about stumped. Lavender seemed terribly put out at this, and swore he would get that £500 out of Lord Arthur, if no one else got another penny from him.

"'"It's the only money I've made to-day,' he says to me. "I mean to get it."

"'"You won't," I says.

"'"I will," he says.

"'"You will have to look pretty sharp about it then," I says, "for everyone will be wanting to get something, and first come first served."

"'"Oh! He'll serve me right enough, never you mind!" says Lavender to me with a laugh. "If he don't pay up willingly, I've got that in my pocket which will make him sit up and open my lady's eyes and Sir John Etty's too about their precious noble lord."

"'Then he seemed to think he had gone too far and wouldn't say anything more to me about that affair. I saw him on the course the next day. I asked him if he had got his £500. He said: "No, but I shall get it to-day."'

"Lord Arthur Skelmerton, after having given his own evidence, had left the court; it was therefore impossible to know how he would take this account which threw so serious a light upon an association with the dead man, of which he himself had said nothing.

"Nothing could shake James Terry's account of the facts he had placed before the jury, and when the police informed the coroner that they proposed to place George Higgins himself in the witness box, as his evidence would prove, as it were, a complement and corollary of that of Terry, the jury very eagerly assented.

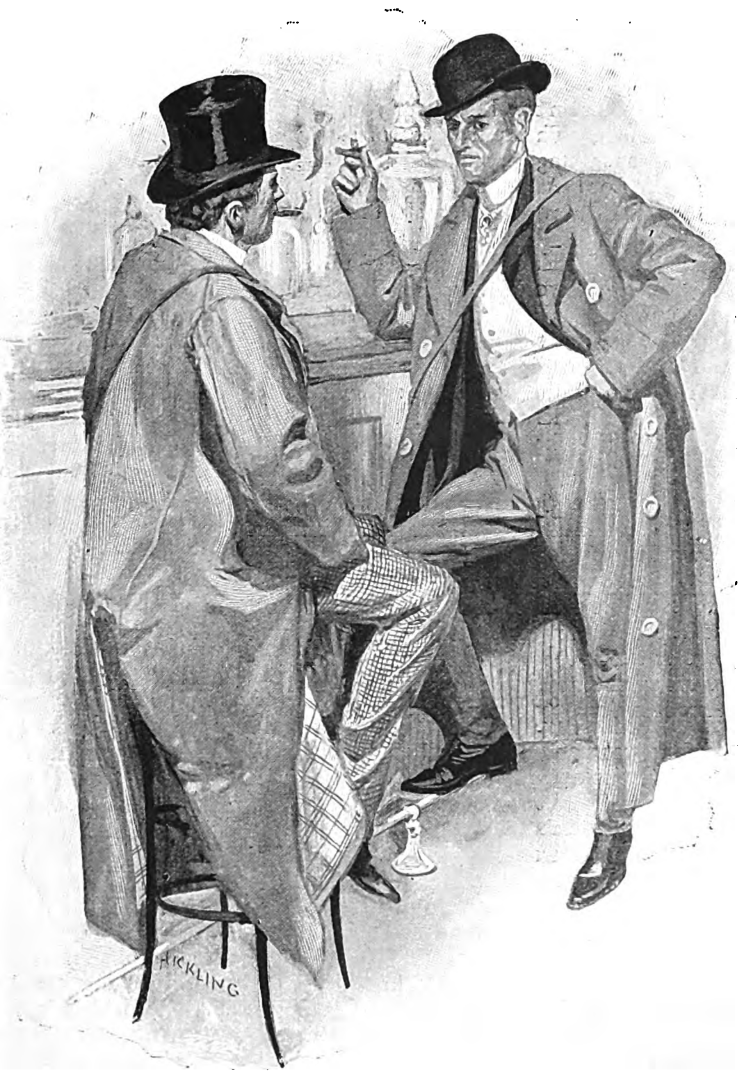
"If James Terry, the bookmaker, loud, florid, vulgar, was an unprepossessing individual, certainly George Higgins, who was still under the accusation of murder, was ten thousand times more so.

"None too clean, slouchy, obsequious yet insolent, he was the very personification of the cad who haunts the racecourse and who lives not so much by his own wits as by the lack of them in others. He described himself as a turf commission agent, whatever that may be.

"He stated that at about six o'clock on the Friday afternoon, when the racecourse was still full of people, all hurrying after the day's excitements, he himself happened to be standing close to the hedge which marks the boundary of Lord Arthur Skelmerton's grounds. There is a pavilion there at the end of the garden, he explained, on slightly elevated ground, and he could hear and see a group of ladies and gentlemen having tea. Some steps lead down a little to the left of the garden, on to the course, and presently he noticed at the bottom of these steps Lord Arthur Skelmerton and Charles Lavender standing talking together. He knew both gentlemen by sight, but he could not see them very well as they were both partly hidden by the hedge. He was quite sure that the gentlemen had not seen him, and he could not help overhearing some of their conversation.

"'That's my last word, Lavender,' Lord Arthur was saying very quietly. 'I haven't got the money and I can't pay you now. You'll have to wait.'

"'Wait? I can't wait,' said old Lavender in reply. 'I've got my engagements to meet, same as you. I'm not going to risk being posted up as a defaulter while you hold £500



"If he don't pay up willingly I've got that in my pocket which will make him sit up.

of my money. You'd better give it me now or—'

"But Lord Arthur interrupted him very quietly, and said:

"'Yes, my good man . . . . or?'

"'Or I'll let Sir John have a good look at that little bill I had of yours a couple of years ago. If you'll remember, my lord, it has got at the bottom of it Sir John's signature in *your* handwriting. Perhaps Sir John, or perhaps my lady, would pay me something for that little bill. If not the police can have a squint at it. I've held my tongue long enough, and—'

"'Look here, Lavender,' said Lord Arthur, 'do you know what this little game of yours is called in law?'

"'Yes, and I don't care,' says Lavender. 'If I don't have that £500 I am a ruined man. If you ruin me I'll do for you, and we shall be quits. That's my last word.'

"He was talking very loudly, and I thought some of Lord Arthur's friends up in the pavilion must have heard. He thought so, too, I think, for he said quickly:

"'If you don't hold your confounded tongue, I'll give you in charge for blackmail, this instant.'

"'You wouldn't dare,' says Lavender, and he began to laugh. But just then a lady from the top of the steps said: 'Your tea is getting cold,' and Lord Arthur turned to go; but just before he went, Lavender says to him: 'I'll come back to-night. You'll have the money then.'

"George Higgins, it appears, after he had heard this interesting conversation, pondered as to whether he could not turn what he knew into some sort of profit. Being a gentleman who lives entirely by his wits, this type of knowledge forms his chief source of income. As a preliminary to future moves, he decided not to lose sight of Lavender for the rest of the day.

"'He went and had dinner at The Black Swan,' he explained, 'and I, after I had had a bite myself, waited outside till I saw him come out. At about ten o'clock I was rewarded for my trouble. He told the hall porter to get him a fly and he jumped into it. I could not hear what direction he gave the driver, but the fly certainly drove off towards the racecourse.

"'Now, I was interested in this little affair,' continued the witness, 'and I couldn't afford a fly. I started to run. Of course I couldn't keep up with it, but I thought I knew which way my gentleman had gone. I made straight for the racecourse, and for the hedge at the bottom of Lord Arthur Skelmerton's grounds.

"'It was rather a dark night and there was a slight drizzle. I couldn't see more than about a hundred yards before me. All at once it seemed to me as if I heard Lavender's voice talking loudly in the distance. I hurried forward, and suddenly saw a group of two figures—mere blurs in the darkness—for one instant, at a distance of about fifty yards from where I was.

"'The next moment, one figure had fallen forward and the other had disappeared. I ran to the spot, only to find the body of the murdered man lying on the ground. I stooped to see if I could be of any use to him, and immediately I was collared from behind by Lord Arthur himself.'

"You may imagine," said the man in the corner, "how keen was the excitement at that moment in court. Coroner and jury alike literally hung breathless on every word that shabby vulgar individual uttered. You see, by itself his evidence would have been worth very little, but coming on the top of that given by James Terry, its significance—more, its truth—had become glaringly apparent. Closely cross-examined, he adhered strictly to his statement; and having finished his evidence, George Higgins remained in charge of the constables, and the next witness of importance was called up.

"This was Mr. Chipps, the senior footman in the employment of Lord Arthur Skelmerton. He deposed that at about 10.30 on the Friday evening a 'party' drove up to 'The Elms' in a fly, and asked to see Lord Arthur. On being told that his lordship had company he seemed terribly put out.

"'I hasked the party to give me 'is card,' continued Mr. Chipps, 'as I didn't know, perhaps, that 'is lordship might wish to see 'im, but I kept 'im standing at the 'all door, as I didn't altogether like his looks. I took the card in. His lordship and the gentlemen was playin' cards in the smoking-room, and as soon as I could do so without disturbing 'is lordship, I give him the party's card.'

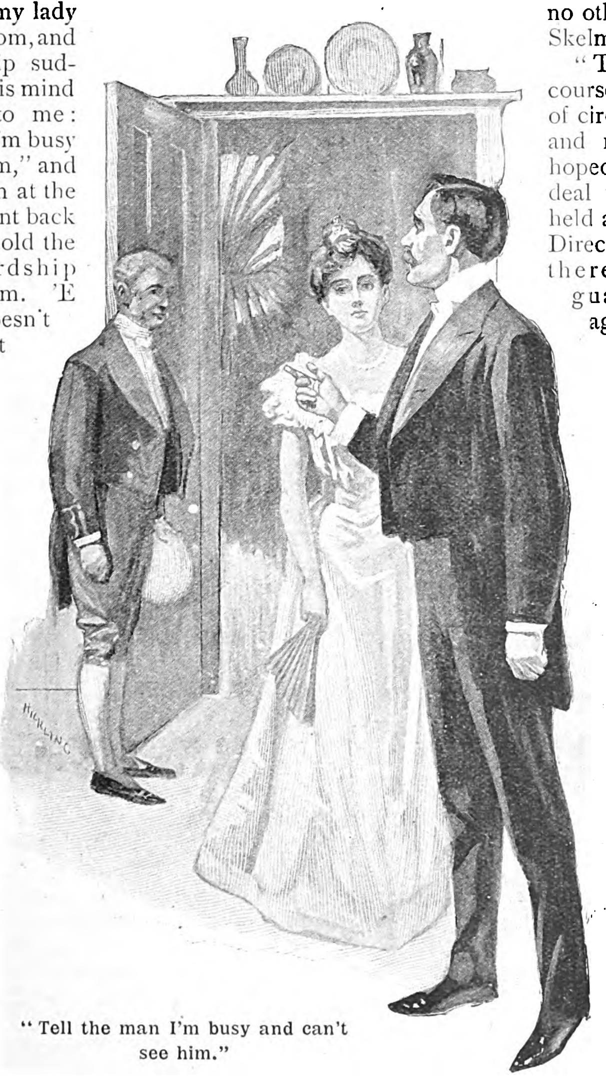
"'What name was there on the card?' here interrupted the coroner.

"'I couldn't say now, sir,' replied Mr. Chipps; 'I don't really remember. It was a name I had never seen before. But I see so many visiting cards one way and the other in 'is lordship's 'all that I can't remember all the names.'

"'Then, after a few minutes waiting, you gave his lordship the card? What happened then?'

"''Is lordship didn't seem at all pleased,' said Mr. Chipps with much guarded dignity; 'but finally he said: "show him into the library, Chipps, I'll see him," and he got up from the card table, saying to the gentlemen: "Go on without me; I'll be back in a minute or two."

"'I was about to open the door for 'is lordship when my lady came into the room, and then his lordship suddenly changed his mind like, and said to me: "Tell that man I'm busy and can't see him," and 'e sat down again at the card table. I went back to the 'all, and told the party 'is lordship wouldn't see 'im. 'E said: "Oh! it doesn't matter," and went away quite quiet like.'



"Tell the man I'm busy and can't see him."

"'Do you recollect at all at what time that was?' asked one of the jury.

"'Yes, sir, while I was waiting to speak to 'is lordship I looked at the clock, sir; it was twenty past ten, sir.'

"There was one more significant fact in connection with the case, which tended still more to excite the curiosity of the public at the time, and still further to bewilder the police later on, and that fact was mentioned by Chipps in his evidence. The knife, namely, with which Charles Lavender had been stabbed, and which, remember, had been left in the wound, was now produced in court. After a little hesitation Chipps identified it as the property of his master, Lord Arthur Skelmerton.

"Can you wonder, then, that the jury absolutely refused to bring in a verdict against George Higgins? There was really, beyond Lord Arthur Skelmerton's testimony, not one particle of evidence against him, whilst, as the day wore on and witness after witness was called up, suspicion ripened in the minds of all those present that the murderer could be no other than Lord Arthur Skelmerton himself.

"The knife was of course the strongest piece of circumstantial evidence, and no doubt the police hoped to collect a great deal more now that they held a clue in their hands. Directly after the verdict, therefore, which was guardedly directed against some person unknown, the police obtained a warrant and later on arrested Lord Arthur in his own house.

III.

"THE sensation, of course, was tremendous. Hours before he was brought up before the magistrate the approach to the court was thronged. His friends, mostly ladies, were all eager, you see, to watch the dashing society man in so terrible a position. There was universal sympathy for Lady Arthur, who was in a very precarious state of health. Her worship of her worthless husband was well known; small wonder that his final and awful misdeed had practically broken her heart.

"At last the prisoner was brought in. He looked very pale, perhaps, but otherwise kept up the bearing of a high-bred gentleman.

He was accompanied by his solicitor, Sir Marmaduke Ingersoll, who was evidently talking to him in quiet, reassuring tones.

"Mr. Buçhanan prosecuted for the Treasury, and certainly his indictment was terrific. According to him but one decision could be arrived at, namely, that the accused in the dock had, in a moment of passion, and perhaps of fear, killed the blackmailer who threatened him with disclosures which might for ever have ruined him socially, and, having committed the deed and fearing its consequences, probably realising that the patrolling constables might catch sight of his retreating figure, he had availed himself of George Higgins's presence on the spot to loudly accuse him of the murder.

"Having concluded his able speech, Mr. Buchanan called his witnesses, and the evidence, which on second hearing seemed more damning than ever, was all gone through again.

"Sir Marmaduke had no question to ask of the witnesses for the prosecution; he stared at them placidly through his gold rimmed spectacles. Then he was ready to call his own for the defence. Colonel McIntosh, R.A., was the first. He was present at the bachelor's party given by Lord Arthur the night of the murder. His evidence tended at first to corroborate that of Chipps the footman with regard to Lord Arthur's orders to show the visitor into the library, and his counter-order as soon as his wife came into the room.

"'Did you not think it strange, Colonel?' asked Mr. Buchanan, 'that Lord Arthur should so suddenly have changed his mind about seeing his visitor?'

"'Well, not exactly strange,' said the Colonel, a fine, manly, soldierly figure who looked curiously out of his element in the witness-box. 'I don't think that it is a very rare occurrence for racing men to have certain acquaintances whom they would not wish their wives to know anything about?'

"'Then it did not strike you that Lord Arthur Skelmerton had some reason for not wishing his wife to know of that particular visitor's presence in his house?'

"'I don't think that I gave the matter the slightest serious consideration,' was the Colonel's guarded reply.

"Mr. Buchanan did not press the point, and allowed the witness to conclude his statements.

"'I had finished my turn at "bridge," he said, 'and went out into the garden to smoke a cigar. Lord Arthur Skelmerton joined me a few minutes later, and we were sitting in the pavilion when I heard a loud, and as I thought, threatening voice from the other side of the hedge.

"'I did not catch the words, but Lord Arthur said to me: "There seems to be a row down there. I'll go and have a look and see what it is." I tried to dissuade him, and certainly made no attempt to follow him, but not more than half a minute could have elapsed before I heard a cry and a groan, then Lord Arthur's footsteps hurrying down the wooden stairs which lead on to the racecourse.'

"You may imagine," said the man in the corner, "what severe cross-examination the gallant Colonel had to undergo in order that his assertions might in some way be shaken by the prosecution, but with military precision and frigid calm he repeated his important statements amidst a general silence, through which you could have heard the proverbial pin.

"He had heard the threatening voice *while* sitting with Lord Arthur Skelmerton; then came the cry and groan, and, *after that*, Lord Arthur's steps down the stairs. He himself thought of following to see what had happened, but it was a very dark night and he did not know the grounds very well. While trying to find his way to the garden steps he heard Lord Arthur's cry for help, the tramp of the patrolling constables' horses, and subsequently the whole scene between Lord Arthur, the man Higgins, and the constables. When he finally found his way to the stairs, Lord Arthur was returning in order to send a groom for police assistance.

"The witness stuck to his points as he had to his guns at Beckfontein a year ago; nothing could shake him, and Sir Marmaduke looked triumphantly across at his opposing colleague.

"With the gallant Colonel's statements, the edifice of the prosecution certainly began to collapse. You see, there was not a particle of evidence to show that the accused had met and spoken to the deceased, after the latter's visit at the front door of 'The Elms.' He told Chipps that he wouldn't see the visitor, and Chipps went into the hall directly and showed Lavender out the way he came. No assignation could have been made, no hint could have been given by the murdered man to Lord Arthur that he would go round to the back entrance and wished to see him there.

"Two other guests of Lord Arthur's swore positively that after Chipps had announced the visitor, their host stayed at the card-table until a quarter to eleven, when evidently he went out to join Colonel McIntosh in the garden. Sir Marmaduke's speech was clever in the extreme. Bit by bit he demolished that tower of strength, the case against the accused, basing his defence entirely upon the evidence of Lord Arthur Skelmerton's guests that night.

"'Until 10.45 Lord Arthur was playing cards; a quarter of an hour later the police were on the scene, and the murder had been committed. In the meanwhile Colonel McIntosh's evidence proved conclusively that the accused had been sitting with him, smoking a cigar. It was obvious, therefore, clear as daylight,' concluded the great lawyer, 'that his client was entitled to a full discharge; nay, more, he thought that the police should have been more careful before they harrowed up public feeling by arresting a high-born gentleman on such insufficient evidence as they had brought forward.'

"The question of the knife remained certainly, but Sir Marmaduke passed over it with guarded eloquence, placing that strange question in the category of those inexplicable coincidences which tend to puzzle the ablest detectives, and cause them to commit such unpardonable blunders as the present one had been. After all, the footman may have been mistaken. The pattern of that knife was not an exclusive one, and he, on behalf of his client, flatly denied that it had ever belonged to him.

"Well," continued the man in the corner, with the chuckle peculiar to him in moments of excitement, "the noble prisoner was discharged. Perhaps it would be invidious to say that he left the court without a stain on his character, for I daresay you know from experience that the crime known as the York Mystery has never been satisfactorily cleared up.

"Many people shook their heads dubiously when they remembered that after all Charles Lavender was killed with a knife which one witness had sworn belonged to Lord Arthur; others, again, reverted to the original theory that George Higgins was the murderer, that he and James Terry had concocted the story of Lavender's attempt at blackmail on Lord Arthur, and that the murder had been committed for the sole purpose of robbery.

"Be that as it may, the police have not so far been able to collect sufficient evidence against Higgins or Terry, and the crime has been classed by press and public alike in the category of so-called impenetrable mysteries."

IV.

THE man in the corner called for another glass of milk, and drank it down slowly before he resumed:

"Now Lord Arthur lives mostly abroad," he said. "His poor, suffering wife died the day after he was liberated by the magistrate. She never recovered consciousness even sufficiently to hear the joyful news that the man she loved so well was innocent after all.

"Mystery!" he added as if in answer to my own thoughts. "The murder of that man was never a mystery to me. I cannot understand how the police could have been so blind when every one of the witnesses, both for the prosecution and defence, practically pointed all the time to the one guilty person. What do you think of it all yourself?"

"I think the whole case so bewildering," I replied, "that I do not see one single clear point in it."

"You don't?" he said excitedly, while the bony fingers fidgeted again with that inevitable bit of string. "You don't see that there is one point clear which to me was the key of the whole thing.

"Lavender was murdered, wasn't he? Lord Arthur did not kill him. He had at least in Colonel McIntosh an unimpeachable witness to prove that he could not have committed that murder—and yet," he added with slow, excited emphasis, marking each sentence with a knot, "and yet he deliberately tries to throw the guilt upon a man who obviously was also innocent. Now why?"

"He may have thought him guilty."

"Or wished to shield or cover the retreat of *one he knew to be guilty*."

"I don't understand."

"Think of someone," he said excitedly, "someone whose desire would be as great as that of Lord Arthur to silence a scandal round that gentleman's name. Someone who, unknown perhaps to Lord Arthur, had overheard the same conversation which George Higgins related to the police and the magistrate, someone who, whilst Chipps was taking Lavender's card in to his master had a few minutes' time wherein to make an assignation with Lavender, promising him money, no doubt, in exchange for the compromising bills."

"Surely you don't mean—" I gasped.

"Point No. 1," he interrupted quietly, "utterly missed by the police. George Higgins in his deposition stated that at the most animated stage of Lavender's conversation with Lord Arthur, and when the bookmaker's tone of voice became loud and threatening, a voice from the top of the steps interrupted that conversation, saying: 'Your tea is getting cold.'"

"Yes—but—" I argued.

"Wait a moment, for there is point No. 2. That voice was a lady's voice. Now I did exactly what the police should have done but did not do. I went to have a look from the racecourse side at those garden steps which to my mind are such important factors in the discovery of this crime. I found only about a dozen rather low steps; anyone standing on the top must have heard every word Charles Lavender uttered the moment he raised his voice."

"Even then——"

"Very well, you grant that," he said excitedly. "Then there was the great, the all-important point which, oddly enough, the prosecution never for a moment took into consideration. When Chipps, the footman, first told Lavender that Lord Arthur could not see him the bookmaker was terribly put out; Chipps then goes to speak to his master; a few minutes elapse, and when the footman once again tells Lavender that his lordship won't see him, the latter says 'Very well' and seems to treat the matter with complete indifference.

"Obviously, therefore, something must have happened in between to alter the bookmaker's frame of mind. Well! What had happened? Think over all the evidence and you will see that one thing only had occurred in the interval, namely, Lady Arthur's advent into the room.

"In order to go into the smoking-room she must have crossed the hall; she must have seen Lavender. In that brief interval she must have realised that the man was persistent and therefore a living danger to her husband. Remember, women have done strange things, they are a far greater puzzle to the student of human nature than the sterner, less complex sex has ever been. As I argued before—as the police should have argued all along—why did Lord Arthur deliberately accuse an innocent man of murder if not to shield the guilty one?

"Remember Lady Arthur may have been discovered; the man, George Higgins, may have caught sight of her before she had time to make good her retreat. His attention as well as that of the constables had to be diverted. Lord Arthur acted on the blind impulse of saving his wife at any cost."

"She may have been met by Colonel McIntosh," I argued.

"Perhaps she was," he said. "Who knows? The gallant colonel had to swear to his friend's innocence. He could do that in all conscience—after that his duty was accomplished. No innocent man was suffering for the guilty. The knife which had belonged to Lord Arthur would always save George Higgins. For a time it had pointed to the husband; fortunately never to the wife. Poor thing, she died probably of a broken heart, but women when they love think only of one object on earth—the one who is beloved.

"To me the whole thing was clear from the very first. When I read the account of the murder—the knife! stabbing!—bah! Don't I know enough of *English* crime not to be certain at once that no English*man*, be he ruffian from the gutter or be he Duke's son, ever stabs his victim in the back. Italians, French, Spaniards do it, if you will, and women of most nations. An Englishman's instinct is to strike and not to stab. George Higgins or Lord Arthur Skelmerton would have knocked their victim down; the woman only would lie in wait till the enemy's back was turned. She knows her weakness, and she does not mean to miss.

"Think it over. There is not one flaw in my argument, but the police never thought the matter out—perhaps in this case it was as well."

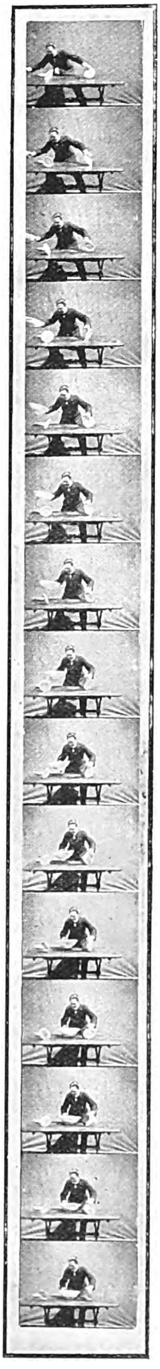
He had gone and left me still staring at the photograph of a pretty, gentle-looking woman, with a decided wilful curve round the mouth, and a strange unaccountable look in the large pathetic eyes; and I felt quite thankful that in this case, the murder of Charles Lavender the bookmaker—cowardly, wicked as it was—had remained a mystery to the police and the public.

The next Mystery which "The Man in the Corner" unravels is entitled "The Liverpool Mystery," and takes place in that city. This appears in the June Number, which, owing to the Whitsuntide Holidays, will be published on the 16th of May instead of the 22nd.

PLATE SPINNING

The Art of Plate-Spinning; and How Anyone with Patience can Acquire the Art. The Illustrations from Animated Photographs by R. W. Paul on this page show Mr. Maskelyne spinning three Plates and a Basin.

By C. Lang Neil.



Of late years the amateur has left few fields, hitherto looked upon as the monopolies of the professional, free from his attention. So much so, that in many branches of artistic work or entertaining skill the clever amateur's production can scarcely be distinguished from that of a professional.

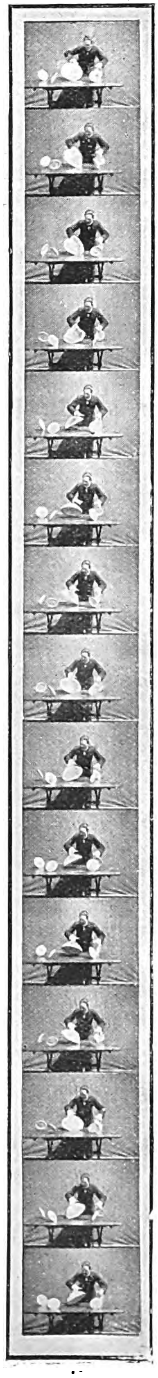
Now, I can suggest a hobby in which the amateur will find no difficulty in acquiring a proficiency sufficient to cause much amusement to both himself and his friends. If he should be ambitious, he will find scope for a patient development of his skill over a number of years, and yet at the end of that time will still find that he has something more to learn would he rival the famous professional entertainer, Mr. Maskelyne—by whose courtesy the writer is enabled to present the illustrations which accompany these few leading hints upon plate-spinning.

There are very few professional plate spinners, and the reason is not far to seek. It is this: Feats of spinning complicated and effective enough to perform before the critical present-day public, would require far more time to acquire than many a more showy juggling feat. Hence it is that jugglers one and all seem unwilling to attempt to rival Mr. Maskelyne in what has now come to be looked upon as one of his own monopolies in the entertainment line.

Everyone knows Mr. Maskelyne to be the greatest living magician, but few, if any, know how he was first attracted to the subject of his life's work.

Early in the last century the "Professor of Cabalistics," Signor Blitz, came over to this country, and, besides his conjuring tricks, produced his entertainment of the "Dancing Plates."

This is the first record of plate-spinning in England, though there is little doubt that professors of the art had been



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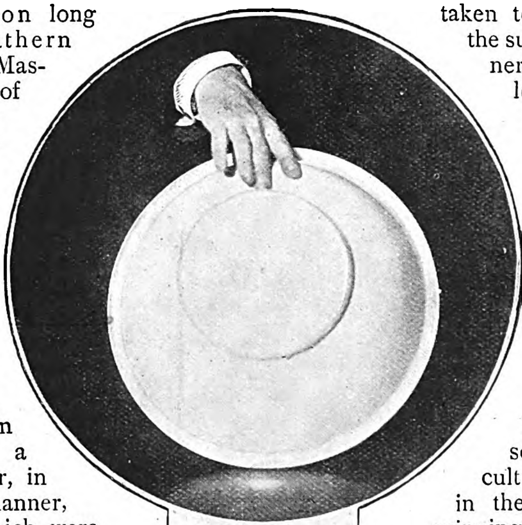
plying their vocation long before this in Southern Europe. When Mr. Maskelyne, at the age of about six or seven years, first saw the renowned Signor he was already an old man.

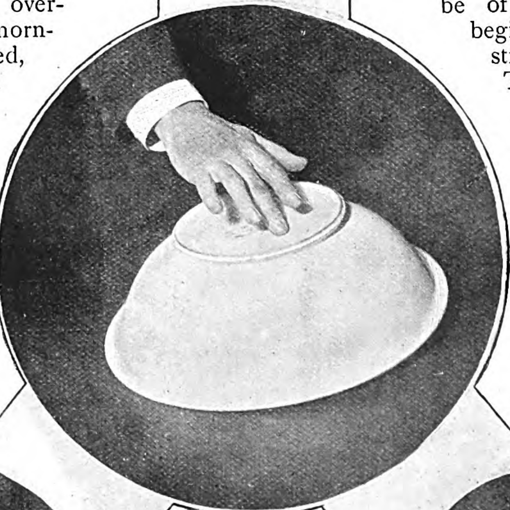
It was owing to young Maskelyne having been very much struck by a certain trick that the servants in his mother's household became involved in much trouble of a mysterious kind. For, in some unaccountable manner, the dinner plates, which were carefully washed and deposited in their usual place overnight, were, in the morning, found, undisturbed, truly, but with several large cracks running across them from side to centre.

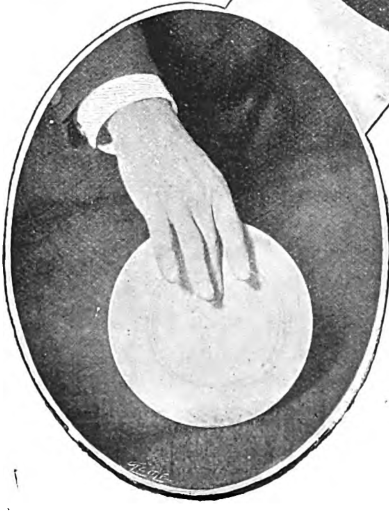
This happened again and again, to the consternation of the maids, who could only reiterate their innocence of any carelessness in handling the crockery. But, as the pitcher may be taken too often to the well, the surreptitious plate-spinner, who was, it is needless to say, young Maskelyne, was at length discovered at his tricks.

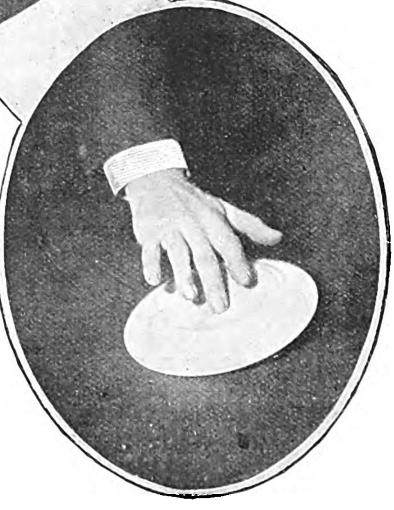
Plate-spinning cannot be taught. All that can be done is to give a few hints. The rest the learner must acquire by practice. Our illustrations, besides portraying Mr. Maskelyne in some of his most difficult feats, show his hands in the act of starting and spinning both a plate and a basin. A study of these will be of more service to the beginner than pages of instructions.

The art of plate-spinning consists mainly in a well-regulated movement of the hands, and one of the first things to learn is, with the tip of the second finger, to be able to draw a circle about three inches in diameter rapidly upon the table. With practice, as time goes









Mr. Maskelyne starting a basin and spinning a basin, starting a plate and spinning it. To start either you must give it a twist from finger to thumb, and to keep it spinning rub its surface with a circular motion from time to time.

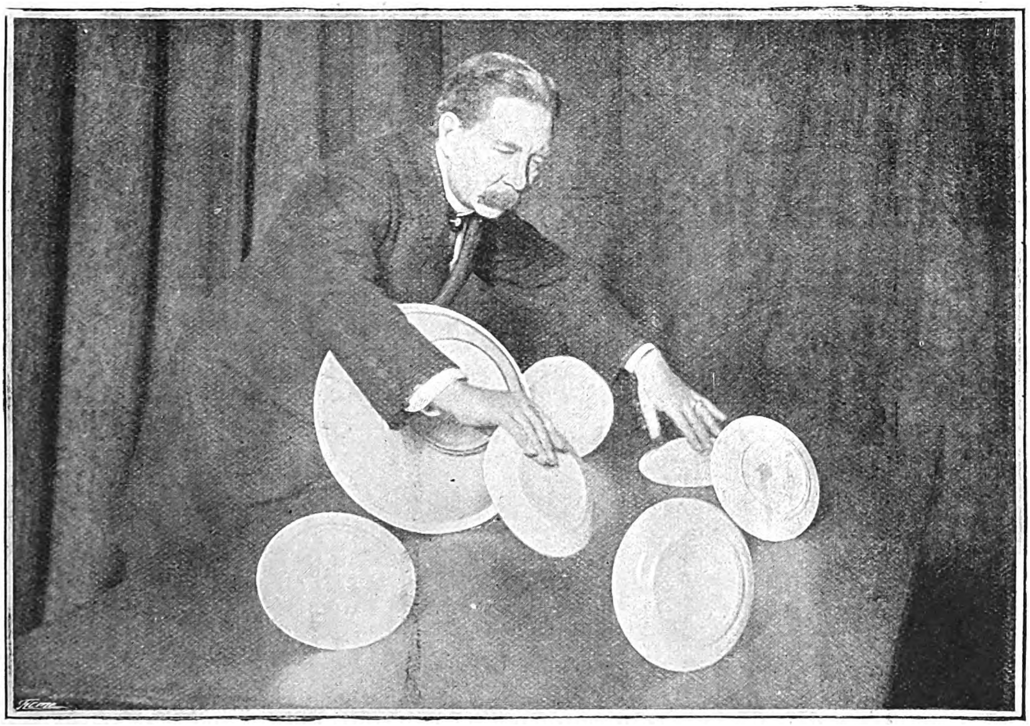
on, proficiency in this direction will become natural. Each plate must be started spinning with a twist from finger and thumb, and then kept spinning by the circular motion of the second finger from time to time. The important question as to size and quality of plates to be used may be answered at once. The amateur will experience but a quarter of the difficulty in spinning a large plate that he would with a small one, though the practised hand has more control, and can perform cleverer tricks with a small than with a large plate

An ordinary common delph dinner plate, some ten or more inches in diameter, is recommended. The plates should be thick, and have smooth, round edges. They must not be fluted or "scallop-shaped" at the edge, as it is only with a plain, circular plate that spinning can succeed.

Blitz used the first finger to spin with, but Mr. Maskelyne uses the second, which he finds more sensitive of touch. The more practice the better, and it should be regular. Most men can spare half-an-hour a day, and if this is devoted to practice—on a dining-table, with a moderately smooth surface without a cloth—the amateur should soon learn how to spin one plate with dexterity.

There is plenty of exercise in the practice, and in cold weather half-an-hour at it will warm up the spinner as well as a half mile run. From being able to keep up the spinning of one plate, you may advance to two, and at length to three.

The time devoted by Mr. Maskelyne to private practice, when he was preparing to present his different combinations, was eight hours. But then it is not likely that any of my readers will be attempting the superlatively difficult feat of spinning several plates across a bridge, and up a spiral incline four inches wide!



Mr. Maskelyne keeping six plates and a basin spinning simultaneously.

A difficult trick, and very effective, is to spin one plate with each hand, the one revolving slowly and the other quickly. As the critic of a London daily paper once wrote, this being possible, so must it be possible to write simultaneously two letters on divers subjects, at the same time, one with each hand.

One may extend the field of spinning to basins and other crockery. A basin is easier to spin than a plate, because the centre of gravity is lower, and it has a better balance. Whatever is being spun, there is one acquirement which will be found most valuable, and that is to learn how to use both hands at once or alternately. Ambi-dexterity gives a great advantage to the plate spinner.

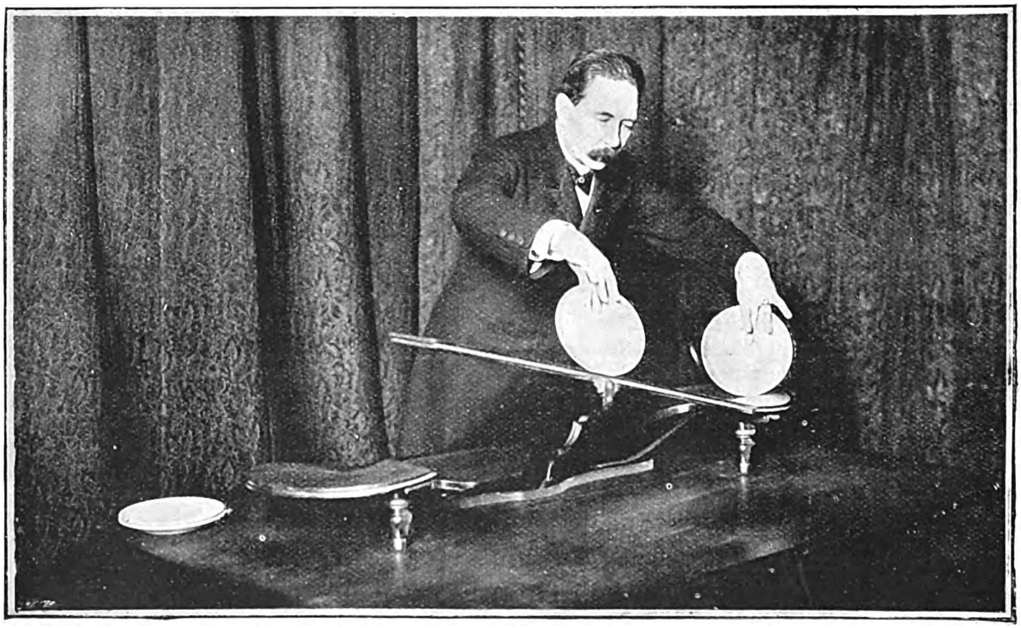
For himself, Mr. Maskelyne began practising by the above-mentioned midnight experiments, and has continued it ever since, with the result that he can keep spinning about six small plates, each necessitating the aid of his hands every ten seconds; or he spins twelve basins, his finger visiting each every twenty seconds.

Mr. Maskelyne finds no difficulty in spinning two plates with his arms bound together.

The learner may, however, consider himself well advanced as an amateur if at the end of three months he can keep two plates spinning. Having learned one feat, hand and eye will accomplish others with less difficulty. And by dint of practice you will always become more skilful and exact.

However, accidents happen, and one must learn how to pick a plate up readily should it fall. The two hands must be used, and the plate quickly set spinning again, all in the twinkling of an eye, care being taken not to upset any others which may be on the go at the time.

With these few points for their guidance I must leave my readers to their own resources as spinners.


One of Mr. Maskelyne's special feats. He spins two plates up an incline on to a see-saw,

A DAY

5/-

FOR LIFE.

The Competition in . . which 5s. a Day for Life . is offered begins now.

THIS month we are able to give full particulars of the competition in which the munificent sum of *Five Shillings a Day for Life* is offered as the prize. The conditions under which the offer is made will be found on the next page.

The offer of such a sum as *Five Shillings a Day for Life* at first strikes one as being merely a novelty. It is a difficult matter for people to realise what *Five Shillings a Day for Life* would actually mean to them. Of course, the worse off they are financially, the more welcome would such a pension be. Perhaps you yourself are not in particular want of an extra hundred pounds a year. If that be so, then you can always do good to others by distributing it amongst the needy. On the other hand, if you feel that *Five Shillings a Day* would be useful to you, just consider for a few moments what you could really do with it without touching your present income.

In order to assist you to realise this, we mention below a few of the things which may be obtained, either immediately or as the result of a few months' saving.

A Charming Villa.

Directly you win the prize, any villa you choose may become yours. All you have to do is to purchase it through a building society, and, with *Five Shillings a Day for Life,* you will soon repay the purchase money.

A Governess Cart and Pony.

This you may purchase after saving up for a few months; and the cost of keeping it, including the wages of a boy to look after the pony, will be easily covered by *Five Shillings a Day.*

A New Suite of Furniture.

If any of your rooms want furnishing, you will be able to save up for a few months, and at the end of that time make what purchases you want without touching your present salary.

New Bicycles.

Perhaps, under present circumstances, it is impossible for you to secure really good bicycles for yourself, your wife and children; but with *Five Shillings a Day for Life* it will not take long before they are all supplied with brand new machines, with plenty of money to spend on week-end runs.

Holidays.

There are thousands of folk who, through no fault of their own, are unable to take annual holidays on account of the lowness of the exchequer. Perhaps you are one of them. If so, the *Five Shillings a Day for Life,* saved up for a few months, will supply you with funds enough to go where you like and live as you please.

Jewellery.

There are plenty of girls who would dearly love to have a little jewellery if it were possible to obtain it. Should the winner of this huge prize be such a young lady, she will be able to gratify her wishes to her heart's content.

In fact, there is practically no limit to the possibilities of what one could do with

Five Shillings a Day for Life.

All that is necessary now is for you to turn over leaf and read carefully the conditions under which you may enter for this prize.

Even if you don't think you can win the first great prize, you stand a good chance of securing one of the smaller prizes, for

£100

will be divided up in consolation gifts according to the discretion of the Editor.

What you have to do ...

ON THE NEXT TWO PAGES you will find twelve pictures. Each of these pictures consists of a certain number of objects. These objects, either singly or collectively, represent the name of a town or place in the United Kingdom.

What you have to do is to find the town or place with the longest name entirely from the names of objects depicted in the pictures (or from their phonetic equivalents).

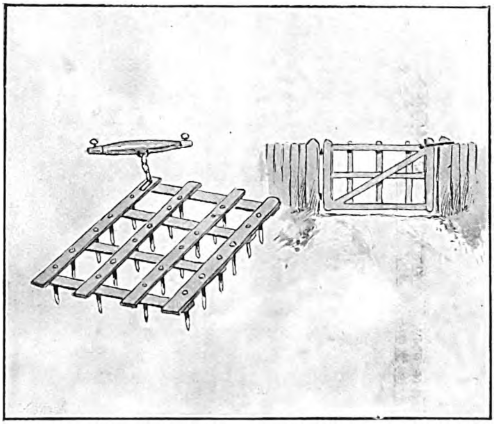
An "object" does not include sky or shading necessary for correct drawing.

Before you begin, carefully examine the example shown below, which will make the matter clear.

Taking this as a guide, you have now to examine the twelve pictures on the next two pages, and discover the name of the town or place which each of them represents. When you have done this, write the name down in the space provided, and keep the pages by you until you are told to send them in.

Don't be discouraged if you cannot find all the names. Fill in as many as you can; other people may be no cleverer than yourself, and it is the competitor with the fewest mistakes who wins.

When you find a difficult one, ask your friends to help you.



CORRECT SOLUTION: HARROGATE.

INCORRECT SOLUTIONS: (1) HARROW: Because it comprises fewer letters than Harrogate. (2) GATE: (for same reason).

CONDITIONS :—

1. The names must be clearly written in ink. (*Use a fine pen*).

2. Only one name is allowed under each picture.

3. No alterations are to be allowed in the words. If you have made a mistake in the spelling, cross the word out and write it again.

4. When you have filled up your list, cut it out and keep it by you until you are told to send it in.

5. You may forward as many sets of pages as you like. Each set will be accepted independently, and the pages composing it must be pinned together.

6. The name of the place with the greatest number of letters depicted in each picture is the correct solution, but if there are two or more such names of places depicted in one picture with an equal number of letters, then each will be counted correct.

7. No competitor may receive the assistance of professional competition solvers who send out circulars, or whose advertisements appear in the Press. Every person who enters for this competition must do so only on this understanding, and winners will be asked to satisfy us that they have not contravened this condition.

8. In the event of a tie a further, or, if necessary, several further, sets of pictures will be submitted to the tieing competitors, until one shall win the prize outright.

9. The first prize—that is, 5s. per day for life—will be payable monthly to the winner, who shall not be entitled to require that it be capitalised.

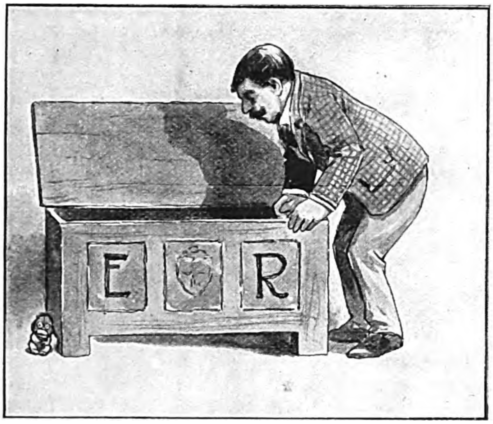
THE PRIZE OF . . .

5s. a Day for Life

Will be given to the competitor from whom we receive a set of pages containing the greatest number of correct solutions.

The sum of **£100** will be divided, at the discretion of the Editor, amongst those who come next.

All the names depicted in the sketches will be found as printed in the list of Provincial Post Offices in the Post Office Guide, which may be consulted at any Post Office, or may be purchased for 6d.



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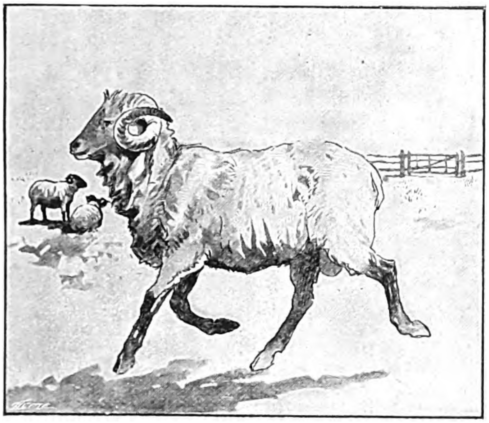

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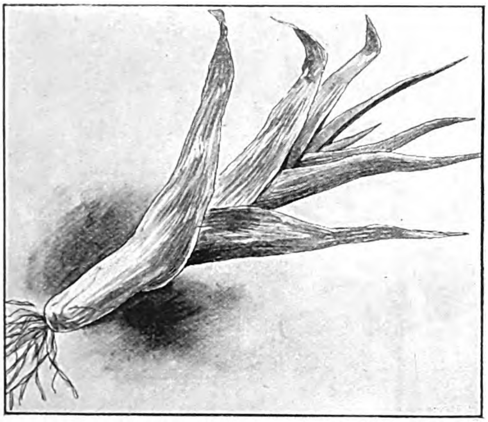

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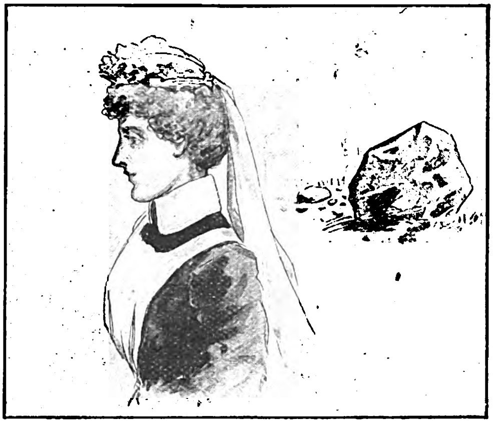

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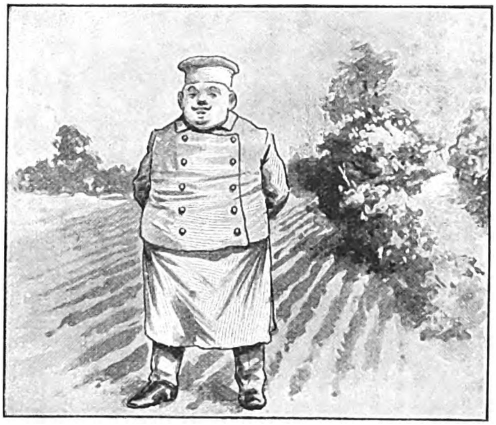

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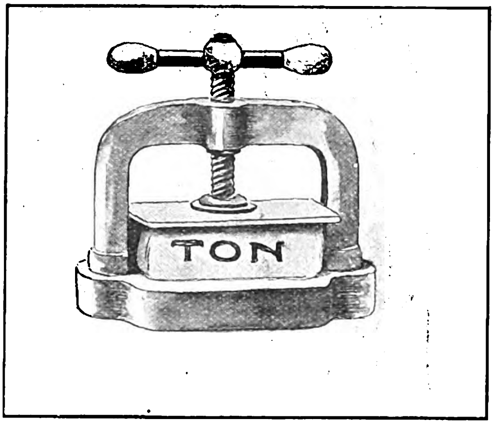

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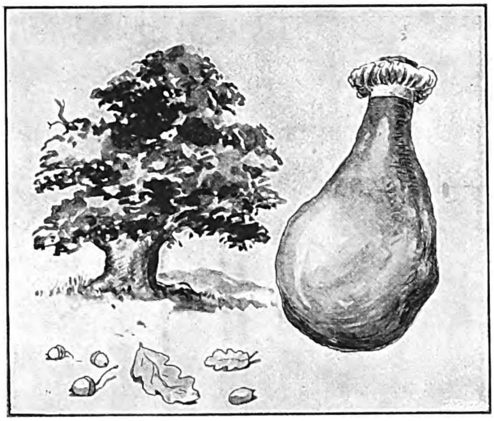

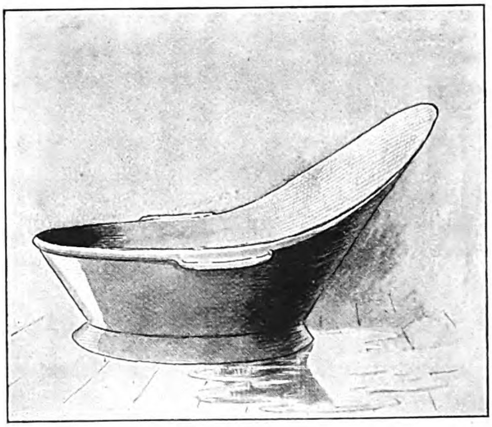

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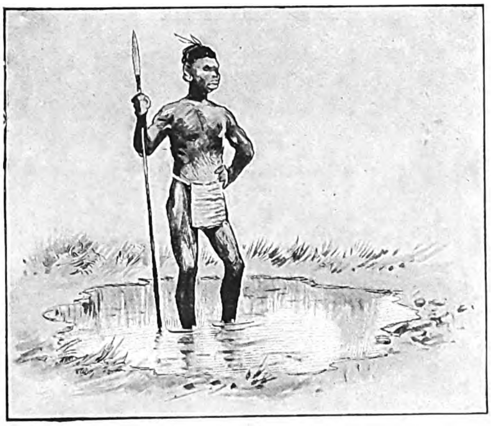

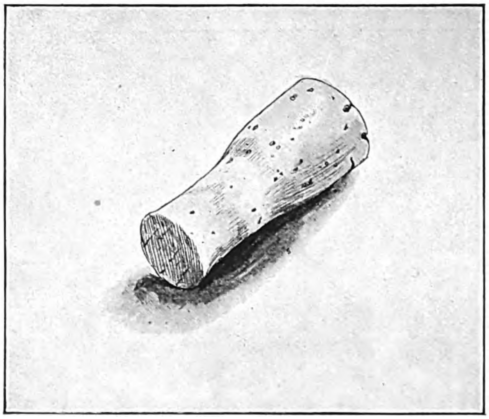

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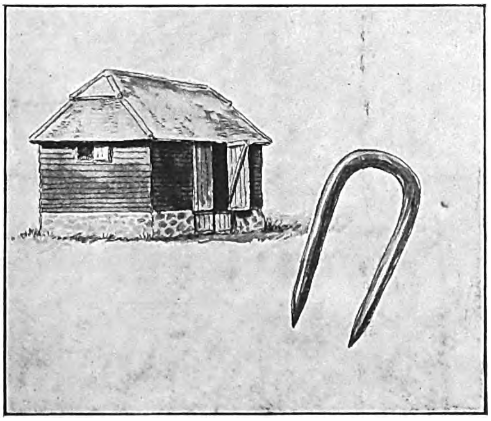

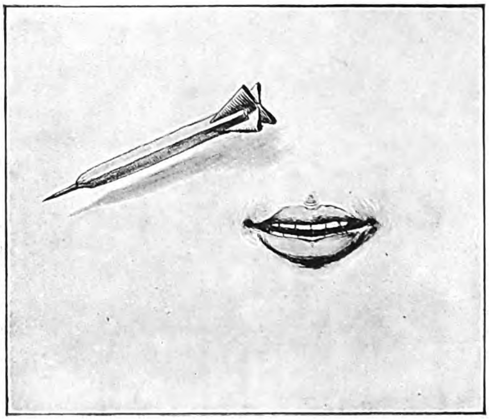

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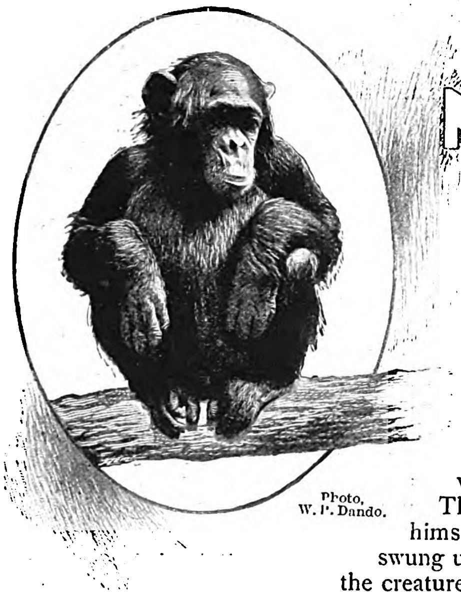

Photo, W. P. Dando.

MONKEY MICKEY

The Story of an Ape in the Zoo.

By Marcus Woodward.

If you were the most famous monkey alive in the world, would you not be just a little bit conceited? Then you must not blame Mickey if he is proud of himself, for Mickey is the cutest little monkey who ever swung up a tree-trunk; the most popular, perhaps, of all the creatures in the Zoo.

Mickey seems to know this, and proud indeed he is of his black, glossy coat, of his smooth, wise, somewhat wizened-looking little face, of his nice, long, clean hands and feet; and proud, too—enormously proud—of the attention he receives daily from the ladies and the gentlemen and the children who crowd before the barrier in front of his home. But he is prouder than anything of the tricks he has learned from his keepers.

You feel it quite an honour when Mickey condescends to shake hands with you, for he will only give his hand to his best friends, or to people to whom he takes a great liking; while if any common, rude, sight-seeing sort of person begins to make overtures, holding out a hand in a patronising way, he may hold it out for half an hour, and talk in the most blandishing style, and Mickey will take not the slightest notice.

Mickey shakes hands with his real friends in quite a delightful way. Just as likely as not he will poke one long foot through the wire in front of his house, and offer you that to grasp, instead of a hand—or sometimes he will offer you one foot and one hand, or sometimes, if he is very friendly, he will give you all his four hands at once—for his feet are really just the same as his paws.

In the ape-style, Mickey is very beautiful. When you come to examine him closely, it is surprising how alike he is to a human being. Like rational folk, he has no tail, and he walks nearly upright. He has nice calves to his legs, and human hands and feet—very long and slender, with ordinary nails, instead of claws, as in other animals—and his ears, though very big, and his eyes, which are very small and sharp, and his eye-lids and lips, you will find, are not so very different from your own.

Though he doesn't speak much, his tongue is like any other gentleman's, and, though he doesn't bother his head with deep thoughts, he has quite a fair-sized brain. Like you, he has thirty-two teeth, only his canine ones are very large. He has a smooth face and forehead, but thick whiskers. The palms of his hands are as long as his feet, and the toes as long as the fingers—all his palms are hairless, and well marked with lines, like yours, and there are tiny spiral lines on the tips of all his fingers.

Once a lady palmist came to visit Mickey, to read his character by the lines of his hands. She covered his hands and feet with some black stuff, and then took their impression on a white piece of paper. When she had studied the lines for a long while, she came to the conclusion that he was of a sweet and amiable disposition, fond of mischief, full of tricks, that he could climb well, would live long, would not marry—and many other things which anyone who knew Mickey would judge to be quite probable.

Mickey came to the Zoo, a baby monkey, more than four years ago, from where most

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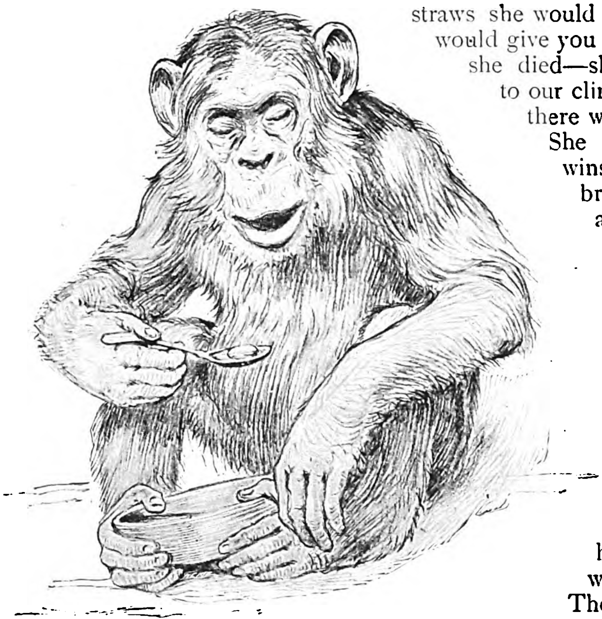


Mickey feeds himself with both hands, holding his bowl of steaming bread and milk with his feet the while.

of the captive monkeys hail—from the Gold Coast of Africa. A poor-looking, shivering, chattering monkey he was when his long sea-journey was ended, and he found himself at last in the Zoo. He was interested at once—and it is very doubtful if he ever now remembers his days of freedom, or thinks of what his life would be if he were climbing about the trees in his native woods.

He was put into a small cage, with plenty of straw, in a house always kept warm by hot-water pipes. Two very kind men waited on him throughout the day, and supplied everything he could want. There was plenty of hot bread and milk for him, and plenty of fun. His keepers were always ready for a romp, and almost all day long strange people kept dropping in to see and admire him—and so his life was in no way dull, and he was soon up to all manner of tricks. Ever since those days he has been a general pet.

He has made his reputation very fast—but you must know that everything he does suffers from invidious comparison, for people still remember Mickey's predecessor—the ape, Sallie. Now, Sallie was a very marvel among monkeys—she was brimful of cleverness and tricks, and her fame was almost world-wide.

She could count straws (up to six) like a human being. If you asked her for six straws she would give you six, if you asked for three she would give you three, rarely making a mistake. When she died—she was ever weak and never took kindly to our climate—there were many people who felt there was a big difference in life. Poor Sallie! She was a beautiful monkey, clever, winsome, affectionate. Mickey was really brought to the Zoo to take her place—and now he, too, is winning friends without end.

He had not been in his cage long before he was introduced to Daisy. She was a baby monkey, a little younger than him, and the two were brought up together. Very fond they were of each other, and pretty it was to see them playing together the live-long day, sporting in the straw, and hugging affectionately when they curled round to sleep in each other's arms. Mickey at last grew rather too big and rough for his little friend, and so, one sad day, they were separated.

There was another little lady monkey whom Mickey used to know very well—Bridget by name, who lived in a neighbouring cage. She was very delicate, and was always wrapped up in a warm flannel blanket. It was wonderful to see how fond she was of her blanket. If you took it away she would be utterly miserable, and when you returned it to her she would hug it and pat it with the utmost joy. She made a bosom friend of that old flannel blanket, and ever clutched it tightly around her until the day of her death.

Mickey was soon promoted from the little cage where he first lived to the fine, airy room wherein he now sports. The floor is deeply covered with clean straw, and when he has nothing else to do he hunts for the big cockroaches that crawl beneath. A trapeze hangs from the ceiling, on which he loves to swing himself when not engaged in entertaining his visitors, and there are three old tree-trunks for him to climb. Along the middle of the cage runs a partition, and he delights to perch himself on the top of this and to pull himself along the edge. The front of his room is shut in by a screen of open wire-work, and he loves to climb about on this, rushing from top to bottom, or clinging on tightly whilst he sways the whole thing back and forth. This he often does in temper.

When Mickey first entered this fine house there was a big orang-outang, named Oom Paul, next door to him. The two were very good friends, though the keepers took care that they should not get too close to each other; yet by stretching out their hands and arms through their respective wire screens they could at least enjoy a good shake and a warm morning greeting.

To-day Mickey is the only ape in the Zoo, and a very happy ape he is. He is utterly devoted to his keepers, as you may see by his joyous excitement and the happy look on his face when he hears their steps approaching, or when they call out from the door of the house "Hullo, Mickey, old boy!" Then he will jump on to the wire front of his cage and sway back and forth in tremendous happiness.

Three times a day Mickey is given his meals, and many dainties come his way at odd times in between. He has his breakfast at seven in the morning—often a steaming bowl of bread-and-milk or a good plate of porridge. He dines at three in the afternoon, perhaps on a bowl of soup, or some fruit—bananas and apples are his special joy—and he sups at seven in the evening. His diet is very varied, and he has an excellent appetite in consequence.

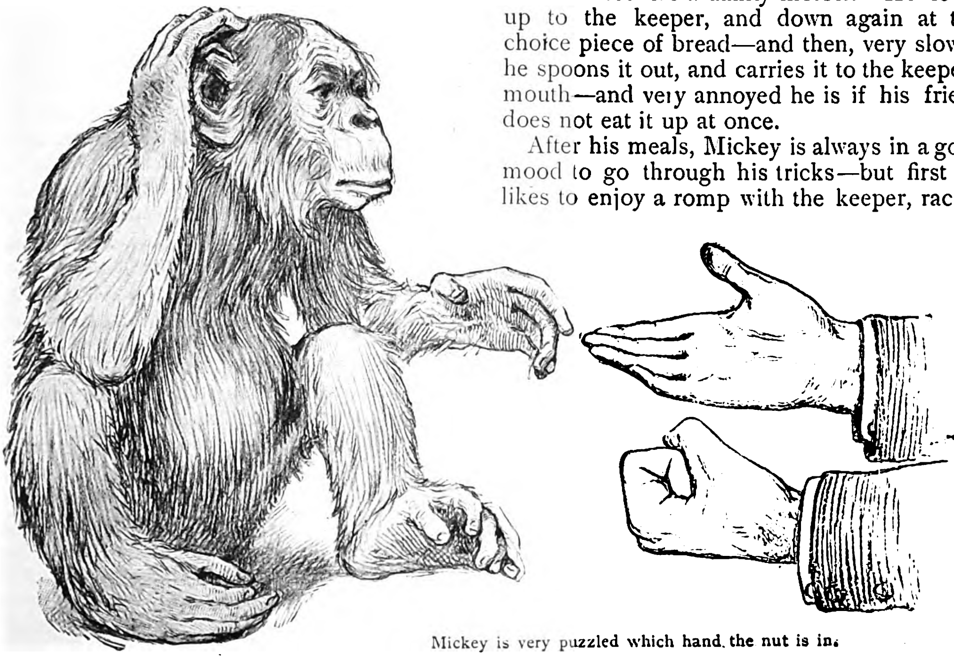
Mickey is extremely jealous, and there is a terrrible fuss if the keeper should feed one of the other animals in his house before him. When he is angry he chatters away most fiercely, clacking his teeth, and raising his upper lip. But the keeper calls out: "All right, Mickey, old boy, I've got the best for you." This pacifies him at once, and he begins to grunt, as he always does when well pleased, "Ouch-Ouch-Ouch." If the keeper said any other words, to be sure, he would be pacified equally well. It is the cheerful tone of the voice, full of promise of good things, that Mickey understands.

At last the keeper comes to Mickey's cage with a bowl of warm milk. He unlocks the door, and Mickey promptly throws one arm around his neck, hugging him affectionately, and taking the bowl of milk in the other hand. In the bowl is a spoon, and this he handles as gracefully as any lady.

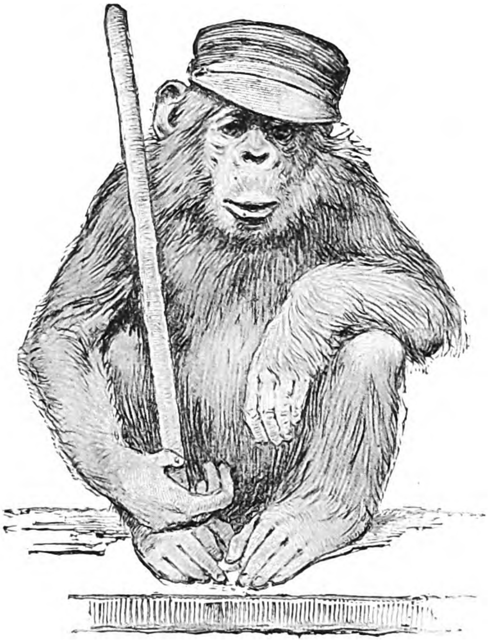
The keeper sets him down at the door of his cage, so that he may drink his milk in comfort. Then you can judge what a great advantage Mickey has in possessing four hands. Of course, the hands at the end of his legs are not very useful for walking on—and when he walks, he always bends his fingers in, and rests his weight on his knuckles—but they are useful for holding anything like a bowl of milk. Squatting down comfortably, he grasps the bowl with both feet. Then he can feed himself with both hands, using one after the other, and dipping the spoon into the milk with a very pretty air.

Sometimes when there are little bits of bread in the milk, the keeper will say—"Give us a bit, Mickey." At once, Mickey stops eating, and very inquiringly peers in the bowl. At last he discovers a dainty morsel. He looks up to the keeper, and down again at this choice piece of bread—and then, very slowly, he spoons it out, and carries it to the keeper's mouth—and very annoyed he is if his friend does not eat it up at once.

After his meals, Mickey is always in a good mood to go through his tricks—but first he likes to enjoy a romp with the keeper, racing



Mickey is very puzzled which hand the nut is in.



Mickey goes through his drill with the keeper's hat and stick.

up and down the cage, rolling in the straw, turning somersaults without end, or pretending to have a fierce fight—he can box very cleverly both with hands and feet. Mickey must be in a good temper or he will not perform—and he likes to have a large crowd around him to admire his cleverness.

The keeper breaks a banana into two pieces one large and one small, and holds them out in his hand. "Now Mickey," he says, "give one piece to this gentleman, and one to this lady. Which are you going to give to the gentleman?"

Mickey pretends to puzzle over this problem for a long while—(well knowing the old joke)—with his head first on one side and then on the other—at last, very carefully, he selects the small piece and hands it to the gentleman.

"Now, Mickey, old boy," says the keeper, "which piece are you going to give to the lady?"—and when Mickey picks up the large piece, and hands it over to the lady, the crowd cheer this courteous act, and the keeper says, "That's right, Mickey—the best for the ladies always;" and you are so pleased with Mickey's cuteness you don't stop to think that the large piece was the only one left for the lady, while Mickey, delighted at the cheers, bounces off and turns somersaults from end to end of the cage.

"Come here, you little rascal," calls the keeper, holding out two hands, in one of which he has placed a large nut, "come on now, choose which hand you will have."

Mickey sits down, thinking this out, a very puzzled look on his face. At last he touches one of the hands—it proves to be empty—and "Ha, ha, ha," jeers the keeper, mercilessly, "you've lost the nut." Poor Mickey looks very crestfallen—but he is mightily jubilant if he should choose right, and then he, in his turn, jeers and mocks at his friend in his own peculiar way.

Then the keeper will lend Mickey his watch, which he puts to his ear to hear the wheels go round, with all the wisdom of the wise on his face. Or the keeper picks up a straw, and says he would like to wear it in his button-hole, and Mickey, after first putting it into his mouth, to turn it the right way, will cleverly ram the stalk into the little hole. Or the keeper points to a hole in the wooden door, through which Mickey loves to poke a straw, thinking it a fine game to push it through and pull it back before the keeper can catch it.

"Look out, Mickey! Here's a cockroach!"

Mickey jumps as for his life, springing on to the wire and looking down with anxious fear in his eyes, for he abhors cockroaches. Then ensues a long hunt in the straw for the brown-bodied creature, which, when found, Mickey prods mercilessly, but nothing would induce him to eat it.

"Now, Mickey," cries the keeper, "Attention! Shoulder arms!"

Mickey puts the keeper's cap jauntily on one side of his head, and if someone will lend him a stick he will hold it up bravely over his right shoulder; failing this, a long straw will serve for sword. Or the keeper will say, "Now, Mickey, it's time to go to bed—you must say your prayers," and Mickey will promptly put on a very serious expression, and, clasping his hands, will hold them to his face in devout attitude.

"Good-bye, Mickey, I'm off."

The keeper pretends to shut the door of Mickey's cage, and starts to go. This throws him into a terrible state; he springs to the wire, shakes it violently, clacks his teeth, and does everything to call the keeper back. So he returns for one more game. He pretends to be chasing Mickey to give him a good beating, and Mickey leads him a fine dance up and down the cage, springing up the tree-trunks and on to the trapeze, or leaping high out of reach on to the wire-work, never coming down until the keeper merrily climbs up after him.

Nothing will now satisfy Mickey until he has safely locked the door of his cage with the keeper's key. This is a clever trick, and Mickey always does it in the same way. When the keeper hands him a key he always promptly puts it into his mouth, with only the handle protruding. Then he can grasp the handle without difficulty, and you will seldom see him make more than one shot for the key-hole. He fits the key into the lock with far more skill than many a mere man would show.

At last the keeper tears himself away, and Mickey is left disconsolate. He seizes a handful of straw and throws it through the bars with a disgusted air. If this act does not call the keeper back, at least it amuses him to see the people around stoop to pick up the straw. Mickey always seems to make strangers amuse him when he has been through his tricks, and finds life dull without the presence of his friends the keepers. If you give him anything he is just as likely as not to throw it on to the ground at once—for the fun of seeing you pick it up.

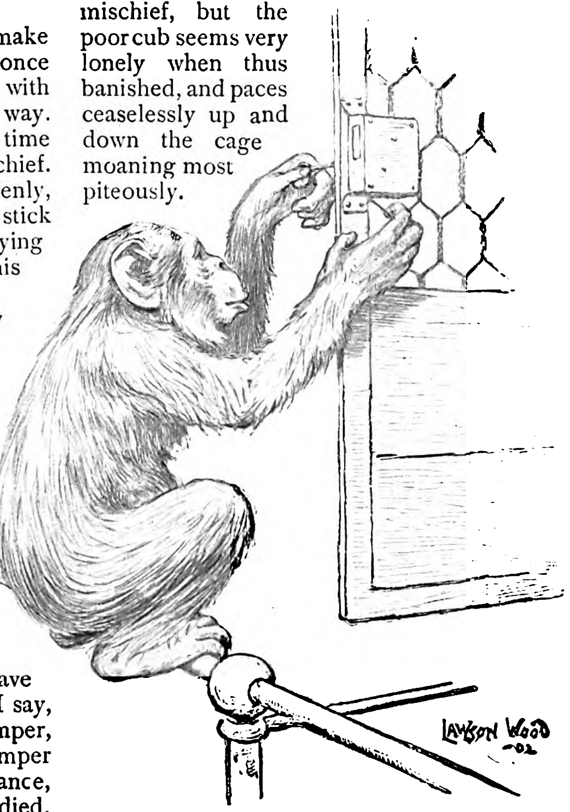
It is of little use for anyone to try to make Mickey show off again when he has once been through his tricks. You poke him with your stick and try to get up a game that way. He turns his back on you. But all the time he is very sly, and has an eye for mischief. Often and often he has turned suddenly, when thus provoked, and seized the stick of some rude, prodding stranger, carrying it away in triumph to the confines of his cage.

Mickey sometimes invents a new game on his own account. A workman was engaged in mending some breaches in his cage the other day, and Mickey thought it fine fun to assist. The man trusted him with his wire tweezers, and Mickey sat gravely superintending his operations, handing over the tweezers when they were asked for, and thinking no end of his own importance. Mickey was sorry when the job was done.

Many more tricks like those I have described can Mickey perform, but, as I say, he will never show off when in a bad temper, and sometimes he is in a very bad temper indeed. A little while back, for instance, soon after his friend, Oom Paul, had died, there came to the empty cage next to Mickey's four lion cubs. Two of these cubs had come from Abyssinia—from the court of King Menelik, who had presented them to King Edward—and all four were very beautiful animals, with their pretty sandy coats, long graceful legs, and shaggy heads and manes.

Of course, everyone knew about the young lions, for all the papers described their beauty. These were consequently sad days for Mickey, and he hated the young lions as he hated nothing else in the world—for crowds of people every day flocked at this time to admire the cubs—giving them nearly all their attention, and sparing very little for Mickey. He utterly refused to perform his usual tricks, and would hardly eat his food. He was the most jealous animal in all the Zoo, and he just hated life.

But now the four sandy cubs have gone to the lion house, and so Mickey's spirits have returned. Only now and again one, suffering from a cold or the like, is separated from the others, and is brought back to the empty cage. This does not affect Mickey, who is as merry as ever, and as full of mischief, but the poor cub seems very lonely when thus banished, and paces ceaselessly up and down the cage moaning most piteously.



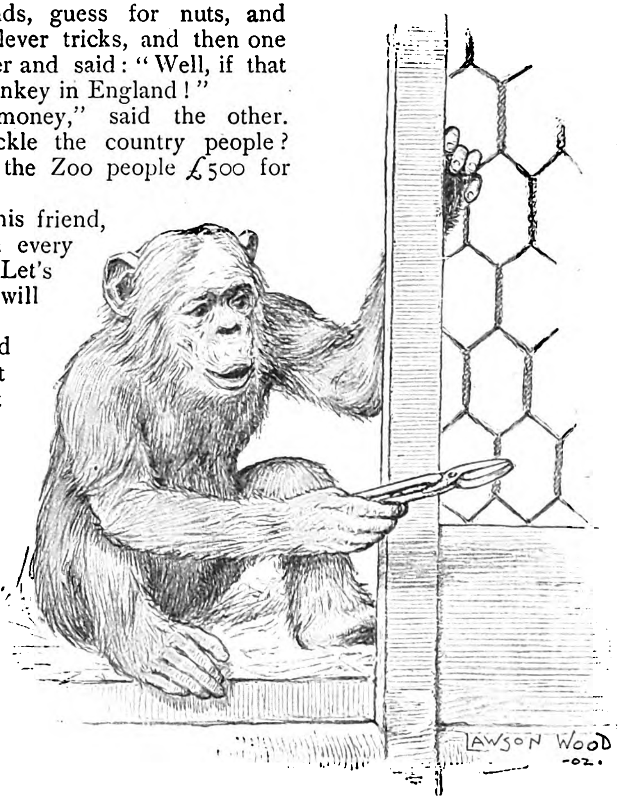
Mickey prefers to lock up his own front door himself before going to bed.

But Mickey is nearly always merry—though day after day, for the last four years, he has passed his time in almost precisely the same way—playing with his kind keepers, eating his three meals, entertaining the public with his tricks, and sleeping soundly all through the nights. And, after all, this is very much the same sort of life as many people lead.

One day two fine gentlemen, glittering with jewels, came and stood before Mickey's cage whilst he was engaged with his usual romp with his keeper. They watched the fun for a long while, seeing Mickey shoulder arms, fit the key into the lock, turn somersaults, shake hands, guess for nuts, and perform all his clever tricks, and then one turned to the other and said: "Well, if that isn't the cutest monkey in England!"

"He's worth money," said the other. "Wouldn't he tickle the country people? Suppose we offer the Zoo people £500 for him?"

"£500," said his friend, "why, he's worth every penny of £1000! Let's go and see if they will sell him."



Mickey handles the wire cutters with great skill, and personally superintends any repairs that may be made to his house.

Mickey watched the two men go out with the funniest look on his face, a look as much as to say "Well, there! I never heard such an idea in all my life! Buy me for a thousand pounds and exhibit me to country people in a common show! Well, I never did!" Then he looked at his keeper, and they both burst into laughter at the astonishingly ridiculous idea.

"Wouldn't they like to buy you for a thousand pounds, Mickey dear," cried the keeper. "Oh! Mickey, Mickey, we wouldn't sell you for a million," and they hugged each other till the tears fairly rolled from their eyes.

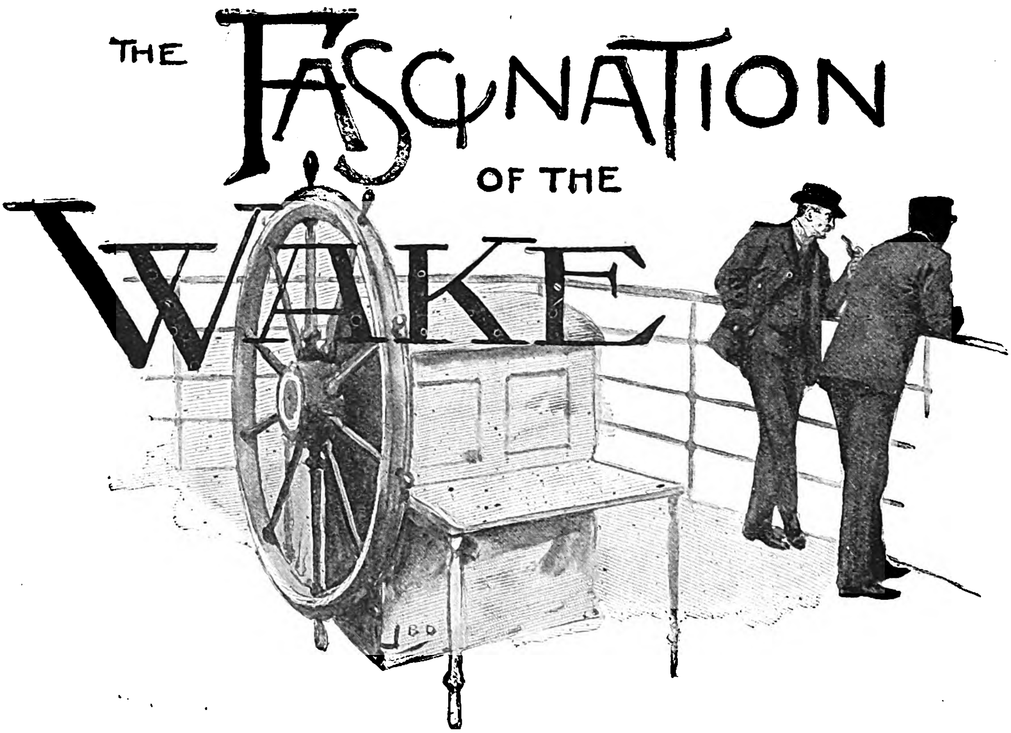
It is needless to say that when these two bejewelled gentlemen—showmen were they—sought out the Secretary of the Zoo, and made a formal offer of one thousand pounds for the ape, Mickey, they were promptly shown the door. Mickey's worth is beyond price.

Mickey has been photographed many hundred of times by all sorts and shades of people—and he can pose very prettily when he chooses. What with sight-seeing people, and wise scientific people, and cranks, and bumpkins, and palmists, and photographers, and artists, and sculptors, he can pass his time very happily with his visitors.

But the joyous, romping, free-and-easy days in the old home are numbered for Mickey. Not that he is growing tired of life in captivity, or that he is not in the best of health and spirits—but simply because they have built a fine new red and white "Ape House" in the Zoo, with four handsome roomy cages (though, to be sure, Mickey is the only ape in the gardens at present), each with a great sheet of plate-glass in at both ends of it, instead of the old-fashioned wire-screen, and with plenty of room for a large crowd of people to gather to watch Mickey's tricks. But doubtless, as soon as he enters this proud and dignified home, our merry Mickey will become so proud and dignified himself that we shall hardly know him. Yet I suspect he will always find enough mischief to keep himself amused.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Walter P. Dando, F.Z.S., the eminent animal photographer, for his kind assistance in the preparation of this character-sketch of his friend, Monkey Mickey. Our sketches are partly drawn from some of Mr. Dando's excellent studies of Mickey, one of which is reproduced in the head-piece.

THE FASCINATION OF THE WAKE



By Arthur Brebner.

The Channel on a summer afternoon, the sun sparkling on the blue waters, the very air as crisp as wine; surely such conditions would make even a misanthrope doubt whether he had read the world aright.

"You'll soon pick up if the weather keeps on like this, Mr. Lyttleton," said Captain Hawkins, as he leant over the rail beside me.

"I feel a new man already," I replied.

The *Four Winds* was a large barque bound from London to Callao with a general cargo, and from thence to the Islands of the Pacific on copra trading bent. Well found, well cared for, and her crew English to a man, she was very different to the majority of ships that sail the seas in these days of "cheese-paring" and foreign sailors.

I was the only passenger, and was taking a voyage for the sake of my health, which, after a period of prolonged business anxiety, had completely broken down; my eyesight began to fail, my hand trembled whenever I took up pen to write. I was unable even to think connectedly or remember names and faces. Evidently it was high time for me to give up business for a few months before things got worse.

The skipper was a fine figure of a man. Strong, alert, active, he carried himself like one of thirty, though nearly double that age. Somewhat of a disciplinarian but always just, he enjoyed the confidence, if not the love, of every man on the ship. Powell, the mate, was of a very different type; moody, discontented, morose, he was for ever anathematising ships, sailors, and the sea; full of troubles; full of complaints, and a growler. I took good care to avoid his company as much as possible.

Rawson, the second, was my particular chum; I conceived a fancy for him from the very first. Big and burly, with peculiarly sleepy eyes, he soon began to exercise a fascination over me which I tried in vain to account for. Highly educated, widely read, far travelled, his conversation was an intellectual treat, very surprising to find in one who had followed the sea from boyhood.

One night after dinner we were leaning over the taffrail together. The breeze was light; the wake streamed lazily astern; we were scarcely doing two knots. Conversation, under the mysterious influence of night, had died a natural death; we stood there silently smoking and watching the dark

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waters and bright sparks of phosphorescence that occurred from time to time.

"The wake always fascinates me," he exclaimed suddenly.

I looked at him curiously.

"How so?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't know, but the eddying waters streaming away and away to the dim horizon seem to me like a beckoning finger. If ever I committed suicide, it would be over the stern, especially at night—especially at night."

"You have curious views," said I.

"Curious," he answered petulantly; "it is you that are curious. That ever a man should become so hidebound as to call anything commonplace is more than I can understand. Nothing is commonplace or ever will be. The terror of Space, the terror of Time, the terror of Life and Death; these are always with us. But there goes eight bells. Good night."

So saying, he turned abruptly on his heel and disappeared down the companion ladder, leaving me to wonder at his words.

One voyage is much like another, one day much like another; they pass as they do in dreamland. The eternal circle of sea and sky shuts out all intercourse. Humanity in general retreats to an immense distance, and all one's interests are contracted. Trifling events acquire an undue prominence; a sail on the horizon is a thing to be talked about, dinner becomes an important item, and small differences are apt to develope into serious quarrels.

All went well until after we had left Callao. Then began a series of occurrences which turned this peaceful trading vessel into a place of horror.

One night the boatswain went overboard and was drowned. As far as could be gathered, it happened just after twelve o'clock had been struck, or in sea parlance, "eight bells." The second mate was the last to see him. He had just come up from his watch below and noticed the boatswain leaning over the rail, but thought nothing of it at the time. No reason could be assigned; the night was calm, accident was out of the question. Clearly it was a case of suicide, although no motive could be found.

Naturally it cast a great gloom over the ship. The dead sailor was universally liked, and I noticed that during the day little knots of men would gather together to discuss the event in awed undertones. As for myself, I could do nothing but lean over the rail and brood upon the terror of the sea.

Rawson, as was his wont, came into my cabin that night after dinner. We sat some time in silence.

"Have a peg," said I, bringing out the whiskey bottle.

"Well, it's a bad habit, but I'll have one before I turn in. Thanks. That's enough. Plenty of water."

"Sad thing this about the boatswain," said I, after a pause.

"Yes, it is."

"Was there any reason why he should have committed suicide?"

"Suicide?" said he, with just the slightest lilt of the eyebrows.

I looked at him furtively.

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing," he replied, blowing rings of smoke out of his mouth and watching them meditatively.

"Come, Rawson," said I irritably, "you do mean something."

"The least said the soonest mended."

"You can trust me."

"Well, then, to tell you the cold drawn truth, I don't think it was suicide at all."

"What, then?"

"Murder."

"Murder," I cried aghast, "murder! Whatever makes you think that?"

He shrugged his shoulders, but said nothing.

"Do you suspect anyone?" I asked in a whisper.

"Well," he answered slowly, as if weighing every word, "I do. One cannot be certain, of course. At any rate, I must watch. But it is time to turn in now," he continued, looking at his watch, "and—not a word of this to anyone."

After he had gone I glanced fearfully around the room. Murder!—the idea had never even crossed my mind. Murder!—the most dreadful of all crimes.

I racked my brains trying to think who it was that Rawson suspected. I tossed from side to side in my bunk, my mind was in a whirl, and fearful visions, waking nightmares, terrified me. Sleep was out of the question, so, slipping on my coat, I stepped out on deck.

The night was dark and cloudy, the waters black as ink, and light airs, coming from one knew not where, whispered mournful nothings in the shrouds. Making my way aft, I leant over the taffrail and watched the phosphorescence which sparkled into sudden brilliance as the vessel rolled uneasily from side to side. I must have been standing thus for quite half-an-hour, lost in dreamy speculation, when suddenly I heard a light footfall behind me. I turned round sharply, and there, standing not a yard off, was Powell, the mate.

"I'm afraid I startled you, Mr. Lyttleton," said he laughing uneasily, as I thought.

"What are you doing up at this time of night?" I cried. "You are still on the morning watch, aren't you?"

"Yes, but I couldn't get to sleep, so thought I would take a turn on deck."

"Well, it's the same with me," I answered. "I've been tossing about for the last four hours."

"I cannot get the boatswain out of my mind," said he. "He was a married man."

"Married?"

"Yes, with three young children, all girls."

"What will become of them?"

"Heaven knows."

We smoked for some time in silence. The grimness of it all—and the pity of it—oppressed me like a leaden weight.

"What made him commit suicide, think you?" I asked at length.

He laughed a loud, harsh, discordant laugh that affronted the very ear of night."

"Why, look you," said he bitterly, "suicide is the only end for those that follow the sea."

"Oh, you are morbid, I know."

"Not at all. Now, take my own case, for instance. Here have I been married twenty years, and during all that time have not seen my wife a year altogether. We are comparative strangers."

"But there are compensations, surely. The life is healthy. You see the world."

"Who wants to see the world?" he rejoined savagely. "One port is like another, one sea is like another, one mountain like another, and there is no fool like a travelled fool. Give me a house and two hundred a year, and I shouldn't wish to walk a mile from home for the rest of my life."

"Ah, so you say now; but you would soon get tired of it."

"Well, I only wish somebody would try me."

"No man is ever contented. But talking about the boatswain again, I see no reason why he should have committed suicide. He was a smart man and seemed happy enough. Perhaps," I added, "it was not suicide."

The mate started and put his hand on my arm. I could feel it tremble.

"What else?" he asked, in such a hollow tone that I turned round and looked at him in surprise.

"Perhaps it was murder."

The hand on my arm trembled yet more violently, his teeth chattered. I thought he was about to sink to his knees.

"What is the matter?" I cried.

"No, no, not murder, it must have been suicide I tell you, suicide!"

And without another word he turned on his heel and slunk away into the darkness.

Next morning I was aroused by the tramping of feet on the deck above. I met Rawson in the alley way.

"Another man overboard," said he.

"Another?" I gasped.

"Yes."

"When was he last seen?"

"Aft here, about two o'clock this morning. It was his watch on deck."

"Come into my cabin," said I, "and tell me all about it."

He sat down on the settee, his face as pale as milk. I poured him out some brandy which he swallowed at a gulp.

"There is nothing more to tell—that's all I know about it. He had been in the Company for years, and was a hard-working, respectable man, without an enemy in the world as far as I know."

"Was it suicide?"

"Suicide—no. Murder—rank murder. There is frightful work going on aboard this ship."

"I have been thinking over what you said last night," said I, after a pause.

"Well?"

"And have come to the same conclusion."

"What, do you suspect anyone?"

"Well—yes, I do. But it will be as well to keep our suspicions to ourselves."

"I don't know," he answered slowly. "The matter is getting serious. We may be the next to succumb to the fascination of the wake."

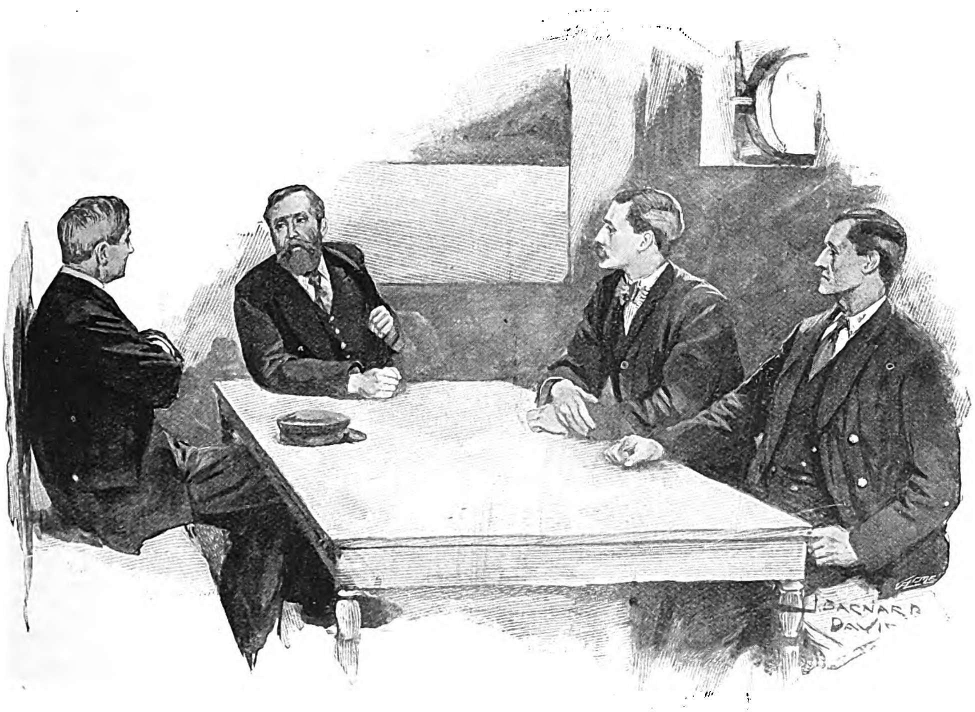
"He puffed at his pipe meditatively. There was the same odd, sleepy look in his eyes that I had noticed before.

"The fascination of the wake," said I petulantly. "It's always the fascination of the wake. What is there fascinating about the wake, I should like to know? Tell me who you suspect."

"The skipper."

"Captain Hawkins!" I cried. "What on earth makes you suspect him? What possible motive could he have?"

"I don't know; but a straw serves to show which quarter the wind is in, and



"In my opinion both the boatswain and this man were assassinated."

one or two little things have occurred. But tell me, who do you suspect?"

"The mate," I answered bluntly.

"The mate Powell? Oh, impossible."

"Well, of course, like yours, it is only a suspicion. I have no proofs."

"But your reasons—what makes you think of Powell?"

I recounted in detail the events of the night before, the stealthy way in which he had crept up behind me, and his peculiar agitation. Rawson listened attentively and gave vent to a low whistle when I had finished.

"Yes, his conduct was certainly strange, but we shall see what we shall see."

After breakfast a message came from the Captain asking Powell, Rawson and myself to go to his cabin. We found him sitting at the table, his face very white and stern.

"Lock that door," said he.

Powell did so, and we all sat down.

"I have called you in," he continued. "to talk about that last accident we had last night. I say accident advisedly, but personally I do not think it was an accident. In my opinion both the boatswain and this man were assassinated."

We looked at one another; the statement was bald, even brutal,

"If this man is guilty," thought I, "I'll never believe in a human face again. Rawson must surely be mistaken."

"But what possible motive could there be in murdering those two, and those two alone?"

"That's what I have called you all in here for. Only two have been murdered *at present*."

"At present?" gasped the mate.

"Yes, at present. Two purposeless murders have, as I think, been committed. One has heard of epidemics of suicide? May there not be such a thing as an epidemic of murder?"

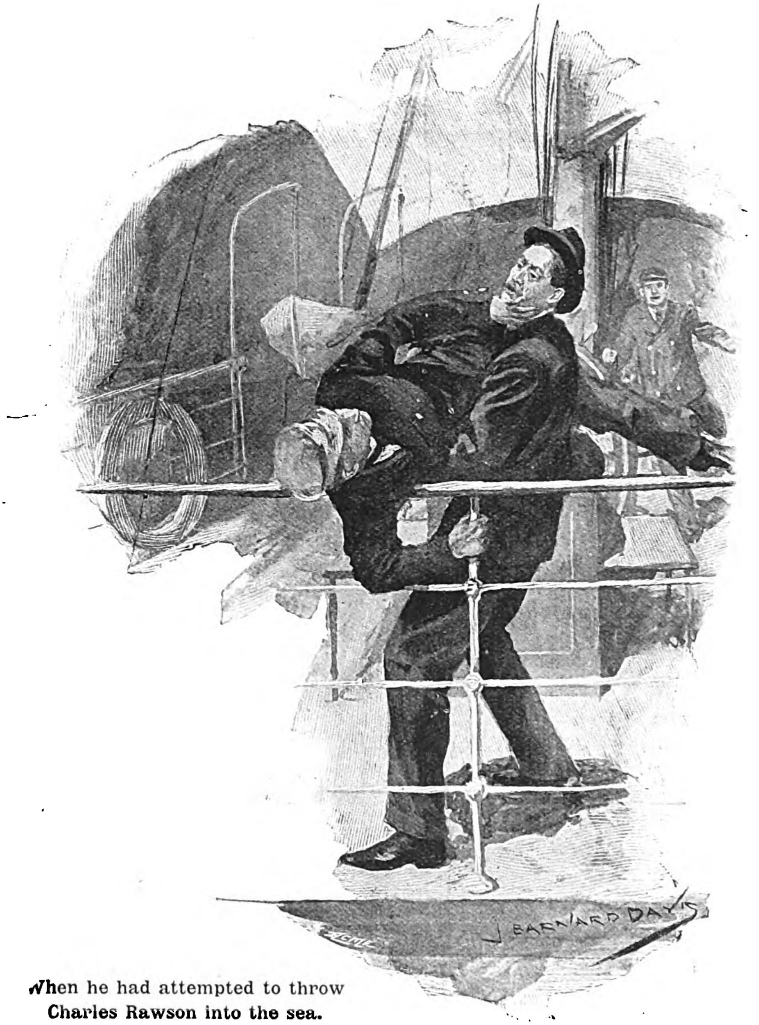
"Perhaps the wake fascinates them," said Rawson.

"The what?"

"The wake. The wake of the ship. One has heard of cases where people have felt compelled to throw themselves from the stern of the ship."

"Nonsense," said the skipper. "They were both cases of murder, rank, bloody murder. None of us are safe. Now, Mr. Lyttleton," he continued, turning sharply round upon me, "have you suspected anyone?"

This was a poser with a vengeance, con-



When he had attempted to throw Charles Rawson into the sea.

sidering the very man I suspected was sitting next to me.

"No," I answered, with as steady a voice as I could command.

"Ah, well, I have. Now, you, Mr. Rawson, has it struck you in the same light? Has it occurred to you that these are not cases of suicide, but murder; and, if so, have you got any idea as to the culprit?"

I glanced at Rawson, wondering what he would say.

"Captain Hawkins," said he, looking the skipper between the eyes, "I feel certain that these are not cases of suicide, and—I do suspect someone."

"Whom do you suspect?"

"It is a serious thing to utter a charge like this until one has definite ground to go upon. I would rather not mention names till I have better proof."

"Perhaps you are right; it is just as well to be cautious, but I don't mind telling you that the facts of the case point to one man, and one man alone."

"Who is that?" asked Powell.

His face was so pale, his manner so agitated, and he was altogether so ill at ease that I could not help wondering that the others failed to notice it.

"Who is that?" he reiterated.

"Browning," answered the skipper, in a low voice.

Now Browning was the third, a quiet, hard-working, studious young fellow, spending all his spare time in the study of navigation, and evidently an enthusiast in his profession. But the Captain held different views.

"It isn't natural for a young man to work like he does," said he; "it isn't natural for a young fellow to be so silent and reserved. I like a junior to be respectful, but, hang it, he never says a word at meals or anywhere else, he speaks to no one, and never does wrong. I don't like a young fellow like that, give me a spice of the devil say I—they're the better men. Anyway," he continued, rising and knocking the ashes out of his pipe, "we must keep our eyes open, and mind, all of you, not a word of what has passed."

Now comes a time which makes me shudder, even as I write of it. The night following another of the hands went overboard in the same unexplained way, then there was an interval of two days, then two more disappeared. We went about as men sentenced to death, and for the most part silent. Double watches were kept, but all of no avail, for morning after morning men were found to be missing, and still no one saw them go overboard, and still no assassin could be found.

My days were nightmares, and my nights frightful beyond words. I slept with a six-chambered revolver always at my bed head, and was continually starting at the slightest sound. One night I heard the latch of my door turn. I had turned the oil lamp out, but grasping my revolver, I waited in breathless silence. Presently I felt a light draught of air on my face, and straining my eyes in the gloom could just discern a dim shadow.

"Who's that?" I cried.

There was not a sound save the soft lapping of the water at the side of the ship.

"Stand, or I fire!" I screamed.

It was the first time I had shot at a human being. My finger trembled as I pulled the trigger. At last I managed it, and the sound awoke the echoes. Jumping out of my bunk I made for the door; it was open, but sign of human being there was none. Out in the alley-way all was still and silent, and the lamp in the saloon swung fitfully to and fro. I re-entered my room and struck a match; all the chambers of my revolver were loaded; I had evidently been dreaming.

Next morning I told Lawson of my curious experience.

"What time was it?" he asked.

"About midnight."

"Well another man is missing, and he was last seen just before midnight."

"That is curious."

"Yes, it is somewhat of a coincidence," said he.

Now it was that I began to have my suspicions more than strengthened against the mate. In the first place he pretended sickness, kept obstinately to his bunk, and evinced such a state of nervous terror every time anyone entered his room that I was more than ever convinced that he was the guilty one. One night I met him in the alley-way; his face was blanched and he slunk past me like a hunted animal. I called to him, but he took no notice, and when I tried to stop him he rushed into his cabin and bolted the door. The next day after breakfast I communicated all my suspicions to the Captain. He listened courteously but poohpoohed the idea of the mate having anything to do with it.

"He is morbid and unhappy I know, and badly frightened at the things which have happened, but—he's not the man. I know the man—Browning's the man, and I shall put him in irons to-morrow."

But poor Browning was never put in irons, for he was the one that disappeared that night. . . .

Feb. 2nd. Things worse than ever—only seven men left.

Feb. 4th. I have been awake for three nights and days. Oh! when will it end?

Feb. 7th. How long, Oh, how long? I am writing this at midnight. Every breath of air in the shrouds seems to be his footstep. The depth and the terror of the sea! Every creaking of the ship's timber is the gritting of his teeth. Oh! the horror of the sea and the fascination of the wake. . . .

* * * * *

Extract from log of the schooner *Seagull* of San Francisco, appended to above narrative.

Feb. 8th, 18—. This day, at 1.35 p.m., Lat. 15.2 S., Long. 165.4 W., sighted large barque flying signals of distress. Lowered a boat and boarded. She proved to be the *Four Winds*, of London, bound from Callao to Vito Levu, 55 days out; cargo, general; master, William Hawkins (of London), who made the statement that everyone on board except the mate (John Powell, of Hull), the second mate (Charles Rawson, of Whitby), and himself, had been assassinated by a passenger named James Bowlby Lyttleton, a stockbroker, of London, who was taking the voyage for his health. That first the bo'sun, and subsequently the crew, one by one, disappeared over the side, and, as far as could be ascertained, from the stern of the vessel. That nobody had suspected him until the night before, when he had attempted to throw Charles Rawson into the sea, and was prevented only with difficulty, and put in irons. On taking the said James Bowlby Lyttleton on board the *Seagull*, he made a desperate attempt to throw himself overboard, afterwards volunteering the statement that the fascination of the wake had compelled him to commit the murders. Placed six A. B's. on board the *Four Winds* and proceeded.

Signed: EDWARD TWISS (Master).

FRANCIS K. BEAN (Mate).

As Like As Two Peas

Some remarkable Likenesses between various Men of Note.

By G. Western.

Illustrated with Photographs.

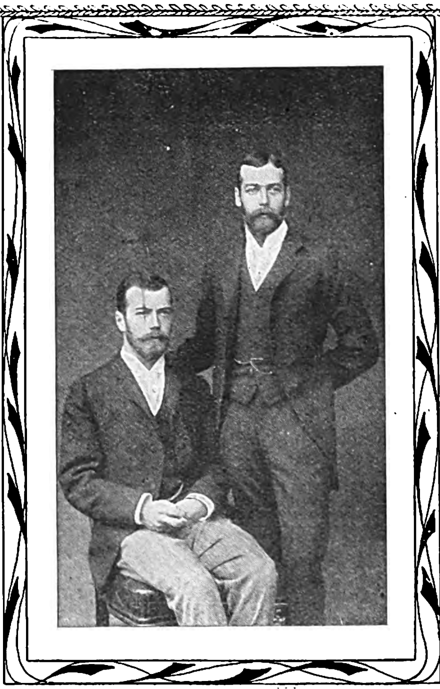


Photo by W. & D. Downey.

The Tsar and the Prince of Wales.

Likenesses between various individuals may be the result of various causes. They seem to group themselves, though, of course, no general line can be drawn, into about three general headings—family likenesses, perhaps the greatest link of all; likenesses which are the outcome of an adoption of the same trade, profession, or calling, and, finally, likenesses for which no apparent reason can be given, where there is no family tie and the work of the men is widely different. These last can only be attributed to accident.

Of family likenesses one could write many pages with numerous examples. Perhaps the most prominent of these is the resemblance between the Prince of Wales and his first cousin, the Tsar. There is, of course, a very strong likeness running through all the related members of the several European Royal houses, but no examples are so strong as this one.

Another interesting example of family resemblance is that between the Secretary of State for the Colonies and his son, Mr. Austen Chamberlain. Although one might not be surprised at the great likeness between these two distinguished politicians in face and form, accentuated in both cases by the wearing of an eyeglass, yet to this is added a marked

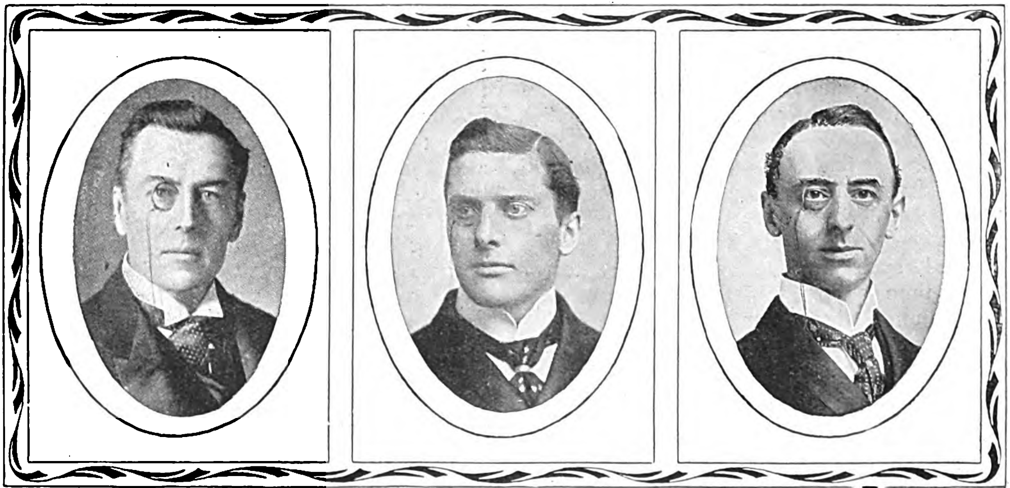
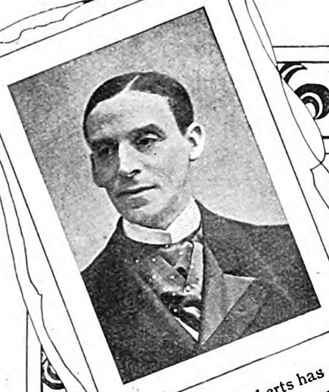
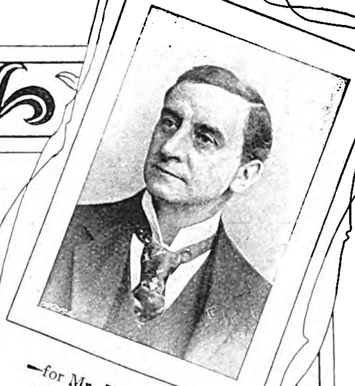


Photo by Russell & Sons. Photo by London Stereoscopic Co. Photo by Arthur Weston.

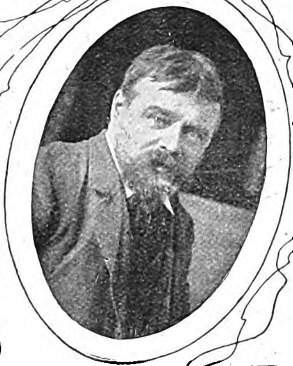
Mr. Chamberlain and his son, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, are extraordinarily alike, and Mr. Harrison Hill, the well-known entertainer, resembles both.



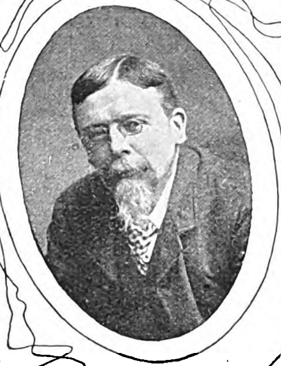
Mr. Arthur Roberts has often been mistaken—



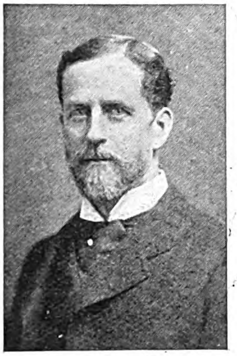
—for Mr. John Hare, the celebrated comedian.



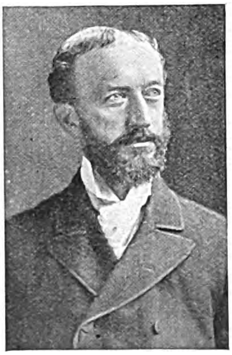
Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema and his double—



—the late Mr. George Du Maurier.

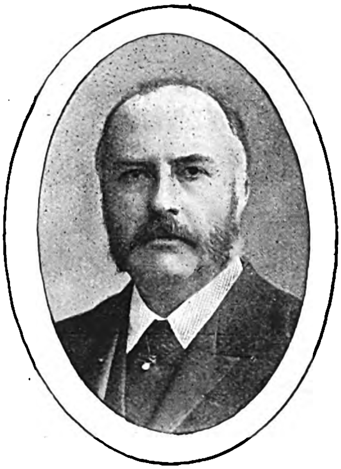


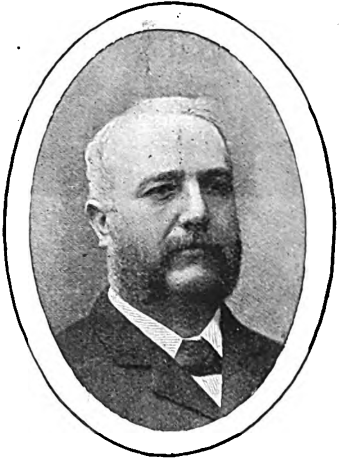
Lord George Hamilton, whose resemblance to—



—Mr. J. Roche, M.P., is extraordinary.

Photos: Mr. Arthur Roberts, Mr. John Hare, and Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, by London Stereoscopic Co.; the late Mr. George Du Maurier and Lord George Hamilton, by Elliott & Fry; Mr. J. Roche, M.P., by Russell & Sons.





Photos by London Stereoscopic Co. and Albert Sachs

Lord Balfour of Burleigh and Mr. Mark Oldroyd, the late member for Dewsbury, are very much alike.

similarity in voice, style of address and delivery. All these points have been the favourite theme of caricaturists and political satirists times out of number.

The next point to discuss is the general resemblance between members of certain callings. The navy has one face and one bearing, the army, too. A party of bluejackets on shore at Portsmouth are all curiously alike; you can hardly tell them apart. You cross the nearest barrack square and watch a squad of "Tommies" at drill. It is really difficult to distinguish one from the other.

Again the members of the histrionic art are extraordinarily alike. In fact, it is quite common to hear, in answer to a question as to what such and such an actor is like, "Oh—like all actors."

Look what a resemblance there is between the popular Mr. Arthur Roberts and that past master of comedy, Mr. John Hare. Both are typical examples of the modern actor, well groomed and well dressed, and with the general appearance far pleasanter than the proverbial and happily obsolete style of actor with soft felt hat, long hair, and generally dishevelled appearance.

Now go down the Strand and enter that magnificent pile, the Law Courts. Look along the line of learned King's counsel and barristers-at-law. You notice the same firm mouth,

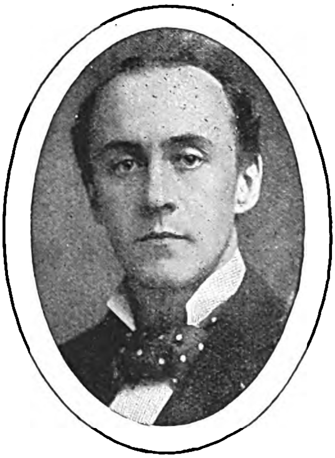


Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. Anthony Hope, the celebrated novelist—

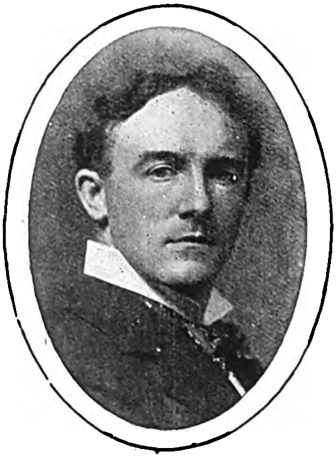


Photo by Elliott & Fry.

—strongly resembles the charming composer, Mr. Edward German.

the keen, clear eye, and the broad forehead. All are alike, the resemblance strengthened by the fact that all are bewigged and gowned similarly.

Amongst painters we give as examples the resemblance between Sir Lawrence Alma Tadema and the late Mr. George du Maurier, of *Punch* and "Trilby" fame. It may be interesting to remember that, in their early youth, these two men, afterwards to astonish the world of art by their paintings and drawings, were fellow-students together in Switzerland. Of these two illustrious artists a delightful story is told. A lady, addressing Mr. Du Maurier, said: "Oh, Mr. Tadema, don't you think it absurd of people to call you the double of Du Maurier? I should never be deceived."

"No?" replied the author of "Trilby," "perhaps not. By the way, I am Du Maurier."

To the third of our lists, the "accident ward," must be assigned the wonderful similitude between Lord George Hamilton and Mr. J. Roche, M.P. It may, indeed, without exaggeration be said that the Member for East Galway is the double of Lord George Hamilton and *vice versâ*.

The case of politicians resembling each other can hardly come under the heading of professional likenesses, as the various callings of our representatives in Parliament differ so much from each other, that the facial effect of the House must be obliterated. Lord Balfour of Burleigh and Mr. Mark Oldroyd, late Member for Dewsbury, in which busy manufacturing town he has

The resemblance between Professor Stuart and Mr. Stanley Weyman (the latter wears the monocle) is famous.

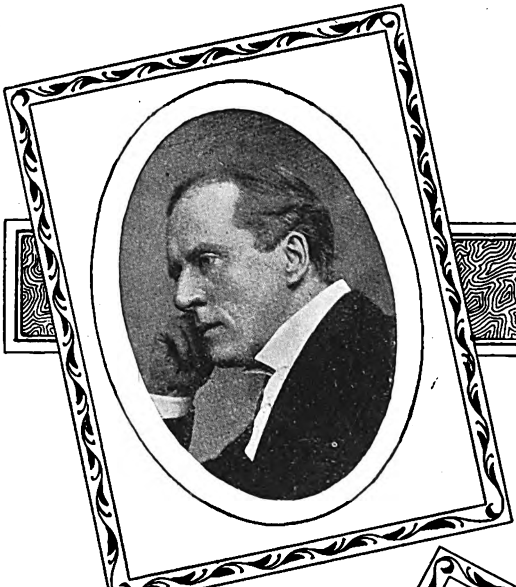
Photos by Elliott & Fry.

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

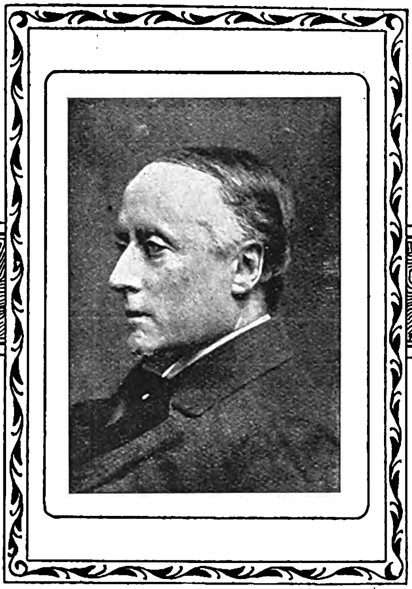
The late Mr. Cecil Rhodes and

Photo by Hills & Saunders.

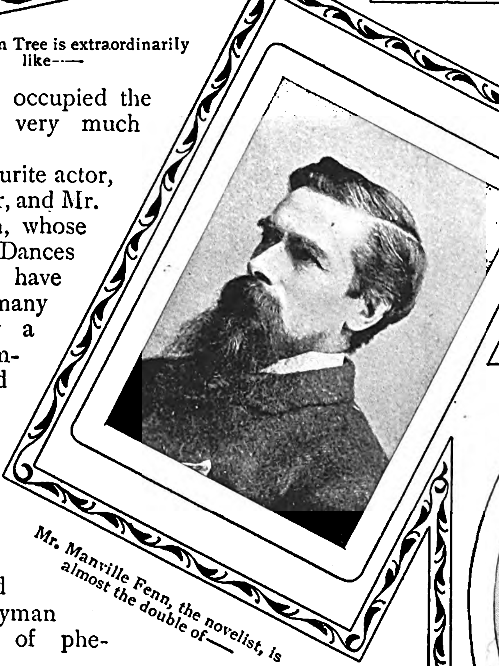
——the late Sir John Stainer, the composer, resemble each other closely.



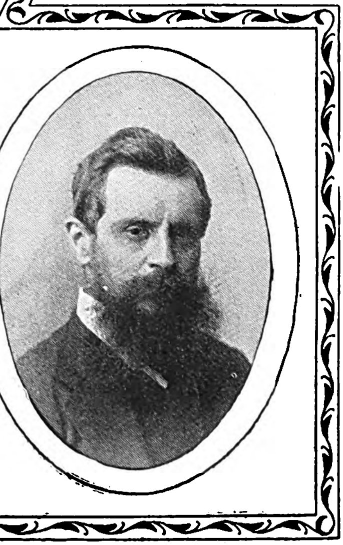
Mr. Beerbohm Tree is extraordinarily like——



—— the Hon. Pnilip Stanhope, a kinsman of Lord Rosebery, whom he also strongly resembles.



Mr. Manville Fenn, the novelist, is almost the double of——



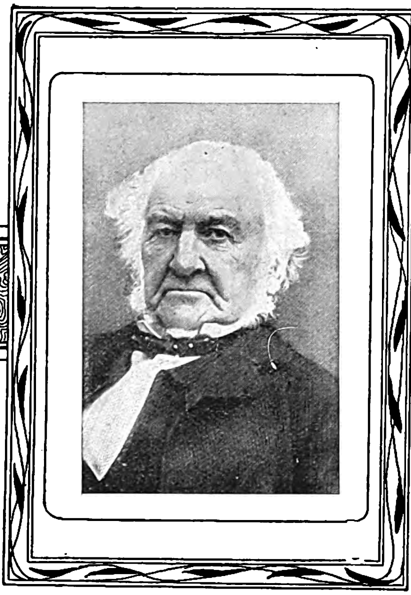
——the Duke of Norfolk.

Photos: Mr. Beerholm Tree, by Ellis & Walery the Hon Philip Stanhope, Mr. Manville Fenn, and the Duke of Norfolk, by Elliott & Fry.

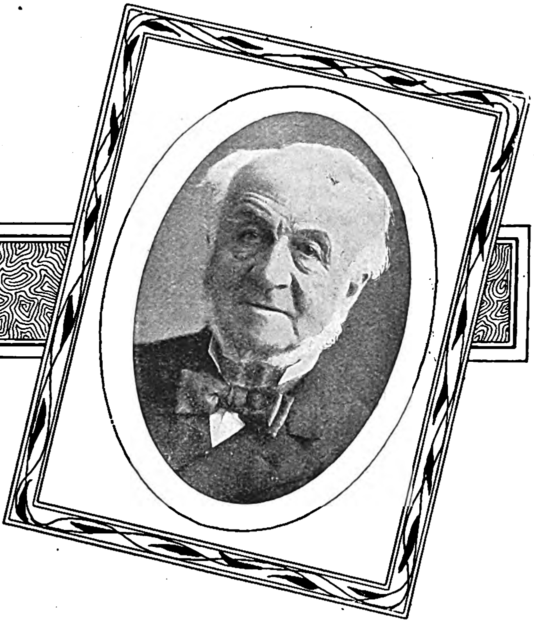
more than once occupied the Mayoralty, are very much alike.

The very favourite actor, Mr. Lewis Waller, and Mr. Edward German, whose Henry VIII. Dances and Gipsy Suite have delighted so many audiences, show a strong resemblance, and curiously like these two is Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins. The likeness between Professor Stuart and Mr. Stanley Weyman is little short of phenomenal.

No two lives could have been more different than those of the late Sir John Stainer and the Rt. Hon. Cecil Rhodes; the one spending his life in the midst of the musical world, a world essentially of peace, and in the cultivation of not the least of our fine arts, the other, ever on his feet, ever up and doing, planning first one thing, then another, building up great schemes, only to be overshadowed by greater ones of his own construction—an Empire Maker indeed. And yet there is a marked similarity in the faces of these two men, each leader in his own world, each at the top of his own tree. Their mouths are very similar, though that of Sir John



The late Mr. Gladstone ——

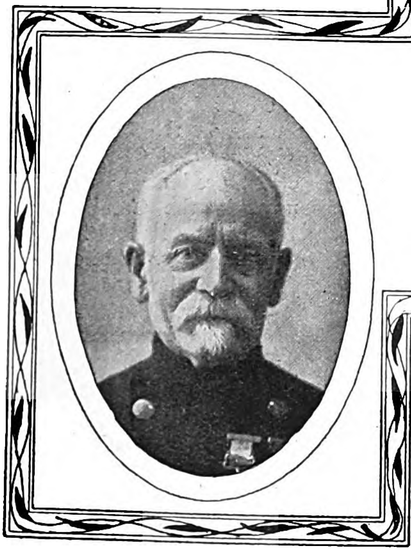


——and Mr. H. Page J.P., are very much alike in face.

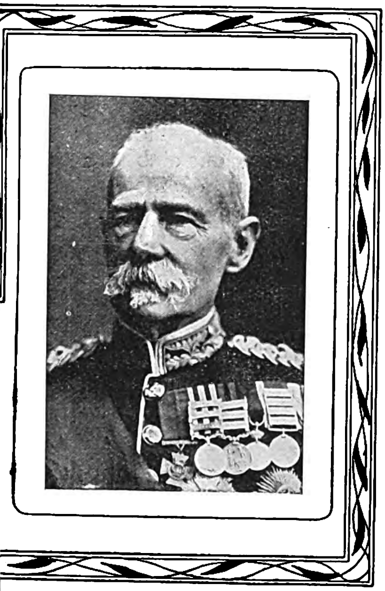
shows more of the artist and less of the firm, business-like lines which show so plainly round the mouth of Cecil Rhodes. Their eyes, too, have a likeness, and both have fine, expansive foreheads.

Two interesting likenesses may be mentioned here. In each there is a member of the theatrical profession and in each a politician. Mr. Beerbohm Tree and the Hon. Philip Stanhope, a near kinsman of Lord Rosebery, to whom, by the way, he shows a strong resemblance; and Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Harrison Hill, the entertainer, whose impersonations of the great Colonial Secretary are wonderful.

Perhaps the most interesting likeness for which chance alone is responsible, is that between the old novelist Mr. Manville Fenn and the Duke of Norfolk. No article on this subject would be complete without some allusion to the doubles of the G.O.M. and Lord Roberts. Mr. H. Page, J.P., of Deal, bears a strong likeness to Mr. Gladstone, while the old Chelsea Pensioner Grieves bears a resemblance equally marked to Lord Roberts.

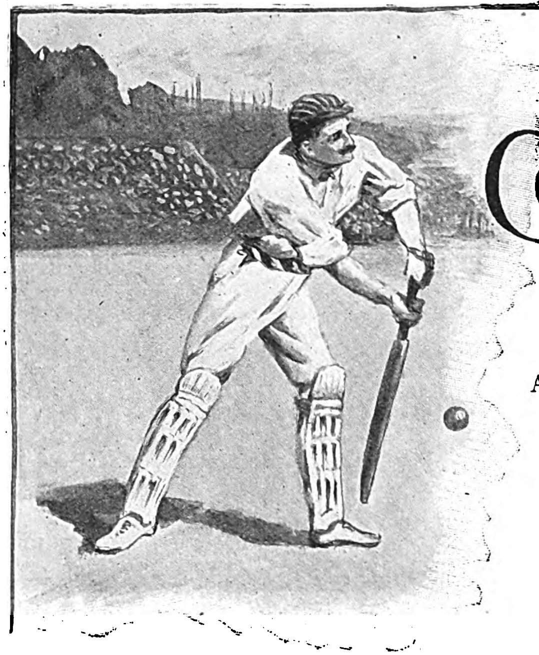


Mr. Grieves, an old Chelsea pensioner, is the most striking of——



——Earl Roberts' many doubles.

Photos: the late Mr. Gladstone by Valentine & Sons; Mr. H. Page, J.P., by W. A. Sawyer; Lord Roberts by London Stereoscopic Co.; Mr. Grieves by Valerie.



THE COLLINGWOOD PRO

A TALE OF THE NORTHERN LEAGUE.

BY HORACE BLEACKLEY.

ONE evening in August a small group was standing in front of the pavilion of the Collingwood Cricket Ground.

"Well, who'd have thought at the beginning of the season," cried Mr. Dodson, the president, with a proud smile, "that our club would have a chance of being top of the League."

"We didn't seem to have a look in," replied Winkle, the secretary. "I'd have laid heavy odds on Kirk being champions."

"Anyhow, win or lose, we'll be a good second in the list," remarked Potts, the portly brewer.

There remained only one match to decide the championship of the Northern Cricket League, and the clubs of the neighbouring towns of Kirk and Collingwood, each of which had only lost one game hitherto, were the competitors for the position. The keenness and excitement which these contests always occasion, was intensified by the fact that the former club had been expected all along to come out top, while the Collingwood Eleven, until this year, had always been low down in the table of results.

"Ah! there'll be a pot o' brass lost if Kirk gets beat," remarked Winkle, with a chuckle. "Their chaps have been planking it down."

"By George, that young chap Harcourt has made a difference to our team," cried Dodson.

"He's a second W. G.!" exclaimed Potts.

"Yes, wouldn't the county like to get him," answered Winkle, his eyes sparkling.

"He's a puzzle, that fellow," said the president. "I can't make him out."

"Oh, he's a superior sort of chap, anyone can see that," observed Potts.

A moment later a well-built, good-looking young man came from the pavilion door with a cricket ball in his hand. It was Harcourt, the professional, who had been the subject of the discussion.

"Good evening, sir," he remarked, touching his cap to the president. "Have you come to watch the practice?"

This was the first season that Harcourt had played for the Collingwood Club. He had come with excellent credentials, as he had been recommended by the Cambridge University captain, and he had proved himself to be a marvellous player. Although a quiet and unassuming fellow it was evident that he was superior to his position. This air of mystery made him all the more famous, and "young quality" as he was dubbed by the local crowds was a popular hero.

The manufacturing town of Kirk, about two miles lower down the valley than Collingwood, is to a stranger one of the most dismal places in the world, though most of its humble residents are fond and proud of it. A score or so of factories are huddled together on either side of the river bank, and

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radiating from this centre the straggling streets of shabby houses and dingy shops crawl up the bleak hill slopes.

Within the bar parlour of one of the most disreputable public houses in the town two evil-looking men were sitting, smoking and drinking. The stout one with the bull neck and blotched face, who wore a flaming waistcoat and a large watch chain, was Grisp, the owner of the licensed house, a gentleman whose sporting instincts led him into many shady practices. The other, a bilious-looking little person in a loud suit was named Grimshaw, and made a precarious income as a racing tipster.

"If we're beat i' this match," grunted Grisp, with an oath, "it's all U P with me."

"I shall do a bolt," muttered Grimshaw, clutching the brandy bottle with trembling fingers.

"Well, there's no hope of squaring that young toff, Harcourt," said Grisp.

"Are you sure you handled him properly?" inquired Grimshaw nervously. "These things want a lot o' tact."

"Tact!" roared Grisp, "I did it as gingerly as if I'd been nussing a baby. I told him as 'ow I was watching over his career like a father, but I was afeared he weren't strong, and if he should happen to be took ill and couldn't turn out for the Kirk v. Collingwood match, as I'd take care he wasn't a loser. Then I hinted as how the 'flu' was fearful bad, and if he took it and couldn't play, that I'd stand him a hundred quid to make up to him for his disappointment. Weren't that tact?"

"And the young beast threatened to kick you out if you didn't clear!" snarled Grimshaw viciously.

"We've another chance o' dealing wi' young Harcourt now," Grisp continued, replenishing his tumbler. "Arter what we've found out about him."

"D'ye think there's any hope of his old uncle a-coming down here?" asked Grimshaw eagerly.

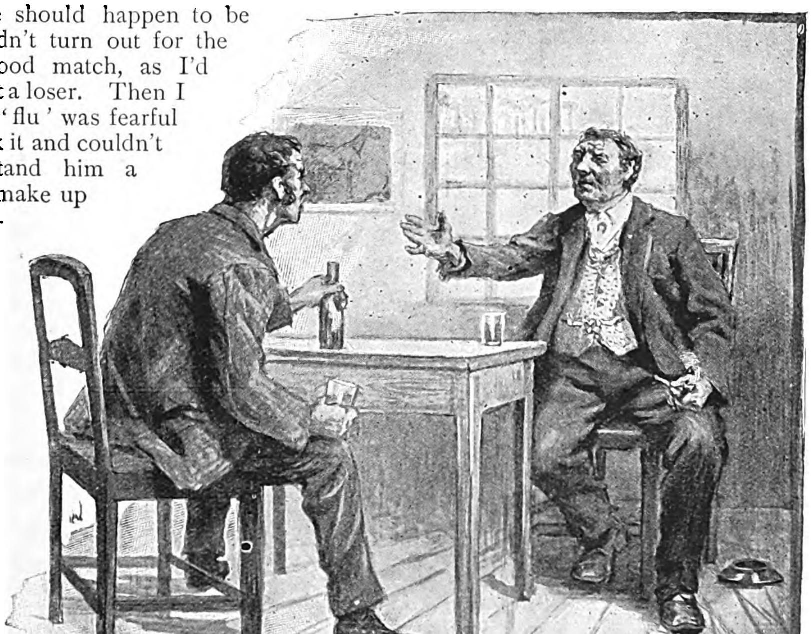
"You saw that letter I wrote him," retorted Grisp. "For my part, I think it'll fetch him. But if this trick fails," he went on looking murderous, "we've still a card up our sleeves."

"I hate violence, and it's so easy to get inside a police court," said Grimshaw, with a shudder. "Besides, young Harcourt's a big strong chap."

"Look here," cried Grisp furiously. "If young Harcourt *don't* play, Collingwood 'll lose the match for a certainty. But if Collingwood should win, you and I'll both be broke. This ain't a time for sentiment."

* * * *

Harcourt, the young professional, had just finished supper and was settling down to work, for he was an indefatigable student. His duties at the Collingwood cricket ground gave him plenty of leisure, and he was usually able to do some reading during the daytime as well as at night. He was about to open his books, when the door was unceremoniously flung open, and a well-groomed old gentleman with pink face and whiskers stalked majestically into his room.


CLEMENT FLOWER 1901.

"I hinted . . . that I'd stand him a hundred quid to make up for his disappointment."

"Uncle!"

The name came involuntarily from Harcourt's lips as he rose from his chair at the table.

"Yes, you young reprobate, I've found you out!" replied the old man in tones loud but not unkind. "Now, what fool's game is this you're playing down here?"

"I'm earning my living," said Harcourt quietly.

"Is it true what I've heard," demanded his uncle more sternly, "that you've become a common professional?"

"Well, sir, you stopped my allowance, and said you'd never speak to me again," Harcourt returned mildly. "I had to leave Cambridge, and, you know, a man must live." He smiled inwardly as he watched the effect of his words. "I knew I was pretty sure of getting my doctor's degree if I could scrape together funds, so I turned pro. They pay me a very fair screw here, and I'm not wasting time. I'm reading jolly hard."

Uncle Joseph stamped restlessly about the room during his nephew's recital.

"However I've treated you," he burst forth at length, "you must own you've deserved it."

"That I freely admit," replied Harcourt placidly. "I've behaved shockingly."

"I paid your bills twice over," cried Uncle Joseph, growing more and more excited as he proceeded with the recital of his nephew's misdeeds, "and still you got into debt. You gambled, sir, and I believe you'd have taken to drink if you hadn't known it would have spoilt your cricket."

"I'm a reformed character now," returned Harcourt.

"Will you promise to turn over a new leaf if I forgive you once more?" said the old gentleman, who was very fond of his scapegrace nephew. "Poor Lottie's been in a terrible way about you."

Harcourt's face softened at the mention of his cousin's name, and for the first time he became serious.

"I promise you I won't rest until I've got through my exams.," he said earnestly. "This last scrape of mine has taught me a lesson."

"Then I'll take you home with me to-morrow," observed the old man with great satisfaction.

"That's impossible, Uncle Joseph," replied Harcourt. "My engagement with the Collingwood club is not finished yet."

"Confound the engagement," cried the old gentleman angrily. "I'll not let you be a common pro a day longer!"

"Look here, uncle," said Harcourt. "I'm not going to do such a shabby trick as to chuck these people over at the last minute. Would it be sportsmanlike?"

"Do you mean to say that I'm to let this disgrace stick to my family to please the folks in this dirty hole!" thundered Uncle Joseph, who had now become really peppery. "They've no claim on you—you're not a real professional."

"They've both a legal and a moral claim," replied Harcourt.

"Well, I don't agree with you, sir," roared Uncle Joseph very angry. "As for their legal claim, how would they find you out when you'd gone away? As for their moral claim, haven't I, your uncle, a greater claim upon you? But I'll not argue with you, Harcourt, for I'm afraid you're just as bad as ever you were. I'll give you until to-morrow to consider. Either you must go home with me in the morning, or I've finished with you for ever. The estates are not entailed, and, hang it all, I'll disinherit you."

And having delivered this ultimatum, Uncle Joseph marched out of the room.

About eight o'clock the same evening a very pretty girl, who had just arrived by the down train, walked timidly along the platform of the Collingwood Railway Station, attended by her maid. She evidently was a stranger to the place.

"Can you tell me," she inquired, addressing a porter, "where Mr. Harcourt Grandison lives?"

"Don't know no one o' that name, miss," replied the man after a moment's reflection.

"But I'm sure he lives here," replied the girl.

The porter scratched his head, and looked around in search of information.

"Hi, Mr. Grisp," he cried, as two men at that instant passed by. "You don't happen to know a chap called Harcourt Grandison, hereabouts, do you?"

Grisp, who was attended by his satellite, Grimshaw, came to a dead stop, and wheeling round approached the girl with an ingratiating grin upon his red face.

"I should rather think I do," he replied, apparently very pleased.

"Then you know Mr. Grandison?" said the girl, looking much relieved.

"He ain't called by that name here, miss," answered Grisp, putting on an air of importance. "You see, there's a sort o' mystery about him, and me and my pal here are the only ones who know."

"Oh!" ejaculated the girl, feeling very uncomfortable.

"It's a long, lonely walk from here, miss," answered Grisp seriously. "It's hardly safe for a young lady. It's not a walk as I should like a daughter o' mine to take of a night time."

"I'm not a bit afraid," the girl replied, with a little stamp of impatience. "And I have my maid."

"Oh, but I was a-thinking," pursued Grisp, in most insinuating tones, "as how you mightn't care about visiting a young fellow's lodgings at this time o' night——"

"What insolence!" cried the girl with a flash of anger. "How dare——"

"Beg pardon, miss, no offence meant," hastily replied Grisp, cringing. "I mean as if you could get anyone to carry a note to tell him as you're here you wouldn't trouble to take such a lonesome walk."

The recent comment upon her proceedings evidently had affected the girl's resolution, for she hesitated.

"Could I get someone to take a letter if you give me Mr. Grandison's address?" she asked anxiously.

"Why, miss, I shall be only too proud to carry it myself!" answered Grisp eagerly.

She looked at him rather suspiciously.

"You see, me and my mate here has a very friendly feeling towards Mr. Grandison—that is, Mr. Harcourt, as we calls him," he explained. "We're sportsman ourselves, miss, and we love a sportsman. Now this young gentleman is the finest cricketer in these parts, and we're only too happy to do a good turn to any friend of his."

The girl had sufficient knowledge of mankind to appreciate this explanation, which indeed was plausible enough. In the end she scribbled a note in the waiting-room, and gave it to Messrs. Grisp and Grimshaw, who faithfully promised to deliver it at once. Then, accompanied by her maid she proceeded to the one respectable hotel in the town, and was fortunate enough to secure the only private sitting-room.

"Well, ain't this a go?" cried Grimshaw, as soon as they reached the nearest public house. "We're on velvet. Ain't it luck? It don't matter now what the old chap does!"

"There's a ticklish bit o' work to be done first," replied Grisp, with a grim smile, spreading out a piece of paper on the table. "Now let's get this letter of her's altered. That's easy done, as it's in black lead. 'Meet me at the Castle Inn,' it says. Well, that'll ha' to be changed! Then, there's a lot o' lovey stuff and nonsense. That can all stand! Why, Grimshaw, there's no more needs changing!" And with a piece of rubber and a pencil the villainous Grisp proceeded to make the necessary alterations.

"He'll not twig it's been tampered with," he muttered, as he refastened the envelope. "She's writ so bad. It'll bring him out in a jiffy, I'll be bound."

"What time is the up train?" inquired Grimshaw.

"Half an hour," replied Grisp. "We must be off, or we'll be too late. What a fort'nate thing I found out he were old Grandison's nephew."

And taking up their hats and sticks they went out. It was now growing dark.

When Uncle Joseph arrived at the Castle Inn, after his interview with Harcourt, he was much annoyed to find that the private room was engaged and that he would have to sit with the commercials. He ordered supper and retired to bed early, in a very bad temper indeed.

He was breakfasting the next morning about ten o'clock when a fat, good-natured person entered the commercial room.

Old Mr. Grandison scarcely glanced at the new arrival, but the stout man stared at him very curiously. At last he rose and came eagerly towards him.

"It's young Squire Grandison, or I'm a Dutchman," cried the newcomer, beaming with delight.

"Old Squire, you mean," returned old Mr. Grandison. "But who are—why—surely—yes, why it's young Potts, to be sure."

"Old Potts, you mean, Squire," said that worthy merrily. "Why, we've not seen each other for twenty-five years."

"I'm delighted to see you, Potts, my good fellow," returned the Squire sincerely, for the brewer was the son of an old tenant.

"Do you recollect that cricket match, Squire," said Potts as they talked of old times, "Lord, it's forty years since—when I came in last, and kept up my wicket for half an hour while you knocked off the runs? The old Squire, your father, gave me a quid, I remember."

Mr. Grandison nodded with pleasure at the recollection.

"We are all fair mad on cricket here just now," continued Potts. "We expect to be top of the League by Saturday night. It's the last match to-day and to-morrow. Now, do stop and see it. Young Harcourt's batting is a treat."

And greatly to Mr. Grandison's discomfort, Potts launched into a long eulogy upon the young professional's achievements.

In the midst of his narrative, the door was suddenly burst open, and in rushed Messrs Dodson and Winkle, the president and secretary respectively of the Collingwood C.C. They were both in a state of great excitement.

"We've been looking for you all over the place," cried the breathless Dodson, addressing Potts. "There's an awful thing happened —Harcourt's disappeared!"

"There's been foul play!" groaned Winkle. "It's nearly eleven, and he's not here."

"He'd no business to go away," said Dodson emphatically. "He's been kidnapped so that we should lose the match. Play begins in an hour."

"I shouldn't wonder if he's been murdered!" muttered the imaginative Winkle.

"Good heavens, no," cried Mr. Grandison, rising from the table with white cheeks.

"We'll get licked for certain now," added the secretary.

"Well, I'm off to the police station," growled Dodson. "Come along, Winkle."

"We must have detectives out at once," suggested Winkle.

The attention of Potts was occupied at that moment by Mr. Grandison, who had suddenly become faint, and he hardly noticed the departure of his two colleagues.

"Mr. Grandison, sir, are you ill?" he inquired anxiously. "Shall I call a doctor?"

"No, no, I'm all right," replied the old gentleman. "But tell me, Potts, you don't think any harm has come to Harcourt, do you?"

"Not a bit of it," replied the brewer. "Dodson and Winkle are as fussy as a pair o' women. But I'll go and make a few inquiries. It'll be an awkward job if the lad doesn't turn up soon."

"May I come with you?"

"I'll only be too proud, Squire."

As old Mr. Grandison and Potts passed into the front hall of the inn, the pretty girl and her maid were descending the staircase.

"Lottie!" cried the Squire, aghast, as he caught sight of his daughter. "Why are you here?"

Though the girl was covered with confusion, she replied firmly:

"I followed you, father. I wish to make peace between you and Harcourt."

"Harcourt!" Potts could not help exclaiming. "What! our cricketer Harcourt?"

Mr. Grandison's hand was laid upon his arm.

"Old friend, I can trust you," he said in a low voice, "Harcourt is my nephew."

"Well, I'm——" began Potts and then checked himself.

Just then two seedy individuals shuffled through the hall, and went into the bar.

"Morning, Mr. Potts," muttered the first.

"Oh, father, have you seen poor Harcourt?" demanded Lottie anxiously. "I sent a note to him last night and I got no answer. That man who has just passed took it for me."

"What, Grisp!" cried Potts, with a whistle.

"I must get you out of this disreputable place at once," said Mr. Grandison, with a shudder.

They proceeded to Lottie's sitting-room where a hurried conversation took place between the three.

"Then you will forgive Harcourt, father dear?" cried Lottie after she had heard of Mr. Grandison's interview with the truant.

"My principal anxiety at present is to shake hands with him," replied the Squire, who had not told her of anxiety respecting his nephew's disappearance.

Potts had grown very silent and thoughtful.

"If that fellow Grisp took a note to young Mr. Harcourt last night," he murmured, "he may have seen him. I'll go and ask him."

And he went.

Messrs. Grisp and Grimshaw were in a very good humour this morning, for they had been doing excellent business. Fortune had been very kind to them, for many-tongued rumours had been active in the towns of Kirk and Collingwood, and the odds respecting the cricket match, which was at present the only thing talked of or thought of, had been fluctuating wildly. A firm impression had got abroad that Harcourt would not play in the game, and consequently the betting was now three to one on Kirk. Messrs. Grisp and Grimshaw were not slow to avail themselves of these odds, though it would not be fair to disclose which side they backed.

These two gentlemen were sitting in the bar parlour of the Castle Inn, and altogether they were very pleased with themselves, when in marched Potts, carrying his heaviest guns.

"I want a word with you chaps," he began roughly.

"Delighted, I'm sure," answered Grisp scenting danger.

"You took a letter to young Harcourt about eight o'clock last night," exclaimed Potts, sternly glaring down upon the disreputable pair, and eagerly watching the effect of his question.

"Ah, to be sure, we did," replied Grisp amiably, after thinking for a moment. "From a pretty lass we met at the railway station—his sweetheart very like. We left it at his lodgings on our way to the billiard match at the Golden Calf."

"I suppose you know that young Harcourt has disappeared?" continued Potts, with the expression of a leading counsel at Old Bailey.

"It's nat'ral that you Collingwood chaps should be riled," answered Grisp, with a calm effrontery that astonished the worthy brewer. "All the town is saying that he's run off wi' a gal and won't play. It's astounding how these things get about."

"Sur-prising!" ejaculated Grimshaw.

"Look here," thundered Potts losing his temper. "Dodson suspects foul play, and he's gone off to the police. I'll just follow him and say that you two chaps were the last to see young Harcourt last night. It's long odds you'll both find yourself in the lock-up till he comes back."

"Steady on a bit, Mr. Potts," cried Grisp in genuine alarm, as the brewer was moving towards the door.

"It's my belief you've kidnapped the lad," Potts shouted furiously. "And as it isn't likely he'd have allowed himself to be took without a struggle, I'll be bound to say he's been used pretty roughly."

"Now, come, Mr. Potts," pleaded the dismayed Grisp. "If you'll only wait and listen to reason I'll tell you all I know."

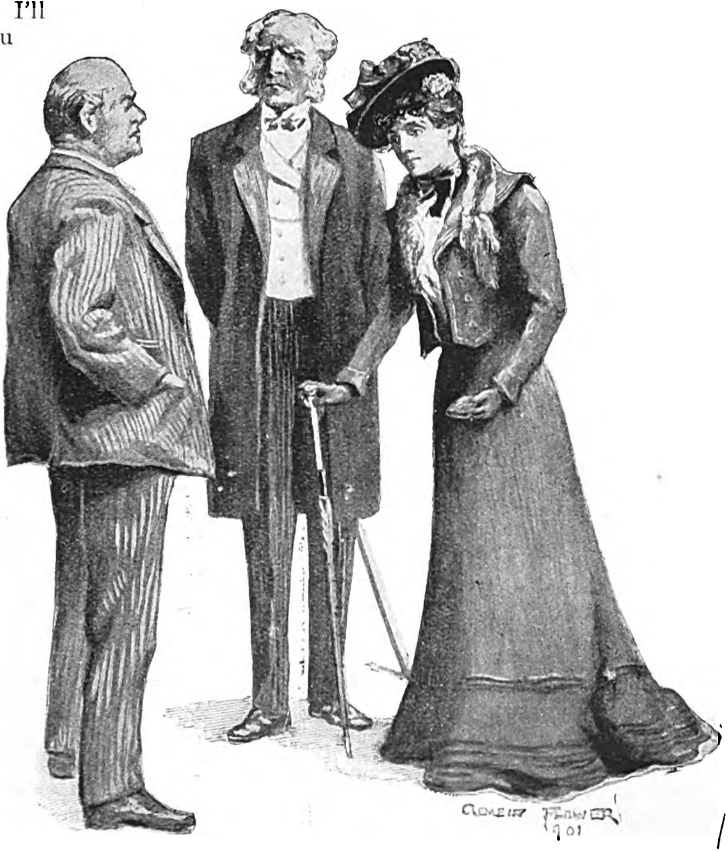
Exactly what disclosures were made by the worthy Grisp does not matter. At any rate, Potts was very well satisfied with what he heard, and went off chuckling to himself, and joined the old Squire and Lottie in most excellent spirits.

"I've every reason to believe, Mr. Grandison," said he, "that your nephew will be here, safe and sound, in a short time. It appears that he was seen to take the 8.30 train to Manchester last night. Why not send your luggage to the station, and come to the cricket ground? You'd be most likely to see him there first."

The appearance of the cricket ground both surprised and impressed the old Squire, who had no idea that it would be so well appointed. The field of play was spacious and as well kept as a bowling green, the pavilion was new and handsome, and a crowd of ten thousand enthusiastic spectators lined the ropes.

Whatever may be said against League matches, it cannot be denied that they attract innumerable masses who otherwise would never patronise a cricket ground. Like all other games, cricket must be modified by its environment, and one cannot expect it to be conducted in the same fashion in an East Lancashire town and a Kent village.

Mr. Potts had just provided his friends with comfortable seats in front of the pavilion,



A hurried conversation took place between the three.

when Winkle, the secretary, hurried up to him waving a telegram triumphantly.

"Harcourt wired from Manchester an hour ago," he observed "to say he'd missed the 10.30 train, so he couldn't get here till one."

"It's one now," said Potts, referring to his watch. "It's a pity we've had to begin without him—having lost the toss too."

"Kirk's only made thirty in an hour for one wicket," replied Winkle encouragingly. "But I can't make out why Harcourt should run away like this."

The minutes flew by, but the Collingwood professional did not appear. The faces of the officials grew very gloomy.

"I say," remarked Winkle nervously to Potts. "Suppose that telegram from Harcourt should be a bogus one, and he's been kidnapped after all!"

"By Jove," muttered Potts to himself. "Suppose that scoundrel Grisp told me a pack o' lies!"

Presently there was a disturbance among the spectators on the side of the ground nearest the town, and then a figure in white burst through and leapt over the ropes into the field of play. A mighty roar of welcome rose all around the ring.

"Hurrah, it's Harcourt at last," shouted Winkle, trying to execute a war-dance in very confined limits.

"I wish that toff Harcourt hadn't turned up just yet," grumbled Grimshaw, who was standing with Grisp near the scoring-box. "It'd have suited my hand much better."

"Well, how would you ha' managed to keep him away any longer?" growled Grisp scornfully. "I think I did pretty well as it were to get him away for so long."

"Oh, I'm not complaining," added Grimshaw. "I've got a first-rate book now."

A powerful sun now began to take effect upon the wicket, and owing to the fine bowling of Harcourt during the next half-hour, the score of the Kirk team had only reached a hundred for the loss of eight wickets when the bell rang for the interval.

The meeting between Harcourt Grandison and his two relatives was rather an embarrassing one, but was tactfully arranged by the benevolent Potts, and none of the bystanders had any suspicion of the facts of the case.

"Are the last two of the Kirk team any good?" he asked Harcourt, trying to speak carelessly.

"Can't bat a bit," replied the nephew. "One's the fast bowler, the other's the wicket-keeper."

"Well," cried Mr. Grandison, his eyes watering. "The pitch is bound to improve. You ought to get a lot of runs, Harcourt."

As soon as Harcourt had the chance, he turned to his pretty cousin.

"Oh, Lottie, what a dance you've led me," he observed reproachfully. "I got your note last night, and I caught the train to Manchester to meet you at the Queen's Hotel as you asked me."

"Indeed, I never did," Lottie replied, looking very confused.

"Why, I have your letter," continued Harcourt. "There was no train back, so I had to stay in Manchester. And this morning when I inquired at the hotel there was a wire from you saying you'd meet me there at half-past ten."

"Good gracious, I didn't send you a telegram," cried Lottie.

After comparing notes for a few minutes they thought it best to appeal to the useful Potts.

"It's plain as a pikestaff," remarked that worthy when he had heard the story. "It was a plot to get you away, Mr. Harcourt, so that these rascals could run up the odds."

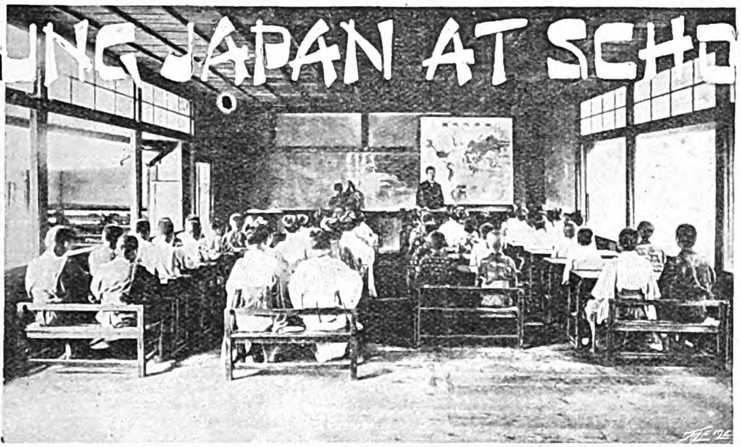
When the game was resumed the last two Kirk wickets only added ten runs, and certain bookmakers who had believed the sensational rumours that had been spread during the morning concerning the Collingwood professional, looked exceedingly blue. Messrs. Grisp and Grimshaw didn't seem particularly happy.

It was the turn of the Collingwood team to bat, and Harcourt as usual went in first. Whatever might have been the actual state of old Mr. Grandison's feelings towards him before his innings there was no uncertainty about them afterwards, for when he returned to the pavilion after making eighty-five runs in as many minutes, the old gentleman hurried after him into the dressing-room.

"Harcourt," he exclaimed, shaking his hand wildly. "You're quite right, my boy. It would have been a shabby trick to have left your team in the lurch as I wanted you to do."

Before he left the old Squire gave Mr. Potts a cheque which, strange to say, was the exact amount of his nephew's salary during the season, and requested him to present it to the Collingwood Cricket Club, as a donation from a gentleman of Kent, who had experienced very great pleasure in witnessing their splendid triumph.

YOUNG JAPAN AT SCHOOL



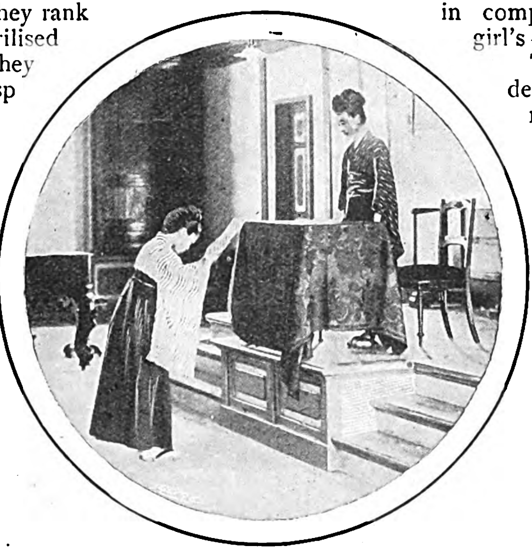
A mixed class learning about Japan's European ally.

By John Jones.

The Japanese must be classed among the very cleverest nations on earth. Many experts—considering what they have done for themselves during the last fifty years, how they have absorbed the knowledge of the wise men of the West, and have applied it to their practical needs—class them as *the* cleverest people in the world—and, indeed, no nation ever made such progress in half a century as Japan can show in that time.

People wonder—how it is that the Japanese, who, half a century ago, were semi-barbarians, have managed to educate themselves so highly that they rank with the most civilised nations? How have they managed to grasp modern methods in so short a time—to found their Constitution, their magnificent Army and Navy, their railways and telegraphs, great manufacturing concerns, a modern system of education — and all on the most enlightened lines?

In one word, the answer is—Brains.



How a Japanese girl receives her diploma.

The Japanese, undoubtedly, have brains of very high culture. Moreover, they hunger and thirst after knowledge. The enthusiasm that they show in their studies—all the Japanese, in every class—is startling; nothing can daunt the spirit with which they apply themselves to the most heart-breaking task—and, of course, with this enthusiasm, they win through. Brains are not allowed to grow rusty in Japan. The giddiest *geisha* in the treaty-port tea-house, singing to the twanging of her *samisen* the most frivolous dancing song, has passed through a schooling so severe that, in comparison, an English girl's lessons are play.

Their brains are wonderfully receptive, and not only receptive, but inventive. Knowledge is not only absorbed — it is turned to use in a practical way. The young men are set to work in the brand new universities to master the higher branches of education. They pass through the long, hard courses, and then they turn themselves into statesmen, lawyers, writers,

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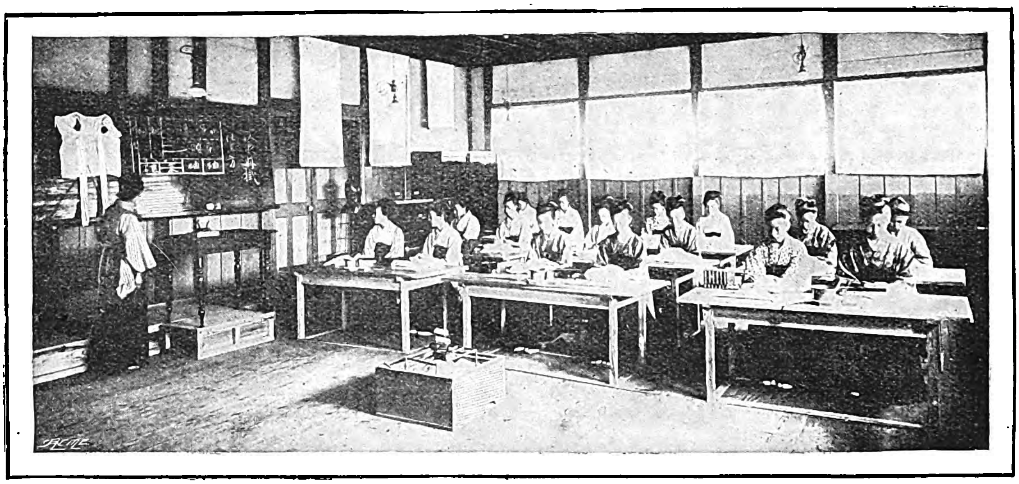


Teaching a class of Japanese girls how to make a bodice.

newspaper men, doctors, architects, or engineers, ranking—from a Western point of view—as thoroughly competent. And fifty years ago Japan was in the fifteenth century!

The English schoolboy when he goes to school is only taught what his fathers have been taught before him, and we may assume that he inherits a certain aptitude for Latin and Greek. But when the Japanese boy goes to the modern Japanese schools the chances are that he is set to master themes undreamt of, before, in his family.

The Japanese manufacturer, too, having learnt Western methods, and started some great factory on Western lines with all his machinery up-to-date, labours under this great disadvantage—he must personally conduct the whole concern. There are no workmen to his hand born and bred to the trade. He must educate the native artisans. The Japanese lawyer must create an office system, and train a staff; the Japanese politician, newly returned from a tour through Britain or America, striving after foreign ideals, must educate his constituents.

What hard brain-work the acquiring of modern knowledge and its application entails can be imagined. Instances of enthusiasm—often misplaced—are related, and are to be found in Japan every day. Thus the well-known writer on Japan, Mr. Stafford Ransome, tells how a friend of his, a man well-known in the international business of the world, began to study English by writing out Dr. Johnson's dictionary in its entirety. At the beginning of the work he was merely copying the outlines of the English lettering, having no idea of their meaning, and he copied every word in that vast dictionary writing with a bamboo brush in Indian ink on tissue paper.

Another remarkable example of Japanese thoroughness is the case of the famous statesman, Count Okuma, who took the trouble to found a school—and a very prosperous one it is, with more than a thousand pupils—in order, simply, that a large number of boys should be educated to his special political views, which might then be spread abroad by earnest disciples!

To her brains then—to the wonderful way in which young Japan at school learns the lessons that are set—the progress and prosperity of the country is due.

There are upwards of 50,000 schools of all sorts in Japan to-day—more than 100,000 teachers, and more than 5,000,000 pupils—and two-thirds of the school-population are receiving an education that will compare favourably with that of any other country. And everyone who has studied the schools says that the scholars are absolute models of industry—the most diligent school children in the world.

It was not until 1871 that education in Japan was started on modern lines, when the Government Department of Education was established, and when commissioners were dispatched the world over to report on the best methods of teaching. "It is intended," said the Mikado's edict of that time, "that henceforward education shall be so diffused that there may not be a village with an ignorant family, nor a family with an ignorant member." An absurdly ambitious programme, perhaps, but one which the Japanese have never ceased striving to make good. Professors from Britain, America, Germany, and France set the ball of knowledge rolling, and ever since it has gathered in force, for good or for evil.

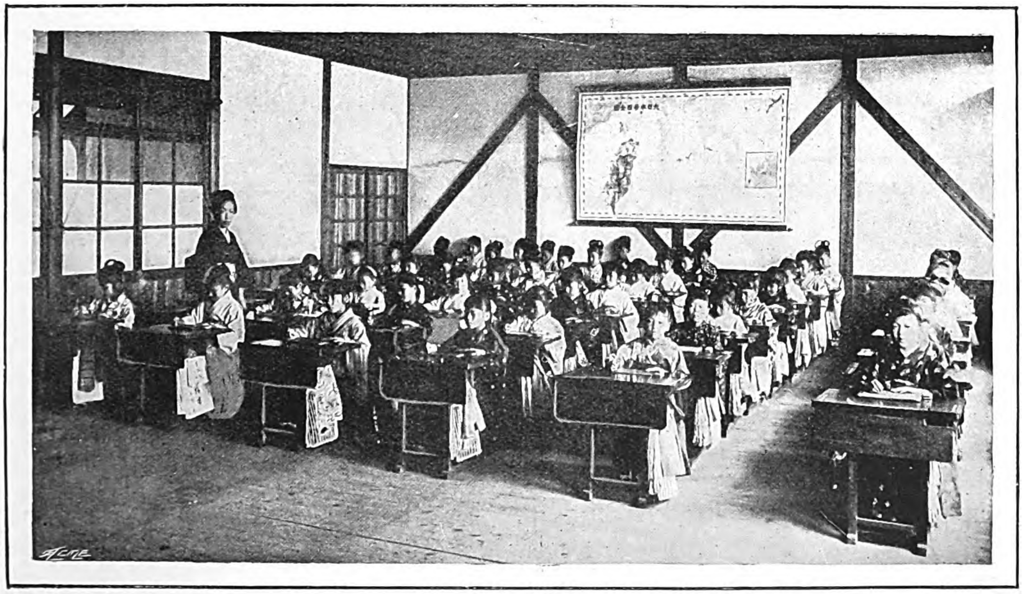
Between the great university at Tokio, with its perfectly equipped colleges of law, medicine, engineering, literature, science in every branch, and agriculture, and the kindergarten schools for the babies from three to six years old—founded on the best German principles—are intermediate schools of every kind; high schools, preparatory schools, technical schools, apprentices schools, deaf-and-dumb schools, all established on the best modern lines. Education is compulsory, and concerns the body as well as the mind, for all modern athletic games—baseball particularly—are strongly recommended.

The schools are often big, handsome, airy buildings, lit by electricity, with everything up-to-date. What is taught is much what is taught in this country—but between our pupils and the Japanese lies a world of difference. Japanese school children are wonderfully patient, wonderfully docile—they revere their teachers, however unpopular personally they may be, so long as they are clever—but they will not tolerate a master who is not, to their thinking, learned enough. In Japan the pupils expel their masters—not the masters their pupils. Every school is a highly-spirited republic, striving for advancement. If the teacher cannot push his pupils forward fast enough, however charming personally he may be, the pupils simply refuse to attend their classes until the offender has resigned.

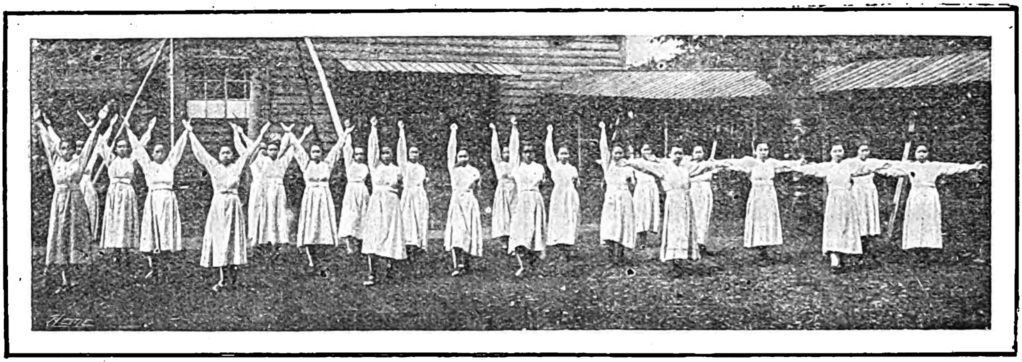
The teachers are appointed by the Educational Bureau, and must pass successfully through a severe training at the normal colleges. None can enter without passing an examination—and every year there are three or four examinations, in which the students must take high honours or leave—it does not follow that because they have been admitted they will be graduated. All expenses, even to wearing apparel, are paid by the State; but the students, if they graduate, are bound to serve, in return, for five years as teachers.

So severe is the discipline at these normal schools, that the men are exempted from more than one year's service in the army—they are undergoing, indeed, military training whilst at school. They must ever hold themselves like soldiers—special marks are given for deportment—they must halt, bring their heels together, and salute whenever they meet a teacher. Even at their studies military discipline is inforced—there are no backs to their seats, or supports for their elbows. Behaviour must be faultless—never a whisper or a laugh, never a head raised without permission.

In all the schools—especially in the girls' schools—drawing and the arts are taught, and the girls study embroidery, painting, and flower-arrangement — for, of course, the Japanese are intensely artistic by nature.



A class of small Japs exploring the mysteries of the rule of three



Physical drill is by no means neglected in Japanese schools.

The children are often wonderful draughtsmen, partly because the writing of Chinese and Japanese characters correctly is, in itself, a great training for hand and eye.

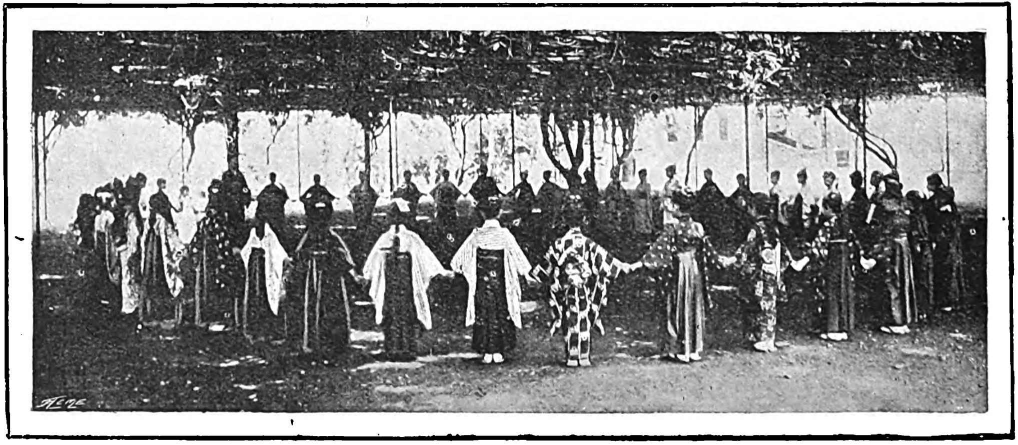
Among the prettiest sights which the foreigner can see in Japan, is that of the children in the elementary schools at their lessons. Pretty, too, is it to see them at their gentle games in the intervals of lessons, never quarreling as they form into big circles for some round game, but singing the sweetest songs.

In many places, all the schools in a district come together once a year to hold great athletic contests, and perhaps five or six thousand boys and girls will pass the day racing, fencing, wrestling, with tugs of war, contests of battledores and shuttle-cocks, and dumb-bell displays in which all take part, chanting the songs of the dumb-bell drill.

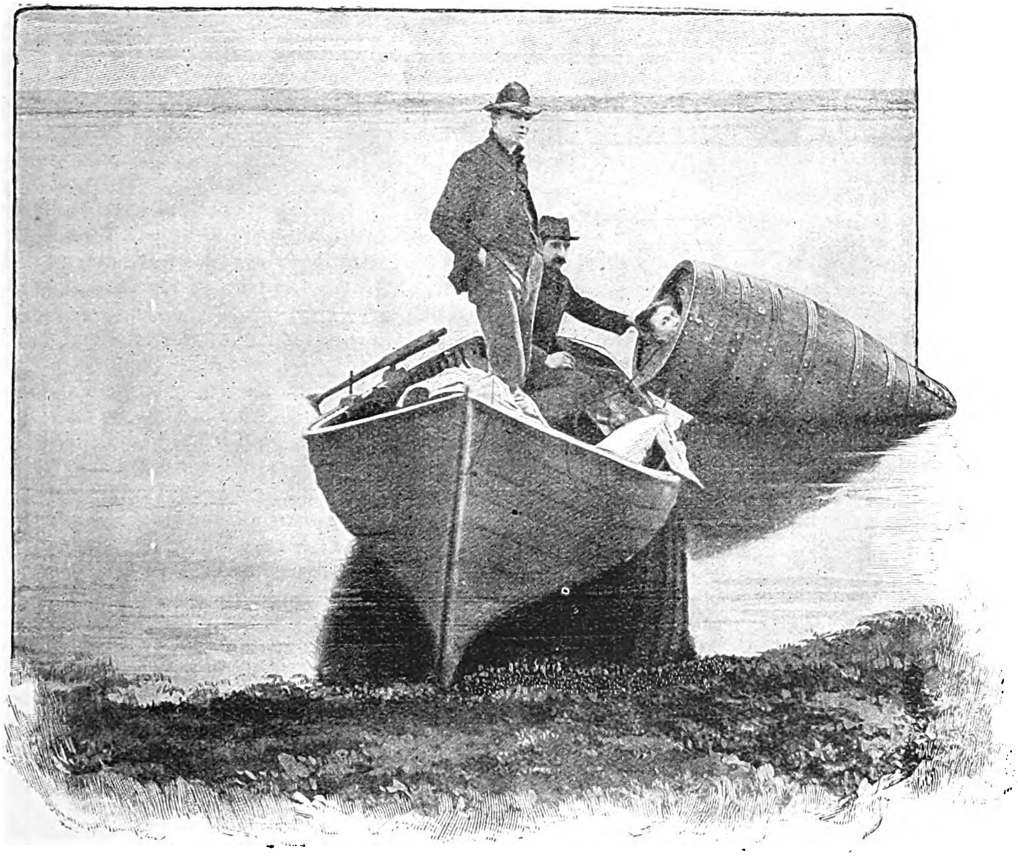
It is surprising how much science is taught even in the out-of-the-way country schools. One English teacher mentions how a pupil, a boy of sixteen, collected and classified more than two hundred varieties of marine plants for a Tokio professor, while another wrote in his teacher's notebook, without any references, and almost without mistake, a complete scientific list of all the butterflies in the neighbourhood.

In Japanese schools there is practically no punishment, and never corporal punishment. The teachers are teachers only, not masters—they rule by gentleness. And the children work to their last ounce of strength, only too often failing under the strain of the advanced modern knowledge thrust upon them. For it must be remembered that the Japanese are habitually underfed, that their bodies are not built up to withstand great mental strain. *Our* ancestors, for centuries, have lived on flesh, gaining strong bodies to support strong minds. The Japanese have lived on rice and bean-curd, and so the delicate, thinly-clad, under-fed children naturally suffer when their keen brains are worked at the highest pressure.

But we may hope that our brave and clever allies will acquire in time our love of good beef-steak, along with all the knowledge of our wise men.



Play after work. "How we go round the mulberry bush" is much the same all the world over.



Putting Mrs. Taylor, the only survivor of a trip over Niagara Falls, into the barrel in which she made the descent.

HEROES OF NIAGARA.

This Extremely Interesting Article describes all the Daring Feats, including Blondin's Famous Tight-Rope Performances, which have taken place at the Falls of Niagara.

By Orrin E. Dunlap.

Niagara stands unrivalled, the world over, as the scene of the most daring feats known. In all cases, the motive prompting those who so wantonly risked and often met death has been a desire either for money or for notoriety.

It was the late Sam Patch who first travelled to Niagara to perform an unusual feat and thereby win fame and fortune. He worked in a mill just above Pawtucket Falls, Rhodes Island. There he used to bathe with his companions and engage in high jumping. They used to dive down from a bridge into a deep pool, and not satisfied with this, they sought greater heights and leaped from the roof of a mill near by. It was here that Sam Patch developed his ambition and ability.

An early business venture failing, he began accepting engagements about the country to jump from high places. In September, 1829, he found himself one of a big crowd attracted to Niagara Falls to witness the sending over the cataract of the condemned brig *Michigan*, cruelly loaded with terror-stricken wild animals. Sam Patch was inspired to profit by the excitement that prevailed, and accordingly, he built a wooden tower, ninety

Blondin crossed the Falls without a balancing pole, and every now and then he sat down and read the paper.

feet high, at the water's edge at the foot of the Biddle Stairway on Goat Island, some way above the Falls. From a platform on top of this structure he leaped safely into the waters of the lower Niagara River. His career closed soon afterward with a leap in Rochester, in the State of New York, which cost him his life.

Thirty years after, Monsieur Blondin, a Frenchman, appeared at Niagara, and announced his intention of crossing the gorge on a tight rope stretched from Goat Island to the Canadian bank. At first the Press viewed the plan with suspicion, but Blondin soon gained the popular confidence by daily walking up and down the guys of the old railway suspension-bridge, carelessly puffing at a cigar.

In June, 1859, he stretched his rope midway between the Falls and Whirlpool Rapids, at a place known as White's Pleasure Grounds. A seven-eighth's-inch rope was first carried across the gorge, and when the cable arrived, on June 22, 1859, all was in readiness to place it. This cable was about one thousand three hundred feet long, and with it came fully thirty thousand feet of rope for guys.

On June 23rd, when the big cable had been drawn to within two hundred feet of the Canadian bank, it was feared that the small rope first stretched would not be strong enough to land it; but to the astonishment of all, Blondin tied a rope to his body and walked out on the small rope and attached another rope to the cable. Each day it seemed as though Blondin became more fearless, and the news of his doings greatly excited the locality.

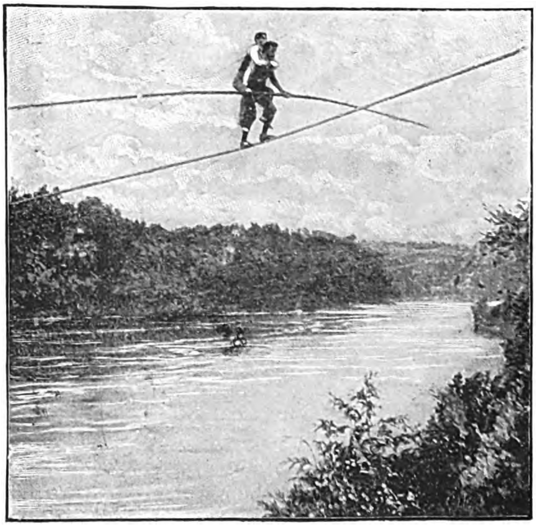
It was arranged that Blondin's first public performance should be given on June 30th, 1859. Previous to the river trip on the cable, he gave a performance on a rope in the Pleasure Grounds. He danced, turned over and over, leaped backward ten to fifteen feet, and bounded high in the air, showing astonishing skill.

It was about five o'clock in the afternoon when he started out on the cable from the American side. When about one hundred feet out he sat down, lay on his back, stood on one foot, and then resumed his journey. At intervals of about one hundred and fifty feet he repeated this performance until he reached the middle of the river. Then the steamer, *Maid of the Mist*, came up the river, her flags flying and loaded with passengers.

Blondin dropped a cord to the deck and pulled up a bottle, from which he took a long draught. He then leaped to his feet without touching the cable with his hands, and continued his walk to the Canadian cliff. He was on the rope eighteen minutes, and as he landed the gorge rang with cheers. In half an hour he returned across the rope to the American side in seven minutes, including a stop in the centre to view the falls.

The balance pole he carried was about thirty-eight feet long and weighed forty-five pounds. While an admission fee was charged to the Pleasure Grounds, Blondin's principal source of compensation was through collections taken up among the crowds on the river bank. His first trip was witnessed by thousands of people, who had travelled long distances to see him.

Blondin's second performance was given on July 4th of the same year in the presence of a still larger crowd, and this time he



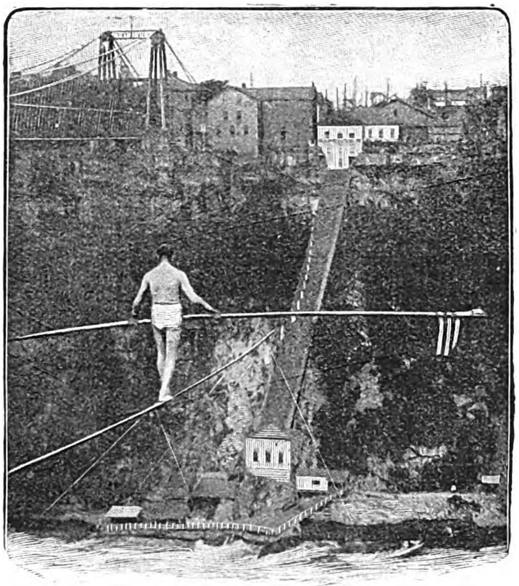
Blondin carrying his agent, Harry Colcord, across Niagara gorge.

walked with a sack over his head and body, his legs and feet being free. On July 14th, 1859, the Hon. Millard Fillmore witnessed his performance. On this occasion Blondin stopped in the centre of the cable, and at a signal from the steamer *Maid of the Mist* in the river below, he held out his hat, and Captain Travis, a famous pistol-shot, sent a bullet through the rim of it, after which the hat was lowered to the steamer's deck.

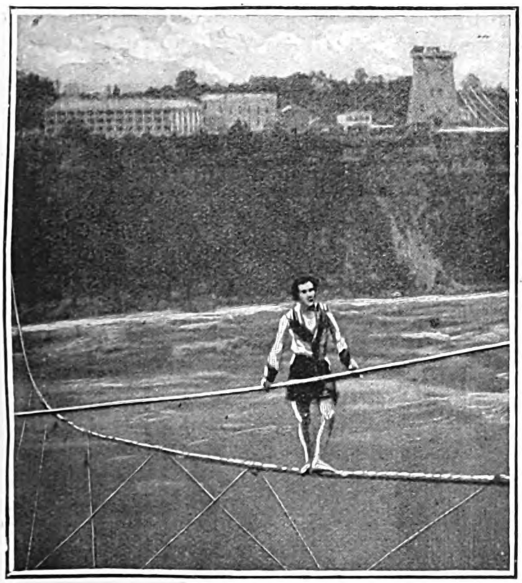
After crossing to Canada, Blondin returned, dressed as a monkey, and trundled a wheel-barrow over the rope. On Wednesday, August 3rd, 1859, Blondin, before the largest crowd of that year, made a trip over the rope in less than six minutes, taking time to stand on his head. On his fifth trip Blondin carried Harry Colcord on his back. On landing, both Blondin and Colcord were carried on the shoulders of the crowd to a carriage.

On August 31st, 1859, Blondin gave his first night performance. At each end of the rope locomotive headlights were placed to give illumination. On his pole he carried coloured lights, but when he was in the centre, these lights gave out, leaving him in darkness. Those close by the cable felt for the vibration, which told them he was safe as they felt his careful tread.

Blondin closed the season by crossing with baskets on his feet and shackles on his body. On returning from Canada he carried a table and chair. When a third of the way across he attempted to seat himself on the chair, but it slipped and tumbled into the river. Blondin, however, recovered his balance and regaled himself with champagne and cake while sitting on the rope.



Steve Peere crossing Niagara gorge. Three days after this performance he was found dead on the river bank.

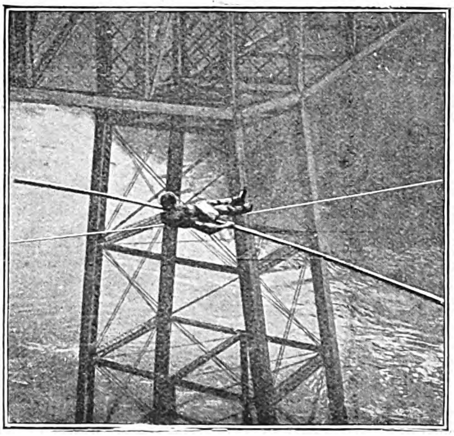


Balleni, Blondin's follower, in mid-air over the Rapids.

Blondin's fame was now so well established that everybody was eager to see him. The townspeople of Niagara liked his performances because they attracted crowds, filled the hotels and helped trade. In 1860 Blondin stretched his rope across the gorge below the railway suspension bridge right over the Whirlpool Rapids. This was in the village of Niagara City, and the Niagara Falls people were quite angry, for in those days there was no little jealousy between the rival villages, which have since been merged into one town. Accordingly he returned the following year, and his first feat was crossing the rope backward. Next he walked blindfolded.

On July 4th he performed on a rope suspended from his cable; on September the 8th the presence of the Prince of Wales, now King Edward, inspired his greatest daring, and he carried Colcord across on his back and also walked over on stilts.

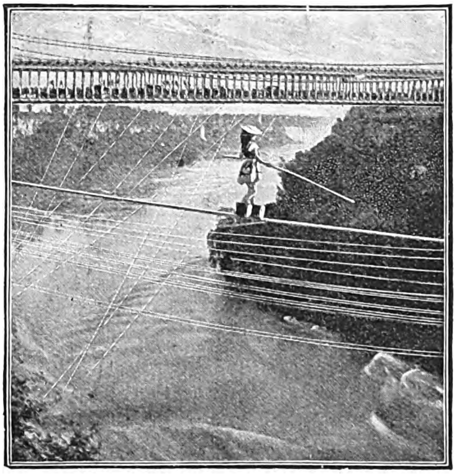
While the name of Blondin will ever be associated with the Niagara gorge, many others have sought fame there in the performance of feats equally brilliant.



A favourite feat of S. J. Dixon, who made two trips across the Niagara gorge.

But his was the first success, and it is well known that the world never gives as much appreciation to those who follow. Even while Blondin was drawing crowds in Niagara City in 1860, he was confronted with a rival named Signor Farini, who stretched his rope across the gorge near the outlet of the hydraulic canal.

While Blondin walked a tight rope, people were amazed at Farini, who always had his rope very slack. Farini gave many performances, and he aimed to surpass Blondin, walking with his feet in a sack, while Blondin had left his free. On August 29th, 1860, Farini carried Rowland McMullen over the cable on his back, but Colcord lives where McMullen is forgotten. On September 5th Farini, while on the cable, washed ladies' handkerchiefs in water drawn up from the river far below.

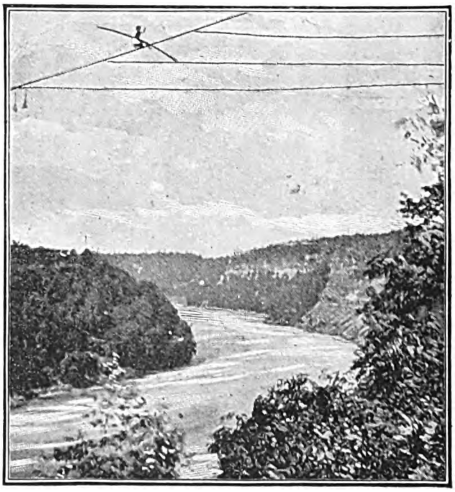


Maria Spelterina crossed the gorge on one occasion with baskets on her feet.

On August 6th, 1888, Blondin revisited Niagara, the place that made him famous. In the years he had been abroad others had sought to do what he had done. In July and August 1855, Harry Leslie, styled "the American Blondin," crossed the gorge on a cable over the rapids. In August, 1873, Signor Balleni stretched a cable from Prospect Park to a point on the Canadian side, and made his first crossing on August 25th, 1873. Balleni embellished his performance by dropping from the cable to the river by means of a rubber rope, and one day while fastening his balance-pole preparatory to this leap, he lost it in the river, but managed with difficulty to reach land again.

On Saturday afternoon, July 8th, 1876, Signorina Maria Spelterina crossed the Niagara gorge on a two-and-one-fourth-inch rope stretched over the rapids below the railway suspension-bridge. She is the only woman who has the credit of such a performance. Her crossing with baskets on her feet was startling, and she also walked with her ankles and wrists manacled. In those days Niagara was far more popular with Southern Americans than it is to-day, and the Southern society that gathered there set the pace for all pleasures, and encouraged the performance of these feats.

Among those who had helped Signor Balleni erect his cable in 1873, was a painter named Steve Peere, who lived in Drummondville, Ontario. One day Peere secured Balleni's pole and fearlessly ran out on the cable. The jealousy of Balleni was aroused to such a pitch that he was caught in the act of trying to cut the cable.



This photograph shows Maria Spelterina kneeling on her cable.

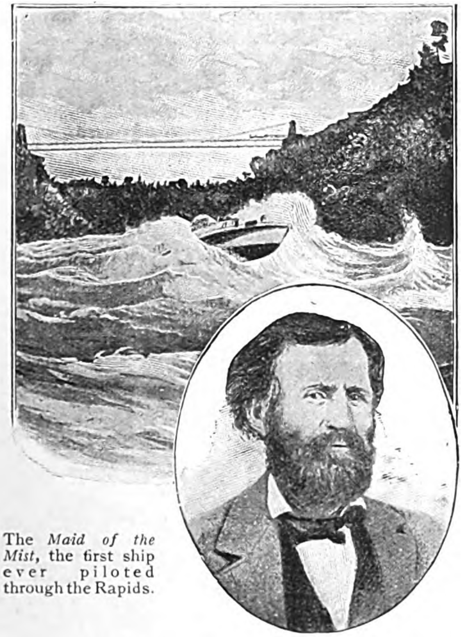
One strand had already been severed, and a couple of strokes would have sent Peere to instant death. This incident closed Balleni's career at Niagara.

Peere, however, was destined to make his mark, for a few years later he crossed the gorge on a cable only three-quarters of an inch in diameter, a mere thread compared with the rope that Blondin and others had used. Then, too, its surface was hard and slippery. Three days after this feat Peere was found dead on the river bank under the Canadian end of the cable, and it has always been supposed that he had tried to walk the cable at night, with his boots on, while intoxicated.

Not discouraged by Peere's fate, Samuel John Dixon, of Toronto, made two trips across the same narrow path of steel.

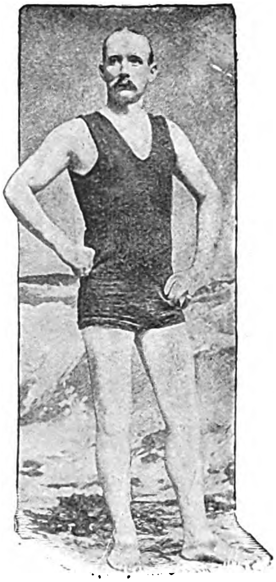
Clifford M. Calverley, James E. Hardy, and J. F. Jenkins have also crossings of the gorge to their credit. Hardy is said to have been the youngest man to perform the feat, while Jenkins crossed on a velocipede arrangement, his balancing pole being carried under his feet.

It is hard to tell whether those who have done wonderful things in the air or those who have sought fame in the water have created the greater sensation at Niagara. It is not recorded that anybody has ever lost his life in walking across the gorge on a rope of wire, for Peere's death was more in the nature of a tumble from the cliff, but many lives have been lost in braving the waters of the cañon of Niagara.



The *Maid of the Mist*, the first ship ever piloted through the Rapids.

Joel Robinson, captain of the *Maid of the Mist*.



Captain Webb, whose daring attempt to swim the Rapids ended in his death.

The Lower Niagara River was generally believed to be unnavigable between the falls and Lewiston until 1861. The steamer *Maid of the Mist* was then heavily mortgaged, and Captain Robinson determined not to lose her, if running her up to a Canadian port could avert this catastrophe.

Accordingly, on the afternoon of June 6th, with only his two associates, MacIntyre and Jones, aboard, Robinson gave the signal to go ahead, but to the surprise of those who saw the boat her bow was directed right towards the rapids, instead of toward the falls.

Under full steam the little steamer sped down the river and dashed into the waves. She plunged through the rolling whitecaps with a rush, but lost her funnel as the huge waves swept her deck. The voyage was fierce, but short, and in a few minutes the boat was in the whirlpool. She answered to her rudder, and, turning her nose out of the outlet, Robinson soon had her speeding towards the peaceful waters five miles below. Practically uninjured, the boat landed at the wharf at Queenston, and Robinson was a hero.

Nearly a quarter of a century passed before a human being again voluntarily defied the fury of the Whirlpool Rapids, and when this time came the waters dashed his life out as though angered at the victory that Robinson had won. In 1883 Captain Matthew Webb, a famous English swimmer, left his home and crossed the ocean to battle with the powerful currents in the Niagara gorge. On July 24th, 1883, he entered a small boat, with Jack McCloy at the oars, and started down the river.

When yet several hundred feet from the

C. D. Graham dressed to swim the Rapids.

rapids, he leaped from the boat, and with nothing on but a pair of red bathing drawers, swam into the foaming waters. Thousands were on the cliff-tops and bridges. As Webb passed under the suspension bridge he swam with much grace and beauty. Right into the crested waves he was hurled as the force of his own strong strokes and the current sent him forward. He was seen to pass a few of the swells, and then he was sucked under by a mighty wave. Four days later his lifeless body was picked up seven miles down the river.

The fate that befell Webb, instead of discouraging others, inspired them with emulation. Among those who aspired to make the trip was Carlisle D. Graham, a Philadelphia cooper. Many jokes were cracked at Graham's expense when in 1886 he announced that he would make a barrel in which he would go through the rapids. In due time Graham, true to his word, appeared at Niagara with a barrel in which he could stand, so weighted that it would float nearly upright. Not only did he go through the Whirlpool Rapids, but he was swept through the entire gorge to Lewiston, the trip occupying thirty-five minutes.

Then he announced that on his next trip he would have his head out of the top of the barrel in full view of the people. This venture left him very little hearing, for a big wave gave him a deafening slap on the side of the head. Graham made a third and a fourth trip that summer, and then for twelve years he prudently rested on his laurels, watching all that was done in a sensational way at Niagara.

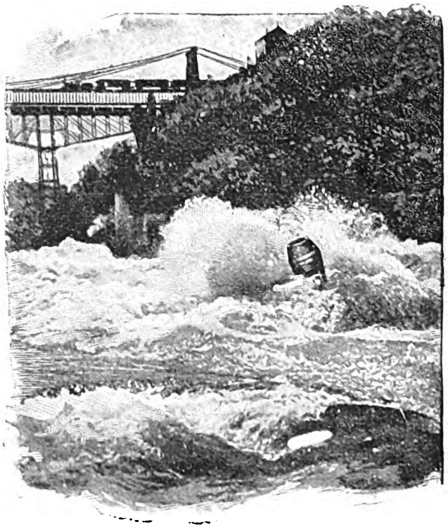
Last summer scored his fifth trip through the rapids, and nearly ended his life, for he was caught in an eddy, where he was held over twenty minutes. The day was very warm, and when Graham finally reached the whirlpool and was taken from the barrel he was nearly suffocated.

The first double trip through the rapids was made by George Hazlett and William Potts, of Buffalo, in 1886. In the same year W. J. Kendall, a Boston policeman, swam through the rapids to the whirlpool, protected only by a life-preserver.

Up to this time the thirst for notoriety in the rapids had been confined wholly to the sterner sex, but in the late autumn of 1886 Miss Sadie Allen, in company with George Hazlett, made a barrel trip through the rapids.

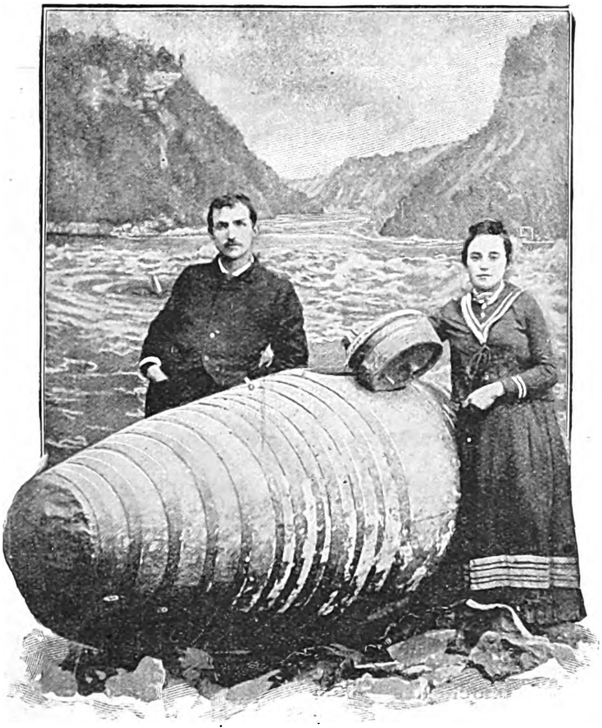
For over fourteen years after this there was a cessation of barrel trips, and in the meantime men who had ideas about making life-saving boats came to the front. Charles A. Percy, of Niagara Falls, was the first. His boat was seventeen feet long, and had a beam of four feet ten inches. At each end there was an air-chamber, and ensconced in one of these air-chambers Percy made three trips through the rapids in 1887, on one of which he was accompanied by William Dittrick. His last voyage was very rough, and he lost his boat.

The next man to bring a boat to Niagara was Robert William Flack, of Syracuse. Flack early met Percy, and the two entered into an agreement to have a race through the gorges in the boats they had made. But as Percy had been through the rapids and inspired confidence in his boat—this was following his first trip — Flack must first inspire equal confidence in his boat by making the voyage.



A unique photograph of the barrel which held Graham, plunging through the Rapids.

July 4th, 1888, was the date selected. Flack's craft was very light, and those who knew the rapids had their misgivings, but nothing could alter his determination. From the same hotel left by Webb on the day he went to death, Flack walked to the river. In order that he might not fall out should the boat capsize, a harness had been adjusted about his waist. As the boat was about to enter the whirlpool, it was raised high in the air by a huge wave, and then dashed down bottom-side up. Poor Flack was beneath it, and for over an hour this boat, designed to save the lives of others, floated there, rolling and whirling about in the great river pocket.



George Hazlett and Sadie Allen, and the cask in which they went together through the Rapids.

Percy, witnessing the tragedy from the American side, jumped into a trap and drove to the whirlpool on the Canadian side, where, throwing off his clothes, he leaped into the river and swam for the boat, which was now approaching the shore. When it was righted the lifeless body of Flack was taken from the rigging.

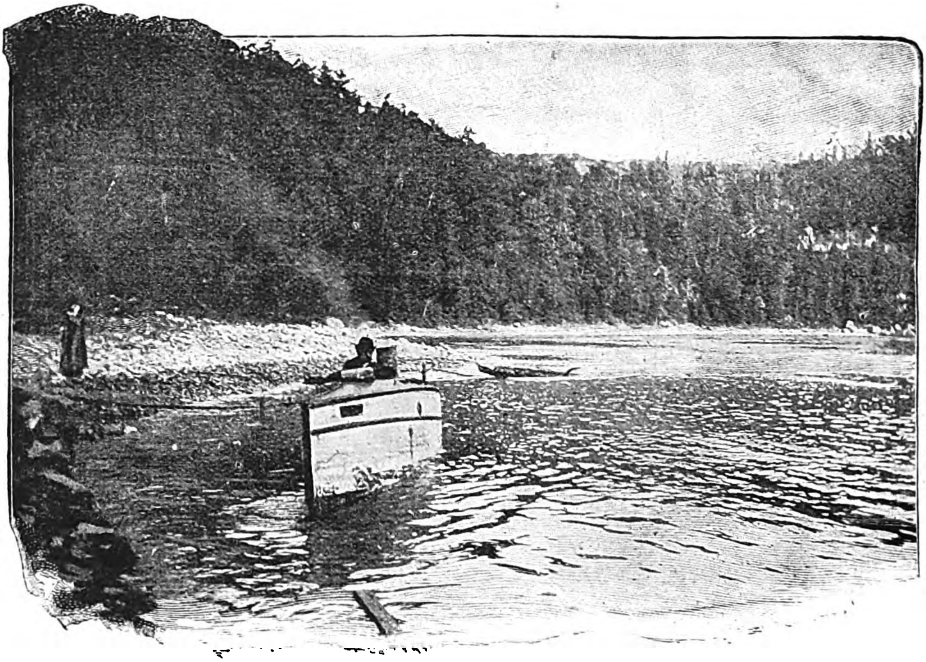
The next year Walter G. Campbell appeared at the falls with an open flat-bottomed boat, which he launched above the rapids. His only companion was a black dog. He stood up, using his oar as a paddle, and boldly drifted with increasing speed toward the seething pool. Fortunately, the boat capsized before the worst water was reached, and with a life-preserver around his waist, Campbell just managed to struggle to the shore, but the dog paid the penalty of his master's folly.

For ten years the appetite for notoriety in the waters of the Niagara slumbered. The peace was unbroken until Peter Nissen, known also as "Bowser," came to the falls from Chicago. He announced that he was on a holiday, during which he intended to amuse himself by going through the rapids in a boat he brought with him. With the exception of a cockpit in the centre, it was decked over. There were air-compartments at each end and also at the sides of the cockpit.

On July 9th, 1900, Nissen made one of the prettiest rapid trips ever seen. It was after four o'clock when the *Fool Killer* appeared on the river in tow of a row-boat. After being cast adrift it was caught in an eddy on the Canadian side and had to be started again. It was close to five o'clock when the boat finally entered the rapids. It rode the waves magnificently. Frequently the foaming waters dashed clear over it, but it did not capsize. Reaching the whirlpool Nissen floated for an hour before his boat was caught by men from the shore.

The following day the boat was sent out of the pool, and in the trip down the river the rocks tore away the iron keel, also a small propeller-wheel, which he had intended to operate.

Nissen rebuilt his boat and turned it into the smallest steamboat afloat. About a ton of iron was fitted to the keel. On Saturday afternoon, October 12th, 1901, in the presence of the largest crowd that ever assembled to witness such a performance, Nissen made his second trip through the rapids. His craft, though a steamboat, had no steam up when going through the gorge. It simply floated like a log, and when it approached the rapids Nissen concealed himself under the deck. The funnel was carried away by the first waves, but the opening had been covered



Peter Nissen in the smallest steamship afloat, the *Fool Killer*. Nissen made two attempts to cross the Rapids in this vessel.

in anticipation of such an occurrence. The boat entered the whirlpool safely, but the propeller and rudder were carried away by striking driftwood. Some days later Nissen and Rich made another attempt. But soon the rudder gave out, and the craft was drifting helplessly in the maelstrom. Hour after hour they whirled around, prisoners on the seething water.

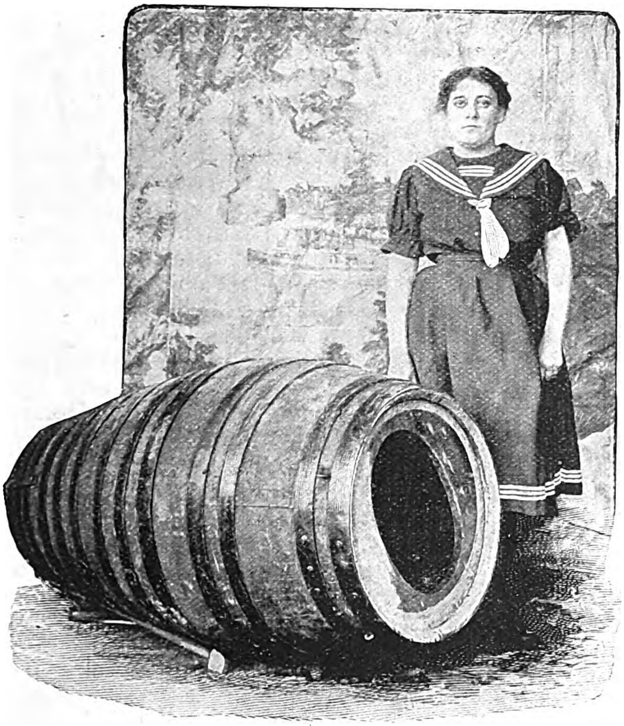
As the afternoon waned and the shadows of the stern, silent cliffs crept across the water the men grew more and more desperate. They had kept up steam on the boat, and this made it very hot under deck, and not daring to leave the hatch open, they nearly suffocated. They were at the mercy of the currents, and any moment might be sucked out of the outlet and carried down the river over the route where Nissen's boat had been wrecked before.

About five o'clock that afternoon, the boat floated quite close to the Canadian side. Rich had told Nissen that should opportunity offer he would leap to the shore. Closer and closer the current swept the boat. Rich leaped and landed on a rock, but before Nissen could follow the boat was fifty feet from shore. Night had settled before Nissen could jump to the rocks. The boat is supposed to have sunk in the whirlpool.

The fact that Graham had five times successfully voyaged through the Whirlpool Rapids in a barrel led others to adopt that craft in 1901. The first to follow Graham last summer was Martha E. Wagenfuhrer, the wife of a professional wrestler. She selected Friday, September 6th, as the date of her trip, possibly with the hope that she might have a President of the United States in her audience, for that was the day President McKinley last visited Niagara. Quite a crowd collected, for she was the first woman to try the feat alone. She was rescued after being in the rapids over an hour.

Following Graham's barrel trip on July 14th, 1901, he arranged to give a double performance with Maud Willard. It was planned that Miss Willard should make the barrel trip, and Graham would await her coming through the rapids at the whirlpool on the American side. If the barrel and its occupant were swept out of the pool, Graham was to swim out and go to Lewiston with it; if not, he was to go alone.

At 3.53 p.m. the barrel, with Miss Willard and her pet dog, were in tow of a small boat pulling out in the current. The barrel was set adrift in the middle of the river, and it shot right into the rapids. It received the usual tossing, and in four minutes was floating across the whirlpool. At 4.58 o'clock it was



Maud Willard, who was suffocated in her barrel when attempting to cross the Rapids.

sucked into a deep whirl, and two minutes later it sank from sight, drawn down into the depths of the whirlpool by the mighty forces at work there. It was a startling spectacle for the hundreds on the banks to witness, and all wondered if the barrel and its human occupant were gone for ever. Soon the barrel jumped far out of the water as it was hurled up by the current, some hundreds of feet distant from where it had gone down, but it resumed its course with the current, drifting far out from the reach of those on shore.

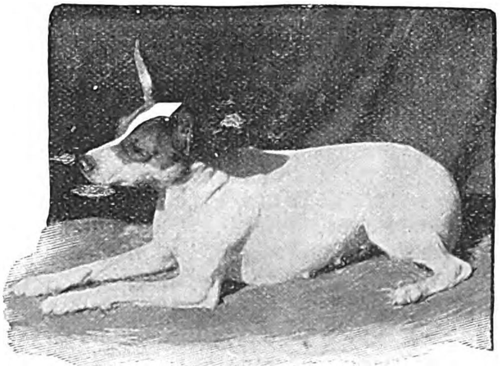
It had not been long in sight before it was observed that it listed to one side, and those who had seen other barrel trips felt that something unusual had taken place inside the craft they were watching. Hopeful that the men on the Canadian side would capture the barrel, Graham, in order to give the moving-picture machine an opportunity to record his swim, was forced to leap into the water before sunset, and while the barrel was still floating in the pool he started for Lewiston. His swim was a success, and he has the credit of being the only person who has swam from the pool to Lewiston. When Graham returned up the gorge he found the barrel and Miss Willard still imprisoned on the revolving waters of the wonderful pool.

Hour after hour passed, darkness fell, and the roar of the whirlpool came with a solemn sound to the men on the shore. Huge fires were built for warmth and illumination. Messengers were sent to Niagara Falls to have the searchlight car of the electric line sent down the gorge, that the waters of the whirlpool might be fully illuminated. This was done, and after a while the great beam of white light shot across the waters from the American to the Canadian side. Now and then the tossing barrel could be seen, tumbling and rolling about on the waters and current. Nine o'clock came, and the woman had been imprisoned in the barrel over five hours.

About 9.20 o'clock that night, an old river hand, standing near one of the bonfires, looked out on the waters of the pool, and observed a piece of wood drifting in toward shore, a sure sign that the currents were changing. Within a short time the barrel hove in sight within the light of the fire, and men swam out and caught it.

When the manhole cover was removed, the little dog leapt out joyously, but Miss Willard was limp and lifeless. Possibly, if the dog had not been in the barrel, there would have been more air for Miss Willard, and she might have lived.

During all these years of sensational feats at

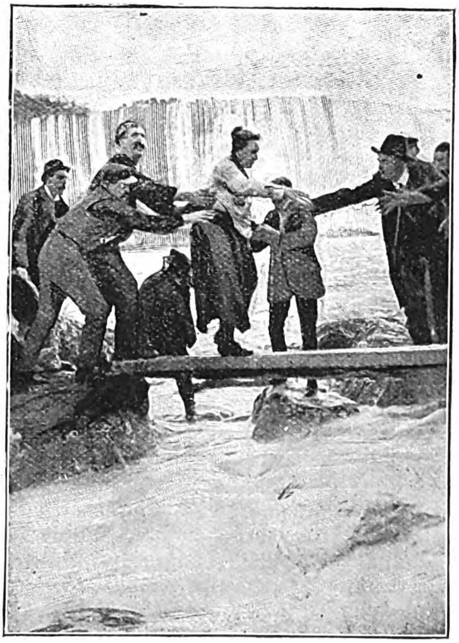


The dog that survived Maud Willard's fatal trip through the Rapids.

Niagara until the summer of 1901 nobody ever voluntarily tried to go *over* the falls and live. At least two men tried to pretend to make the trip, but without success. When Mrs. Taylor arrived at the falls with a barrel, residents smiled at her statement that she would make the falls trip. Dropping a barrel and a human occupant over the Horseshoe Fall could have but one result, all agreed. But Mrs. Taylor was persistent. The fact that there was a trip through three-quarters of a mile of rapids above the fall before the frightful precipice was reached did not deter her.

On Sunday, October 20th, and again on the following Wednesday, the waiting crowds were disappointed. Owing to a high wind, the barrel could not be towed into the current.

People became sceptical, but the next day Mrs. Taylor was true to her word. Starting out from Port Day, a mile above the falls, she was rowed to Grass Island. There she was strapped in the barrel and towed far out in the Canadian current. Just before the start, the craft was pumped full of air. Fastened to the bottom was a blacksmith's anvil, weighing about one hundred pounds, to keep the barrel upright in the water.



Mrs. Taylor emerging from the barrel in which she made the first successful trip over the Falls.

When within two hundred yards of the Canadian shore, one of the boatmen rapped on the barrel with his oar. This was the signal to Mrs. Taylor that she was to be cast adrift, and a minute later, at 4.5 o'clock, the line was cut. With all speed the boat hurried out of the dangerous current, Great Horseshoe. All who have viewed Niagara know the wild nature of the waters above the falls. Reef after reef extends from shore to shore, over which the tumbling torrent flows in splendid fury.

It is a spectacle that delights the artist's eye, but one to strike terror to the heart of any would-be navigator. There is a descent of fifty-five feet in these whitened waves before the fall is reached, and through them Mrs. Taylor and her barrel shot. Tumbling, rolling, now and then it lingered under the foaming waters at the foot of the reef, but, reappearing, was swept on toward that awful brink, over which no human being had passed and lived.

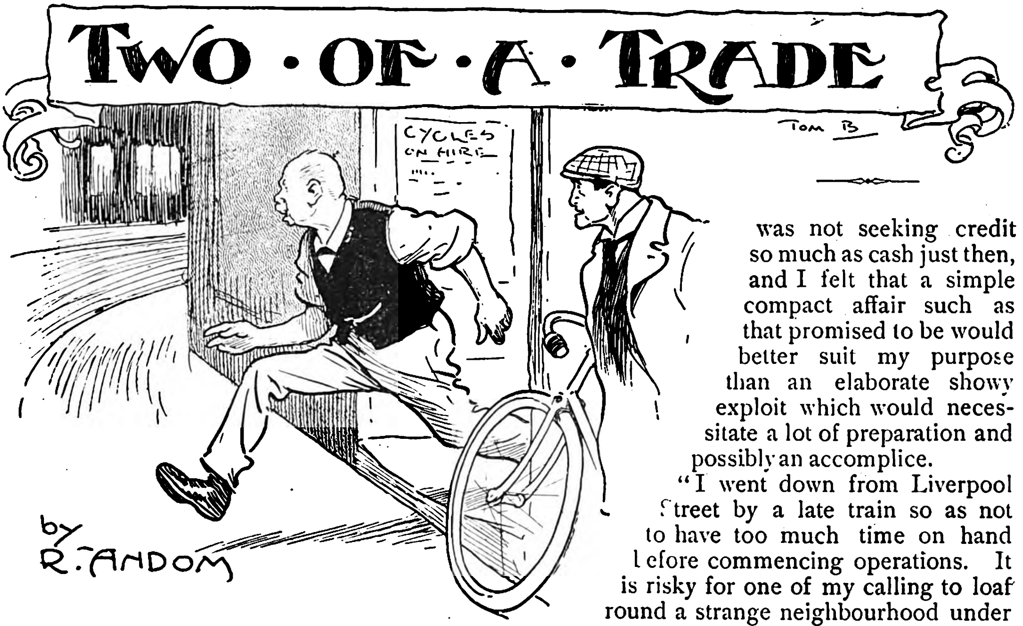
After the barrel came in sight, plunging down the rapids, little was said by the thousands gathered at every point whence the broad surface of the river could be seen. Each eye was strained to catch the movements of the small dark object tossing on the white-capped waves far out on the river. The last reef was passed. There was nothing but smooth, clear water now between the barrel and the brink of the Horseshoe. It felt the suction of the fall.

Faster, faster it moved, swinging round toward the Canadian side as it was pulled forward by the terrific force of the rushing waters. Just a moment it was visible on the brink, then with lightning-like rapidity it dropped, a distance of one hundred and sixty-five feet, into the seething, foam-lashed waters of the lower river. This broke the tremendous tension of the crowd, and everyone made a wild rush to the edge of the high banks where the gorge could be seen.

Before many of them got in position the barrel had reappeared on the surface of the lower river, and was floating down stream. It was caught in an eddy on the Canadian side, and swung back between the wash of two eddies. It floated there for some minutes before it was caught at 4.40., having passed over the fall at 4.23. The barrel was landed on a rock.

The cover of the manhole was torn off, and when Mrs. Taylor raised her hand to wave to those about, a mighty cheer went up that told the multitude on the cliff that the Falls of Niagara had been conquered—and by a woman. And then Mrs. Taylor landed, bruised, but little injured.

TWO · OF · A · TRADE



by R. ANDOM

"THE most complete and gigantic 'do' that I ever experienced, I think, was over that affair down in Essex last year," said Mr. Tutt musingly.

Mr. Tutt was a burglar more or less—chiefly less I think, for he represented to me that he had seen the error of his ways and repented. It was on account of this same reformation that he was living the pinched and isolated life of virtue, unredeemed by any sort of persistent income, when I came across him and earned his gratitude, and some interesting "copy," by a bit of casual charity.

"Tell me about it," said I simply, and he told me in plain and sometimes emphasised diction, without any unnecessary reserve or qualms of conscience over his breach of moral and constitutional laws.

"There was a little place out Chelmsford way," he began, "I tumbled over in the course of my travels that looked as though it would repay me for any trouble or time I expended over it. It was not pretentious in any way, but it looked snug and comfortable, and, at the time I resolved to pay it a visit, it had the additional attraction of being left entirely to the charge of a doddering old couple while the family were away in London.

"From a professional point of view the job was contemptibly simple and easy; but I was not seeking credit so much as cash just then, and I felt that a simple compact affair such as that promised to be would better suit my purpose than an elaborate showy exploit which would necessitate a lot of preparation and possibly an accomplice.

"I went down from Liverpool Street by a late train so as not to have too much time on hand before commencing operations. It is risky for one of my calling to loaf round a strange neighbourhood under such circumstances, and obviously the less you are seen the better. In the carriage with me were a couple of farmers and an odd looking little curate with watery blue eyes and straw coloured hair, and a meek deferential I'm-only-a-worm-but-please-don't-tread-on-me bearing.

"At Brentwood the farmers turned out, and the curate and I had the carriage to ourselves. I gathered during the journey, from a chance question, that my companion was going my way. It was a station on the Southend branch of the Great Eastern, and so when I happened to look out of the window and saw the lights of Ingatestone station whizzing by, I knew that I was not the only victim to the railway arrangements and my own carelessness.

"We were in the Chelmsford and Colchester part of the train. The rest had been slipped at a place called Shenfield, and my observations, which were forcible and free, drew my fellow traveller's attention to his own predicament.

"'This is very unfortunate,' he wailed. 'I simply must get into R— to-night.'

"'If it comes to that, so must I,' I said. 'But I don't see how unless we walk. There is nothing on the line that will take us nearer than Shenfield to-night.'

"'Couldn't we drive?' he queried anxiously. 'I will pay anything in reason. Walking is out of the question; it must be nearly thirty miles across.'

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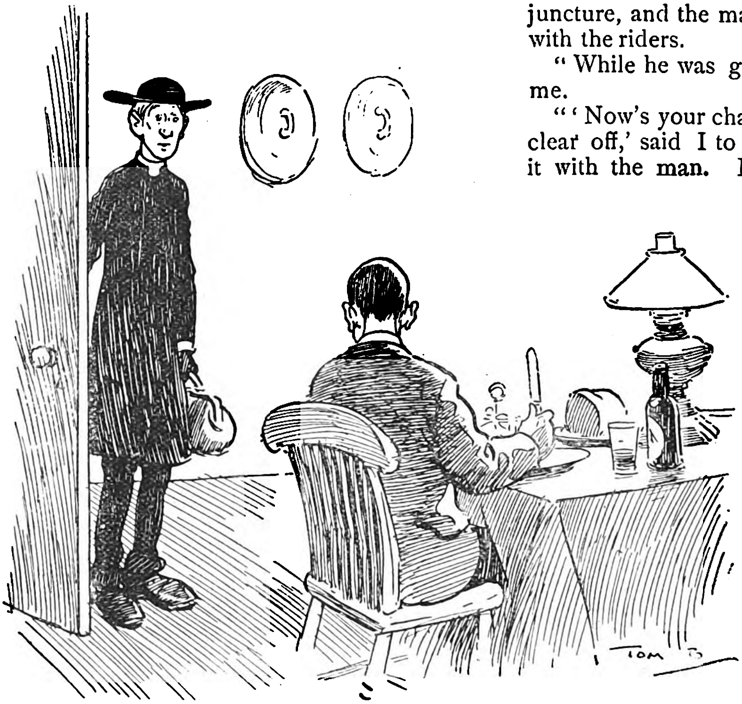


Who should walk into the kitchen but that very curate who had left me in such hurry at Chelmsford.

"'A bit over that,' said I. 'As for driving, I have neither the means nor the inclination; but if I can get my legs over a bicycle I'm all right. You can't ride, I suppose?'

"'Oh yes, I can,' said the curate, bucking up wonderfully to emphasise his assertion of some claim—beyond his breeches—to be classed as a man.

"'Well in that case all we need is a bike,' said I simply.

"'We can hire them, surely,' suggested the curate.

"'May be,' said I, a bit doubtfully. 'They might object to trust us not knowing us; but we can try.'

"To my amusement and the curate's discomfiture and indignation the cycle dealer to whom we applied at Chelmsford did refuse to trust us point blank. He said he had been had that way the week before, and any way he did not care about obliging us because of the rush for hired machines which ensued on Thursday afternoons from emancipated shop assistants. And the next day was Thursday.

"A couple of machines which had been let out, presumably, were brought back at this juncture, and the man went inside to settle up with the riders.

"While he was gone an idea occurred to me.

"'Now's your chance! You take this and clear off,' said I to the curate, 'I will square it with the man. He ought to let us have machines if we want them. Anyway, if he fusses, you will be beyond recall. He will listen to reason, and take the money then, since he can't exercise any choice in the matter.'

"Rather to my surprise, the curate fell in with my suggestion, and a giddy figure he cut as he nipped into the saddle and scorched down the street.

"I gave him three minutes' start, and then I poked my head in at the shop door.

"'Hi, mister,' said I, working up a big excitement, 'that curate chap has sneaked your jigger! Look alive or you'll lose it!'

"The man dropped everything and bolted out of the shop and down the street shedding cuss words as he ran. I reckon he said a lot more when he returned; but I wasn't there to hear, and his other machine was with me.

"It was a bit crocky, but good enough at a pinch, and I made a bit of a circuit round the town, came out in the Maldon road, and got clear off with the machine and the price of its hire as well. It's sinful extravagance to pay for a thing when you can get it fairly heaved at you like that; but I must say I was a bit surprised at that curate chap. Bicycle-sneaking doesn't fit the cloth a bit, and I rather hoped he'd get caught, if only to teach him a lesson in elementary honesty. Ah me! If he only had been—but he wasn't, as I was to learn.

"There is only one printable word which fairly describes that ride I had all by my lonesome, and that is 'rotten.'

"I had a puncture, lost my way twice, did seven miles without a lamp, and nearly got pulled up for it by a policeman, croppered in a ditch and bent the left crank, and landed at last dead tired and ravenous, and not feeling at all fit for the job before me. But I wasn't minded to be done out of the fruits of my efforts after all I had gone through, and I pulled myself together and got to work.

"First of all I hid the bike in a hedge opposite the house. I might want it again, I thought. Anyway, it would never do to abandon it on the spot so that the man in Chelmsford could give me away as soon as inquiries came to be made. The police would not trouble very much about a bicycle-sneak; but when a burglary was attached they would be keen enough to run me down, and they would do it too.

"Once inside, my first idea was to lay hold of some provisions, and I was getting on a treat with some bread and meat and a bottle of Bass when who should walk into the kitchen but that very curate who had left me in such hurry at Chelmsford.

"He seemed as surprised as I was; but of course he had not quite the reasons I had for being put out over the meeting. A burglar, if he is worth shucks at the game, has to have more pluck than a soldier and be readier than a politician; he has to lie on the spur of the moment, and lie well, too, or he will get tripped before he has made enough to pay for his kit.

"I nodded affably to give myself time to think out a reasonable and likely explanation for my presence.

"The curate nodded back; but he didn't help me out as I had expected him to do, and now I came to look at him in the full light h ere seemed to be a nasty quick look about his eyes that I didn't half like.

"'Had a nice ride?' said I, helping myself to another glass of beer.

"'Not very,' said he dryly. 'Our friend's machine was a bit out of date. So you arranged it satisfactorily?'

"'Seven and six each and pay carriage back, unless we ride 'em,' said I. 'You needn't bother to settle up now, unless you wish to. It's odd we should both be coming to the same house.'

"This was by way of a feeler, and it answered.

"'It is a bit,' said the curate. 'I'm taking a charge down here, and my cousin invited me to put up with him until I got settled. He's away just now, you know.'

"'Yes,' said I, nodding. 'That's chiefly why I am here. *My* cousin is getting old, and she was afraid of being left alone with so many suspicious people about, so she asked me down until her master returned.'

"'Oh! so you're the housekeeper's guest,' said the curate, looking relieved. I believed the beggar had been suspicious of me. 'She told me that she expected you,' he continued.

"'The deuce she did,' thought I. 'Well, I hope I shan't arrive to-night, that's all.'

"There seemed to be a beastly lot of coincidence in the affair; but I consoled myself with the reflection that it was a fortunate shot, and as the real cousin couldn't get in before the morning, unless he, too, cycled or walked, I had no need to worry myself on that score.

"The curate wasn't half a bad chap—for a curate, and he was friendly, too, though the way he worried the beer when he sat down with a pipe to keep me company during the meal, didn't seem quite the thing for a chap whose chief topic was temperance and the compulsory conversion of public-houses into cocoa-bars.

"I gave him a hint or two, hoping that he would take it and clear off to bed; but it was wasted. He was such a long-winded little fellow, and he prosed away until I fairly fell asleep in my chair. So did he, I suspect, though of course I could not say positively, because it was early morning when I was awakened, and by him. The lamp was out, but I could tell from his voice that he was in a state of intense nervous excitement.

"'Keep silent,' he whispered dramatically. 'There's somebody breaking in. I heard a cart drive up very quietly, and then someone creep round to the back.'

"I listened intently, and sure enough there was somebody at the breakfast-room window. I know the sound of a jimmy on a window sash well enough, and I could have laughed outright at the comedy of it if it had been prudent.

"'Light the lamp,' said I promptly, 'that's the best way of scaring them off.'

"'Hush!' he whispered. 'They have a cart.'

"'What the blazes has that to do with it?' I queried in blank surprise.

"'We may capture them, and then we can drive them to the nearest police-station and get assistance,' he explained.

"I thought he had gone daft with fright; but an idea came to me, and I fell in with his suggestion straight away. 'Set a burglar to catch a burglar, you know!' We went and hid ourselves, I behind the scullery door, and the curate behind the washing machine.

"'Let him fill the cart,' I had whispered. 'We'll have him then red-handed and all the evidence done up nicely and put on wheels—for me to get off with comfortably and conveniently,' I added *sotto voce.*

"The curate was wonderfully amenable. I thought it was funk, and I didn't set much store by the assistance he was likely to lend when it came to the tussle.

"That burglar knew his business down to the ground. I got a square look at him through the chink of the door, but I couldn't recognise him, though it was clear that he was an old hand at the game. He cleaned that house out beautifully, and by the time he had gone over it there wasn't enough portable property left behind to be worth the trouble of shifting.

"I thought the time was about ripe for action then, and on his last trip we followed him up and bagged him beautifully with scarcely a scratch between us.

"To my surprise, that curate was a thoroughbred, and he seemed to know more about flooring a man than I did.

"'It's football,' I thought to myself. 'Those university fellows are always great at that, though I should not have expected it of this chap.' All the same I admired the deft way in which he slipped between the fellow's legs and heaved him over for me to grab him and hold him down.

"We tied him up between us, and left him swearing to himself in the chair I had vacated. The curate began to assert himself then, and I got a bit nettled at the masterly way he ordered me round and assumed the entire direction of affairs.

"'Best put those things in the cart,' he said, indicating the valuable silver stuff which had fallen from the burglar's hands when we grabbed him. 'We won't take him along; he might prove obstreperous, and in case he manages to free himself there won't be anything valuable for him to steal.'

"I objected to the ordering, but the plan suited my book excellently, and I did as I was directed, adding a few odds and ends on my own account.

"At the last moment, just when we were ready to drive off, I thought of the bicycle I had hidden. From my point of view it was a bit necessary to take it along with us in case I should not come back; but I didn't quite see how to introduce the subject without arousing suspicion. I need not have worried had I but known it, for the curate's plans included leaving myself as well as the bicycle. When he had said 'we' he was speaking generally, he explained, for of course there was no need for both of us to turn out, and, tied up though he was, he considered that the sullen and discontented man in the chair in the kitchen would be the better and safer for a little personal oversight. This was a facer; but of course I couldn't allow it to be arranged anything like that.

"I protested on the score of an unselfish desire not to have that poor weak little cleric expose himself to the chill night air, and the dark lonely country roads. I said I could manage quite nicely alone, and I would be back in an hour at the latest with someone to take the care and responsibility of our prisoner off our hands.

"The curate got impatient, and tried to insist, so I insisted too, and at last, though with a very bad grace, he agreed that we should go together.

"It was the darkest hour just before the dawn, and with no lights on the trap and a total ignorance of the locality as far as I was concerned, we made very slow travelling. We were on the Rayleigh road, I supposed, and when we turned off sharply to the right I felt certain we were going wrong. I was working my brain for all it was worth to think out a plausible and possible way of shedding that curate, for of course I had no real pressing desire to be run into the arms of the police even under such fair-seeming circumstances as these. And besides I had another game on hand which would not be served in that way at all.

"We drove on and on into a dreary, forsaken strip of country without a cottage anywhere to show that it was populated, and at last just as the day was breaking in at dim misty leaden gleam we came up to a spot where four cross-roads joined, with a finger-post set in a surrounding circle of grass in the centre.

"'Now which is the road,' said the curate thoughtfully. He had been driving in a state of deep abstraction, and not a word passed between us until this minute.

"Of course I didn't know; but it seemed to me that the knowledge of where we were *would* be useful, and the chance of going my way best served if I obtained the information myself, so I volunteered to get down and study the sign post.

"It was difficult to read in the half light, and while I was straining on tip-toe to make out the lettering I heard the smart crack of a whip followed by the rattling of wheels. I tore back cursing my folly; but by then the trap was a hundred yards down the road and being driven in a way that plainly showed the purpose of the curate to get rid of me.

"Even then I had no idea of the real state of the case. I was filled with apprehension that my companion had got suspicious of me, and had taken this method of getting me out of the way in the interests of his cousin's property and his own safety.

"'That is why he was so precious anxious to leave me in charge of a comparatively empty house and a desperate burglar,' I reflected bitterly. 'Snaky brute. Surprises me a man of his cloth should stoop to such dirty, low-down dealing.'

"I was sold, desperately sold; but it wasn't any use hanging round there unless I wanted to lose liberty as well as loot.

"Going back to the finger-post again, I discovered that we must have been driving in a circuit. We were within half a mile of where we had started. That solved the problem of how to get away for me at least, which had been worrying me pretty extensively. So back I went at a jog-trot, feeling very sick and dog tired.

"It was close on seven when I reached the house, and rather to my surprise it was still quiet. Perhaps the curate had lost himself again. Anyway he had not got back with the police, and taking a cautious survey round I sneaked up to the back of the house, and peeping in saw the burglar still sitting tied up in the chair in an attitude of sullen dejection.

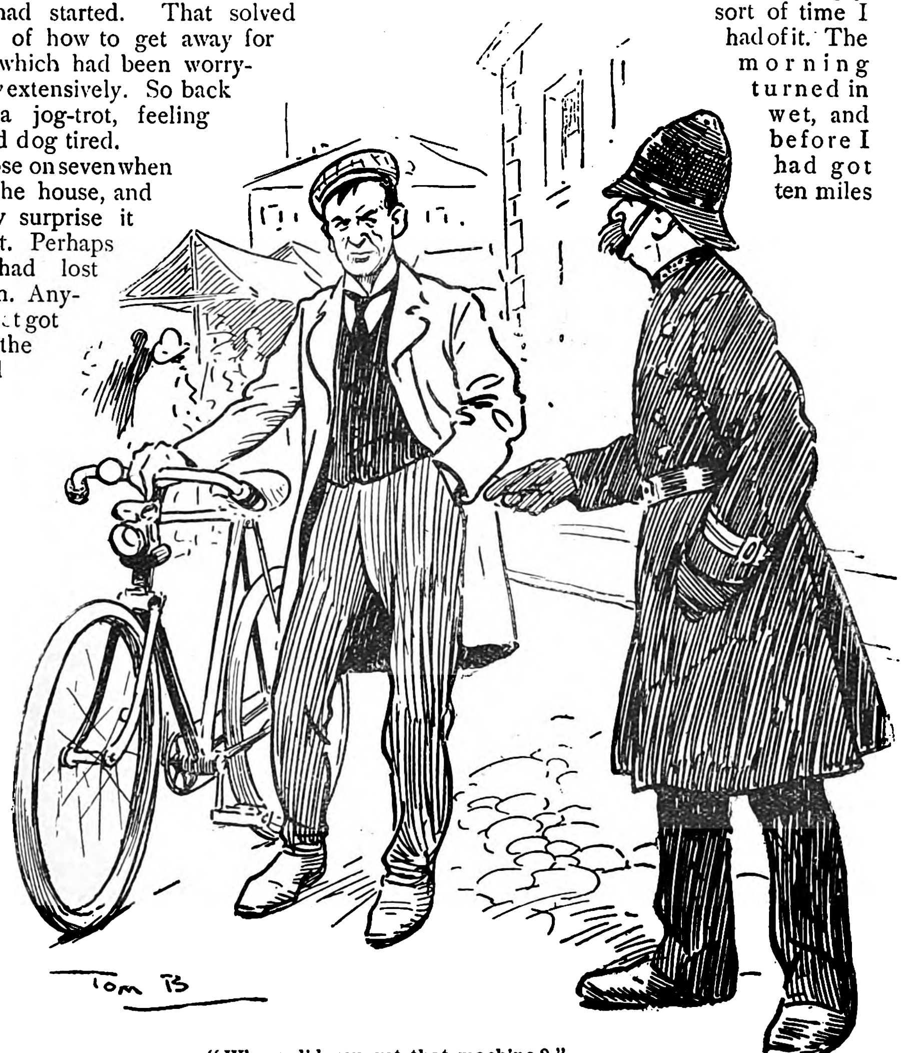
"I am a kind-hearted chap when it doesn't interfere with business, and anyhow he was a member of my profession, so I took the chances and wasted several precious minutes in going in and cutting him loose.

"'No time to explain,' I said. 'We are on the same lay; but luck isn't particularly good to either of us this time. Cut off and get clear is my advice. Never mind the trap.'

"'I don't,' said he briefly. ''T'aint mine, anyhow. Ta, ta, and thanks, cully.'

"He nodded and was gone, and I followed him, fished out my bicycle, and set off along the Chelmsford road.

"For want of something better to do, I suppose—the thing wasn't worth stealing—I resolved to be honest and ride that beastly old boneshaker back to its owner, and a gay sort of time I had of it. The morning turned in wet, and before I had got ten miles



"Where did you get that machine?"

along the road, I was in the midst of a drizzling rain which wetted me through without giving me any pretence for getting down for it.

"I plunged on through the mud and drizzle and came into Chelmsford about ten. Just below the market place a policeman stopped me.

"'Where did you get that machine?' he demanded.

"'Hired it,' said I. 'It's not good enough to own and not worth stealing. I am taking it back now. You can come with me if you like.'

"'I'm coming,' said he, in a nasty suspicious sort of way.

"We went! My reception was not cordial, and at first the man was for giving me in charge there and then; but the policeman wasn't half a bad chap, though thick-headed. I explained all about getting in the wrong train and that I had wanted the machine to go over and see my poor old mother who was very sick, and he took my part. He told the man he had best take my money and let the matter rest.

"The bicycle man stuck out on the score of the other machine; but, as I said, that was nothing to do with me. I had only met the curate casually in the train, and if he had sneaked anything he had better answer for himself about it.

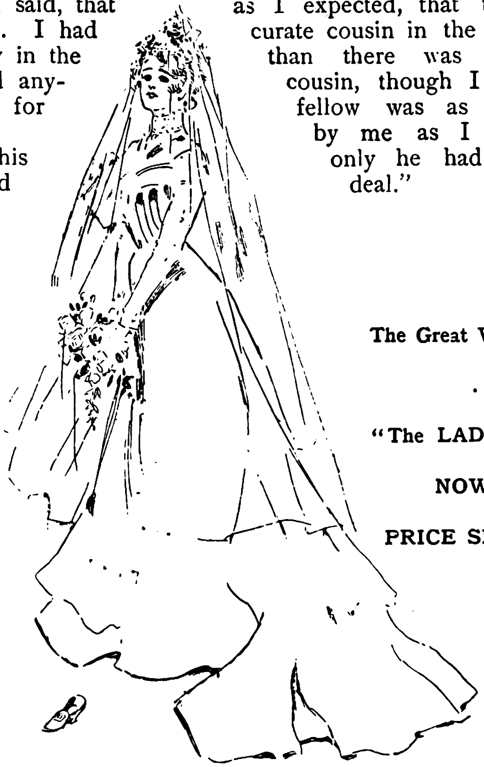
"The policeman said this was only reasonable, and after that the man seemed inclined to let it go at that, until, in attempting to settle up, I found that I had been cleared out of every brass farthing I had about me, and my watch and chain had gone as well. Then the band played again, and in the end I was marched off to the station pending inquiries.

"Naturally I was in a blue funk, for I expected that curate to turn up and give me away; but not a sound or sign of him came along. So I got some cash down from London and squared up for the machine, and they were forced to let me go.

"I don't know what became of that curate, but I do know that the cart was found deserted near Wickford, and not a trace of the property that I had seen put into it was ever discovered."

"And you think," I suggested.

"Think," said Mr. Tutt scornfully, "I don't need to think. I *know* that I was a blank fool, and that, curate or no curate, that smug little beast made one of the best hauls of the season, and included my cash and property in his catch. I made some inquiries out of curiosity afterwards, and found, as I expected, that there wasn't any curate cousin in the family any more than there was a housekeeper's cousin, though I believe that the fellow was as much taken in by me as I was by him — only he had the best of the deal."



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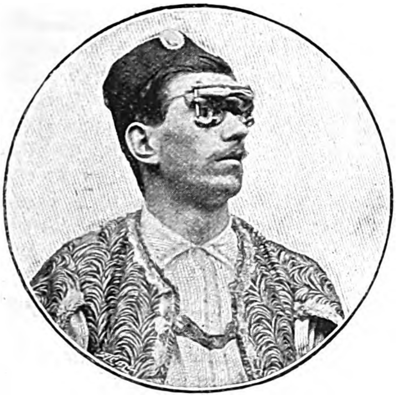


M. Olivos, the man with the iron eyebrows, wearing the apparatus by the help of which he does his extraordinary performance.

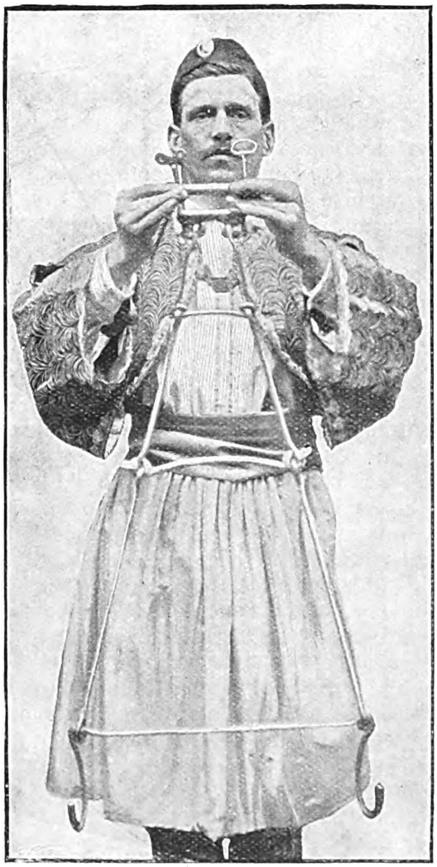
THE MAN WITH THE IRON EYEBROWS.

One of the Most Marvellous Performances in the World. M. Olivos can Lift Immense Weights and Drag along a Carriage with Five People in it with his Eyebrows.

By Edouard Charles.

Illustrated with Photographs.

Supposition credits each of us with having a double somewhere on earth, but although it is a bold thing to declare against a popular belief, I do so in this instance, and dare say that the perfect counterpart of M. Gregor Olivos, "the man with the iron eyebrows," has yet to be created.



M. Olivos screws his eyebrows between the two horizontal steel bars of this apparatus. At the end of the triangular fittings attached to these bars are hung the weights he has to lift.

There are many so-called strong men, but none of the past or present have developed such unique strength nor displayed it in so remarkable a manner as this ocular Sandow, who does with his eyebrows what other Samsons can only do with their arms.

To lift with the eyebrows alone a weight of 244lbs., and with the eyebrows to draw a carriage containing five persons, are feats which one might feel safe in declaring impossible, but this is just what Gregor Olivos has done every day for more than a year past.

Lest anyone should run away with the notion that the eyes of M. Olivos are so wonderful that he achieves these extraordinary feats by some newly-discovered attractive force diffused through his optics, that weights are lifted and carriages drawn along by his merely gazing at them, let me say at once that the notion may be immediately dismissed. It is solely by the sheer muscular strength of his eyebrows, harnessed, so to speak, to a pair of spectacles, the like of which has certainly never been seen before, that he performs these feats of strength.

The spectacles are an ingenious apparatus of M. Olivos' own invention, none too pretty to look at, and by no means as comfortable to wear as the ordinary *pince-nez*—that is, of course, for any but their originator, who finds them now no more inconvenient than those he wears for his weak sight.

He was forced to invent them himself, because when he determined to create a novelty by appearing in public as a lifter of weights with his eyebrows, the apparatus he required was not on sale.

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Preparing M. Olivos for the performance.

They consist of two short bars of steel covered with chamois leather, the top one of which works up and down on a couple of screws, to which the bottom bar is firmly fastened. Beneath this bottom bar, on either side, just where it fits over the eyes, is immovably fixed half of a steel ring, also covered with thin leather, and from each of these protrudes a steel hook.

When M. Olivos made his first pair of these curious spectacles to begin his experiments, he neglected to cover them with leather or any other material; he just powdered the bars that were to fit on his eyebrows with resin, fixed on the spectacles, and started work.

The resulting experience would have been sufficient to have convinced most people that eyebrow-lifting was a performance better left alone, and M. Olivos was compelled to abandon his practice for a time. When he came to remove the "spectacles" he removed also the larger part of his eyebrows! As he assured me, it was a very painful experience; still, it did not prevent him resuming work when Nature had kindly provided him with a fresh layer of skin. While resting, the idea of covering the frame with leather had struck him.

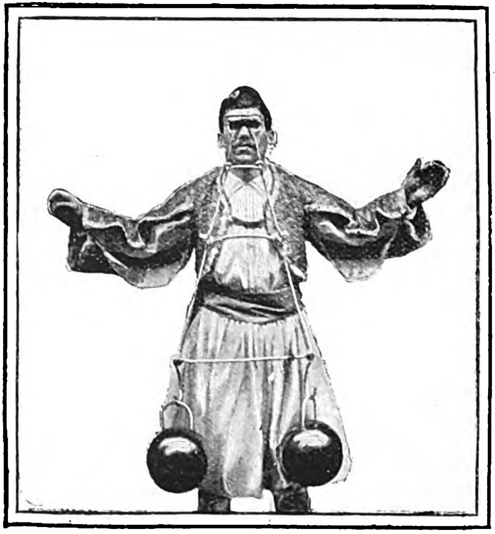
It is necessary to explain that the under semi-circular pieces of the spectacles are pressed down behind the lower parts of the eyebone forming the under part of the eye socket, while the eyebrows are pulled forward between the two bars above. The top bar running on the screws is clamped tightly down with two keys not unlike those used in winding up clocks, and this fixes the apparatus so firmly that no force could pull it from its place without, of course, considerably injuring the wearer.

All this sounds so simple that many might be tempted to emulate the performance of M. Olivos, but they would want one thing to be successful, and that is the enormous muscles which he has developed just above the eyebrows.

"Feel," he insisted, catching one between his finger and thumb and pulling it forward an inch, and, feeling, I found it as solid as a thick piece of india rubber. "This," he went on, "is a common, natural gift more pronounced in myself than in one man in a million, and these muscles constant training has abnormally developed."

It is not pleasant to see a person frown at any time, and when M. Olivos frowned it was a revelation; his eyes disappeared almost completely behind the huge muscles the action threw forward. I doubt if Jupiter could have done better.

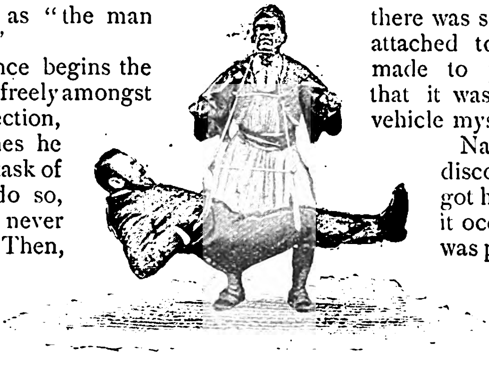
M. Olivos appears on the stage attired in the picturesque costume of a Greek, and although "billed" as an American, he is really a native of Austria, hailing from Dalmatia, that country where the women go out and till the soil, while the men rest at home, perform the usual feminine household duties, and utilise their time in manufacturing tapestry. It is only from such a province that one could



M. Olivos lifting with his eyebrows a weight of 244lbs.

expect such a novelty as "the man with the iron eyebrows."

Before the performance begins the spectacles are circulated freely amongst the audience for inspection, and anyone who imagines he would like to essay the task of M. Olivos is invited to do so, an invitation which has never yet been accepted. Then, fixing the apparatus, the performer attaches thereto the triangular steel fittings seen in the photographs. These have hooks at the ends, which are connected with the objects to be lifted or drawn along.



It needs little effort to enable M. Olivos to lift a seventeen stone man.

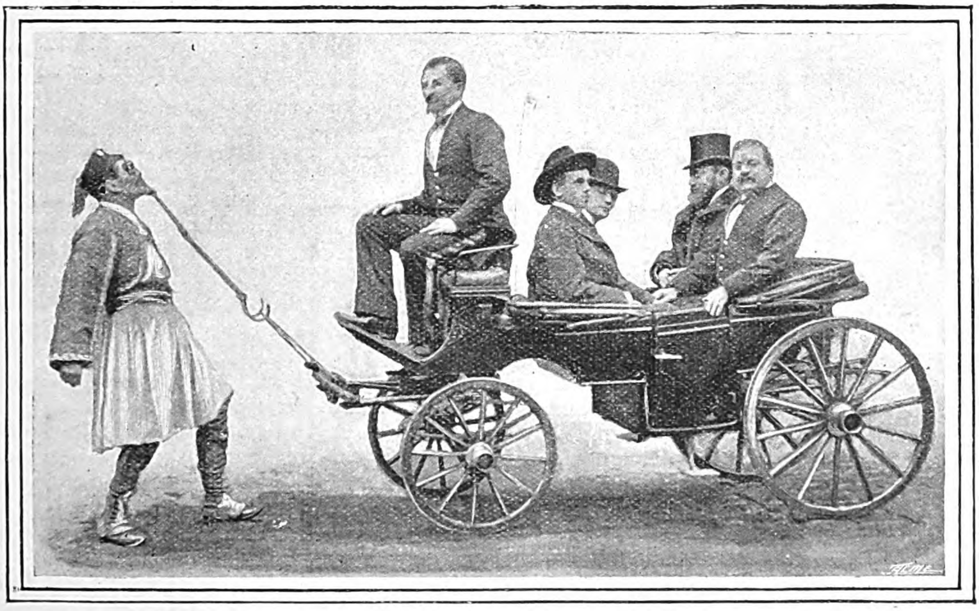
M. Olivos can lift with little effort a gentleman of seventeen stone, and the lifting is done by sheer force of the muscles over his eyes without any aid from his arms. For obvious reasons, as little of the weight as possible is allowed to rest upon the tops of the cheek bones where the rings rest upon the eye sockets.

The carriage he pulls is always a vehicle hired in the town where he happens to be performing, and anyone is at liberty to examine it.

"I do not take my own landau or victoria with me, because people might imagine that there was some hidden mechanism attached to it, by which it was made to progress forward, and that it was not I who pulled the vehicle myself."

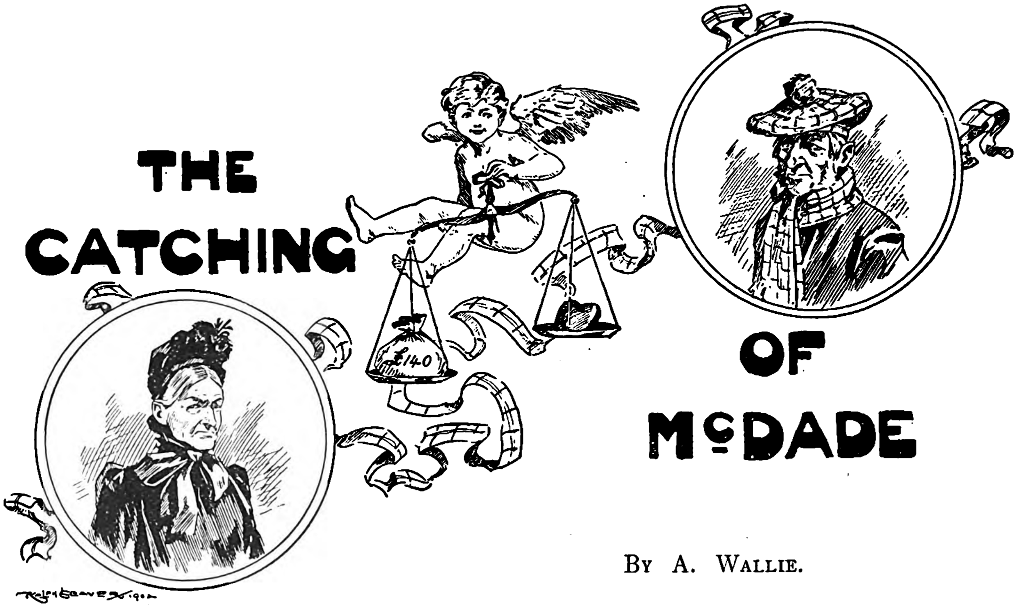
Naturally I was anxious to discover how M. Olivos first got his idea, and learned that it occurred to him while he was performing as a "human serpent" in Vienna some two years since. At a fair held there one day he saw in a side-show some Hindoos, who performed the feat of lifting small children inclosed in netting by the aid of wires supposed to be passed through the flesh of the face just below the eyes. He thought he would go one better, made his spectacles, and began practising, and for eight months continued to do so before he made his *début* at Barcelona.

What is the effect of this performance on the eyesight? M. Olivos shrugged his shoulders when the question was put to him, and confessed that his sight was not so good as when he commenced performing. His sight has weakened and he now has to wear glasses, though not continually, and he has the unpleasant satisfaction of knowing that he will probably lose his sight altogether.



To drag a carriage with five people in it across the stage is M. Olivos' most extraordinary feat.

THE CATCHING OF McDADE



By A. Wallie.

The Sheriff Court of Auchtercroy was crammed to its utmost capacity with an anxious audience agape to hear the evidence in the local breach of promise action of Shiels *v.* McDade. The defendant—a stout and not uncomely young farmer—was in the witness box, facing Mr. Parlane, the lawyer on the other side, with a misplaced confidence born of the facility with which he had answered the few simple queries previously addressed to him by his own solicitor.

"Now, Mr. McDade," said Parlane, beginning the cross-examination with suavity, "have you been going about Miss Shiels' residence of Muckle Mains for some time, with considerable regularity?"

"I wouldna' say," the witness admitted; "it's but neebourlike, I should."

"Quite so; and was it solely out of neighbourly feeling that your calls became more frequent?"

McDade fidgeted on the stand.

"I micht have been sorry for Jan—for Miss Shiels,"—he stumbled over the unaccustomed title—"bein' a lone woman, wi' naebody but her niece, Maggie Maxwell, for company. Aye," he reiterated assuredly, "I peetied them."

"'And pity is akin to love,'" quoted the lawyer, with a smile towards the bench. "But you said 'them.' Were your calls not on Miss Shiels?"

McDade looked round about as though for inspiration, but did not answer. The question was repeated.

"They micht be," McDade answered, looking very uncomfortable.

"Did you meet Miss Shiels elsewhere very often?"

"She was aye meeting me."

"You met anyhow. Did you do so on the occasion of the Mission Soiree in Auchtercroy last Hogmanay?"

"I was in the toon that nicht."

"Quite so. Did you drive the lady home?"

"She met in wi' me, and tell't me her boots was thin, and that it was a lang walk—and——"

"That will do. After driving her to her own gate, did you wait there whilst she went into the house?"

"I did. It was cauld drivin', and she kenned what I needed, and said that she'd fetch a drappie oot tae me, seein' I couldna' leave the beast. I took it real kind o' her."

"And when she came out again did your gratitude assume the form of asking her to be your wife?"

McDade shuffled uneasily; this was the crucial point, and his conscience made a coward of him.

"I micht hae said we micht dae waur," he admitted at last, "but that was all."

"Oh! was it?" returned Parlane, shaking a monitory forefinger at him. "Now, Alexander McDade—on your soul and conscience remember—was that really all? Did you not, at the same time and place, kiss the prosecutor?"

The badgered man mopped his hot face with a brilliantly red handkerchief.

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"I did," he allowed gaspingly; "but I couldna' see her face."

Miss Shiels, sitting behind her solicitor, hid her rather unprepossessing features in her hands as a snigger ran through the audience. But the lawyer went on with triumphant severity.

"I believe that, subsequently, you visited Miss Shiels more frequently than ever. Did similar endearments pass on these occasions?"

"Aye," retorted the witness bitterly, "whiles, when I wasna' lookin', she kissed me."

The laughter which ensued was reproved by the judge, and Mr. Parlane summed up his case. It was a plain one enough, and the sheriff decided for the prosecutor; the damages being assessed at £140.

McDade left the court a most disconsolate man. The money loss went sorely against the grain with him; but Maggie Maxwell, not Janet Shiels, had been the real attraction for him at Muckle Mains, and he felt that fate had dealt hardly with him. His attentions to the aunt had been merely diplomatic in intention, for Miss Shiels was known to view with disfavour any suitors whose declared object might entail the loss to her of the companionship and services of her niece. And McDade, in attempting to hoodwink her, had himself been trapped.

For appearance sake he had come in on foot to attend the trial, and, to escape the playful commiseration of his acquaintances, he set out to walk homewards again immediately it concluded. But half way through Croy Glen he sat down to meditate, over a pipe, regarding the course he should pursue.

"I'll tak' Maggie frae her," he said half aloud, "it'll be tit for tat tae that auld hizzy, Janet; my money'll no' pay her for the loss o' Maggie. Forbye the lass is a good lass, and fair daft aboot me."

He looked up from this consoling cogitation to see Miss Shiels herself approaching. She stopped opposite him, her tall, scant figure drawn erect, and her yellow face, with its pale blue eyes, looking its worst.

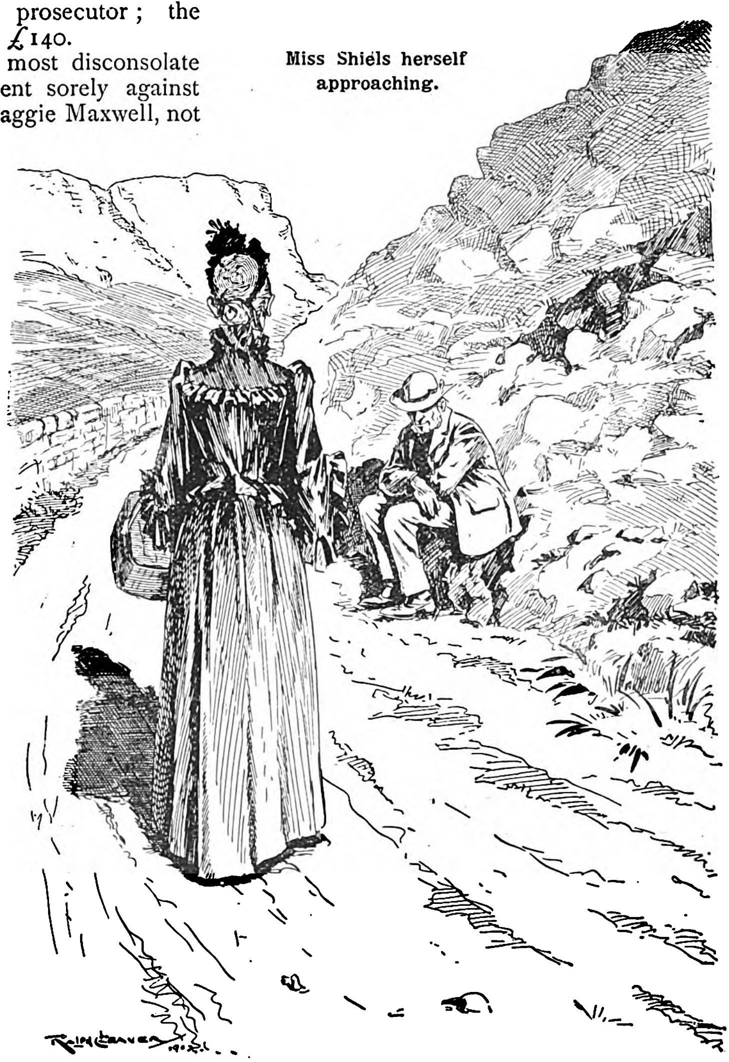
"A bonnie fule ye made o' yersel' this day, Sandie McDade," she began. "It should be a lesson tae ye."

McDade was in no temper for chivalry.

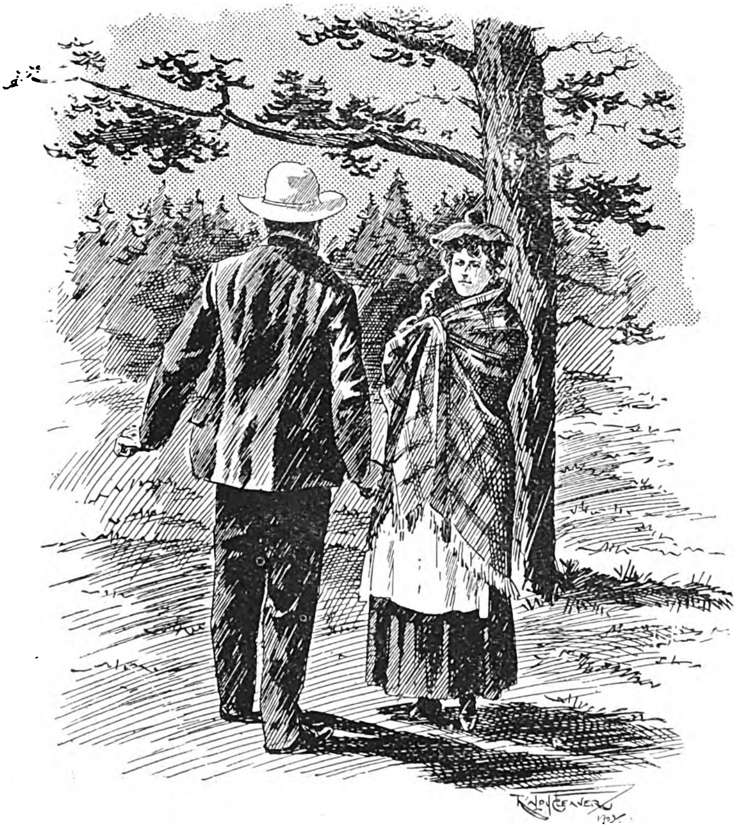
"Gang ye'r gait and leave me," he answered shortly. "It's worth it all tae be quit o' ye."

The woman appeared surprised at this mood in him.

"You needna' say that," she expostulated,



Miss Shiels herself approaching.



A girl stepped to meet him.

McDade stared open-mouthed; then, at last, he rose and stood beside her. Dusk had fallen, and the chastened light of the lingering gloaming lent a fleeting beauty even to ill-favoured Janet Shiels. That was not without influence upon the man, but other motives also actuated him.

"If that's ye'r fancy," he returned slowly, with the deliberation of a bargain-driver, "I'm no' sayin' it michtna' be managed—but I'm promised tae Maggie."

The woman started at the information.

"You've been free wi' promises," she commented drily, "but I'll manage Maggie—she'll no' set up against me. Only mind, ye," the speaker added fiercely, "she'll no' bide wi' us after."

"Nae fear," McDade exclaimed, laughing uneasily, "but how's this bargain tae be hanselled—I'm no' wanting another law-plea."

with curious hesitancy. "A bit matter o' business needna pairt auld friends."

"Gi' wa'," he repeated stubbornly. "I want nae mair ado wi' ye,"

"It's a lot o' siller," she continued, for she was as obstinate as he. "One hundred and forty notes—forbye expenses—isna' easy paid, Sandie."

He remained sullenly silent, whilst she still lingered.

"I've been thinkin'," she said, as with compunction, "since seein' you sittin' there sae sorrowful like, that ye needna' pay at all—unless"—and here she paused—"it's yer wull."

Her voice still held a note of hesitancy, and the man looked up wonderingly.

"What way?" he demanded curtly.

Momentarily the woman's eyes looked into his; then they fell again, not finding what they sought.

"Just—just," she stammered, colour flooding her ill-complexioned cheeks, "if—if ye would do what ye promised by the gate, Sandie, I wouldna' seek the siller, and byganes micht be byganes for me."

"I think," Janet answered diffidently, coming close to him, "I think ye micht—"

Her meaning was too obvious to miss—he stooped and kissed her on the lips. There was no enthusiasm in the caress, but she caught his arm, and continued blithely.

"We're nigh hand the manse," she suggested. "Will ye seal the bargain by giving in the banns? There can be nae mair aboot the siller after that?"

"Aye," concurred McDade, set now solely upon saving his money; and, arm in arm, the pair proceeded to carry out Janet's proposal. Having accomplished it, they went on their way, still linked together, towards Muckle Mains, where they parted—the woman pleased with her success, the man with an irksome conscience.

That he had reason for this last became evident ere he had gone far alone. From the depths of shadow underneath a clump of trees a girl stepped to meet him.

"Sandie," she cried, "you've been lang o' coming. Did ye no' mind ye trysted me here. What's the verdict?"

She had caught both his hands, and he looked down into her upturned face, framed in a halo of golden hair.

"Bad for me, Maggie," he replied clumsily. "Dooms bad. It's given for Janet Shiels, wi' nigh twa hundred pounds in damages and expenses."

"But we can be married?" she exclaimed.

"The Shirra couldna' hinder that," he returned petulantly. "But whaur am I tae find siller to marry ye on, lass, after this?"

"We can wait— sae lang as it's settled."

McDade was silent, marvelling how to proceed.

"Ye see, Maggie," he said awkwardly at last, "if I paid Janet I couldna' spare tae spend mair nae gait—it would be fair ruination."

The girl moved a pace away, but made no comment.

"Sae I'm thinking," he continued persuasively, "that me and you better just be friends, and nae mair, in time comin'."

The insincerity in his tones roused the girl.

"That's not a'," she answered quickly. "You'd best mak a clean breast o't, Sandie McDade."

"Aweel," he returned, stung by her peremptoriness, "maybe sae — ye'll hear soon enough, onyway. I've made it up wi' your Auntie Janet, if you maun know now—the cries is in already," he added, in order to stifle unpleasant discussion.

The girl staggered a little, holding her hand to her bosom, and he saw her face whiten in the moonlight. Then it hardened, and she spoke again.

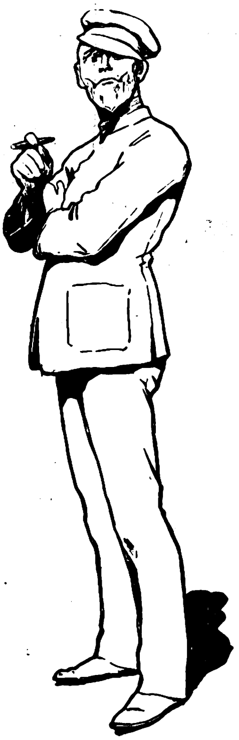
"Sae tae save ye'r dirty money," she said, her voice quivering with scorn, "ye've promised Aunt Janet at last. It'll mak' a bonnie story."

"How that?" queried McDade in wonderment.

"Just that ye ne'er asked Janet Shiels tae marry ye till this day. Since ye set siller afore me, I'll no' greet tae lose ye, but Auntie's been lang after ye, and she's catched ye neat."

"The lassie's gaun crazy!" ejaculated the exasperated McDade. "I askit her afore, by the gate side, last Hogmanay nicht, and lost the case the day because I couldna' deny it."

"Ye did not," cried his late sweetheart hysterically. "That was me. Auntie bid me throw on her cloak and tak' the drop spirits oot tae ye. I tell't her, when I came in, that you had said we micht dae waur than marry, and had kissed me. She said ye took me for her —as I thocht mysel' till ye started courtin me after. I'll be biddin' ye good-night, Mr. McDade. A merry wedding, and all happiness wi' Auntie Janet —she's catched ye fine."



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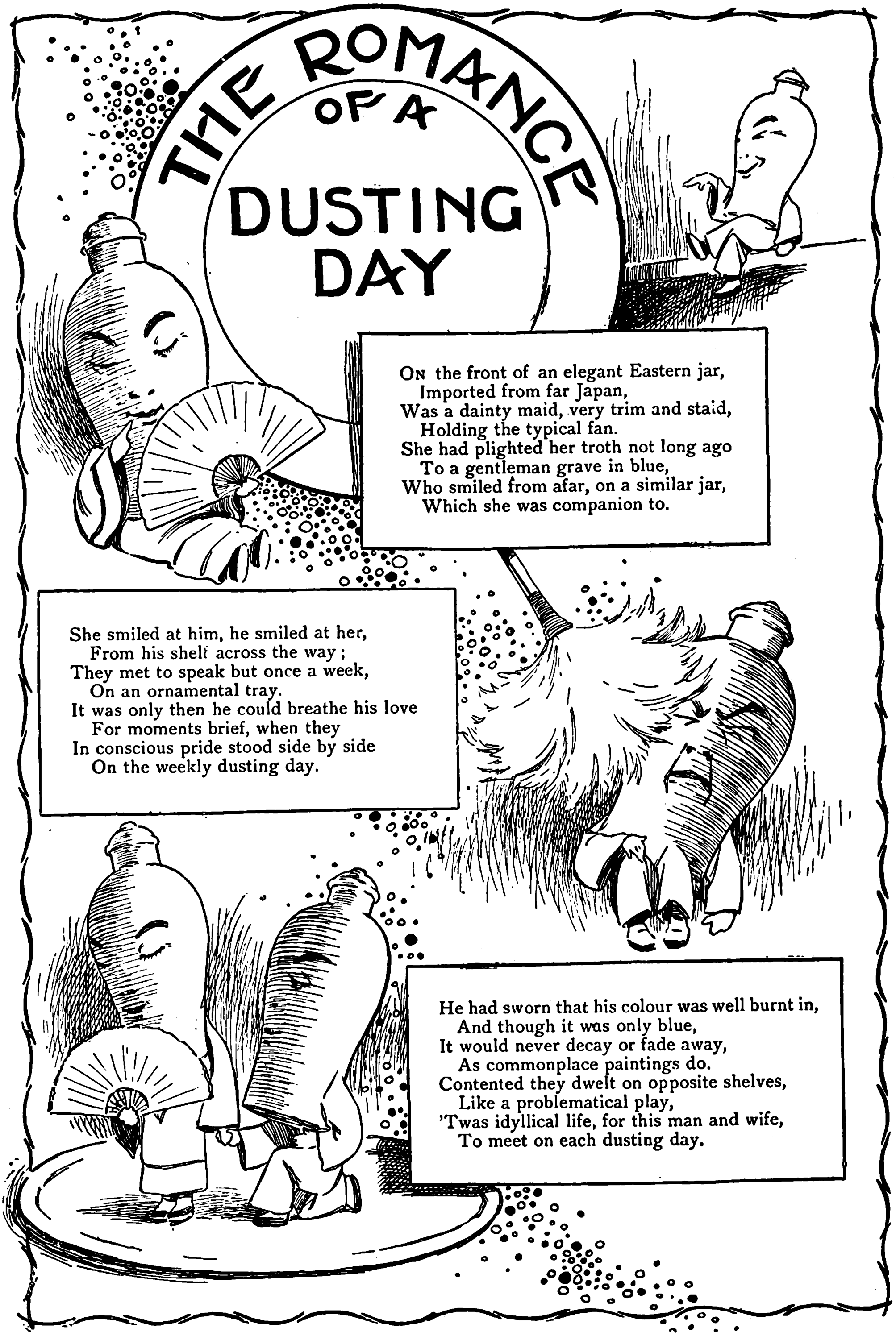
THE ROMANCE OF A DUSTING DAY



On the front of an elegant Eastern jar,
Imported from far Japan,
Was a dainty maid, very trim and staid,
Holding the typical fan.
She had plighted her troth not long ago
To a gentleman grave in blue,
Who smiled from afar, on a similar jar,
Which she was companion to.

She smiled at him, he smiled at her,
From his shelf across the way;
They met to speak but once a week,
On an ornamental tray.
It was only then he could breathe his love
For moments brief, when they
In conscious pride stood side by side
On the weekly dusting day.

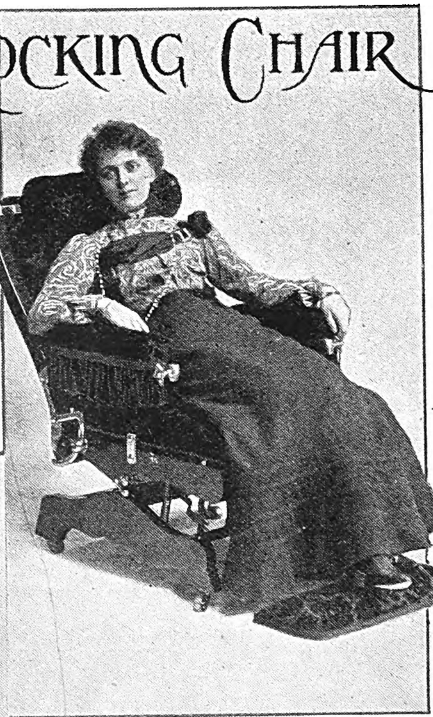
He had sworn that his colour was well burnt in,
And though it was only blue,
It would never decay or fade away,
As commonplace paintings do.
Contented they dwelt on opposite shelves,
Like a problematical play,
'Twas idyllical life, for this man and wife,
To meet on each dusting day.

BELINDA AND THE ROCKING CHAIR

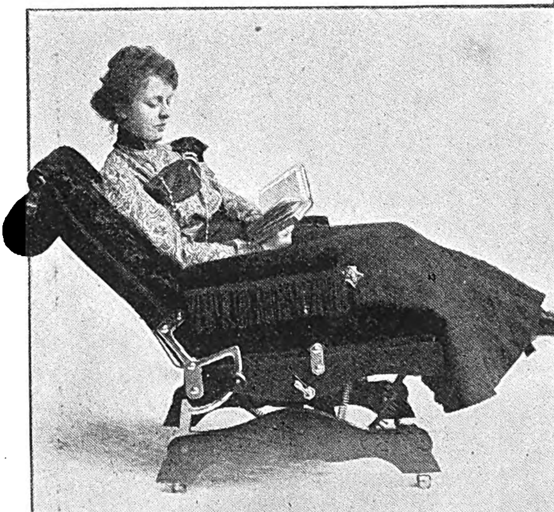
An account of a wonderful new Rocking-Chair, which can assume almost any position you wish it to.

By R. Saxon.

Belinda, my wife, loathes patents, and she is always telling me (an inventor) so. Naturally it hurts my feelings.



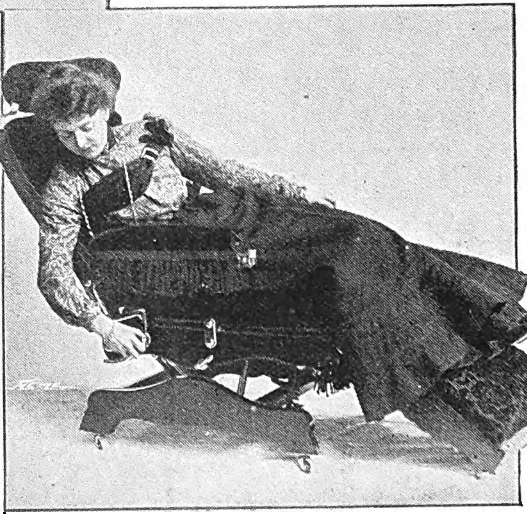
It makes the cosiest armchair imaginable.



If you prefer to lean slightly backwards when reading, nothing is easier.

I remember once reading to her Max Adeler's funny story about a patent combination step-ladder which by the operation of a set of springs was transformed into an ironing-table, again into a comfortable settee for the kitchen, and then back again into a step-ladder.

On the morning after its arrival its owner's servant mounted it in order to remove the gas globes. The weight of her body put the springs in motion and the ladder was converted into an ironing table and the servant into a pulp. Still it was deemed advisable to take advantage of the ironing-table phase, and half-a-dozen shirts were waiting to be ironed when someone knocked against the machine. It gave three or four jerks, tore the shirts into rags, hurled the flat irons out of the window, and became a step-ladder again.



Without getting up, you turn a handle which transforms the chair into a lounge.

The next day it was used as a settee, but being somewhat overloaded it turned several somersaults, jammed itself against the window-sash, and became an ironing table.

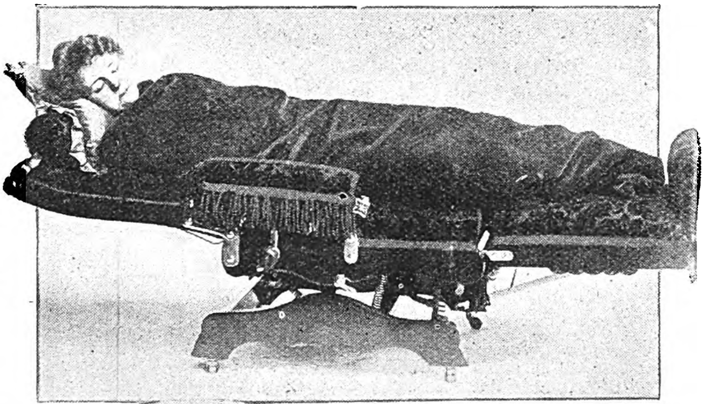
The next day it was for sale again.

Belinda listened in amused silence. Then she remarked that the writer was entirely justified in casting ridicule on all inventions and inventors, that she hated patents like poison, and that nothing would induce her to have a patent (except my automatic curling-tongs) in the house.

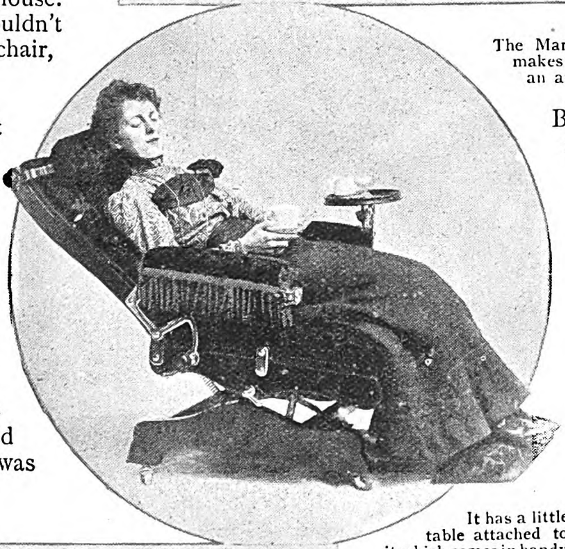
"You mean you wouldn't sit down on a patent chair, for instance?"

"No," she said.

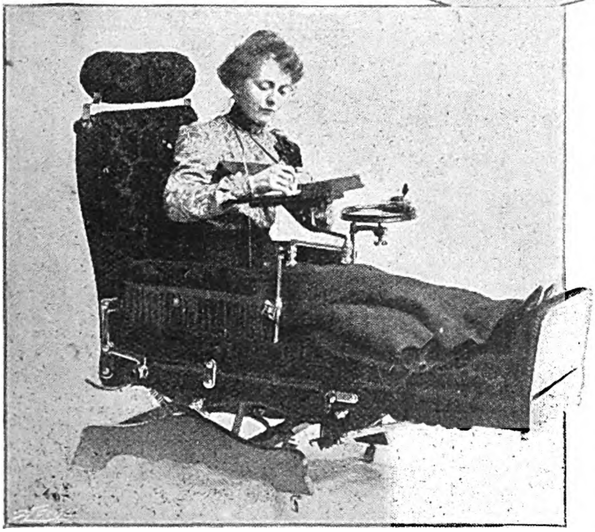
I smiled, and about a week later, taking advantage of Belinda's temporary absence from home, I imported something large and weighty, carried by two men, into her boudoir, and when the hour of her return approached I hid myself in my study, told the servants to say I was out, and waited.



The Marlborough Rocking-Chair makes a comfortable couch for an afternoon nap.



It has a little table attached to it which comes in handy at afternoon tea.



If you want to write a letter you have only to make use of a miniature desk which is also a part of the table.

Belinda came in, and asked if I were at home.

Receiving an answer in the negative she sauntered into her boudoir. I heard a cry of surprise and then an impatient rustle of curiosity. Then I stole away on tip-toe.

Half-an-hour later I peeped in.

Belinda was sitting in the cosy embrace of the latest thing in patent rocking-chairs, looking the picture of comfort. She had lowered the back, attached the head-rest and ottoman and transformed the chair into a lounge.

It would try the reader's patience too much were I to enumerate the various positions Belinda managed to get that chair into that afternoon. It boasted one hundred changes of shape, and I believe she tried them all. She sat, reclined, lolled, wrote, took her afternoon tea, rolled herself up in a rug for a short nap, and finally making use of the book-sustaining apparatus attached to the chair, started on the latest novel.

I peeped into the room unnoticed,

then made a *détour* through the back door, inserted my latch-key in the front one and entered.

Belinda looked up.

"Oh, John," she gushed, "thank you *so* much for this lovely surprise. . ."

"Ah," I interrupted rudely, "I see my new chair has come."

"*Yours?*" Belinda's face was a picture.

"Yes, mine — for my study. It is quite the newest thing. It is the most comfortable piece of furniture in existence."

"Did you invent it?"

"No, I wish I had. I am merely going to enjoy it. I would have bought you one for your boudoir, but as you loathe patents and would sooner die than sit on a patent chair it was not much good."

"But, John—I—I——"

"What, dear?"

"I have been trying it myself, and I think it is simply perfect."

If you wish to read, a book-support is at your service.

Two people can very comfortably make use of the Marlborough Rocking-Chair, the one seated on the chair itself, the other on its lower portion, which is detachable.

"How very rash of you—it might have turned and rent you."

"Don't be silly, John, I think it is a perfect duck of a chair, and, oh, John! I can't live without it."

"Well, you needn't, for I've bought it to add to the comfort of both our lives. But remember—it's a patent."

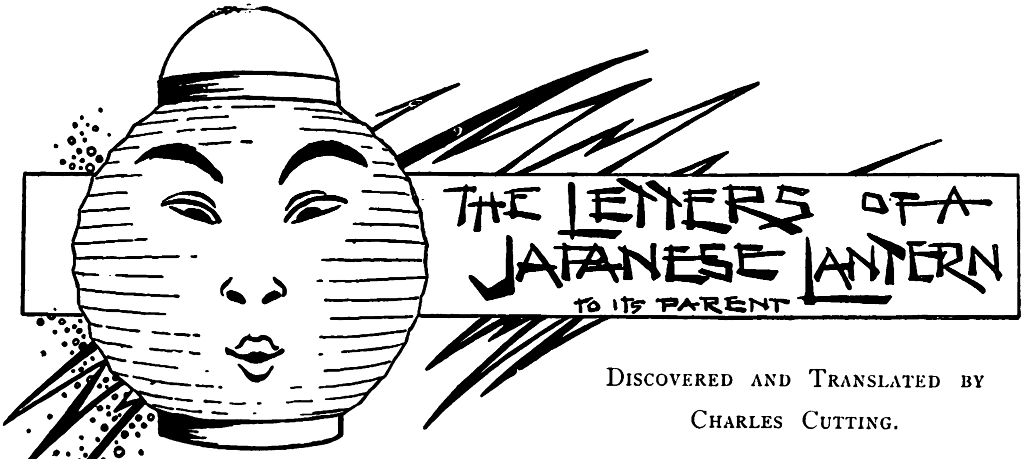
The last glimpse I had of her to-day when I left home was sitting cosily with her friend Mrs. Armstrong, to whom she had just enlarged in glowing language on the comfort, beauties and advantages of our new rocking-chair.

Well, we are both the proud possessors of the wonderful chair. Some of the cosiest hours of my life I spend lounging on it, a pipe in my mouth and my legs in the air.

And for a cosy smoke this chair is unrivalled.

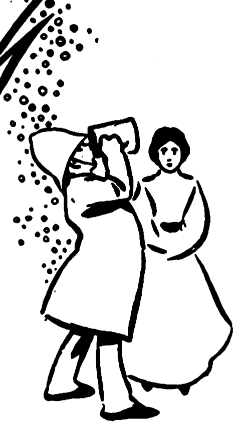
THE LETTERS OF A JAPANESE LANTERN

TO ITS PARENT



Discovered and Translated by

Charles Cutting.



Dearest Mother,—I have secured a situation at last. After being in stock at the warehouse for so long it was quite a relief for me when one of the porters came round and remarked to a friend of his that I and one-hundred-and-forty-three more had been purchased by a public decorator. We, the whole gross of us, were packed up in several big boxes and then placed on a vehicle and driven to our new home. I think our new master's place is in the city, because the nights are so quiet. Being on a shelf quite close to the window I can see the street, and it is surprising to discover how few people there are about after business hours.

Sometimes the policeman on duty over the way steps across here, when everything is quite still, and he tries the handle of the door; as a rule he finds the door is fastened, but occasionally, when everything is even more still than usual, the door opens and he steps on the mat, which is just inside, and receives something or other in a large mug from pretty Ethel, the caretaker's daughter, which he always drinks up in a very rapid manner.

This is, of course, very wrong of Ethel, for she is supposed to be engaged to be married to a worthy young man named Ernest Phonington, the son of a wealthy public caterer, who is Mayor of Houndsdyke, an East-end suburb. I heard all this from Ethel's mother, who is always boasting of her daughter's prospects to her friends. My own private opinion is that Ethel loves the policeman more than she loves Ernest, who, like his father, the mayor, is very short and very stout, and not very handsome. Yet Ethel's mother says that girls laugh at little fat men without knowing why they laugh, forgetting that long legs and long backs are not absolutely necessary parts of all good husbands.

To-morrow we are all going out on hire to a garden *fête*, and I will let you hear what I see when I get back here again and have the inclination to write.

Your daughter,
Mimoselle.

(Six days elapse.)

Dearest Mother,—I am back again in my place on the shelf near the window. Since I last wrote to you I have had some new experiences. When I and the others were unpacked by the men who were carrying out the preparations for the garden-party I was carried off all by myself, and hung up on a nail in the centre of the ceiling of a tiny summer-house. I thought I should be very lonely there, all by myself, because the summer-house stood at the very bottom end of the garden, right away from the house and the croquet lawn. But, much to my surprise, I found I had been put into a position that all the young couples seemed to make for.

Strangely enough, however, I was never made the companion of more than one couple at a time. Ever so many couples walked up to the entrance and just peeped inside, yet they always went away directly they saw that another couple were already in possession. There was quite room enough for at least three couples, too. Couples don't seem to take up more room than single persons when they're sitting on a seat in a summer-house.

As the dusk of evening drew near, one of the gardeners lit me up by means of a little

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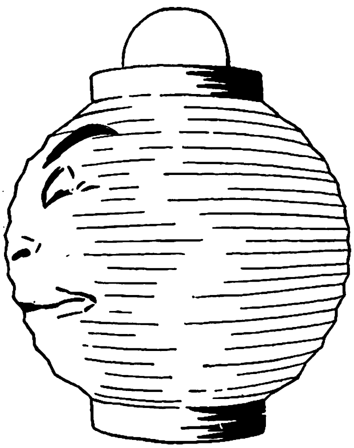
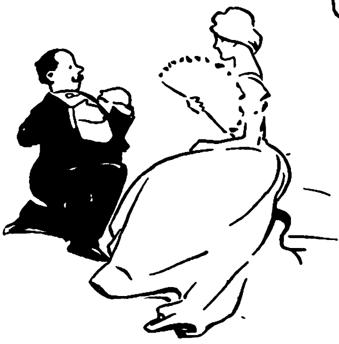


night-light, and I seemed to attract more couples than ever. I shall not soon forget one of the couples. The man was short and a long way round the waist, and he entered the summer-house with a pretty girl, who I was astonished to find was Ethel. I then looked more closely at the man, and, sure enough, it was Ernest Phonington. I had not recognised him at first in his smart evening dress. He talked to Ethel for a long, long time, and he kept trying to get one of her hands to hold clasped within his own, but she said she was already too hot.



Ernest knelt down on one knee.

The only answer he got from Ethel to his questions was a solemn shake of the head. I could see that she was amused by his attentions and that she was wishing her policeman would come along. At last Ernest knelt down on one knee in the dust, and put his hand on his heart, and his head a good deal to one side, but Ethel jumped up suddenly and ran off laughing quite loudly.

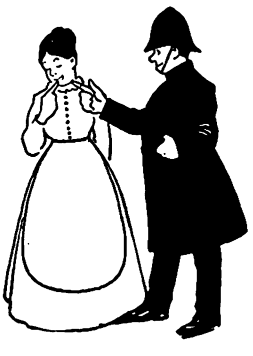
After a moment or two the devout lover rose to his feet again and talked louder and faster than ever to himself, and he smacked the table with a stick, and poked it through the one little window pane, breaking it utterly beyond repair. Just as he was going out of the summer-house he noticed that someone was standing quite near to the door, and this rather took him by surprise, for he immediately assumed a changed air and started to hum a tune, and he said he had been in the summer-house trying to catch an enormous rat! The other man smiled at this, and said he thought he could smell one!

Then another couple came into the summer-house and said that Ernest and Ethel had only been admitted to the grounds because Ernest's father was doing the refreshments. I am glad that Ernest did not hear that remark, for it would have made him still more angry.

Your daughter,
MIMOSELLE.

(Two days elapse.)

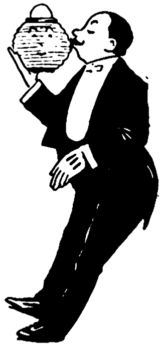
DEAREST MOTHER,—Although I have only been back on my shelf by the window two days, I am going out again this afternoon. The affair is a mayoral function. The Mayor himself (who, by the way, is Ernest's father) was here in the showroom this morning, and he told our master that the whole business was a bore, but that he is obliged to do as he is expected. It seems that someone bearing a distinguished name is going to visit Houndsdyke and that there is going to be a festive party at the Town Hall in the visitor's honour. The Mayor told our master that the decorations would have to be cheap, because of late there have been so many calls made on his own and on his friends' purses. Our master said his terms would be found very low indeed, and as he said it, he winked his eye at the sub-manager, who was standing near by. I think, judging from what the mayor said, that the distinguished visitor is a British General who has recently returned covered with glory from South Africa. It seems that



A young and said-to-be charming widow.

he was born in Houndsdyke, and the Houndsdyke people are determined to do him honour.

Poor Ethel is in trouble. She has discovered that while she was at the garden *fête* her policeman spent a long, long time with a young and said-to-be charming widow lady, who is acting as temporary housekeeper at the warehouse opposite to this. Ethel has seen the faithless swain once since, and he says that the widow got him into her kitchen under false pretences. He says she begged him to go in because she thought she could smell fire, and, being anxious for promotion, he went hoping to discover something that might advertise him. But Ethel says that tale is all a "put up job," and that he may consider himself rejected in favour of Ernest, the Mayor's son.



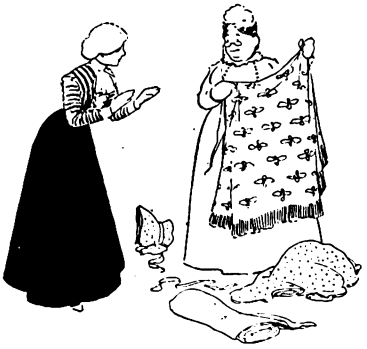
He pressed me to his lips.

The men are coming to pack us up now, so I must finish this letter, and write again at the first opportunity.

Your daughter,
MIMOSELLE.

(One day and a night elapse.)

DEAREST MOTHER,—I write to you now with a full and happy heart. I am no longer sad, for at the party last night Ernest, who was one of the guests, took me down from the wire on which I was hanging, and pressed me to his lips. I have a small mark on my side — made by his curly moustache, which was mysteriously moist—and yet my good looks have not been spoiled at all.

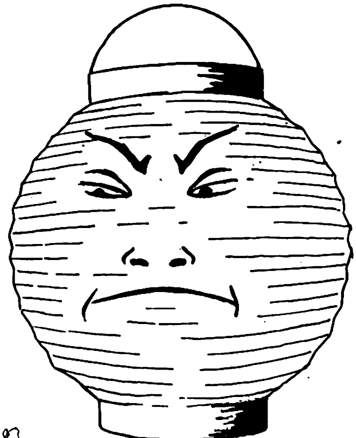


Says these things are lovely.

After pressing me to his lips Ernest talked quite affectionately to me. He said: "Dear little lantern, you have seen more of my courtship than most folk. I know you well; your design is really the sweetest and simplest I ever saw in my life. Ethel has tonight definitely promised to be my wife, and I am ridiculously happy. She and I are going to take possession of you, and you are to have a favoured position on a specially-prepared bracket in our best parlour."

He said a great deal besides, but my modesty prevents me from repeating it all to you. I heard some of the guests say that Ernest is a real good sort, and that he is sure to make his way in the world. Ernest's father, the Mayor, was in excellent spirits after all the guests had gone home, and he told his prospective daughter-in-law that the distinguished visitor — the General — had promised to introduce to him some good West-end business.

In return for this new and really very profitable custom the Mayor has undertaken to do his best to secure the return to Parliament, at the next general election, of the General's only ne'er-do-well brother. Ethel tossed her head playfully when she heard this, and she said that she knew nothing of politics, but the Mayor answered that pretty faces were most useful when they could be secured for canvassing purposes. I can't help thinking that the Mayor had had a little too much champagne during the evening, for it cannot be discreet to tell the women-folk of the family so much that is confidential, as a gentleman who sat underneath me said.



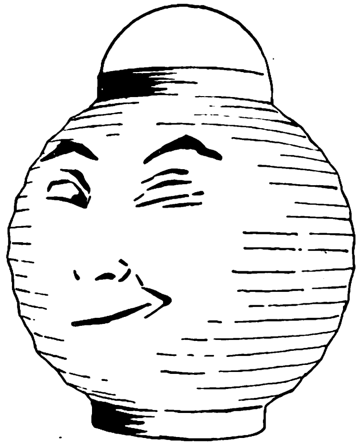
I will try and write again before the wedding.

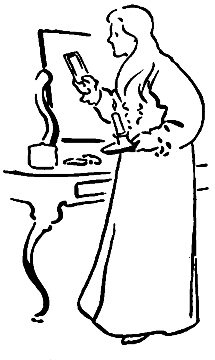
Your daughter,
Mimoselle.

(Two months elapse.)

Dearest Mother,—The wedding is to take place next Thursday if all is well. Let me tell you that all will not be quite well unless the General's brother is elected on Wednesday next. The sitting Member of Parliament died a fortnight after attending the mayoral function. It is thought he caught a chill while there, but a Mrs. Warbletongue, who knows Ethel's mother, says that he was killed by cruel slanders while in a very weak state consequent on partaking too freely of the Phonington champagne. Anyway, the bye-election polling takes place next Wednesday, and if the General's brother is returned as the Member for Houndsdyke, Ethel and Ernest are to be married very quietly the very next day.

And, what is still more, the General's brother is to be presented by his family with a country house and estate if he gets into Parliament, and Ernest is to be made his Steward! There is so much excitement here in Ethel's bedroom that I can't write tidily at all. Ethel's mother won't give her a moment to herself; she keeps running into the room quite out of breath, and dragging after her petticoats, and shawls, and flounces, and bonnet-strings, which she says Ethel's grandmother was married in. Ethel says these things are "lovely" as her mother displays them to her, but when left alone, while her mother has gone away to look for more things, she throws them upon the floor and says they are "frowsy."





Talks to it, too, and says it's "a dear."

Ethel has a photograph of Ernest standing on her dressing table in a silver frame, and at night, when going to bed, just before putting out the light, she takes the photograph and puts it beneath her pillow. She talks to it, too, and says he's "a dear" and "a sweet." She now thinks short stout men are nicer than tall slender men; she says they are more good-natured and that it is because they are so good-natured that they put on flesh.

The policeman never finds our front door open now, no matter how quiet the streets may be, and Ethel has seen him dressed in private clothes walking out with the widow from the opposite warehouse. Ethel has changed her views about the Police Force since becoming engaged to Ernest; she now says its members are "so common."

Your daughter,
Mimoselle.

(Six days elapse.)

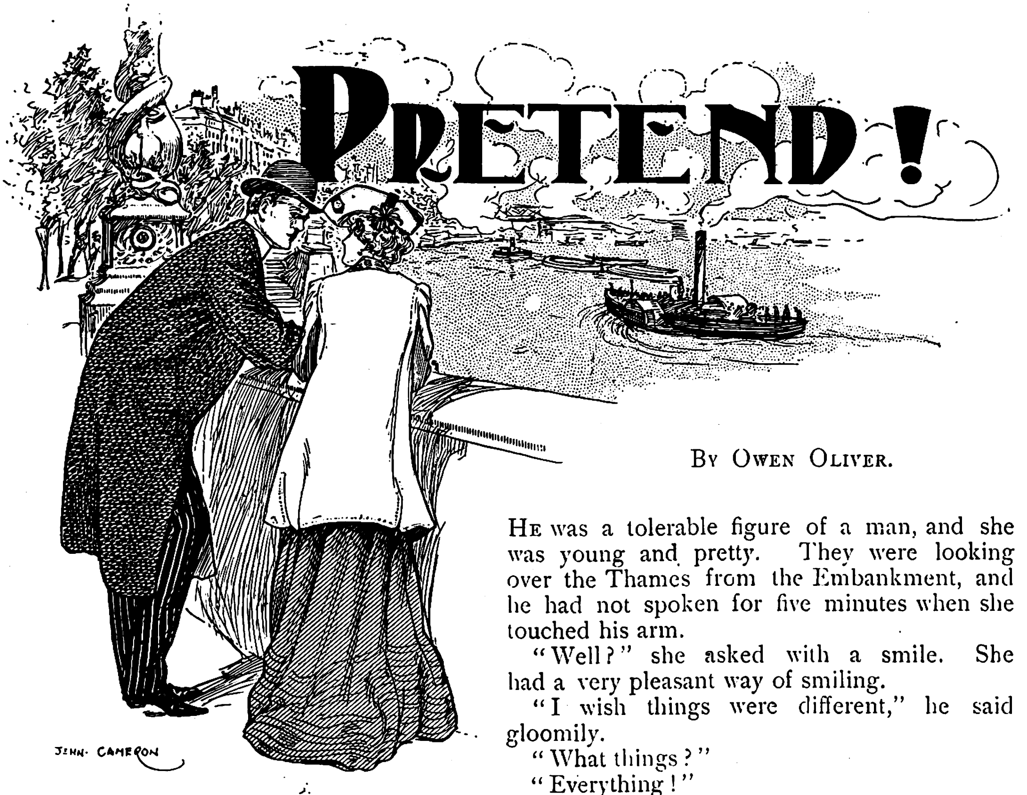
Dearest Mother,—The General's brother has been successful. Ethel's future father-in-law has just been and told Ethel's mother and father all about it. He says the General is going to "make" him, and that he will one day have a business as big as Whiteley's—all because, he, the Mayor, "wangled" his colleagues in the Council chamber and secured a thumping majority for his candidate.

I am in the drawing-room now, along with ever so many more presents that are on one big table. There are spoons and forks, and knives in cases, and pictures, and lamps, and china ornaments, and jewellery, and ever so many articles of which I do not know the names.

Ethel has been out of doors all the week helping her future father-in-law to canvass. She's had a new dress for every day and two new hats for every day. The General's brother, who is now an M.P., is going to be at the wedding to-morrow if he can possibly get time to attend it. I don't know whether he gave Ethel all her new dresses and hats, but I do know that he and Ethel's future father-in-law and the General have had a great deal of private talk in this room while the canvassing has been in progress, and Ethel's future father-in-law always ends the conversation by saying "mum's the word."

Your daughter,
Mimoselle.

PRETEND!



By Owen Oliver.

He was a tolerable figure of a man, and she was young and pretty. They were looking over the Thames from the Embankment, and he had not spoken for five minutes when she touched his arm.

"Well?" she asked with a smile. She had a very pleasant way of smiling.

"I wish things were different," he said gloomily.

"What things?"

"Everything!"

"Let's pretend," she proposed cheerfully. He dug the pavement with his stick.

"You can't alter things by pretending."

"You can pretend you alter them." He shrugged his shoulders.

"What shall we alter first?"

"Me?" she suggested, looking at him out of the corners of her eyes.

"I meant everything else," he explained.

"Then we'll change—you." She laughed and he frowned.

"I daresay I could bear a little alteration."

"A little alteration is a dangerous thing!"

"You mean I have so many faults?"

"Ye-es. But they go together so nicely!"

"Thank you!" She squeezed his arm.

"I don't want to alter you, only your—circumstances."

"A little alteration is no use for them," he commented bitterly.

"Then we'll alter them a lot. You shall be rich—ever so rich." His eyes flashed.

"If I were ——" She clasped her hands.

"It is done!" He looked down at her and thawed slowly.

"What shall I do for you?" he asked. "Now I am rich."

"Take me in your yacht." She pointed to a penny steamer making a dirty brown wake in the dirty black water.

"We'll have a hansom and drive to the pier," he proposed recklessly.

"No, no! That would be extrav— I mean it would be too real. There would be no credit in pretending, don't you see."

"A 'bus?" he inquired sarcastically. "We could play it was a stage-coach." She nodded brightly.

"We'll walk to Charing Cross, and——

"Ride to the Bank!"

"Ye-es." She turned to him merrily. "It is where you keep your money, of course."

"Of course; and I want to cash a cheque to buy you—a diamond necklace."

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"How lovely!"

"Very lovely." He was looking at her, and his eyes had softened. "I wish I could, Kitty."

"Thank you, dear." She took his arm gently.

"For pretending?" She shook her head.

"No. For wishing."

"You know I would, if I could."

"Of course, I know," She smiled at him happily; and he noticed that the embankment was not so very ugly and that the sun was beginning to shine.

"Would you like to go on a 'bus, really?"

"It isn't a 'bus. It's your coach."

"We will go on my coach," he agreed gravely.

So they walked along Whitehall to Charing Cross and mounted a stage-coach at the Post Office. It was a white one, labelled *Liverpool Street—Putney*, and nearly empty. They secured a front seat, behind a pair of horses of some nondescript shade of brown, and an ancient, weather-worn driver, in a time-served beaver hat.

"I love a pair of greys," she remarked.

"Then why did you choose these wretched——"

"Hush! They are Arabs!"

"Arabs don't draw 'busses—I mean coaches—and I don't believe they're ever grey."

"You can pretend what you like," she argued. "That is the best of it."

"Very well," he replied resignedly. "They are grey Arabs. What else?"

"This is a country road." She waved her hand at the unlovely Strand. "That is your ancestral castle." She nodded familiarly at Charing Cross Station. "This is the beech avenue." She pointed to Villiers Street. "These are your—what do you call them?—retainers." She beamed at the elbowing crowd. "And—oh, do give that poor woman a penny, Jack!" He threw one grudgingly. "We'll pretend it's half-a-crown."

"If it were she'd spend the night in the police station—I mean the ancestral dungeon. She's no good."

"Yes, she is. She's—another of your model retainers." He smiled grimly.

"Going to my model public house." Her eyes followed the ragged shawl, through the gorgeous cut-glass doors.

"We'll pretend it's the village church." She looked thoughtful. "Perhaps, if we knew—she's a *poor* old soul, Jack."

"You are the best little woman that ever was," he said with conviction.

"Pretend!"

"There's no need to pretend about you."

Then the conductor came up for the fares.

"We'll pretend he's the footman," he whispered. "Two. Bank."

The man snatched the money, punched the tickets and departed. He was morose, even for an omnibus conductor; and it had never occurred to him to pretend that he was anything else.

"His manners are not what they should be," he apologised. "But I don't like to get rid of him, because he has a wife and family."

The driver pursed his shrivelled lips. The conductor *had* a wife, strange to say, and a family of proportions large even for an omnibus conductor.

"He looks a pleasant person," she whispered, "your ancient coachman."

The driver smiled. He had quick ears; and he *was*, in point of fact, a pleasant man.

"Would he have come to this if he'd been any good?"

She sighed.

"People don't always do as well as they deserve, Jack, dear."

The driver flicked his horses sharply. He had not caught the question, but he heard the answer.

"I don't suppose I deserve——"

"Yes, you do."

"*You* haven't done as well as you might." She leaned a little against him.

"We'll pretend I have."

"If you had looked out for somebody well off——"

"We'll pretend I did."

"There was Easton. He seemed to——"

"*I* didn't," she said quickly.

"But suppose you had. You could have been married this autumn."

"Let's make believe I'm going to be."

"To that fellow!" He glared.

"No, no! To you." His face relaxed.

"You could have had a house of your own"

"And his!"

"You would be looking round for furniture now."

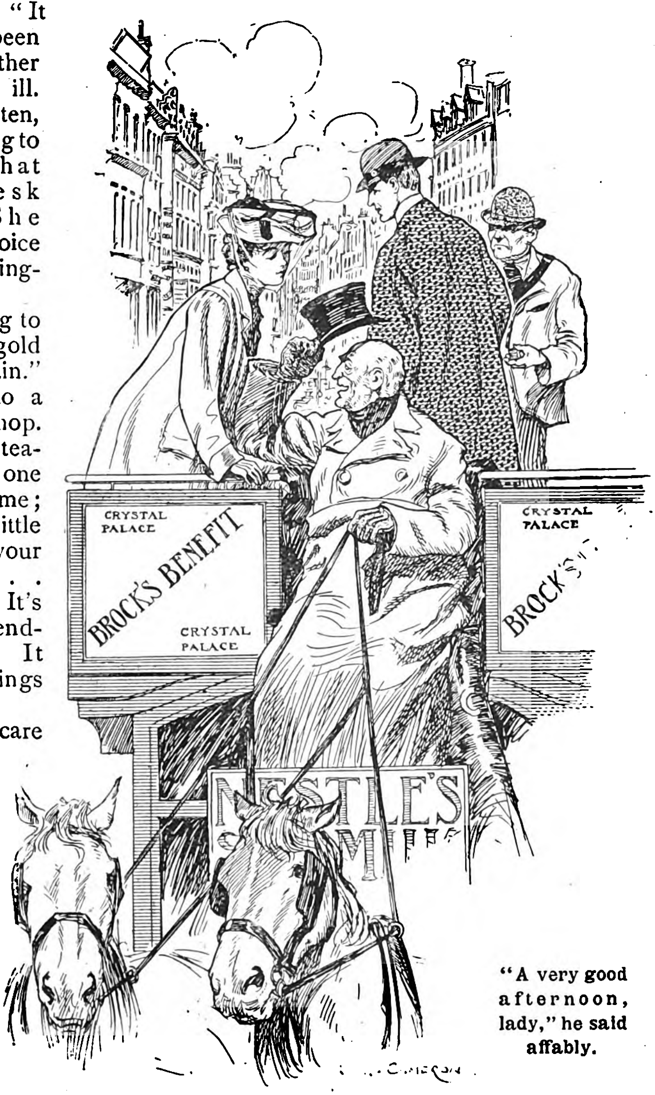
"We'll imagine we are. We—we shall be some day, shan't we?"

"I've saved twenty pounds towards it in the last year. At that rate——" She sighed.

"You have gone without a lot of things, poor boy! It is so good of you. I—I shall love every bit of it."

For a couple of minutes they were too

busy looking at one another to pretend that anything was anything else. Then she suggested that the Griffin was a marble Venus, and he described the Law Courts as his shooting lodge. When they had passed Chancery Lane she pointed to the furniture shop on the right.



"A very good afternoon, lady," he said affably.

"I've saved four pounds," she told him confidentially. "It would have been more, if mother hadn't been ill. We'll say it's ten, and I am going to buy you that lovely desk for——" She lowered her voice—"for a wedding-present."

"I am going to buy you a gold watch and chain." He pointed to a jeweller's shop. "And a brass tea-urn, like the one you showed me; and a dainty little tea set for your receptions. . . . Receptions! It's no use pretending, Kitty. It only makes things worse."

"I don't care about receptions." Being only a woman she could not say it quite cheerfully; but she brightened in a moment. "Look at those lovely vases, Jack. No, no! the ones with the mermaids or sirens, or whatever they are!" They had come to Ludgate Hill.

"They are yours!"

"And that *dear* little Shepherd. Oh, I wish——"

"It's no use wishing, or else——" She pressed his arm tightly.

"We'll be married in the village church." She nodded at St. Paul's. "And go to Venice for—for—you know." He patted her hand.

"I could imagine Margate was Venice, then," he assured her.

Whereupon they whispered some foolish things, lacking in literary interest. Also they agreed that Cheapside was the Riviera, a battered church, St. Peter's at Rome, and an old parson on the pavement, the Archbishop of Canterbury, who was going to marry them, of course.

When they came to the Bank he had made her the Duchess of Somewhere, and she was discussing his succession to an earldom—or the throne! She was not quite clear which! So they overlooked the limitations of penny fares, and went on down a long dulness of streets which were somewhere the other side of the world, it really did not matter where; and she became a princess and he was a prince.

"It has been a delightful drive," she whispered. "Dear prince, where have we come to now?"

He looked round with a smile, oblivious of the conductor's stern eye.

"I thought the Bank——"

"Bank!" growled the conductor hoarsely. "Passed it a hour ago. It's Liverpool Street jest 'ere. I'll trouble yer for another penny apiece."

The prince dug a hand slowly into his

trousers pocket; but the driver glanced over his shoulder with a solemn face.

"Wot yer torkin' on, Willum?" he asked. "There's the Bank right enough." He pointed down a side street.

"At them 'ere three brass balls, p'raps?" inquired the conductor sarcastically.

"A very good bank, too," retorted the driver cheerfully, "if you pertend! I know lots of folks wot draws their money there."

The girl's eyes twinkled suddenly.

"Of course it's the Bank!" she said gaily. "Good afternoon."

The driver pulled off his battered hat.

"A very good afternoon, lady," he said affably. "Wait w'ile I pull up my grey Arabs. Whoa!"

They laughed without any pretence whatever, except the conductor, who stared blankly after the young couple till they reached the pavement. Then he found speech.

"Frens of yourn?" he demanded of the driver.

"Not ex'actly; but yer can pertend they was."

"Then who the—dickens—*are* they?"

"A pair of young fools!" said the driver grimly. "That's orl."

The conductor drew a long breath.

"If they're bigger fools 'n you, mate," he said feelingly, "they're pretty bad! Get orf, yer young wagabone." He rushed down the steps after a two-legged Arab on the footboard; and the driver whipped up the four-legged grey Arabs that were brown.

"There's wus things," he muttered reflectively, "than pertend."

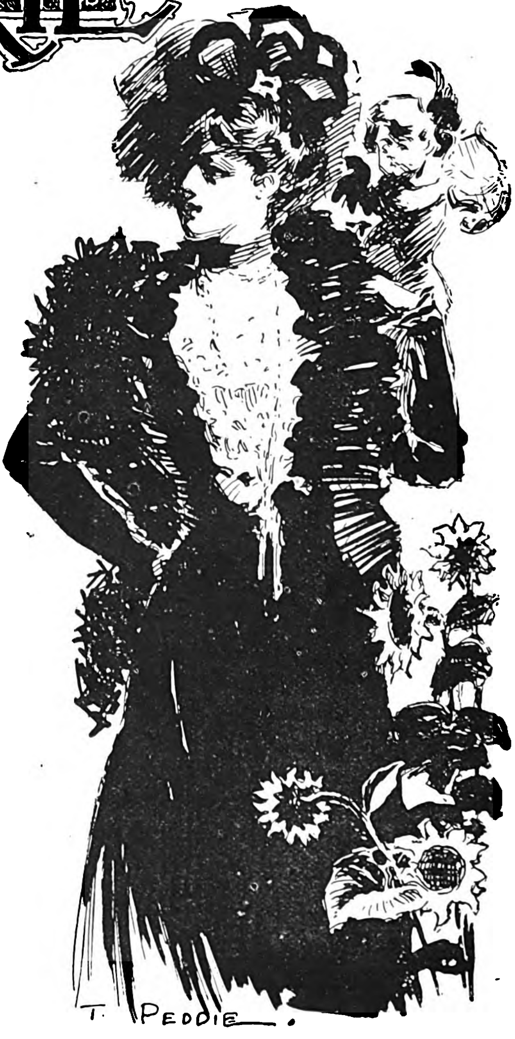
FAERIE

Dainty little maid
  With tripping feet,
Neither still nor staid,
  Nor quite discreet;
      Grave, or coy, or airy,
      Every day you vary,
      Yet none so dear as Faerie,
Love, my Sweet!
Love, my Sweet!

You've a coaxing way,
  Yours alone,
Words you often say
  In teasing tone,
      Yet, in meek surrender,
      I my homage render,
      Nought to you but tender,
Love, my own!
Love, my own!

But—with sweet eyes, blue
  As skies above,
Sometimes soft are you
  As wooing dove;
      Then, tho' coyly you bestow
          it,
      Your pure young heart, you
          show it,
      Is mine, my own, I know it.
Little Love!
Little Love!

G. Hudi-Newcombe.



CAP AND BELLS

LAWSON WOOD 1902

A WARNING TO WIVES.

THEY were quite newly married, and she was much too young to understand that a man takes but little interest in shopping expeditions. She had left his side to look in a window in which were exhibited some winter mantles which were "perfectly lovely."

When she returned she took the arm, which seemed to be half grudgingly proffered, and sobbed: "You—you don't even lo-look at anything I want you to—to see; you do-don't care how I am dressed. You no longer lo-love me. You haven't even er—kissed me for a whole day, and you——"

"I am extremely sorry, madam, but that is my misfortune, not my fault," said the gentleman, looking pathetically down into her face. She looked at him and gasped. She had taken the arm of the wrong man!

* * * * *

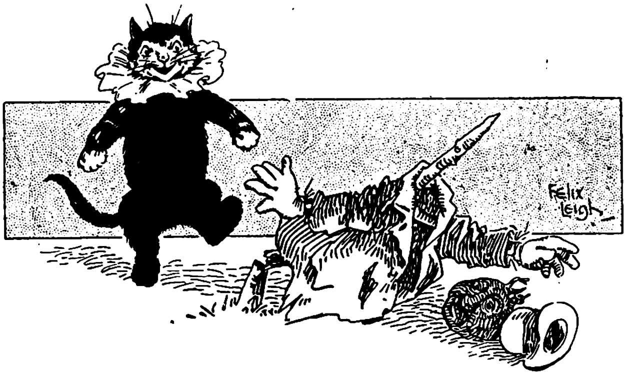
THOSE "OFF" DAYS.

There are days when every single thing you try to do goes wrong;
You cannot even twist your necktie right;
You cannot get your hair to part exactly as it should;
Your breakfast will not coax up an appetite;
Every finger that you have seems to be made into a thumb;
Your brain cannot be brought around to think.
And everything you try to do goes just the other way—
And then you stick your pastebrush in the ink!

There are days that come to all of us when matters take a twist;
The very morning paper makes us mad;
We do not like the way the sun comes slinking from the east;
We vow our luck's the worst we ever had;
The man we want to pleasantly impress does not appear—
Instead there comes some one from whom we shrink;
And, taken altogether, life is such a hollow thing—
'Tis then you stick your pastebrush in the ink!

* * * * *

It is a noticeable fact that the melancholy individual, who maintains that life is not worth living, always wears a chest protector and goloshes.



THE FALLEN SCARECROW.

"Hooray!" cried Toby Black-and-tab,
A jolly little cat.
"The wind has blown the scarecrow down,
And I am glad of that.

"This ugly, turnip-headed thing
I've often longed to scratch,
It frightened all the birds away,
And left me none to *catch!*"

"Did you ever think what you would do if you had Vanderbilt's income?"

"Well, no; but we have often wondered what Vanderbilt would do if he had our income."

* *

"Here, waiter, what d'you mean by bringing me stuff like this, I should like to know? Just fetch the proprietor; I want to show it to him."

"Very sorry, sir; yer can't see 'im jus' now—'e's out for lunch."

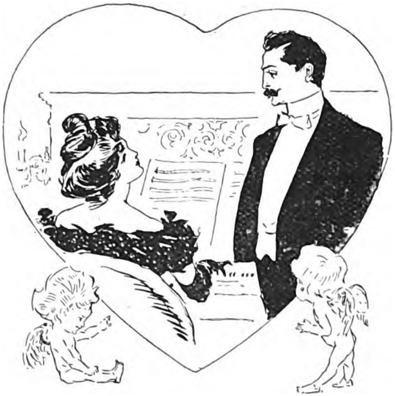
* * *

DOCTOR: "Did you follow my advice and count until you fell asleep?"

PATIENT: "I counted up to eighteen thousand."

DOCTOR: "And then you fell asleep?"

PATIENT: "No; then it was time to get up."



"Bessie," said the brother to the sister, "I have taken a fancy to a girl with whom I am but slightly acquainted, and I would like to know what her faults are. How can I find out?"

"Praise her to her girl friends," replied Bessie.

"Where are you going?" asked Jones of Bob Slyck, as they met near the station on Thursday.

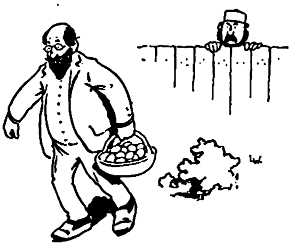
"I'm going off for a day or so," replied Bob, who was carrying a bag.

"What's up?"

"Nothing, except to-morrow is my birthday, and the young lady to whom I am engaged is going to call at the house to congratulate me, and make me some little present. I don't care to be there when she calls."

"I don't understand you, Slyck. If I was engaged to a young lady, and she was going to call and see me, on my birthday, I should be the happiest man in town."

"Yes, but two others are going to call also; all three of them propose to call on me, if I am there, don't you understand?" and he hurried into the station, to catch the three o'clock train.



Jones: "Are you troubled with your neighbour's fowls in the garden?"

Smith: "No. They are kept shut up now. Every night I hid some eggs among the shrubs, and every morning when my neighbour was looking I went out and brought them in."

MAMMA: "What is the matter, Willie? Didn't you have a good time at the party?"

WILLIE: "No."

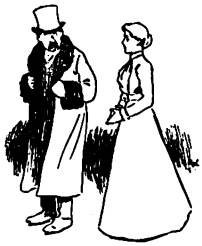
MAMMA: "Didn't you get enough to eat?"

WILLIE: "Yes; but I didn't get too much."

* * * *

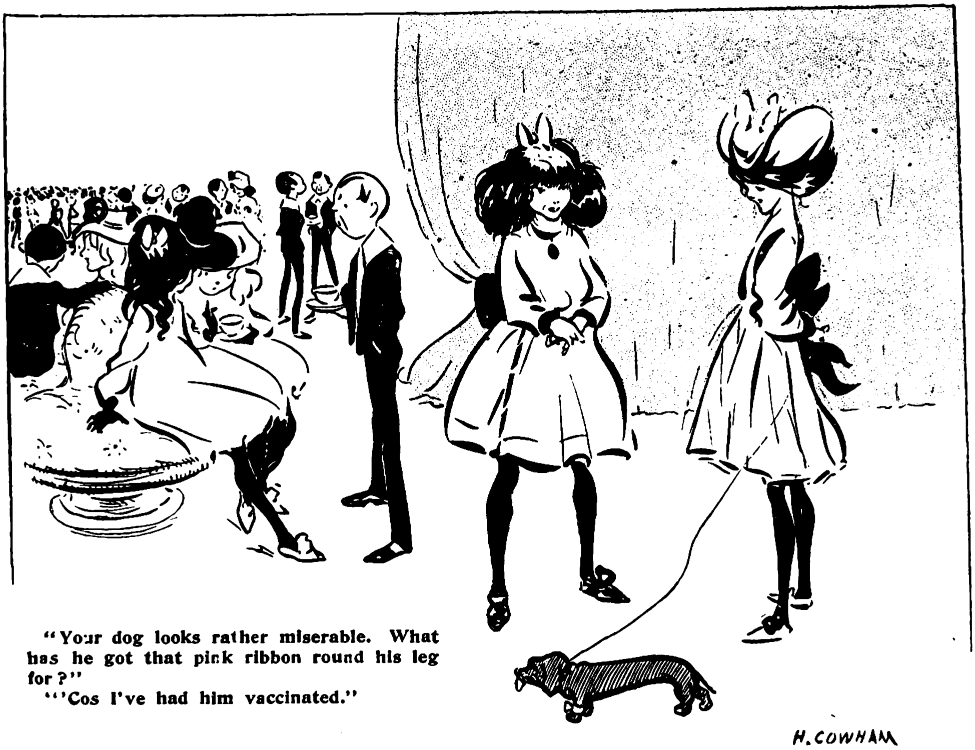
ANGELA (to whom Edgar has been proposing): "Tell me, Edgar. Did you ever say anything like this to any woman before?"

EDGAR (in a burst of honesty): "My dear girl, do you think that it could be done like that the first time."



"Why is it, Paul, that you never stay at home in the evenings?"

"Force of habit, my dear. Habit I contracted when I was courting you."



"Your dog looks rather miserable. What has he got that pink ribbon round his leg for?"
"'Cos I've had him vaccinated."

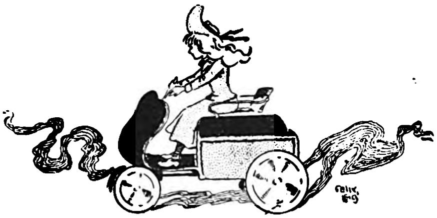
Mrs. McLubberty: "Here's some pills, Murty, thot Mrs. Hogan was afther sindin' over for yez. She say's dhey'll aither kill or cure yez."

McLubberty (who is ill): "Begorra, did she say which dhey would do foorst?"

* * * * *

A MOTOR RIDE.

Little Miss Motorley went
For a ride on a fine summer day;
Little Miss Motorley's car
With Miss Motorley soon ran away.



Little Miss Motorley rushed
Through the hedge, and I beg you to note
That a spill in the ditch was the end
Of little Miss Motorley's "mote"!

* * * * *

Father: "That cat made an awful noise in the back garden last night."

Arnold: "Yes, sir. I suppose that since he ate the canary he thinks he can sing."

Pa: "Have you seen with the microscope all the little animals that are in the water?"

Tommy: "Yes, papa, I saw them. Are they in the water we drink?"

"Certainly, my child."

"Now I know what makes the singing in the kettle when the water begins to boil."

* * * * *

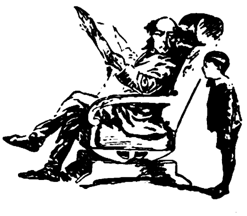
Aftermath.

Hospital Surgeon: "Where to now?"

Ambulance Driver: "I am going back after the people I ran over while coming in with the last patient."

* * *

A man never realises how much waiting can be done in an hour until he waits outside for his wife, who has stepped into a shop "just for a minute."



Willie: "Papa, what is the rest of the quotation—'Man proposes and——?'"
Mr. Henpeck (sadly): "Woman seldom refuses."

Mrs. Watts: "Mary Ann, these banisters seems always dirty. I was at Mrs. Johnson's to-day, and her stair-rails are as clean and smooth as glass."

Mary Ann: "Yis, mum, she has three small boys!"

* * * *

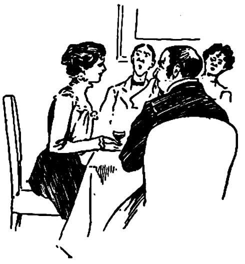
Tubbs (recounting his experience at a musical party a few evenings previous): "They did not even ask me to sing."

Miss Whiteley (placidly): "You've sung there before, haven't you?"

"Yes, once. Why?"

"Oh, nothing!"

* * * *



A doctor's wife, who was bored with visitors, remarked to her husband at a table where a number of self-invited guests were seated: "My dear, I was afraid the children would get hold of that leg you brought home from the dissecting room last night, so I brought it downstairs with me. That's it wrapped up in a towel on the side-board." She dines alone now.

Scene.—A Wedding Breakfast: Mr. Muddlehead (who has been asked to propose the health of the bridesmaids) thinks he sees an opportunity to distinguish himself in his character of would-be wit; "In conclusion, ladies and gentlemen, allow me to express the fervent hope that the charming sisters of the blushing bride, the Misses Green, may be evergreen." (Great laughter and applause, and Mr. M. sits down a happier though not a wiser man.)

* * * *

I'M ONLY A BOY.

I am only a boy, with a heart light and free,
I am brimming with mischief, and frolic and glee;
I dance with delight, and I whistle and sing,
And you think such a boy never cares for a thing.

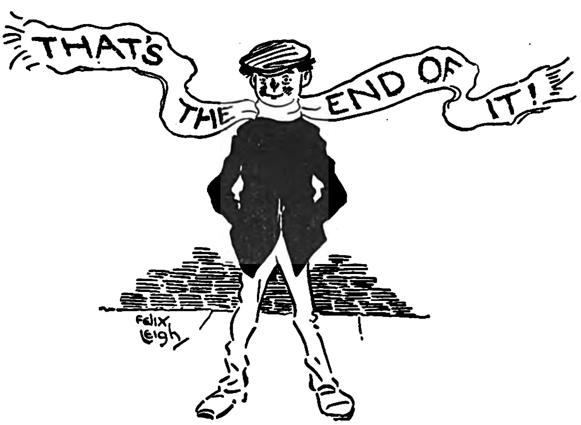
Now oft when I've worked hard at piling the wood,
Have done all my errands and tried to be good,
I think I might then have a rest or a play;
But how shall I manage? Can anyone say?

If I run, someone says: "Now, don't get in a heat!"
If I go to the house, it is "Mercy, what feet!"
If I take a seat, 'tis: "Here, give me that chair!"
If I lounge by the window, 'tis: "Don't loiter there!"

If I ask a few questions, 'tis: "Don't bother me!"
Or else: "Such a torment I never did see!"
I am scolded or cuffed if I make the least noise,
Till I think in this wide world there's no place for boys.

At school they are shocked if I want a good play;
At home or at church I am so in the way;
And it's hard, for I don't see that boys are to blame,
And most boys, too, will just say the same.

Of course, a boy can't know as much as a man,
But we try to do right just as hard as we can;
Have some patience, grown people, though oft we annoy,
For the best man on earth once was "Only a Boy."


THAT'S THE END OF IT!
Felix Leigh

Medical Advice. — "You have a severe case of indigestion," said the physician to his new patient, "You should be very careful to eat only warm food, as it promotes the flow of gastric juice. Avoid iced drinks, and that sort of thing. I'm afraid you aren't sufficiently careful about taking hot meals. In the hurry of business, people frequently devour cold lunches in the middle of the day. That's where they make a mistake.

"Try to avoid that indigestion," he went on, "even if you have to neglect your office duties a little. May I inquire, sir, what your employment is?"

"I'm a fire-eater at the Universal Music Hall," was the reply.

* * * * *

A little girl, after noticing for some time the glittering gold stopping in her aunt's front teeth, exclaimed:

"Aunt Mary, I wish I had copper-toed teeth like yours."

* * *

The bachelor's refrain—a lass.

The maiden's refrain — ah, men.

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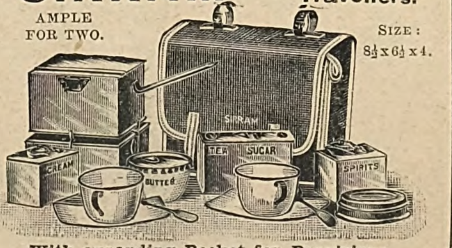

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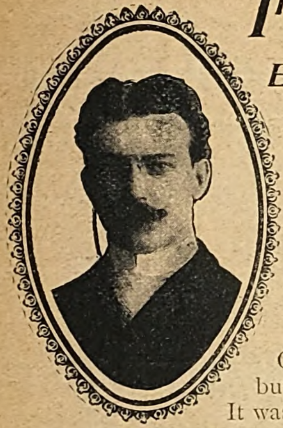

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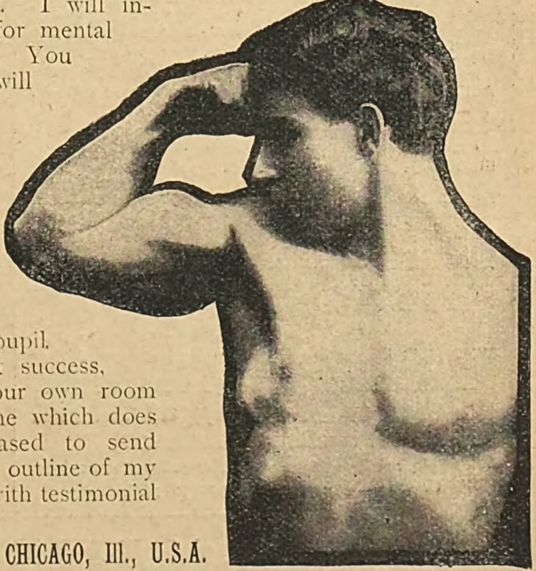

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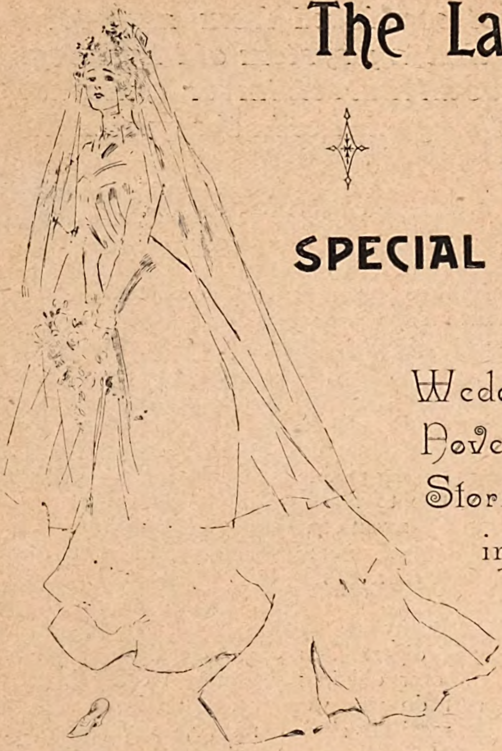

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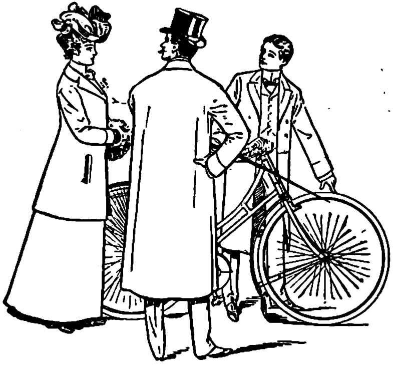

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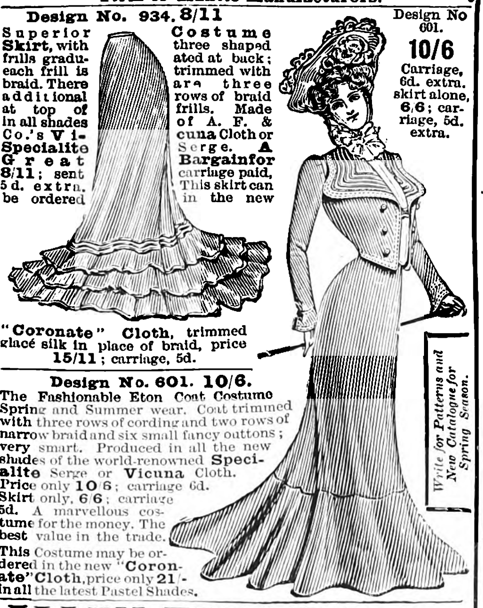

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Whereas, it being a matter of common knowledge that numbers of the King's loyal subjects are, at this time, suffering from divers complaints and disorders, and that, unless steps are taken to combat and cure these ailments,
CROWDS OF PEOPLE will be prevented, by reason of indisposition, from taking part in the Coronation ceremonials and festivities.

Now Therefore this notice is issued in order that all persons suffering from Biliousness, Sick-Headache, Impaired Digestion, Liver or Kidney troubles may not omit, wisely and in time, to profit by that most excellent remedy—BEECHAM'S PILLS. The benefits to be derived from a course of Beecham's Pills cannot be over-estimated, and the extraordinary success which this unrivalled medicine has everywhere achieved for upwards of fifty-seven years is proof positive of the worth of these pills.

And Furthermore it cannot be too well known and remembered that BEECHAM'S PILLS not only give relief, but when persevered with effect a complete and permanent cure in cases of the diseases above referred to. They also, when taken on the first appearance of disagreeable symptoms, prevent the said complaints from arising. Let no one, therefore, be without a box of BEECHAM'S PILLS in the bedroom, the pocket, or the travelling bag.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

BODLEIAN
16 5 1902
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THE KEY-NOTE OF CREATION—CHANGE!

Behold, we know not anything; I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to All.—Tennyson.

"Tell me what you LIKE, and I'll tell you what you ARE."—*Ruskin.*

TEACH DISCIPLINE, SELF-DENIAL; make ITS PRACTICE PLEASURABLE and you CREATE for the World A DESTINY more SUBLIME than EVER ISSUED from the brain of the WILDEST DREAMER. A SUNNY HOLIDAY.—WISDOM, HEALTH, LONGEVITY, and PROSPERITY.

WHAT HIGHER AIM CAN MAN ATTAIN,
THAN CONQUEST OVER HUMAN PAIN?

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

is Health-giving, Purifying, Soothing, Cooling, Refreshing and Invigorating, and will be found a Natural, Simple and Effective Remedy for

All Functional Derangements of the Liver, Temporary Congestion arising from Alcoholic Beverages, Errors in Diet, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Vomiting, Heartburn, Sourness of the Stomach, Constipation, Thirst, Skin Eruptions, Boils, Feverish Cold with High Temperature and Quick Pulse, Influenza, Throat Affections, and Fevers of all kinds.

FIFTEEN YEARS' EXPERIENCE.—"You may be interested to know that I have used 'FRUIT SALT' for more than fifteen years, and it is the only medicine I need. It was ordered for me by a most eminent Physician, and I have recommended it to very many from time to time.—Yours faithfully, (Signed) Rev. —— (September 20, 1900)."

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CAUTION.—Examine the bottle and Capsule and see that they are marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' otherwise you have been imposed upon by a WORTHLESS imitation.

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, London, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S Patent.

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THAT OLD GARMENT WON'T DO.

Now is the time to appear Smart and Well-dressed.

JOHN NOBLE Ltd.,

SUPPLY DIRECT TO THE WEARER

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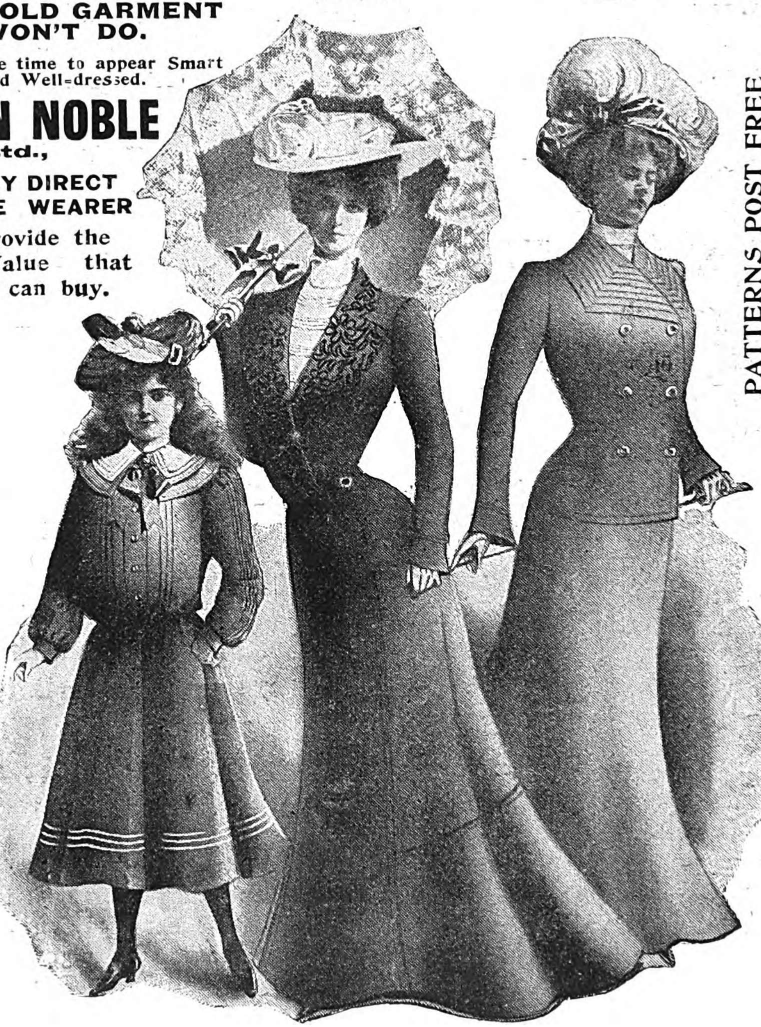

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A FULL DRESS LENGTH

of either cloth (6yd. 52in. wide) for 7/6; carriage, 8d.
COLOURS: Black, Navy, Brown, Myrtle, Fawn, Grey, and Royal Blue.

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Child's Sailor Dress in **J. N. Serge** or **Coating**, trimmed Russian Braid. Collar in Crimson and Cream.

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21	24	27	30	33	36 ins.
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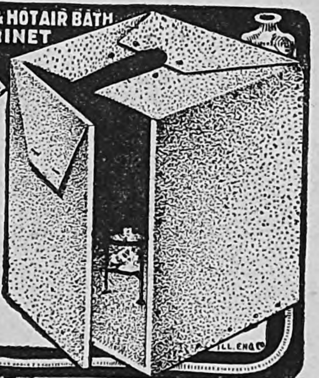

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Don't waste your money buying a CUCKOO CLOCK. If you want a CLOCK that will equal for time any CUCKOO CLOCK made, send us your name and address at once and agree to sell one of our "Coronation" Watches.

We send you the watch at once on sale or return, simply on receipt of your word.

If you do not find it the greatest watch bargain ever offered, and superior to those sold at 20s. each by others as

SOLID 9ct. GOLD,

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OETZMANN & Co.,

HAMPSTEAD ROAD, W.

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SPECIAL OFFER of the WHOLE of the LONDON STOCK of Messrs. JENKINS & TIMM, of Sheffield,

Silversmiths and Electro-Plate Manufacturers,

TOGETHER WITH THE

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Amongst the Stocks offered are

	Usual Price.	Offered at.
160 doz. Fiddle and Old English pattern Table Forks	35/- doz ...	**16/6** doz.
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200 doz. Fiddle and Old English pattern Dessert Forks	26/- ,, ...	**12/6** ,,
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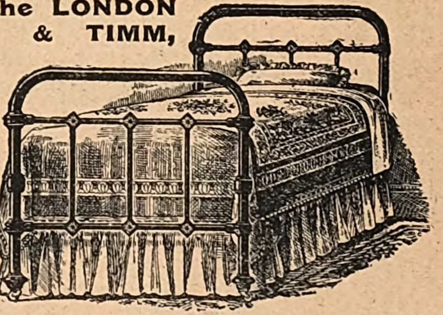
78 doz. Fiddle and Old English pattern Tea Spoons ...	15/- ,, ...	**6/6** ,,
21 doz. Fiddle and Old English pattern Egg, Mustard, and Salt Spoons	17/6 ,, ...	**8/6** ,,
30 Gravy Spoons	6/6 each ...	**3/-** each
38 pairs Sugar Tongs	2/9 pair ...	**1/3** pair
52 Sauce Ladles	3/- each ...	**1/6** each

The stock also includes Fish Knives and Forks, Dessert Knives and Forks, Meat Carvers, Table Cruets, Entrée Dishes, Hot Water, Breakfast Dishes, &c., and all of the best qualities, heavily silver plated on hard white Nickel Silver.



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3ft. wide by 6ft. 6in. long,	**21/-**	**4/6** extra.
3ft. 6in. wide	**27/6**	**5/6** ,,
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have stood the test of public opinion for 10 years against all comers. No finer pen can be made than our

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This pen has an under-feed and a gold strip rivetted on to back of nib (14-carat), which ensures an absolutely regular supply of ink. Send a steel nib that you use, with postal orders for **16/6**, and we will guarantee to suit you or refund money in full.

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Infants fed on the "ALLENBURYS" FOODS are saved from many of the digestive troubles and other disorders so common to hand-fed infants. *Write for Pamphlet.*

MILK FOOD No. 1.	MILK FOOD No. 2.	MALTED FOOD No. 3.
From birth to three months.	From three to six months.	From six months and upwards.

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Highest grade Cycles, fully warranted.
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6 **ELECTRO SILVER-PLATED TEA-SPOONS and 1 Sugar Tong** . . .	4/-	Post Free.
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Send P.O. for 1/- and either of above will be sent on Approval Post Free, and remit balance upon receipt of goods. If not entirely satisfied, return goods, and deposit will be returned in full.
PRICE LIST POST FREE.
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is especially suitable for **INFANTS**, however young, who are
DEPRIVED OF MOTHER'S MILK,
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MOST EASILY DIGESTED and
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SOLD IN 16-oz. TINS, 1s.

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NON-MERCURIAL.
Sold in Boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. each, by Chemists, Grocers, Ironmongers, &c.

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That word **"EXPRESS"** on the dial of a watch is a guarantee that it is **Pure**

BRITISH Manufacture throughout and **NOT** a foreign-made movement in English Cases.

TERMS. Send **5s.** and the watch will be forwarded to you. If satisfied, complete the purchase in nine more monthly payments of the same amount; or, HANDSOME BONUS PRESENT for full cash payment. If the watch fails to meet with your approval, return it, and your deposit will be refunded.

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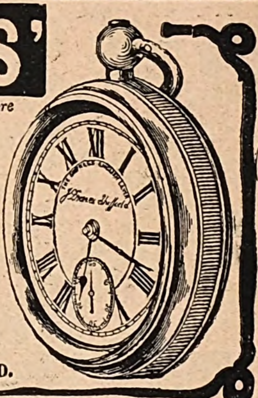

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It quickly changes gray or white hair to its natural colour. A perfect hair dressing, delicately perfumed. It is not an experiment, but has been in use for over sixty years throughout the civilised world.
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Completely conquered, controlled, and eradicated, without restraint, at patient's own home by "TACQUARU" Specific Treatment (Turvey's Method). Testimonials received from officials of LONDON DIOCESAN BRANCH OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND TEMPERANCE SOCIETY. "TRUTH," November 21st, referring to our advertisement, says:—"The Advertiser is able to adduce definite evidence that his method has had really good results." Write in confidence, or call—**The Medical Superintendent, "TACQUARU" Co., 116, Amberley House, Norfolk Street, Strand, London, W.C.**

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THE QUEEN'S ROYAL HEARTH-RUGS (*Registered*), 6ft. by 3ft., each. **2/-** Postage 6d. extra.

SPECIAL OFFER—3 for **5/9**, 6 for **11/3**, 12 for **22/-**

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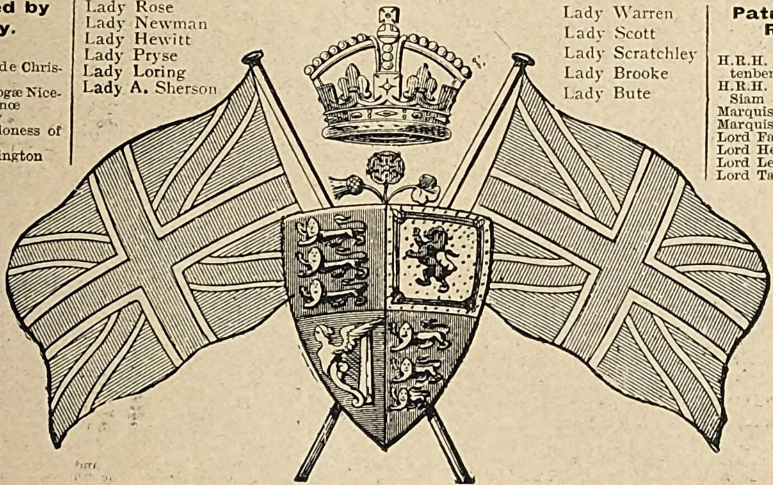

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Trade Mark on all Goods. Beware of Imitations.

ADMITTEDLY the CHEAPEST in the WORLD.

Woven without seam. Altogether superior quality, with handsome border to correspond. A marvel for excellence and beauty. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Testimonials received, giving the highest satisfaction. When ordering, please mention if for Bed, Dining, Drawing, or Sitting Room, and any particular colour preferred.

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6 ft. by 6 ft. ...	**4/11**
6 ft. by 7½ft. ...	**6/-**
6 ft. by 9 ft. ...	**7/6**
8 ft. by 9 ft. ...	**9/-**
6 ft. by 12 ft. ...	**10/6**
9 ft. by 9 ft. ...	**11/-**
9 ft. by 10½ft. ...	**13/6**
9 ft. by 12 ft. ...	**15/-**
9 ft. by 13½ft. ...	**16/6**
10½ft. by 12 ft. ...	**18/-**
9 ft. by 15 ft. ...	**19/6**
12 ft. by 12 ft. ...	**21/-**
12 ft. by 13½ft. ...	**22/-**
12 ft. by 15 ft. ...	**25/6**
12 ft. by 18 ft. ...	**30/-**
12 ft. by 21 ft. ...	**35/6**

Black Mount, Tyndrum, N.B November 24th.
Lord Breadalbane writes:—"Will feel obliged by Mr. Hodgson sending to above address two more of the 'Queen's Royal' Carpets, 9ft. by 10½ ft. Cheque £2 1s. 6d. enclosed."

COLOSSAL SALE OF RICH VELVET PILE

REAL BRUSSELS CARPETS.

Extraordinarily Heavy, very best Quality, Newest and Choicest Designs. In Old Gold, Sultan, Terra-Cotta, Crimson, Sky, Navy, and the latest Colours. With handsome border to correspond. Guaranteed to wear for years, and give every satisfaction. The sizes and prices as follows (all ready for putting down):

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VELVET PILE BRUSSELS CARPET SQUARES.

4½ft. by 7 ft. ...	**11/-**
6 ft. by 9 ft. ...	**18/-**
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9 ft. by 9 ft. ...	**28/-**
9 ft. by 10½ft. ...	**33/-**
9ft. by 12 ft. ...	**38/-**
11ft. by 12 ft. ...	**47/-**
12ft. by 13½ft. ...	**59/-**
12ft. by 16 ft. ...	**69/-**
12ft. by 18 ft. ...	**77/-**

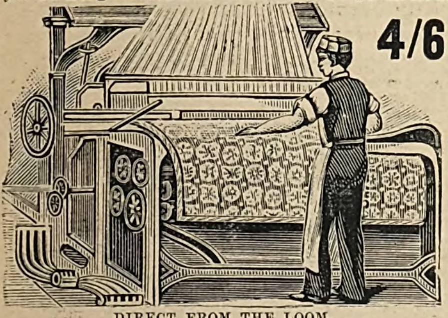
When ordering please mention if for Bed, Dining, Drawing, or Sitting Room, and any particular colour preferred.

Also **Rich Velvet Pile Stair Carpets,** bordered to match. 18in. wide, **1/8** per yard; 22½in. wide, **2/-** per yard; 27in. wide, **2/3** per yard.

Melville Castle, Lasswade, Midlothian, June 1st.
The Right Honourable the Viscountess Melville writes:—"I am very pleased with the 'Royal' Velvet Hearthrugs to hand, and would like four more Hearthrugs. Her ladyship would also like two Velvet Carpets at 39/-, one ditto 60/6, to match them. Cheque £8 14s. enclosed."

To readers of "The Royal Magazine," 1/6/1902, on receipt of Postal Order or stamps, value 4/6 (Regd.), we will send you the **Largest Genuine Reversible Carpet in Brussels Finish, with Rug,** ever sold at the Price, direct from the Looms to any address on receipt of amount. Suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, &c., bordered and woven in Brussels patterns, as an advertisement for our goods, thus saving any middle profit. Remember, these are woven, and are made of a material almost equal to wool. Thousands of these Carpets have been already sold at double these prices.

4/6



DIRECT FROM THE LOOM.
When ordering, please mention if for Bed, Dining, Drawing, or Sitting Room, and any particular colour preferred.

SPECIAL OFFER.—2 Carpets & 2 Rugs, 8s.

THE PRUDENTIAL

BRUSSELETTE CARPETS (Regd.)

Admittedly the Marvel of the Age.

Woven and Reversible, Rich Brussels and Turkey Patterns and Colourings superior quality, with handsome Border to match. A Marvel of Excellence and Beauty. These Carpets are superb imitations of real Brussels, and, except by the closest scrutiny, the difference cannot be detected.

REDUCED SALE PRICES.

6 ft. by 6 ft. ...	**2/11**	each.
6 ft. by 7½ft. ...	**3/11**	,,
6 ft. by 9 ft. ...	**4/9**	,,
7½ft. by 9 ft. ...	**5/11**	,,
9 ft. by 9 ft. ...	**7/6**	,,
9 ft. by 10½ft. ...	**8/6**	,,
9 ft. by 12 ft. ...	**9/6**	,,
10½ft. by 12 ft. ...	**11/6**	each
9 ft. by 15 ft. ...	**12/6**	,,
12 ft. by 12 ft. ...	**12/9**	,,
12 ft. by 13½ft. ...	**14/6**	,,
12 ft. by 15 ft. ...	**15/9**	,,
12 ft. by 18 ft. ...	**19/6**	,,
12 ft. by 21 ft. ...	**22/6**	,,

A PRUDENTIAL Brusselette Hearthrug (Regd.) **to match above Carpets sent for 1/6 extra, size 2yds. long and 1yd. wide. SPECIAL OFFER—3 Hearthrugs for 4/3, or 6 for 8/-. Sterling Value.**

Blairquhan, Maybole, N.B., August 3rd.
Lady Hunter Blair writes:—"Will Messrs. F. Hodgson & Sons send her another 'Prudential' Brusselette Carpet same as before, crimson and gold, dimensions 9 ft. by 10½ ft.? Cheque enclosed"

Stockton House, Godford St. Mary Wilts, January 24th, 1902.
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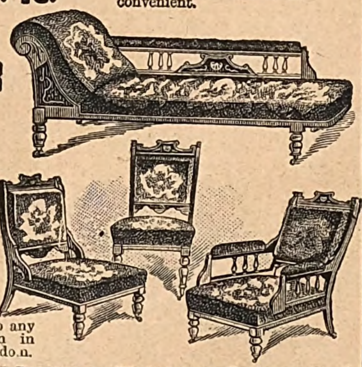

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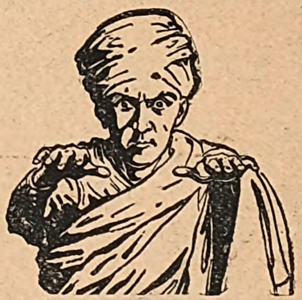

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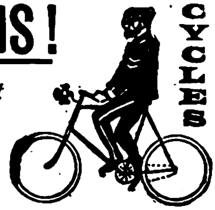

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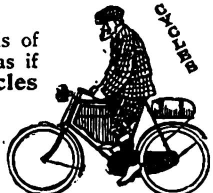

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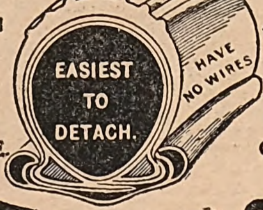

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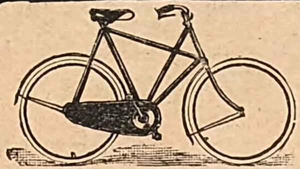

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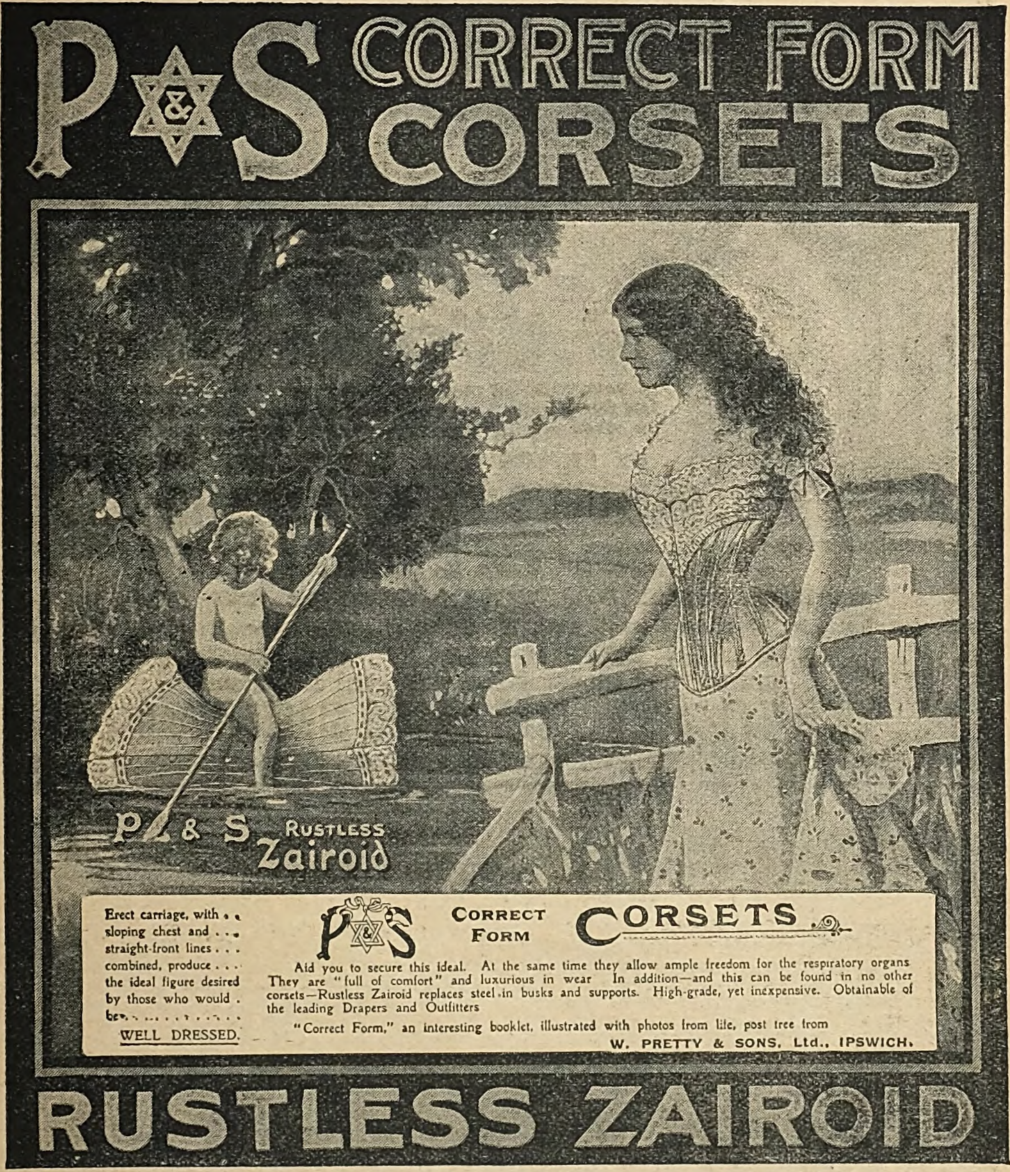

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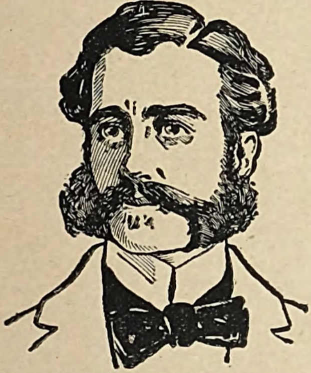

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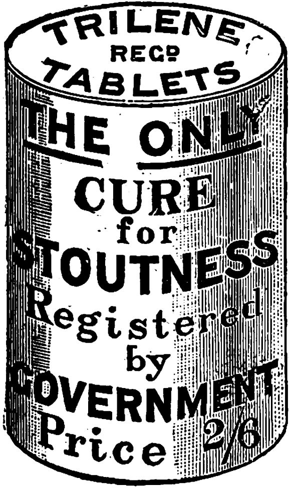

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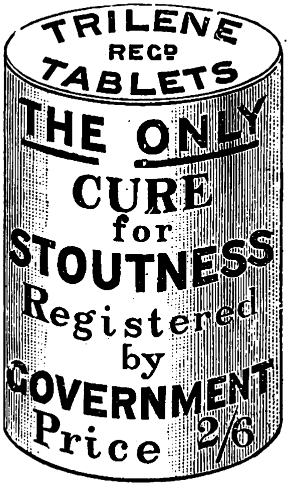

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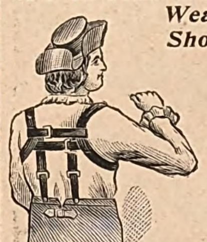

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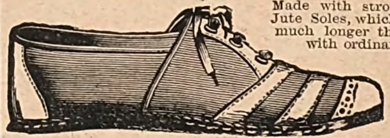

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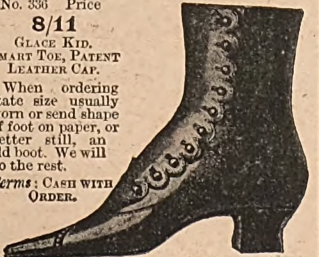

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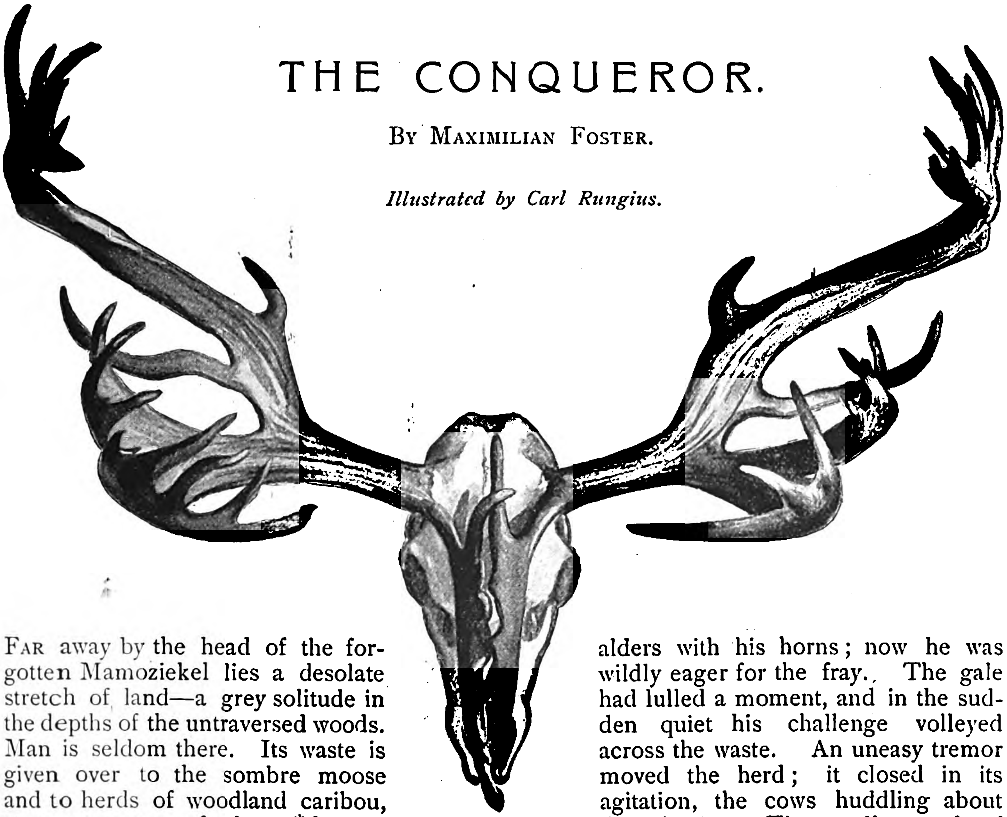


THE CONQUEROR.

By Maximilian Foster.

Illustrated by Carl Rungius.

Far away by the head of the forgotten Mamoziekel lies a desolate stretch of land—a grey solitude in the depths of the untraversed woods. Man is seldom there. Its waste is given over to the sombre moose and to herds of woodland caribou, stray voyagers of the wilderness who track in from the north and go unchallenged across its breadth.

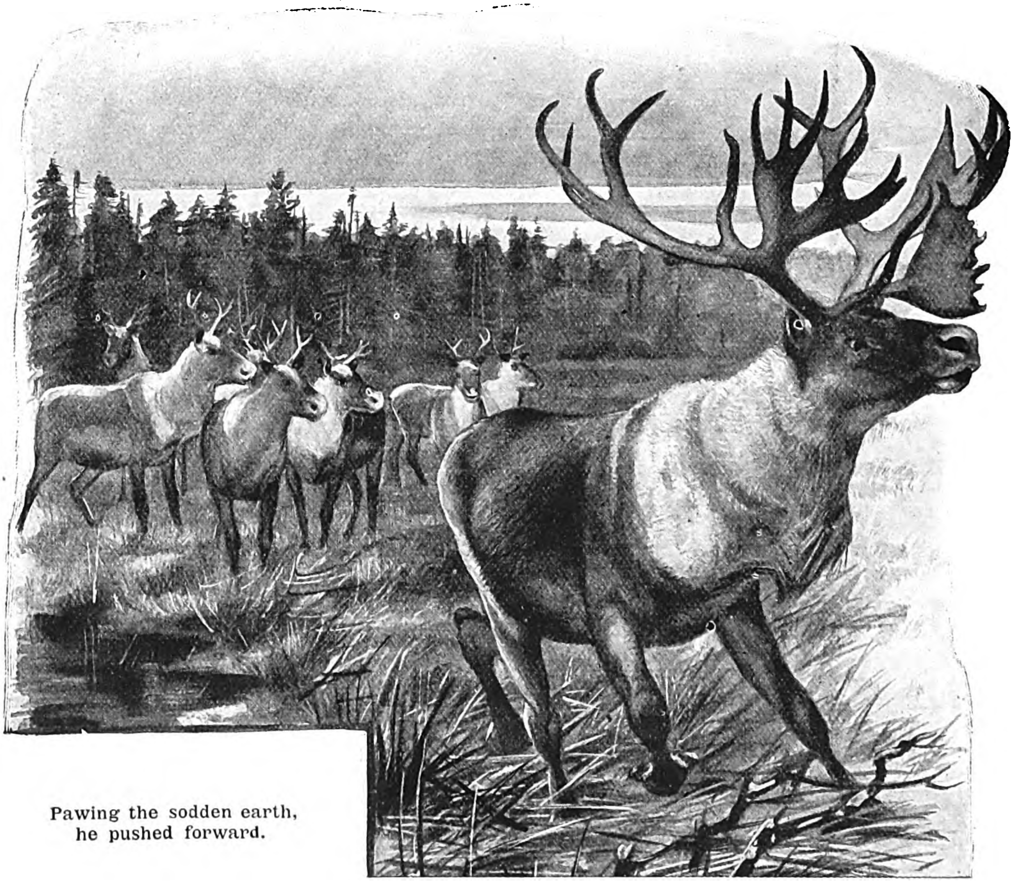
There came a wind from the north. It drew down the flank of the mountains, covering the landscape with a pall of flying vapour, roared a moment on the forest-edge, and swept across the waste. Night was falling. The last daylight glimmered in the west, and hastening clouds streaked the horizon in the van of the coming storm.

On the brink of the black pool at the centre of the waste stood a herd of caribou, their heads uplifted, staring. A moment before there had been peace—quietly feeding, they had straggled across the bog. But now battle was in the air. On the flank of the band stood the leading bull—a great, white-maned creature, grey on the flanks, whose crowning antlers upreared over the cows like a guarding weapon. Beyond him stood the challenger, once tolerated in the herd, but now bawling defiance at the leader. They were sire and son. Across the shoulders of each ran a broad white band, an unusual marking among the caribou.

All day the younger had been beating the alders with his horns; now he was wildly eager for the fray. The gale had lulled a moment, and in the sudden quiet his challenge volleyed across the waste. An uneasy tremor moved the herd; it closed in its agitation, the cows huddling about their leader. The swollen neck of the herding bull bristled. Snorting an answer, he breasted the cows aside, his call of war ringing clear across the gathering night. Pawing the sodden earth, he pushed forward. After years of mastery should his sway be now disputed?

Roaring, they crashed together. With a ringing stroke their antlers met, and, heads down, they wrestled across the mossy flooring of the bog. Their breaths whistled stridently, and the ground thudded beneath their quick-flying strokes. Night resounded with the clang of horn on horn. Nervously the cows looked on, or, again, in the lulls of the combat, stamped the bog. Sometimes they trotted to and fro along the flanks of the combat; sometimes they lowed their staccato complaint urging on the fighters.

Weakness fell upon the elder bull, long time master of the herd. He felt his power slipping from him. Conqueror in half a hundred battles, he was himself to taste the bitterness of defeat. Against his stout antagonist, whose thews and sinews were an inheritance from himself, his stand was short. His breath failed, and his voice gasped



Pawing the sodden earth,
he pushed forward.

in agony as it whistled from his lungs. The younger bull plied on with added fierceness, hurling his bulk against the swaying head—striking, stabbing as he would. Roaring in frenzy, the older bull upreared, wavered, and crashed backward as the other goaded him with piercing antlers. A moment he lay inert, then, tottering to his feet, he fled, his implacable enemy following, driving him from the place.

A sudden gust swept again across the waste, and the wind hummed among the alders like a sound of gales upon the sea. The cows had wandered on, and, with backs to the gusts, were feeding before the storm, indifferent now to the outcome of the fray. They had passed the pond hole, when across the bog came a rattle of hoofs clicking like a dancer's castanets. They threw up their heads and snuffed the air. Then they faced the storm, and out of the blinding rain-sheets came the conqueror, his neck still ruffled and his eyes still red from rage. He called once, they answered softly, and they were gone together—fleeting spectres vanishing into the gloom. It was but the way of Nature—the survival of the fittest.

* * * *

With the deepening of the snows, the battling rage of the bull died out. Yet he still held sway over the herd, leading it proudly from range to range. Their old leader was gone—exiled, an outcast. Together the band tracked the wilderness—here one day and gone the next, yet ever returning to the big waste of the Mamoziekel where the battle had been held. In broad daylight they kept to the open country, for their lord was not the usual caribou bull, who skulks halting through the bushes. His craft seemed infallible, his nose keen to detect danger in the wind. So he led bravely.

Through the long winter they hovered about the waste. Sometimes, after a heavy wind, they voyaged through the forest to feed on the lichens blown down with broken limbs and tree-tops, but in the deep snow their usual food was the moss on the big waste. In its centre were no drifts, and they pawed away the white covering and fed upon the food beneath. Still wind and weather told. Before the new year had come, their coats were growing streaky yellow, and the hair long and heavy.

The bull no longer wore his crest with pride. It seemed a useless burden. He faced the wind with a lowered head, and about the bases of his horns crept an itching soreness. As he straggled into the dismal, distorted depths of a cedar swamp, he struck his antlers against a tree, and one antler dropped to the ground. Then he forged along, lop-eared and lop-headed, a most dejected-looking royalty—for all like a tipsy princeling with coronet askew.

But a day later he revived; the other horn followed its mate, and relieving him of the uneven burden, he skipped across the waste at an eager pace, the snow flying in clouds under his cracking hoofs. The cows followed, and, working to the northward, he crossed the wooded valley, swung up over the ridges, and bore away to Nictau. Through the forest they kept their unbroken gait, their broad hoofs carrying them gallantly over the snow-drifts, and, at length, burst forth on the surface of the lake. The sun shone, the air was crisp and invigorating. Like kittens they gambolled up and down the broad expanse. At night they fed in the black swamp at the eastward, and with the rising of the moon, filed again across the ice, bound for a far away range on the headwaters of the Sisson branch.

The winter passed, and after all the wandering the herd returned once more to the big waste, and in a thick swamp just at its head cast themselves down to settle for the season.

Domestic affairs occupied their time. The bull's horns had just sprouted, when a heavy cow bore into the world a little awkward stranger. It was an uncouth little creature, indeed. Its feet seemed out of all proportion; it was knock-kneed and hardly bigger than a dog. The bull gazed at the calf—the clumsy, spindle-legged creature—and sniffed as if in scorn. But still the calf was big—a bull, and, like its sire, curiously marked with the band of white across its withers. It shuffled loosely to its knees as he bent over it, and the cow, reaching forth, steadied it with her head until it stood, with legs far apart, for the first time on its feet.

Seemingly, the calf gave little concern to the bull, for the surly leader had troubles of his own. His head was swollen about the roots of the growing horns, and all his attention was required to pick a painless way for himself through the forest arches; moreover, the flies had come with the first warm weather; life was hardly worth living when the flies grew attentive, and there was no peace outside a lake or a swamp. Two pads of velvet on the side of his head showed where the new antlers were sprouting, and as they pushed forth he scratched them delicately with the point of his hoof. They were sore—very sore, indeed—and he moved about in moody dignity.

When the weather grew warm in earnest and the calf was able to frisk about with his fellows, the herd's longing took them tripping from one lake to another. In the clear, cool water they swam and wallowed. Sometimes they fed on the water grasses, but their main food was still lichens.

During the day they clung to the heart of the deepest swamps, and at night tracked the shore of the black ponds. There was one mud-pit in an opening on the ridges which they often favoured, and here the bull, his cows and the calves, would wallow in pure delight. It was a grand life, and they waxed fat and happy.

One warm afternoon, just after the last snow had vanished from the hollows under the hills, the herd bore down the slopes of Bald Mountain, and swung away towards Bathurst. When they reached the plain the great bull paused and threw up his head. A faint breeze strayed about the valley, and, as a cross-current swept overhead, the bull caught a warning scent—the rank taint that betrayed the presence of a foe. He sniffed heavily, his nose wrinkling as he sought another gust, and was just tentatively stepping onward, when there was a resounding crash in the bush.

A black form hurled itself upon him. He saw the creature jump—a great hulk of fur—saw its distended jaws and horrid shape. One instant he stood appalled, then with a violent thrill he leaped aside. It was a bear, a lean, ravenous creature, not long from its winter den, and wild with hunger. As the bull jumped the bear shot by, missed its stroke, but by chance gashed a cow cruelly along the shoulder. She was a big one, an anomaly that boasted a small set of horns.

Bawling with fear, she wheeled and fled, a flap of skin hanging from her shoulder, and blood streaming along the brown fur. Crashing forward with frantic jumps the herd fled from the perilous neighbourhood, and once free from the peril, dropped into their swinging trot, while from the rear came the bear's long-drawn howl of disappointment.

As they clattered along the back-trail fresh disaster awaited. Beyond the spur of the ridge, they crossed down toward the lake, and were clattering along the game-trail at its edge, when the cows halted abruptly, spun about, and fled, the calves shambling at their heels. The bull stopped in wonder, he tried the air, and scented a strong, pungent odour —saw a wisp of blue smoke crawling over the tree-tops, and, for the first time in his life, beheld a man.

Cautiously he drew near, vainly trying for a scent. He saw the figure at the fire start up, and then a ripping crash thundered through the forest. The bull jumped. He did not know he had been fired on, and in mild curiosity skipped through the bush and circled the camp. There a sudden suspicion seized him; he plunged about, and in a long, swinging stride fled on the trail of the cows.

The cows and calves were ambling along the open path, still nervous with vague terrors. They had escaped so far, but what was in store? The bull took his place at their head, resolved that peace and quiet must be sought far away from here. As they dipped down over the crest of the ridge, and neared an abandoned beaver-meadow, he swung away, mindful of his horns, from under a leaning tree-trunk that had all the semblance of a windfall. But the cows kept straight on. Crash! The tree trunk fell thunderously, filling the silent forest with re-echoing noises. The bull leaped as if struck. Beneath the heavy tree lay the leading cow, her back broken, writhing in a last mortal effort. She had walked into the trap, sprung the trigger, and the trunk had slain her, as its builders had devised. They were the poachers in camp on the lake —bear hunters—and this was their method of baiting for Bruin.

The bull circled about the dying cow, powerless to aid. He sniffed the air and hung over his stricken mate, trotting to and fro with futile energy. A gust stirred the tree-tops, and, whirling along the ridge, breathed upon him. Snorting anew, he threw up his head and looked. He saw two figures running swiftly along the trail, saw them stoop and point forward, and once more the forest resounded with the rifle's deafening noise.

The herd broke and ran in every direction, leaving him there alone. Once more there was a loud report, a gush of flame—the man had fired and missed again. But as the lead stirred the hair on the bull's shoulders, he shook himself together from this mad fascination and fled away from the direful place, and left the cow heaving in convulsions of death upon the forest floor.

The herd was gone, and he was a wanderer alone. He followed to the north, searching far and wide. He tried the unknown wastes under the flank of Bald Mountain, searched the edge of the long ridges, and circled the headwaters of the Mamoziekel. But they were gone, he knew not where. Alone and weary, he kept up the days of hopeless pursuit, and felt the summer gradually slip by.

* * * * *

They told in the settlements of a caribou bull—a mighty straggler from the herds —bigger than any man had ever seen before. He was prowling along the great range westward of Nictau, and twice, they knew, he had been fired upon. Once blood had been drawn, but the men on the trail were no match in speed or stamina for this solitary one, and had given up the chase after weary miles, convinced that the wound was slight. His antlers were a marvel; they spread like the brown roots of a helmlock windfall, and down the centre of his nose ran a brow-palm, as big and broad, almost, as the shovel of a moose. Vainly they sought for a nearer shot; but his craft baffled them. At the first suggestion of danger he was gone, vanishing like a spectre.

Fear had taught its lesson to the big bull. He had renounced his first swaggering indifference, and now skulked and treaded as timorously as any creature of the wilds. He followed the wind keenly, and on the rising ridges looked over for possible foes before revealing himself. He no longer swam the ponds in daylight, and rarely moved except at night. But among the caribou he was still master. He fought wherever he went, and never ceased to search for the lost herd; but the snows came again and he had not found it. Sometimes he forgot his terrors and ran through the forest, pausing upon the ridges to roar a challenge or a call. But it was of no avail, and at last, in a sudden access of fury, he fell upon the leader of a passing herd, beat him down, and, victorious, thrust his companionship upon the cows.

Year after year he kept on; his rage was masterful. He harried and abused and drove from the hills the bulls that sought to withstand him. He rounded his cows about roughly, hectoring them at every turn. Every Spring he fell in a fury upon the yearlings, driving them from the herd. Perhaps he was in mind of how he himself had come into power over his own sire. In this warfare he wandered far from the wastes of the Mamoziekel, carrying dismay before him. Yet in his heart there was ever a longing, a desire to return and once more be with the lost herd, to go back to the place of his birth, as every caribou goes.

Years passed and he grew old; his horns had increased in size and strength while his vigour held, but now that age was coming he noted a difference. At last one autumn found him with diminishing weapons; still, he felt no relaxing of his ugly humours, no weakening of his might. He held his sway unchecked, and when other bulls came up against him, he forced the conflict to a swift and powerful climax.

His fear of men had become a second nature. He steered wide of ranges where he had heard the rifle speak doom to other caribou. Nor did he relax his vigilance, like the other bulls, when law forbids the shooting. He took no chances, and so survived. Then one day the fit to wander homeward fell upon him. He leaped to his feet, and roared. The cows arose, and, at the sound, another bull came challenging up the slope of the ridges. He was big, and the battle waxed furious. At its height, still another bull, an interloper, stole in and drove away the cows.

Thus, when the conflict ended, and the challenging bull had been driven crashing through the thickets, he again found himself alone. He stood for a while and called. But there was no answer, no clatter of the bush betokening their return. Darkness fell upon the forest, and turning his head southward, he sped away, homeward—back to the black headwaters of the Mamoziekel and the big wastes that still lay unchanged, to the forest where axe never sounded nor rifle spoke. Hope sprang high in his heart—the lost herd would be found.

* * * * *

Into this wild came, the day after, a man. He had followed the long valley of the stream that runs into Nictau, steering his course along the ridges that back up the southern slope of Bald Mountain. He pushed out upon the waste, and halted, studying the track that marked the black ooze of the quagmire. Presently he stooped, with wide eyes studying one great track that was punctuated with the hoof-marks of trafficking herds. The slot was big and broad, more than a hand's breadth across, and, with the twin dots of the accessory hoofs, almost as long. Rising, he sped along, studying the ground.

Overhead, a skim of dull vapour cast across the zenith, and the wind, moaning fitfully among the tall spires of the pines and spruce, betokened the approach of snow. Abruptly the man turned aside from the trail, plunged into the edge of the forest, and threw down his pack. Pushing aside the bush he crouched there, his rifle ready.

In a thicket farther up the bog lay the big bull. Here in this retreat he was nursing the wounds of battle—stiff and sore, and ugly.

A twig cracked on the hillside. His neck bristled, and he heaved himself to his feet. Across the open he saw a cow steal to the edge of the woods and peep forth. Another followed, then came a pair of skipping calves and two more cows, one a shoulder-scarred creature with small horns. A tremor seized him. He saw the familiar forms, the grey figures of old, the calves band-streaked across the withers—the lost herd! He pushed from the thicket, calling madly, and at the same moment another bull stepped into the open in the train of the advancing cows.

Across the shoulders of the newcomer was the same distinctive mark. His own memory went back to the day when this great, gallant creature was but a weakling come into the world in this same swamp. And now it had grown to this proud estate! Year after year it had clung to the herd. As a yearling it had been tolerated by the usurper who had found the stray herd when they lost their leader in the disaster of the trap. But with its second year and its first long spikes it had been browbeaten, pushed, and driven about.

Still, it kept by the same little family. Again, in the third year, it had fought and failed; but in the fourth it arose, mighty in strength, well armed and headed, and, falling upon the bullying lord of the herd, drove him forth, stricken and cowed.

At a sharp trot the band moved down the wind. Forward stepped the old bull. His head was uplifted with its still mighty crest, and there was a new fire in his eye. He gazed at the cows and at their leader. He stretched his throat and called anew, and, at the racketing call, they halted in their tracks.

The younger bull stopped—stamping. The hair on his neck ruffled. He spread his feet, and bellowed a challenge. Who was this come to dispute his sway? His petulant hoof pawed the earth, and gutturally he gave the call of war.

The sound rang down the waste, stirring

the man crouching in the thicket. At the challenge the old bull tossed his antlers. Before he had never hesitated; but now he did not rush in to battle. Old memories, perhaps, were in his mind, and in his heart peace. But the challenge was renewed; the other was advancing. With lowered head the younger bull stepped along, fire in his eyes.

They advanced, the old bull half temporising. He called plaintively, but the other took no notice of the appeal. Nearer he came—nearer and nearer, and the man, crouching in the thicket, cocked his rifle, waiting.

A sudden scurry of hoofs beat upon the bog. With a frenzied effort the younger bull burst upon the other. The big one fell back, unwilling for combat, but once more the young one charged. Startled, the old bull recoiled again, and the younger, breaking through his guard, stabbed him on the flank.

A pang ran through the old caribou's nerves, and a roar escaped him. He forgot all softer feelings, for his wrath was at last aroused. Once more the blood ran hotly through his veins, and he turned upon his antagonist, mad for the fight.

Their heads shocked together, and the forest threw back the sound in clattering echoes. The torn and trampled moss flew about and blood-streaked froth flecked the combatants' heaving shoulders. Again they lunged, the antlers locked—one striving for mastery, the other—knowing it—for life. Once the old bull was forced back upon his haunches, and was all but lost. By a mighty effort he writhed free and recovered. Then he whirled upon the other, and strove to beat down his crest. He was sublime, yet he failed, and terror choked him.

A flurry of snow sped across the bog, the first snow of the year; it wheeled across the landscape for an instant, blotting out the fray. The man crouching in the thicket drew a hand across his eyes, almost appalled at the fierceness of this strife. Slipping out upon the waste he crawled toward them.

The younger bull drew on. With unabated strength he beat and battered at the swaying antlers of his adversary. His rage was direful. The cows, trotting up and down the arena, called piteously, yet the strife went on. At last, with an overwhelming effort, the younger bull drove upon the other; he hunched his shoulders, struck with destroying force, and as the old bull staggered for an instant, half-reared, and turned aside, he struck still again another mighty blow. Down went the old bull, pierced to the vitals. He struggled once to his knees, turned with a despairing call to the cows, and died.

Back from the forest blew the wind, laden with a terrifying taint. One breath of it sent the cows streaming in every direction. But the conqueror gave no heed. He stood over the dead, lifted his crest, and gave the call. Blood and froth flecked his white mane; the steam hissed from his nostrils.

A moment's silence, then from down the bog streamed a spear of flame. The hills threw back the thundering echoes. Again a shot! High into the air leaped the conquering bull, and fell, in the throes of death, across the form of his sire.

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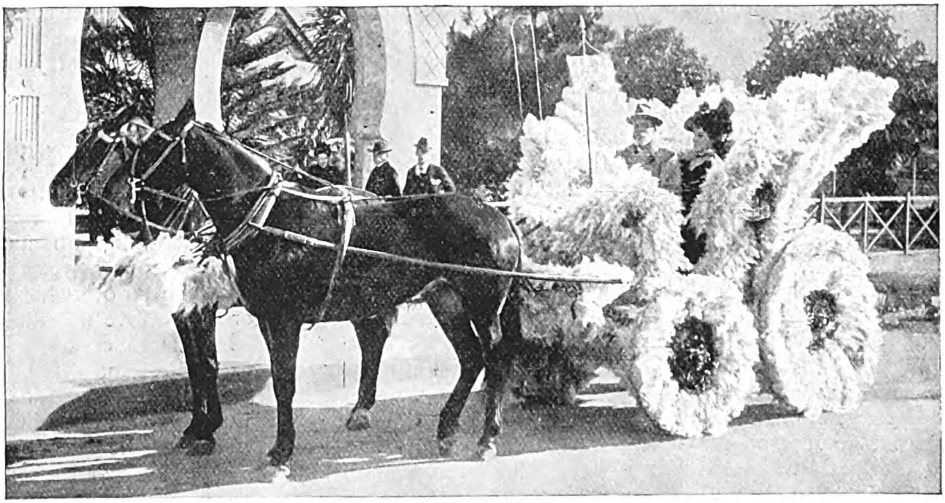
FEASTS OF FLOWERS



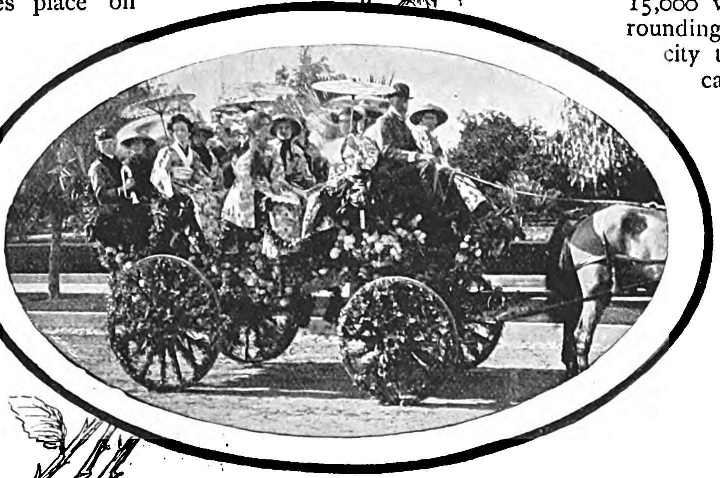
This carriage is covered with pampas grass, and took two ladies and three men a whole day to prepare.

The Floral Pageants of the Riviera Surpassed by California.

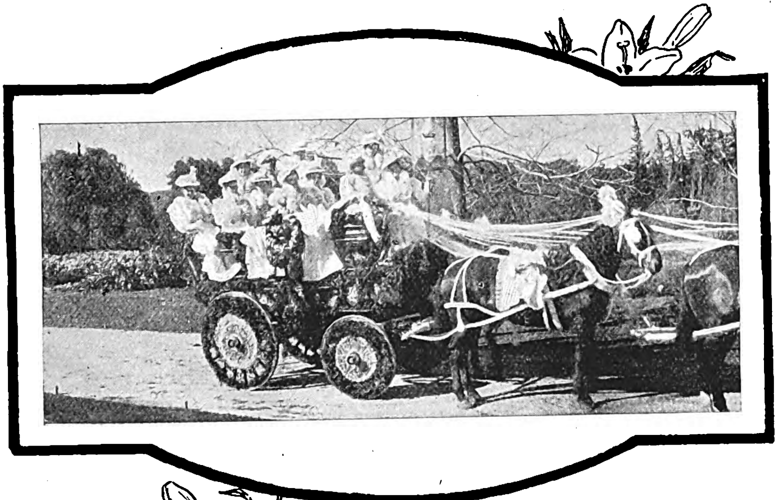
By Harold Shepstone.

THE floral fêtes of California have long surpassed in splendour the famous carnivals of Nice. One of the most interesting is the annual Tournament of Roses which takes place on the first day of January in Pasadena.

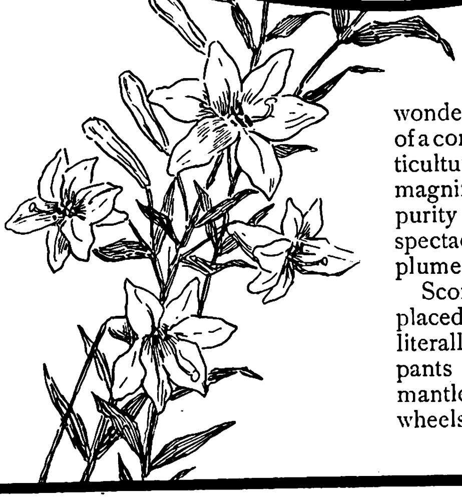
For thirteen years the first of January has been one of gaiety and mirth in this Pacific paradise. From 10,000 to 15,000 visitors from the surrounding towns pour into the city to witness the yearly carnival. It is a parade of six-horse coaches, pony equipages, carriages, equestrians and bicycles, beautifully and elaborately decorated with tens of thousands of flowers, many of them with designs representing some historic period or event. In addition to the festival the rose-scented air, the prodigious wealth of flowers



A brake, with the occupants all dressed in Japanese costumes, was the subject of much comment and admiration.



This six-in-hand took the first prize at the Pasedena floral fête.



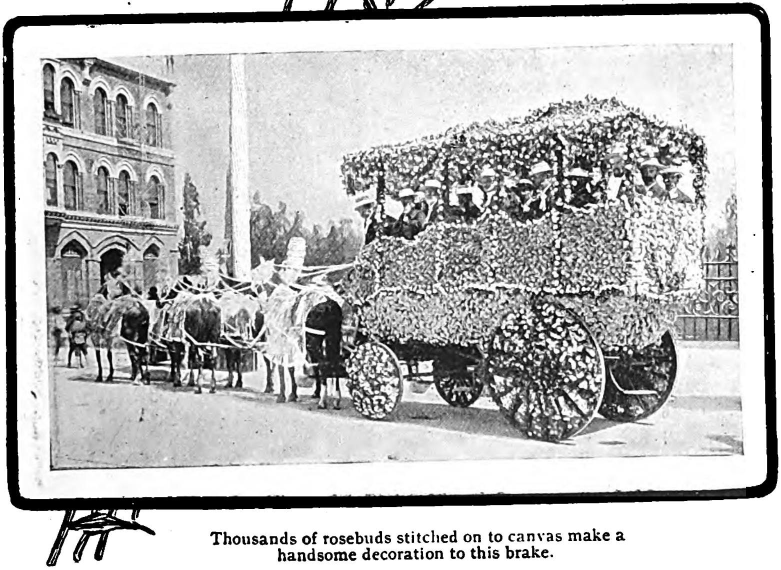
and fruit, the wide, spacious avenues, with their tastefully laid out gardens, make the trip to the city one not easily forgotten.

The carnival is under the control of the Tournament Association, a body composed of wealthy and influential business men of the town, who superintend and make the necessary arrangements for the great yearly event.

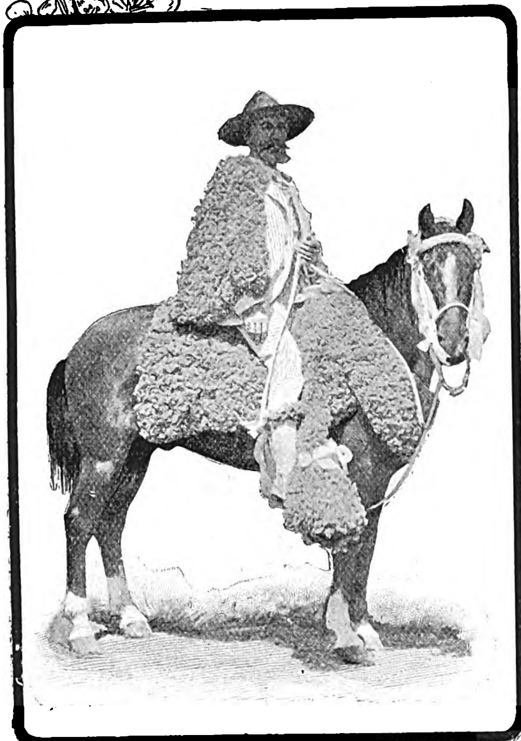
One vehicle decorated with pampas grass occupied the services of three men and two ladies the whole of one day before its decorations were complete. This plant is extensively cultivated in this part of the world. A pampas grass plantation is a wonderful sight. There is nothing of a corresponding character in horticulture that will equal in stately magnificence, in unblemished purity and grace, the imposing spectacle of a pampas field in full plume.

Scores of tall plumes were placed at the back of the carriage, literally enveloping its two occupants in an immense fleece-like mantle of waving plumes. The wheels were the next to receive attention. The axles were covered with smilax, making a charming relief. Dozens of plumes were cut to decorate the spokes, until the whole was one mass of white grass.

An artistically decorated brake earned much applause in a recent tournament. It was decorated with all kinds of flowers. But what attracted particular attention was the Oriental dress of



Thousands of rosebuds stitched on to canvas make a handsome decoration to this brake.



A ranchman with his saddle and cloak a mass of lovely flowers.

the occupants. The gentlemen wore bright-coloured gowns and Burmese hats. The ladies were attired in loose-fitting coloured garments drawn in at the waist with a sash. They wore no hats, their hair being freely decked with flowers.

In one hand they held their Japanese parasols, and in the other carried their fans. A youth, dressed in Chinese court costume, made a fitting footman behind.

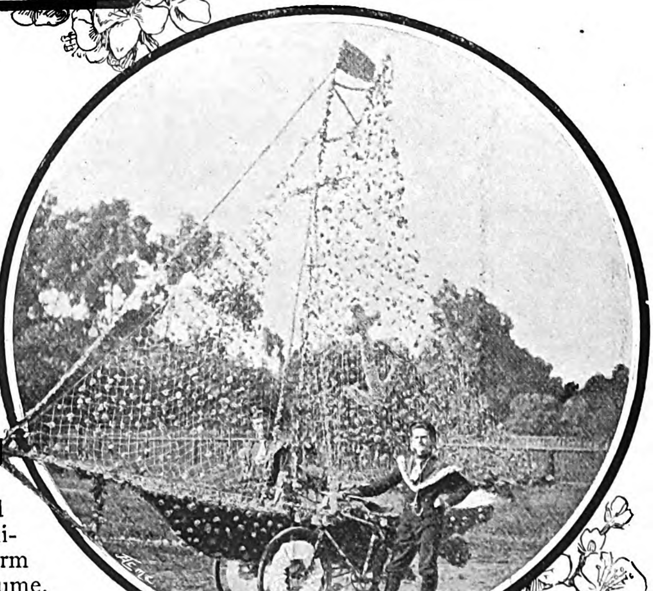
On the festive morn all the ladies of Pasadena turn out dressed completely in white. The magnificent climate and beautiful warm sunshine favours such a costume.

A six-in-hand was literally hidden from view under geraniums, carnations, and smilax. This equipage took first prize for the handsomest six-in-hand in the parade of 1897. Over 10,000 beautiful La France roses were picked to decorate one coach.

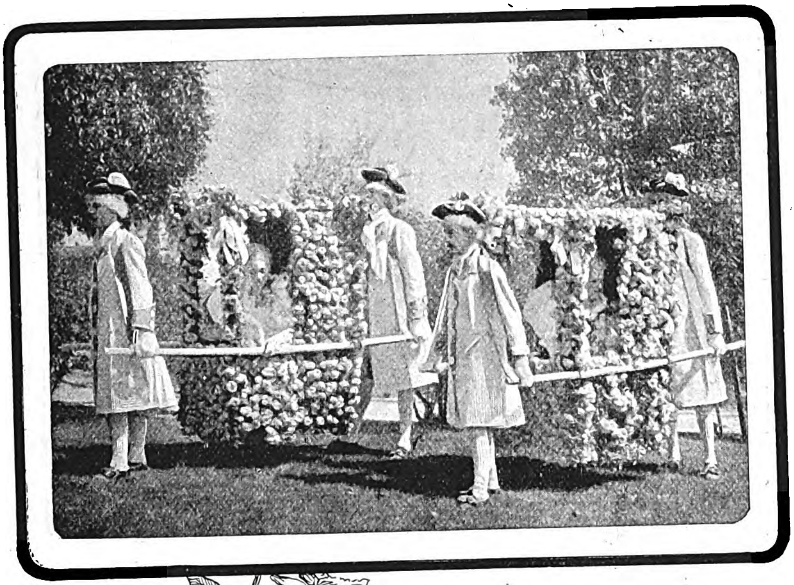
A heavy piece of duck canvas stretched around the vehicle, on which was stitched thousands and thousands of rosebuds. The effect was most charming. This coach, known as the Mount Lowe tally-ho coach, always presents a gay appearance on the first day of the year. The year before last beautiful calli lilies were the principal floral decoration. Even the ladies' parasols were covered with blooms of this glorious flower.

Many who have seen the floral festivals at Santa Barbara declare that for prettiness, beauty, and originality the carnivals of Nice must take second place. It cannot truthfully be said that the festival is an annual attraction, for Santa Barbara lacked this delightful pageant last year. But when the dwellers of this enchanted city decide to give themselves up to mirth and enjoyment, they enter into the spirit of the affair, and for four days the town presents an unusual spectacle. Its streets are covered with roses, and its vehicles are one mass of sweet-smelling flowers.

As in every other American floral pageant, there are numerous floats and decorated carriages, but it is



Two cycles supported a light wooden boat rigged with a gala of roses.



The sedan chairs, their fair occupants peeping out from amongst the floral hangings, were very striking.

the decidedly novel designs that make this particular festival so interesting. For instance, a ranchman, with cloak and saddle of rosebuds, was dressed entirely in white, while the reins were also of the same colour. No show would be complete without the bicycle, a bicycle ship being a fair representation of what the American cyclist is capable of doing at carnival time. In this instance two ordinary safety machines were coupled together by means of a light wooden boat, cleverly balanced between the two wheeled supports. The ship itself and its rigging were one mass of superb vari-coloured roses. The American flag, at the head of the mast, was also composed of roses of different hues, while the anchor was made of marguerites.

Perhaps one of the prettiest designs seen in a recent Santa Barbara festival was two sedan chairs. The pole-bearers were all dressed alike, and very striking they looked in their white powdered wigs and old-fashioned dress. The chairs were simply covered in roses, and as the fair occupants peeped out from among the prodigal wealth of beautiful rose blossoms they must indeed have looked liked fairies.

The pageant takes place about the middle of April. On the first of the following month, May Day is ushered in in many of the Californian cities in a manner hardly appreciated in this country. All the schools are closed and various exercises are given by the children in the public parks or squares. Golden Park, in San Francisco, presents a charming spectacle on the first day of May.

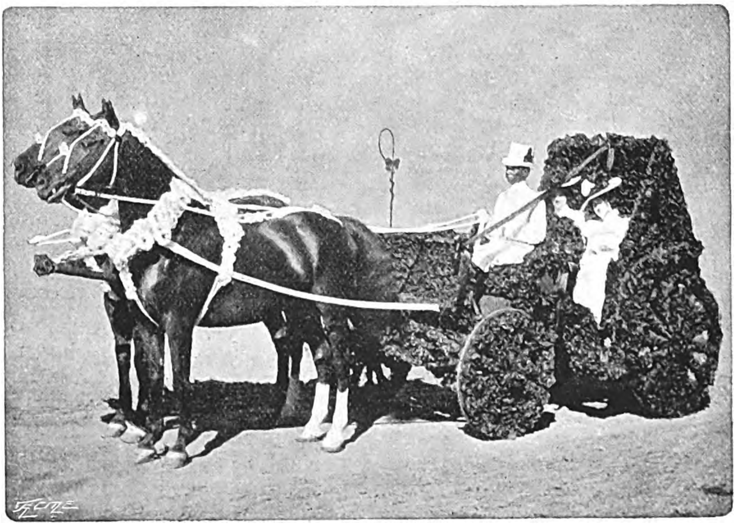
This beautiful black horse seems proud of its double burden and gay decorations.

Roses enough to stock a London florist's cover this carriage.

In the country towns the children ride to the scenes of festivity in decorated waggons and carts. For weeks before the eventful day the exercises are practised in the play-grounds, and on the festive occasion the little performers go through their drill with a grace and ease that always calls for applause on the part of the spectators.

No town on the east coast of America indulges in such gorgeous pageants as New Orleans. Indeed, the Mardi Gras festivities of the great "cotton city," as New Orleans is appropriately called, are unique. The carnival may be said to be composed of five distinct shows. Four of these take place at night and the other during the day. They are known as the processions of Nereus, Momus, Proteus, and Comus; these four magnificent pageants are to be seen in the gay town at night. The Rex procession is the only parade which may be witnessed during the day. It would be difficult, nay, unfair, to say which is the most popular of these processions. They are all as original in their get up as human intelligence can devise, the cars representing some popular theme, given in a manner that calls for the greatest admiration.

Altogether, over ninety marvellously decorated cars made up the five processions of



A gaily decorated carriage at a Kansas corn festival.

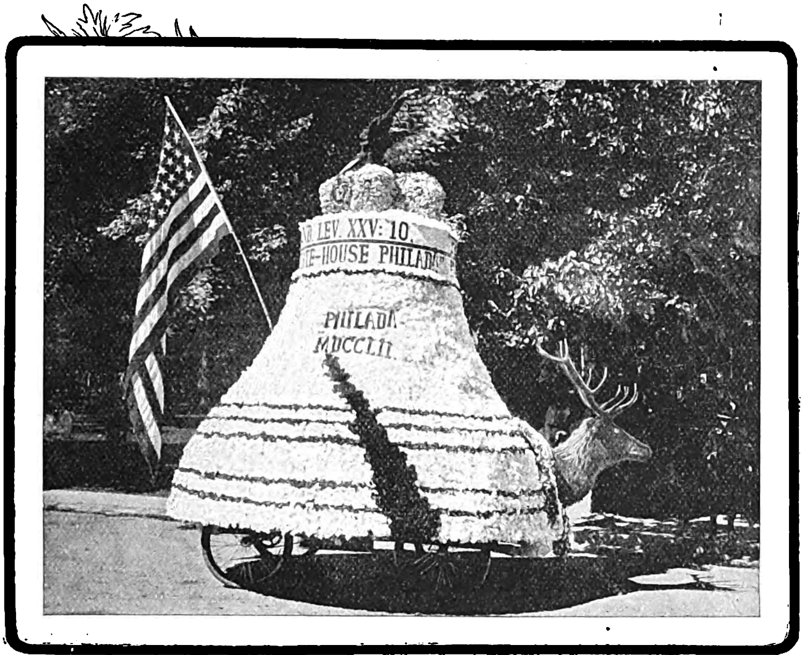


Photo by] [Hill & Tucker.

The so-called "Liberty Bell." It is covered with thousands of white sweet peas, the darker portions being geraniums.

last year. To refer to them here in anything like detail would take up too much space.

The King makes his entrance into the town in a unique, yet appropriate, fashion. Who he is few people know until he actually arrives. Occasionally, however, it is known beforehand who has been chosen by the secret organisations to represent the King, but more often than not no one knows his identity until his arrival on the day previous to the great carnival.

The first item in the Rex parade is a magnificent ox. A fine animal is chosen every year, and after having been carried round the town it is slain. The poor beast is accompanied by five attendants with their weapons flashing in the sunshine ready to do their deadly work after the procession is over.

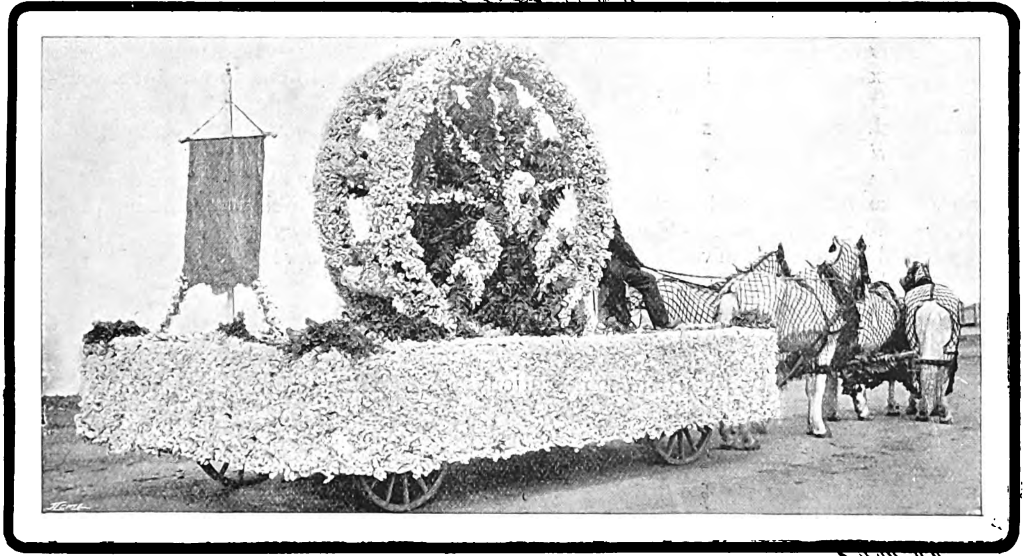
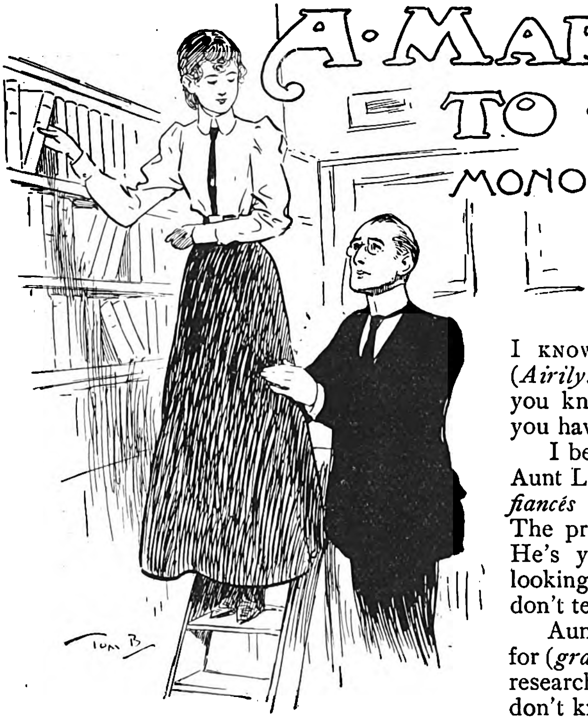


Photo by] [Hill.

A water wheel of flowers. Over forty thousand pink and white sweet peas have gone to the decoration of this marvellous car.



A MARTYR TO SCIENCE

MONOLOGUE.

By Albert Spencer.

I know I don't look scientific; but I am. (*Airily.*) Microbes and all that sort of thing, you know. They're awfully interesting—when you have a professor to explain them.

I began studying the subject when I was at Aunt Lucy's. The boys were away. The girls' *fiancés* lived close by, so they were always out. The professor was always in. (*Confidentially.*) He's young for a professor, and rather nice-looking; but (*impressively*) whatever you do, don't tell him I said so.

Aunt had placed the library at his disposal for (*grandiloquently*) the prosecution of scientific researches. He is very clever in his line. I don't know what his line *is* exactly; but (*waving her hand*) it's something to do with microscopes, and glass tubes, and jars of coloured waters that smell horribly. He used to put them on the window sill to air. (*With much amusement.*) *I* used to lean out of my window, with Uncle's fishing-rod, and knock them off, when I could reach them; but (*regretfully*) he took to putting them at the far end, unfortunately.

He was very quiet when I talked to him at first. In fact, he seemed rather frightened of me. (*Laughs.*) Just fancy! He told Aunt he never knew what I should say next. As if there were anything strange in that! Why, I don't know myself very often! However, he stared at me a great deal when he thought I wasn't looking. So I decided to persevere in—er—scientific researches. (*Explanatory.*) I didn't want to talk to him, of course, only I thought I would, because—(*pauses doubtfully*)—well, because I thought I *would*. You see, there really wasn't anyone else for him to talk to, and I was afraid he might be dull (*mournfully*), like I was.

So I went into the library one morning. He was writing like this (*pretends to scribble wildly*), and did not notice me. He had a pile of books on a chair beside him, and I just happened to touch them. (*Gives a vigorous sweep of the hand and starts*).

"Oh!" I said, "you've knocked your books down, Professor!"

"Ah!" (*Pretends to look up over spectacles.*) "Umph!"

"I've come for something that I—er——"

"That you want?"

"No. That I *don't* want!"

He looked at me as if I were some curious animal. I couldn't help laughing. Neither could he.

"Can I help you to find what you—don't want?" he asked.

"I can manage, thank you," I said with dignity. (*Pouts.*) I thought he would insist on helping, but he didn't; only sat staring at me—the great stupid! So I tip-toed to look at all the books that were out of reach. Of course he brought the steps. I pretended to overbalance just to frighten him.

"I'll hold you," he said. He did.

"It isn't really necessary," I told him.

"No," he said, "but it seems desirable." (*Looking out of the corners of her eyes.*) That

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was when I began to think—(*in confusion*)—I—I got down directly—at least *almost* directly.

"I can't find anything," I told him.

"Try this shelf." He put the steps in front of the children's books!

(*With great dignity.*) "Do you know I am nearly eighteen, Professor? I want a *big* book; on science." He smiled provokingly. I hate people who are so superior.

"What science?"

That puzzled me rather. I had no idea there were several kinds of it!

"About things that you mix together," I explained, "and put out on the window sill, for—for——"

"For grown up young ladies to knock off with fishing-rods?" he asked. I believe I almost blushed.

"I didn't! And if I did it was an accident. There were only two or three. It will be awfully mean if you tell auntie."

"As if I should! And why do you want to study the science of—mixtures in jars?"

"Because it is so interesting."

"How do you know it is?"

(*Sweetly.*) "It must be to keep—people—indoors such a beautiful morning." He smiled a sort of gradual smile and put away his spectacles. I looked very innocent. (*Looks innocent!*)

"You're dull," he said. "Poor child!"

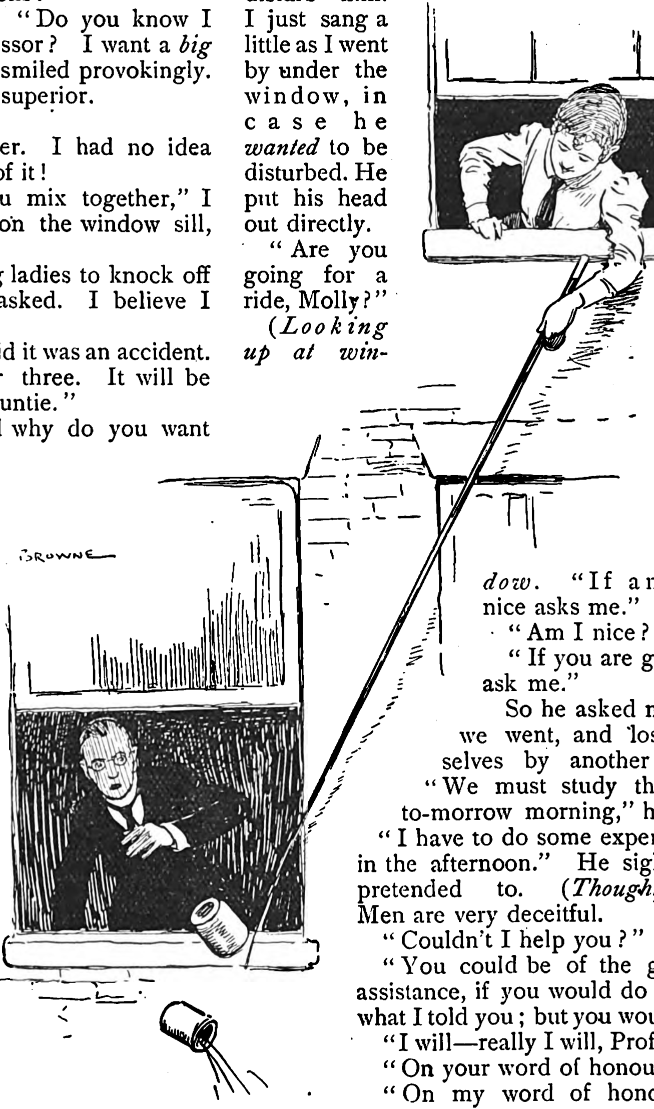
(*Indignantly.*) "Child indeed!

"I am *not* a child" I told him; "but I *am* dull."

"Then," he proposed, "suppose we go for a cycle ride."

(*Excitedly.*) "Will you, really? It is nice of you, Professor. I do *love* cycling."

He said it was nice of *me*. So we went. Neither of us knew the place, so we lost our way. (*Indifferently.*) It didn't matter. He found a dear little inn for lunch; and we got home in time for dinner. Aunt said she hoped I had "been a good girl." She is so ridiculous.



I used to lean out of my window with Uncle's fishing-rod, and knock them off.

The next morning I really wanted a book from the library, but I wouldn't go in to disturb him. I just sang a little as I went by under the window, in case he *wanted* to be disturbed. He put his head out directly.

"Are you going for a ride, Molly?"

(*Looking up at window.*) "If anyone nice asks me."

"Am I nice?"

"If you are going to ask me."

So he asked me, and we went, and lost ourselves by another route.

"We must study the map to-morrow morning," he said.

"I have to do some experiments in the afternoon." He sighed, or pretended to. (*Thoughtfully.*) Men are very deceitful.

"Couldn't I help you?"

"You could be of the greatest assistance, if you would do exactly what I told you; but you wouldn't."

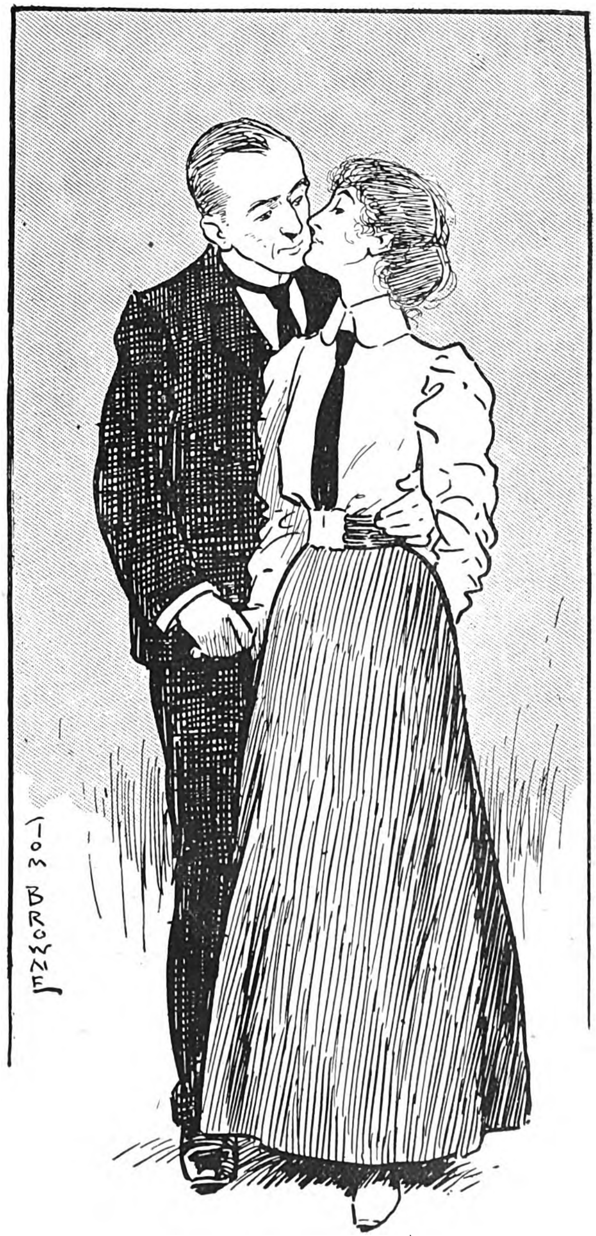
"I will—really I will, Professor."

"On your word of honour?"

"On my word of honour," I promised.

So the next morning we went for a ride and didn't lose ourselves. Directly after lunch I put on a very pretty pink blouse. (*Confidentially*)— Pink suits me—and went up to the library.

"I am going to be very good," I said, "and do just what you tell me. Now explain." I sat upon the corner of the table



"You won't—more than is necessary?"

to be explained to, and he sat on the arm of the reading chair.

"I want your assistance in an investigation into the characteristics of the essential microbe of amatory osculation," he said, as if he were giving a lecture.

(*Raising her eyebrows.*) "Oh!"

"The first thing is to secure a good specimen. Of course, you know what a microbe is?"

"Of course I do?"

"Perhaps you are also conversant with amatory osculation?"

"No—o." (*Looks down.*)

"Let me explain. Osculation is a process which—er—well, when you—er—say good-night to your aunt, you place your lips in juxtaposition, and—er——"

"Oh, I see! (*Demurely.*) I will fetch Auntie."

"No, no!" he cried in a great hurry. "That is merely the ordinary microbe. The amatory microbe is different." He moved towards me, but I scrambled over the table to the other side.

"It is essential to the experiment which I have prepared," he declared. "You gave your word of honour to assist me in every way."

"Ye—es," I said, "but it is such a peculiar way."

"Not at all. It is in the interests of science."

(*Mischievously.*) "Perhaps, in the interests of science, Aunt Anne might be persuaded — or cook — or——"

He positively glared at me.

"I don't want to—er—osculate Aunt Anne or cook."

(*Surprised.*) "Of course not! Neither, of course, do you wish to —er—osculate me."

"But I do," he said. "You see it must be someone that I want to —to get a good specimen."

(*Tossing her head decidedly.*) "I don't want to."

He sighed.

"Then the experiment fails."

(*Looking down.*) "Is it really essential?"

"Absolutely essential."

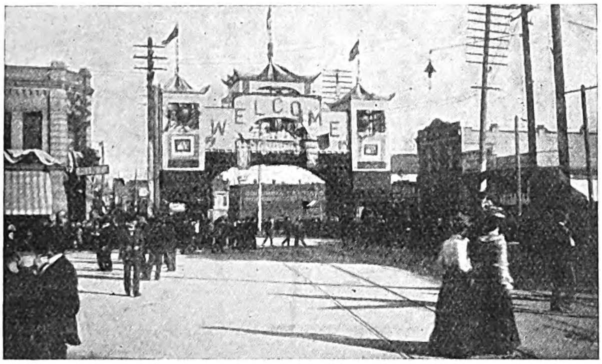
"It would only be *one*, of course?"

"You promised to do all that I required."

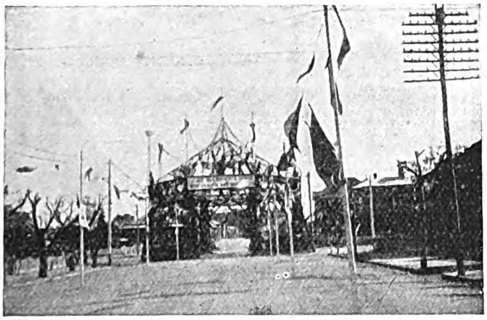
"Ye—es, I know. I—I can't break my word, of course, but——" He came round beside me. "You won't—more than is necessary? *Oh!*"

(*Sadly.*) That is how I became a martyr to science, and (*smiles*) the Professor a martyr to me. I suppose I need not tell you (*holds up ringed finger*) that we are engaged—and (*turns to go and laughs back over her shoulder*) continuing the experiments!

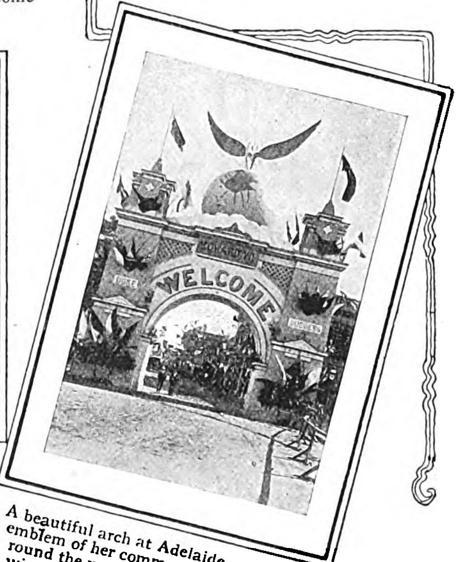
ARCHES OF THE ROYAL TOUR



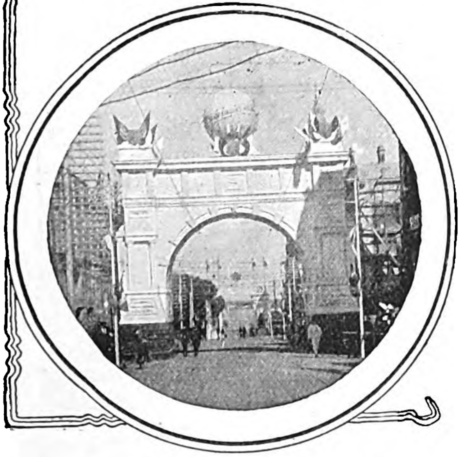
At Melbourne the Chinese citizens erected an arch to welcome the Prince and Princess of Wales.



"God bless your Grace with wealth and happy days," was Melbourne's greeting on this arch.



A beautiful arch at Adelaide, with an emblem of her commerce flying round the world on winged wheels.



The trade arch at Melbourne. The motto round the globe on the summit is: "Trade follows the Flag."

How the Colonials gave the Royal Visitors a Foretaste of the Brilliancy of the Coronation.

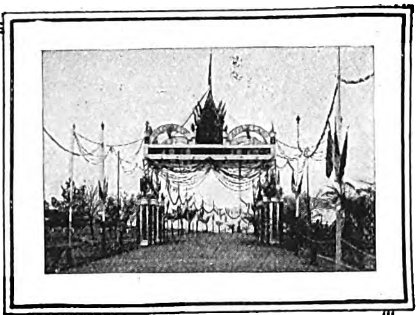
BY RICHARD GARRAT.

Photos by McGregor.

THE Royal tour is now a thing of the past, a cherished memory to those at home, to whom the Prince and Princess of Wales are familiar figures. But with our cousins over-seas it is even more. To them a visit from the heir to the throne is an unusual event, something to be treated with more than ordinary jubilation. Hence, all the towns honoured by a visit turned out in gala array, lavishly decorated their houses and streets, and joined heartily in

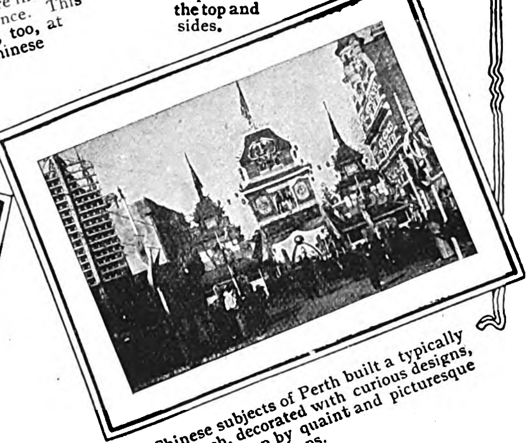
Copyright 1902, in the United States of America, by C. Arthur Pearson Limited.

At Westport the large Chinese quarter were in no wise backward in their greetings to the Prince. This arch was beautifully illuminated, too, at night by hundreds of little Chinese lanterns.

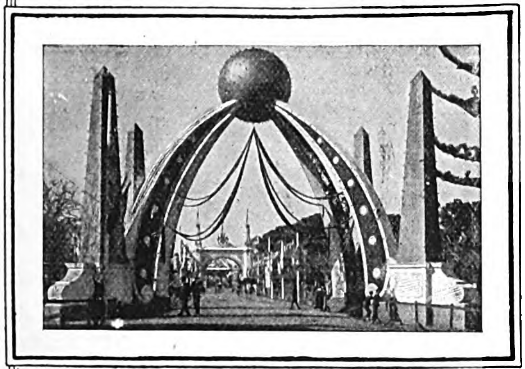


The loyal Tasmanians put up an arch of apples to welcome the Prince to "Apple Land." The props were made of apples, while strings of fruit were suspended from the top and sides.

Hobart, the bright little capital of sunny Tasmania, struck quite an original line in their arches. This one was very beautiful, with its festoons of greenery and gay bunting.



The Chinese subjects of Perth built a typically Celestial arch, decorated with curious designs, and brightly lit up by quaint and picturesque lamps.

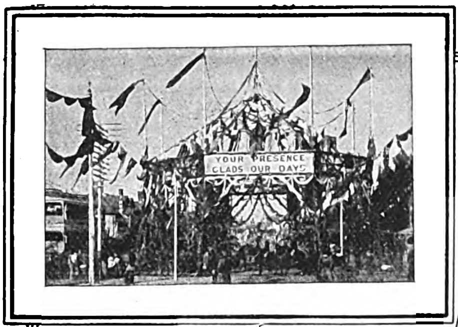


Western Australia is the great gold-mining country. Perth put up a "golden arch" in honour of the Royal visitors.

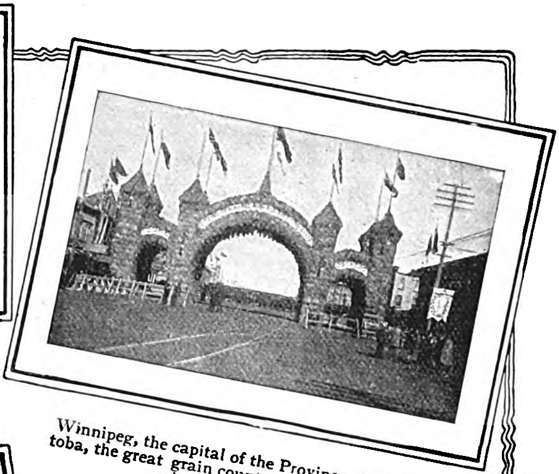
with a view to bringing forward the agricultural and commercial interests of the country. For example, the mineral trade of Western Australia was suitably represented by the "Golden Arch" at Perth.

"Welcome to apple land!" Such was the greeting of Hobart, the capital of Tasmania, to the visitors. The arch, with this greeting appended, was made largely of apples, adorned with apple branches, and flowery sprays. The Prince stopped and inquired with interest as to the apple trade of the country, expressing much pleasure when he heard that it was flourishing.

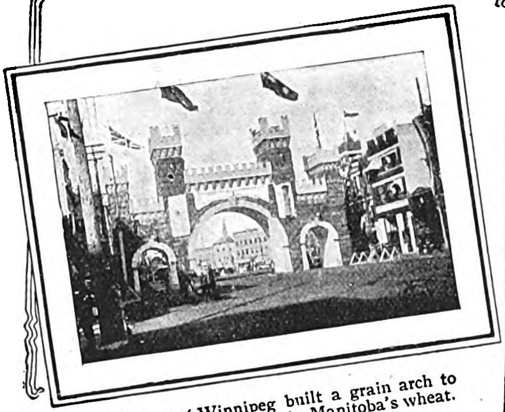
Not to be outdone by Australia, Canada rallied round the flag, and gave the Prince a right royal welcome. Old-time Quebec, quaint and very French,



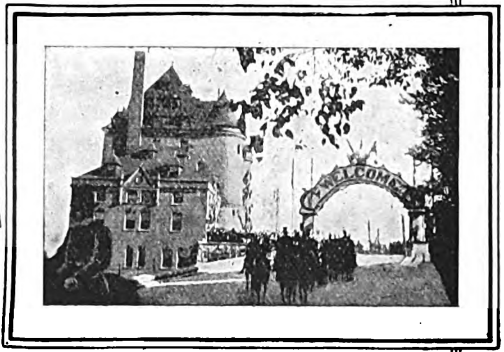
The trade arch built by the commercial element of Perth was beautifully decorated with bunting, ribbon, and palm trees.



Winnipeg, the capital of the Province of Manitoba, the great grain country, built an arch of sheaves of corn.



The citizens of Winnipeg built a grain arch to show fifteen years' increase in Manitoba's wheat.

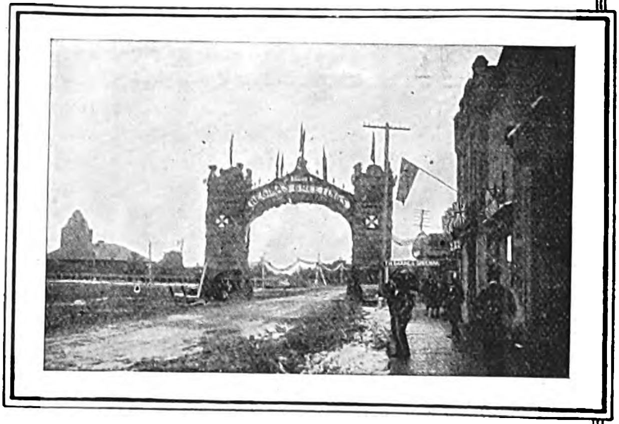


At Regina the Royal party were met and escorted by the North-West Mounted Police and the Governor of the city.

Toronto, Ottawa, and Montreal, all were visited, the Royal party making a most enjoyable journey on rafts down the rapids.

At Winnipeg an arch of sheaves of corn was built with the legend: "Fifteen years' increase in Manitoba's wheat crop," a truly appropriate title for the great corn-growing province.

Not the least hearty was the welcome extended to the wanderers when they landed at Southampton, met by King Edward and their children, who ran eagerly to meet their father and mother after so long an absence from home.



Regina is the great ranching and agriculture centre of the North-West Provinces. She built an arch of sheaves of corn.

OUR HUGE PENSION SCHEME.

More about our offer of . . .

5s. a Day for Life!

THOSE readers to whose notice this scheme has now for the first time been drawn will be interested to know exactly what one can do with so comfortable an income as **Five Shillings a Day for Life!**

Huge prizes have been offered from time to time by the Proprietors of those papers from the offices of which the ROYAL MAGAZINE is produced (in three cases prizes have been of £1,000 each), but no such magnificent opportunity has ever before been given for securing a regular and certain income for the rest of your natural life. All the huge prizes sink into insignificance alongside this offer, when one considers for a moment the colossal sum of money which the winner will receive under the following conditions :—

If your age now is		you will receive more than		If your age now is		you will receive more than	
	50		**£2,250**		**30**		**£4,100**
,,	**45**	,,	**£2,700**	,,	**25**	,,	**£4,550**
,,	**40**	,,	**£3,150**	,,	**20**	,,	**£5,000**
,,	**35**	,,	**£3,650**	,,	**15**	,,	**£5,450**

These figures will convince you of the magnificence of the Prize.

In order to fully realise the pleasure and comfort which you may extract from a regular income of **Five Shillings a Day for Life,** you should just run through in your mind the various ways in which you can enjoy life with an addition of nearly **£100 a Year** to your present income.

For example :—

If you want a New House -	**You can have it** -	By purchasing one through a building society and paying off the mortgage out of the **5s. a Day for Life.**
If you want a Motor Car -	**You can have it** -	By saving up **5s. a Day for Life.**
If you want a Horse -	**You can have it** -	And keep it comfortably out of the **5s. a Day for Life.**
If you want a Diamond Tiara -	**You can have it** -	By saving your **5s. a Day for Life.**
If you want to Dress Well -	**You can do so** -	On **5s. a Day for Life.**
If you want to Travel -	**You can do so** -	By saving up for a few months your **5s. a Day for Life.**

Perhaps any one of the above ideas will suggest to you something which you are badly wanting. If so, all you have to do is to enter for the competition, of which conditions are announced on the next page, and win the prize.

If you don't win the first prize you may secure one of the smaller prizes which are offered.

Over £100 in Consolation Gifts will be awarded.

What you have to do ...

ON THE NEXT TWO PAGES you will find twelve pictures. Each of these pictures consists of a certain number of objects. These objects, either singly or collectively, represent the name of a town or place in the United Kingdom.

What you have to do is to find the town or place with the longest name entirely from the names of objects depicted in the pictures (or from their phonetic equivalents).

An "object" does not include sky or shading necessary for correct drawing.

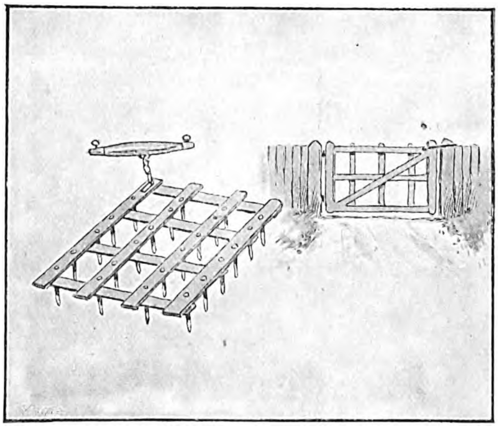
Before you begin, carefully examine the example shown below, which will make the matter clear.

Taking this as a guide, you have now to examine the twelve pictures on the next two pages, and discover the name of the town or place which each of them represents. When you have done this, write the name down in the space provided, and keep the pages by you until you are told to send them in.

Don't be discouraged if you cannot find all the names. Fill in as many as you can; other people may be no cleverer than yourself, and it is the competitor with the fewest mistakes who wins.

When you find a difficult one, ask your friends to help you.

EXAMPLE PICTURE.



CORRECT SOLUTION: HARROGATE.

INCORRECT SOLUTIONS: (1) HARROW: Because it comprises fewer letters than Harrogate. (2) GATE: (for same reason).

CONDITIONS:—

1. The names must be clearly written in ink. (*Use a fine pen*).
2. Only one name is allowed under each picture.
3. No alterations are to be allowed in the words. If you have made a mistake in the spelling, cross the word out and write it again.
4. When you have filled up your list, cut it out and keep it by you until you are told to send it in.
5. You may forward as many sets of pages as you like. Each set will be accepted independently, and the pages composing it must be pinned together.
6. The name of the place with the greatest number of letters depicted in each picture is the correct solution, but if there are two or more such names of places depicted in one picture with an equal number of letters, then each will be counted correct.
7. No competitor may receive the assistance of professional competition solvers who send out circulars, or whose advertisements appear in the Press. Every person who enters for this competition must do so only on this understanding, and winners will be asked to satisfy us that they have not contravened this condition.
8. In the event of a tie a further, or, if necessary, several further, sets of pictures will be submitted to the tieing competitors, until one shall win the prize outright.
9. The first prize—that is, 5s. per day for life—will be payable monthly to the winner, who shall not be entitled to require that it be capitalised.

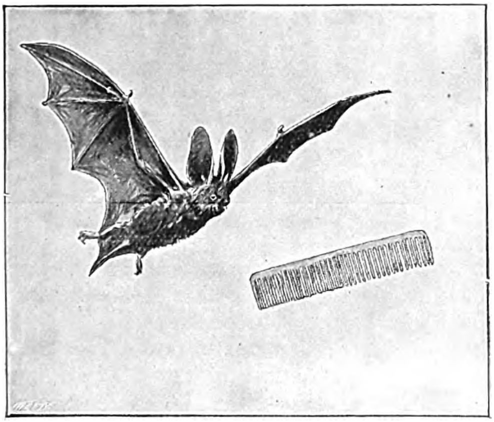
THE PRIZE OF . . .

5s. a Day for Life

Will be given to the competitor from whom the Editor of the *Royal Magazine* receives a set of pages containing the greatest number of correct solutions.

The sum of **£100** will be divided, at the discretion of the Editor, amongst those who come next.

All the names depicted in the sketches will be found as printed in the list of Provincial Post Offices in the Post Office Guide, which may be consulted at any Post Office, or may be purchased for 6d.



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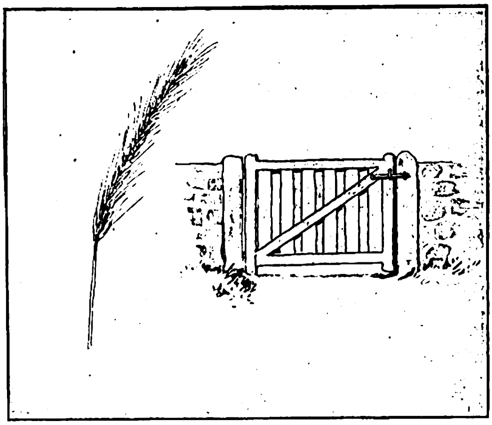

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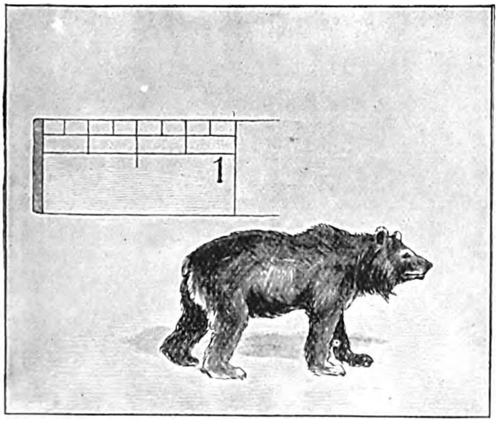

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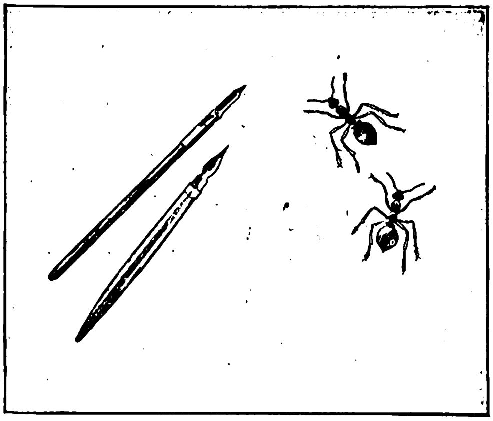

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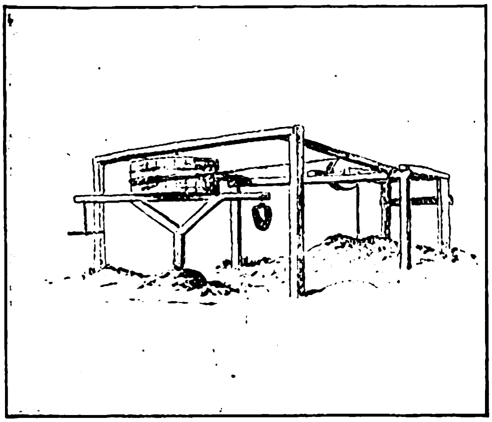

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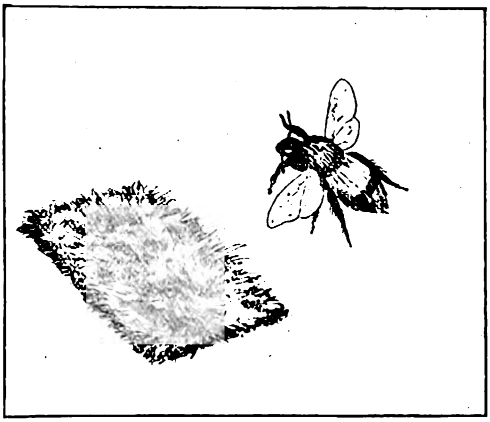

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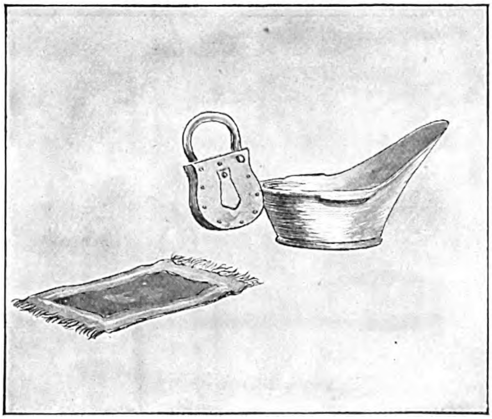

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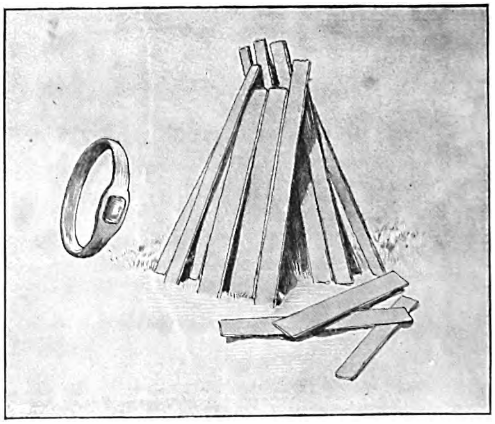

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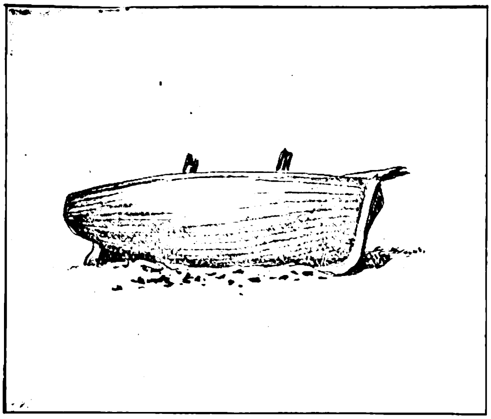

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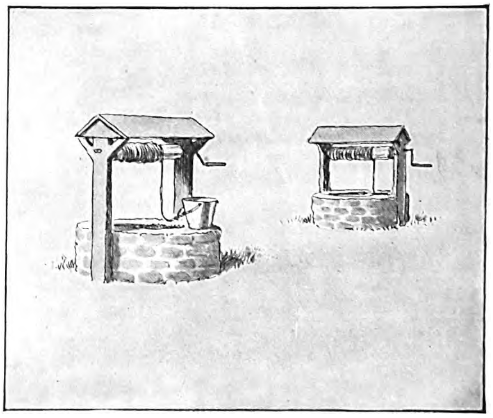

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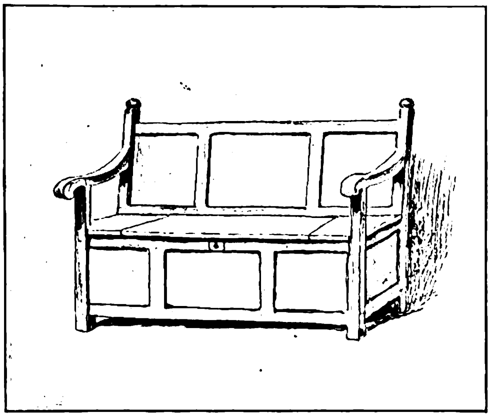

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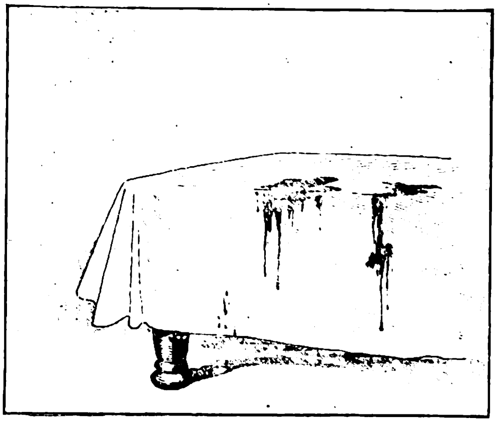

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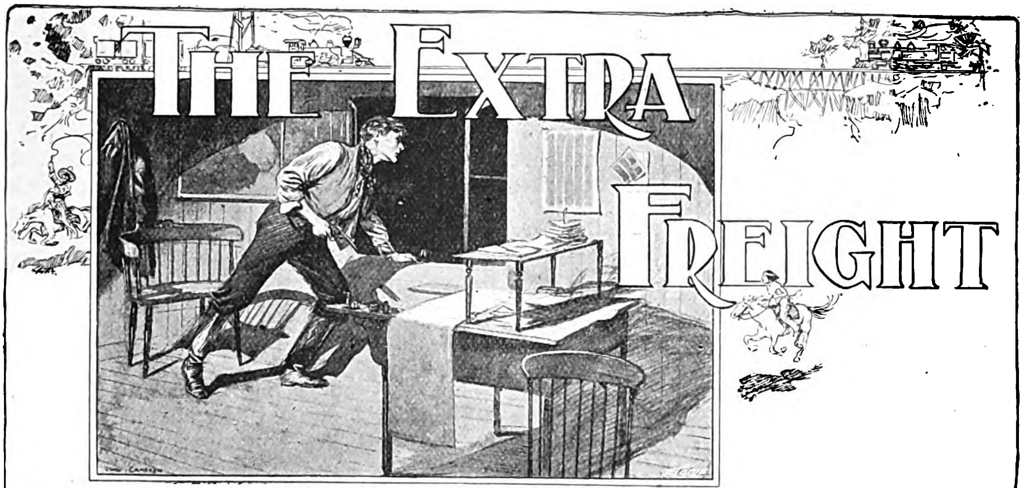
Name...

Address...

THE EXTRA FREIGHT



BY J. L. FULLER.

THE Stonington railway was built in New England, and the Flaglers had all turned out railway men.

When Bob Flagler was a chubby-legged, sprawling youngster creeping about the sitting-room and wondering if there was anything in the world bigger than what was confined in those four walls, he was dedicated to railway service.

When Bob grew up, he very nearly escaped the railway business and got into something with less risk attached.

That Bob should readily desire to go into anything but railway work never crossed the elder Flagler's mind; and, finding his son did not lean towards his branch of the service, he began to look about him, and, at twenty-two years old and after some years at a business school, Bob found the position of assistant signalman waiting him on a western road in Arizona.

So Bob, being an obedient fellow, and wishing to please the old gentleman, packed his bag and departed, landing in the centre of a ranch country at a junction of two lines, with alkali dust drifted half a foot deep on the station platform, and the thermometer at 120 in the shade.

Bob found that he did not fancy sweltering over the signalman's instrument any better than he expected. But he had promised the old gentleman to stick to it for a year at least, and a promise was a promise.

He found, however, that what really interested him in Arizona was cattle. At any rate, he called it cattle.

He rode over to Ringbold Ranch whenever he could get a day off, and talked cattle with the old Ringbold until he really learned a good deal about the business. He determined, when he could get away from the signalman's duties, he'd buy a small herd and try it himself.

Old Ringbold had a daughter who was the belle of four counties; and she had smiled upon the young fellow from the East the first day he came to the ranch.

She was kind to him, and seemed to like his society; she even went riding with him, and sat in the moonlit corner of the verandah with him when he could remain late at the ranch.

But either Bob was very diffident, or Miss Rosy knew how to keep him at a distance, for the youngster never plucked up courage enough to open his heart to her in anything more audible than glances.

There was a cowman about the ranch who rather annoyed Bob, too. His name was Kennison, and he was in high favour with old Ringbold.

Kennison was a typical cowman, not unhandsome, though burned as black as an Indian, with a hawklike nose and a grey eye that looked a man through and through.

Bob was not a coward, but Kennison was noted as a sharp man with his gun and not of a patient temper. He seemed to have all his own way with Rosy, and Bob never understood the fact until he himself was very much in love with the girl.

Suddenly he discovered that Rose had very little time for him when he rode over to the ranch; but the young signalman saw her riding into town quite frequently with

Kennison, and saw them going the round of the shops together. One day he heard a man lounging about the railway station remark to a crony:

"Reckon Jed Kennison is gettin' ready to hitch up with ol' man Ringbold's daughter. They'll make a likely team fur double harness."

At that Bob determined to learn the truth of the matter at once. He asked for the day off and rode over to the ranch.

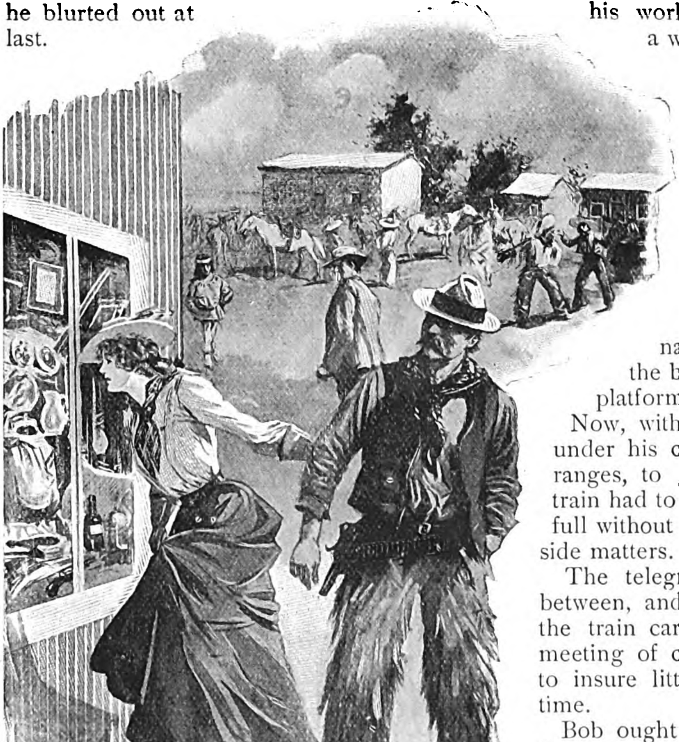
The cattleman welcomed him warmly, invited him to lunch, and treated him just as well as ever; but Rose was not in sight.

"Where is Miss Rosy?" Bob finally plucked up courage to ask.

"Oh, she's somewhere's around. Gittin' ready for the weddin', I s'pose. Ev'rythin' else around this yere ranch can go bang, I reckon, until that's over."

Bob's heart dropped into his boots.

"Is—is Kennison the man?" he blurted out at last.



Saw them going the round of the shops together.

"Yes. An' a mighty likely feller he is."

Then Bob rose abruptly and, feeling his voice untrustworthy, nodded to the astonished old gentleman and rode away.

"Wal, I'm hanged!" exclaimed Ringbold, as Rose came to the door to inquire who had ridden so furiously away from the ranch house. "The sun is gittin' too strong for that boy. He'd oughtn't to be tied down to that railway station no more. The heat's too much for him."

He felt the heat—it was intense. And he couldn't sleep until nature was absolutely exhausted.

But he couldn't think of giving up work. He felt that he should go completely mad if he did not have something to occupy his mind.

The chief, however, gave him the second watch—from 4 p.m. till midnight—generally considered the easier one, and poor Bob got through it somehow and managed to do his work without much damage for a week.

Then the day came, old Ringbold's men had a holiday — "to celebrate Kennison's wedding" the report in the settlement had it.

Before afternoon most of the cowmen were in town and feeling pretty hilarious, and soon after Bob Flagler went on duty in the signal box over the station, the boys began to gather about the platform.

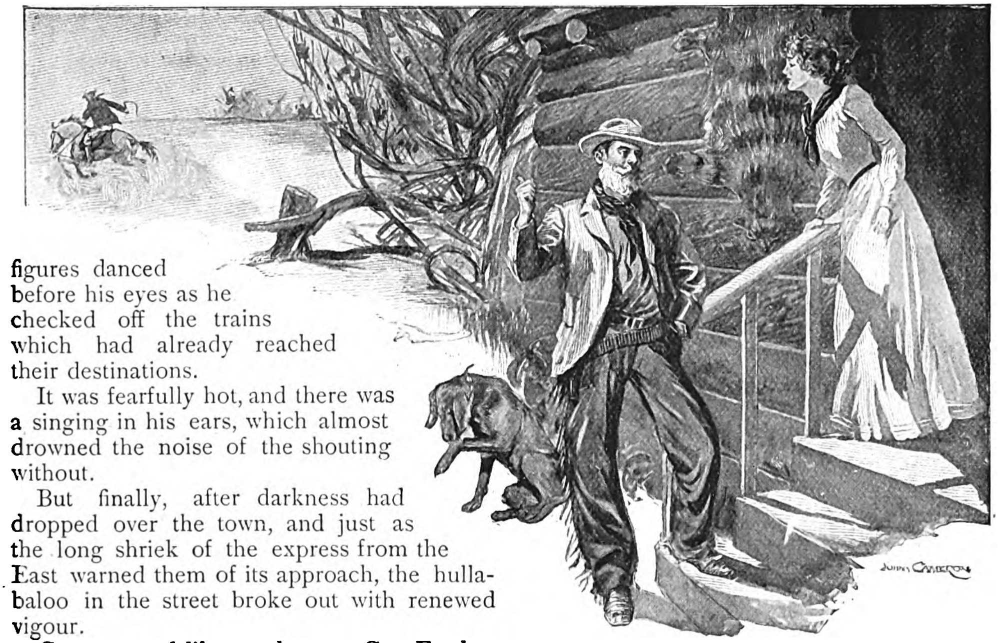
Now, with five hundred miles of track under his care, including three mountain ranges, to get over which every goods train had to be split, Bob had his hands full without paying any attention to outside matters.

The telegraph offices were few and far between, and it was necessary to go over the train card very carefully, and plan the meeting of certain trains a long way ahead to insure little delay and close running to time.

Bob ought not to have known about anything else.

But he was aware of the crowd about the station (nobody but the dead in the town graveyard was unaware of the cowmen's presence), and he knew what the celebration was about.

Rose Ringbold's saucy face appeared between him and the time sheet, and the



Rose came to the door to enquire who had ridden so furiously away from the ranch.

figures danced before his eyes as he checked off the trains which had already reached their destinations.

It was fearfully hot, and there was a singing in his ears, which almost drowned the noise of the shouting without.

But finally, after darkness had dropped over the town, and just as the long shriek of the express from the East warned them of its approach, the hullabaloo in the street broke out with renewed vigour.

Guns popped like crackers on Guy Fawkes Day, and men who had already shouted themselves hoarse took up the huzzas again.

Flagler went to the window—rather, he staggered to it. A cavalcade had just rattled up to the station. It consisted of old Ringbold, Kennison, and Rosy. Kennison and Rose were leaving with the express, and the ranch owner had ridden over to see them off.

The heat must have gone to his brain then for a moment. The fusilade of guns was kept up as the express slowed down and stopped for a moment beside the platform.

Flagler reached back to his table pulled open the drawer, and brought forth a revolver of approved Arizona pattern.

With it he leaned out of the window. A terrible desire to kill the man who had stolen the girl he loved from him possessed his soul.

But—thank Heaven—Kennison had already got out of sight under the awning of the station, and Flagler staggered back to his chair as the footsteps of the guard sounded on the stair.

"Anything special?" this individual asked, sticking his head in at the door.

The train sheet was a blur before Bob's eyes. His hand fumbled with the orders on the hook.

There was something there about the express; he had seen it when he had received the transfer of everything on the road at four o'clock, and had made out the new sheet.

Ah, here it was! Bob pushed back his hair and tried to brush the fog from before his eyes.

Fully he comprehended the writing in the chief's hand. The express was to run as a special train to a point about the middle of the line, and he showed it to the guard.

But when the latter's boots rattled down the stairs again Bob laid his head down upon the table before him, and the dry, hard sobs shook his frame. He was young; this was his first real grief, and it hit him hard.

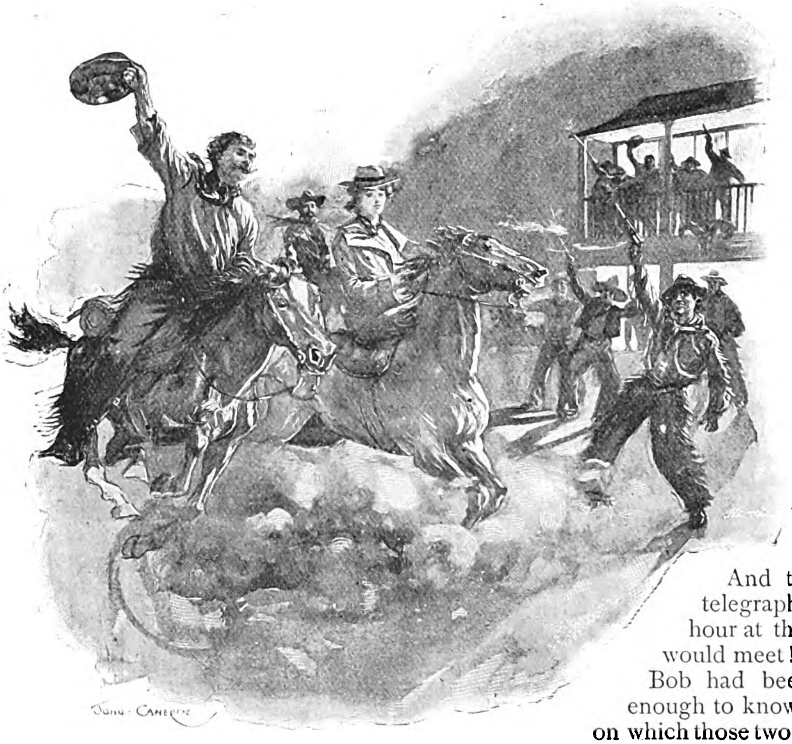
When the first sharp pain had passed, bitter thoughts filled his heart.

Oh, he would have been glad then to have seen her lying dead at his feet, and Kennison with her. Suppose there should be a collision on the road and the express should be in it?

For a breath he even contemplated this thought with satisfaction.

But the idea of a collision startled him into activity. He recalled that he was here to keep an eye on the trains, and he turned wearily to the train sheet again.

Yes, the express was off — running as a special. That was all right and according to orders. She would be about reaching Grantville now, her only stop before she arrived at the station where her special orders ceased to be in force.



Guns popped like crackers on Guy Fawkes Day.

And there was no telegraph office open then between Grantville and this latter stop.

Bob glanced carelessly at the sheet again. He should have examined it with attention before showing the guard the order, but his mind had been too overwrought then to really know what he did.

His eye roved up and down the rows of figures, and suddenly, with a half articulate gasp, he saw something in one corner.

The blood—every drop in his body, it seemed—rushed to his head.

There in the corner of the sheet was *another special train coming from the East!*

He dropped back in the chair and for a minute utterly lost consciousness. Then he came to with a jump and sprang for the transmitter.

He rang up the people at Grantville again and again.

The express might not have passed through that town, something might have delayed it. He might be in time to avert the disaster which he saw faced the two trains.

The special coming from the East was a goods train; but the express was well filled with passengers. And among them was Rose Ringbold!

The murderous thoughts were out of his brain now. Poor little Rose, on her honeymoon with the man she loved, was in danger of an awful death—and all through his carelessness!

At last the Grantville telegraph office responded.

"Hold express," Bob flashed across the wire.

"Sorry. Express just out of sight." That was the answer.

And there was not another telegraph office open at that hour at the point at which they would meet!

Bob had been at the work long enough to know every foot of the line on which those two trains were approaching each other for the biggest collision which had ever occured in Arizona.

He crouched in his chair, shivering as though with an ague. The chill of death had gripped him, and for the first time since arriving in Arizona he was positively cold.

He had wished for such an awful catastrophe—he had wished it! And he had his wish!

Poor little Rose and Kennison would be mangled in the wreck. He would be their murderer.

He thought of the other victims of the impending tragedy, too—the other passengers and the train officials. They had not wronged him in the remotest degree. Yet, through his negligence they were being sent to a horrible and violent death.

For one hundred and twenty minutes he lived over every detail of his past life—childhood, boyhood, his school days, the months in which he had suffered in this stuffy office, and courted the ranchman's daughter.

He followed the trains mentally over every inch of the line, too. He knew just where they would come together.

It would occur on a certain sharp curve where neither driver would see the other's headlight until it was too late to avert disaster.

He pictured the scene in all its horror—the dark mountain pass suddenly illuminated with the strong white radiance of the headlights; the agony on the engine drivers' faces as they realised the danger; their mad attempts to stop the onward rush of their heavy trains!

Then came the crash—the man in the signalman's chair seemed to hear the impact of the monsters. The shriek of escaping steam sounded in his ears; the grinding and creaking of broken girders and timbers; the agonised cries of the passengers and men!

Throughout all this time of mental agony Flagler was obliged to send the regular orders to a score of other trains. Afterwards he wondered how he had done it, for he had performed the duty mechanically and without realising it.

The minutes dragged by. A picture of Rose's dead face floated in the air before his eyes, whether he closed them or no.

His breath rattled in his throat as he exhaled it, and his fingers picked at the buttons on his vest as a dying man picks at his coverlet.

Suddenly the bell sounded. Bob started forward mechanically, and tapped the answer.

"Ludlow," ticked out the sounder. Ludlow was thirty miles east of the curve where the collision was to occur.

"Express delayed. Blown out cylinder head."

A scream rang through the office that startled the dozing station hands below. When they reached the top of the stairs Bob Flagler had just wired to Ludlow, where the express passengers had routed out the operator to send their message:

"Hold express. Flag extra from West."

Then the signalman fell back into the arms of the astonished station master.

* * * * *

He awoke in a wide, cool room, with a bed under him as comfortable as a hospital cot. He knew the place, for he had been there before; and he knew the figure of the long and rugged ranchman who sat fanning him.

"Great Cæsar, boy, you're sure coming 'round," old Ringbold said heartily. "I happened to stay in the settlement that night, an' I jest took you away from your boarding place an' brought you here. What with the boarding place an' that there railway office, I don't wonder that you went under."

"How long has it been?" queried Bob.

"Better nor a week. Why, Rose has been back four days."

"Rose?"

"Yes. I telegraphed her straight, an' she scarcely waited to see her cousin married, 'fore coming back. And she's a powerful good nurse, Rose is."

"Her cousin married?" queried Bob, his voice still weak.

"Why, sure. That's what she went away with Kennison for—to see him an' Jennie married. They've been engaged a disgraceful long time; but Kennison's got a likely ranch now and a good bunch of cattle."

"And Rose—er—"

"She'll be back directly, and delighted to see you so fit." For Bob had suddenly sat up in bed. "I tell you what it is, Mr. Flagler, railways in Arizona ain't no good. What you want to do is to get into the cattle business. Now that Kennison's gone, I'd like mighty well to have a trustworthy man around the place, and if you and I can come to terms ——"

"I'm your man, Mr. Ringbold!" exclaimed Bob, dropping back on the pillow. "I reckon I was out of my line as signalman; but I feel that I'll make a hit with the steers."

But the ranchman wouldn't hire him as foreman. Instead he took him in as partner when Flagler married Rose a month later.

"MORE ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN KETTLE"

. . are now appearing in . .

Pearson's Magazine.

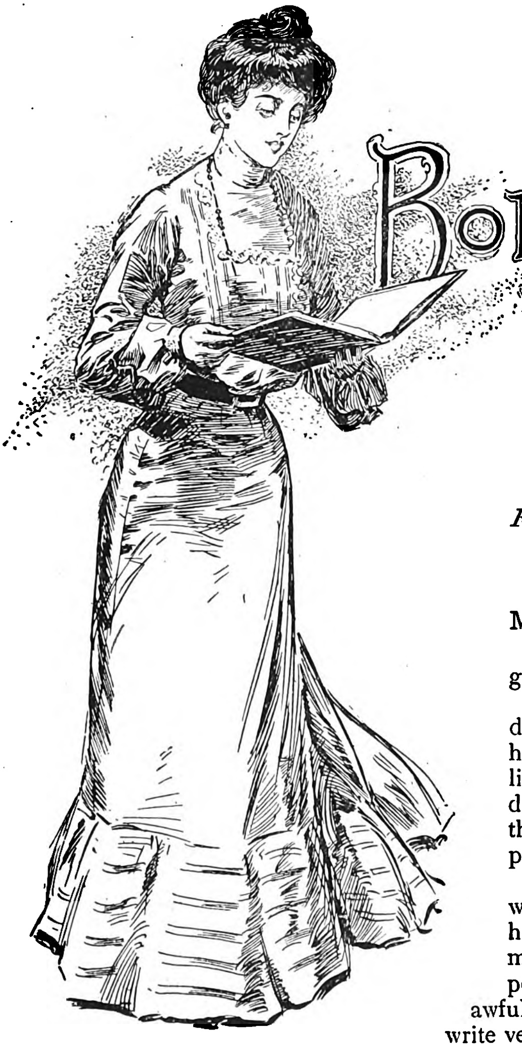
The Adventure in the MAY Number is entitled—

. . "*THE TAIL-SHAFT*,"

and that in the JUNE Number (On sale May 31st)—

. . . . "*SHANGHAIED.*"

Don't forget to buy them both.



BORROWED LIGHTS.

By Owen Oliver.

I.

From Mr. John Bell to Miss Daisy Bell.

3, Middle Temple,
London, E.C.,
April 23rd, 1901.

My dear Daisy,

I am in an awful fix. Help me out like a good little Sis.

I told you, when I was home the other day, what a nice girl Flora Nugent was, and how pretty and clever. I said then that I liked her Uncle Benjamin too, but now I don't. He has given her an album. If there's a thing in the world that ought to be put a stop to, it's albums to write in.

She sprang it upon me suddenly, when I was there on Saturday night. I did not know he had given it to her, or I would have had more sense. She began by talking about poetry; and of course I said I admired it awfully. Then she said she was sure I could write very interesting verses if I tried. I said I was sure of it too. It looks easy enough till you try it!

When she had led me on to this point, she produced the album. I never had such a shock in my life, not even when we were kids and you fell on me from the apple tree.

I promised to write in it, and send it back next day. Now it's Tuesday. I dare not go near the place, and of course she'll think it's because I don't want to. You know what girls are! For goodness sake do a verse for me. You write a fine, masculine hand, and she won't know it is not mine. If you can't, why don't you ask that parson chap who hangs round? There's no name in the album, and he'd think it was for you. Be sharp about it, there's a good girl.—Your distracted brother,

Jack.

II.

From Miss Daisy Bell to the Rev. Adolphus Brown.

Fern House, Maidstone-road, Rochester,
April 24th, 1901.

Dear Mr. Brown,

I send my little album that you so kindly promised to write in. Yours will be the first contribution. I was determined to secure something really good. You won't forget that neither my name, nor yours, must appear. It does not do to be too personal!

It is so kind of you to take the trouble; but I suppose it is no trouble to anyone so clever as you. *I* should find it terribly difficult.—Yours sincerely,

Daisy Bell.

P.S. I am making good progress with the slippers.

III.

From the Rev. Adolphus Brown to Miss Winifred Brown.

14, Minor Canon Row, Rochester,
April 25th, 1901.

My dear Winifred,

I have been honoured with an invitation to write some verses in an album belonging to one of my parishioners, a young lady who is most helpful in church work, and for whom I have great esteem, and even regard.

Of course I could compose poetry of a kind; but I have no real talent for versification of the description necessary. She is very anxious that the opening contribution in her book should be something really good. The best way of furthering her wishes that occurs to me is to be a poet by deputy! You always had good taste in light literature. Could you manage to do the verses for me?

I am truly pleased to hear of Tom's appointment to the hospital. Please convey my warmest congratulations to him—or rather to you both.—Your affectionate brother,

Adolphus Brown.

IV.

Miss Winifred Brown to Dr. Thos. Nugent.

Gravesend, *April 26th*.

Dear old Tom,

You are always saying you would do anything for me. Of course, I know you are a great story-teller. I am just as sure that you would not give up doctoring or smoking to please me, as that it would not please me if you would.

I really do believe, though, you would do anything for me, if you did not much mind doing it. So perhaps you'll scribble something in the album I send. Poor old Dolly has promised some feminine member of the church to write some verses in it; and of course he can't do anything so frivolous. See what you can do, there's a useful boy. It must be very serious and elevating, mind! My love to them all; and of course to you. Don't work *too* hard.

Your tiresome girl,
Winnie.

V.

From Dr. Thos. Nugent to Miss Flora Nugent.

The Hospital,
Littlebury,
April 28th, 1901.

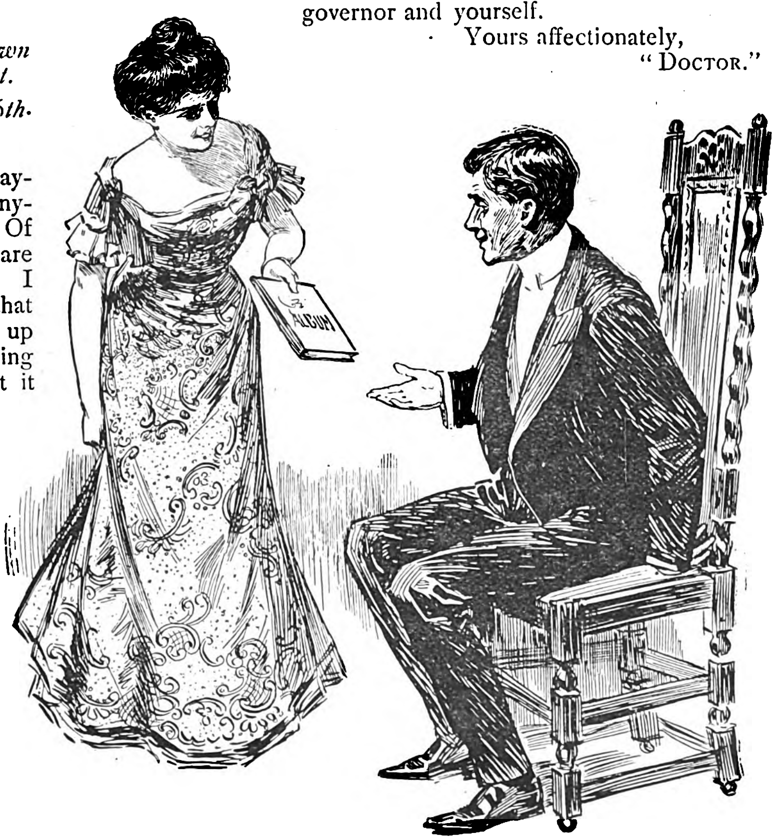
Dear Flo,

Win has asked me to write some verses in this album. I can't make rhymes, even for dear old Win. Do them for me.

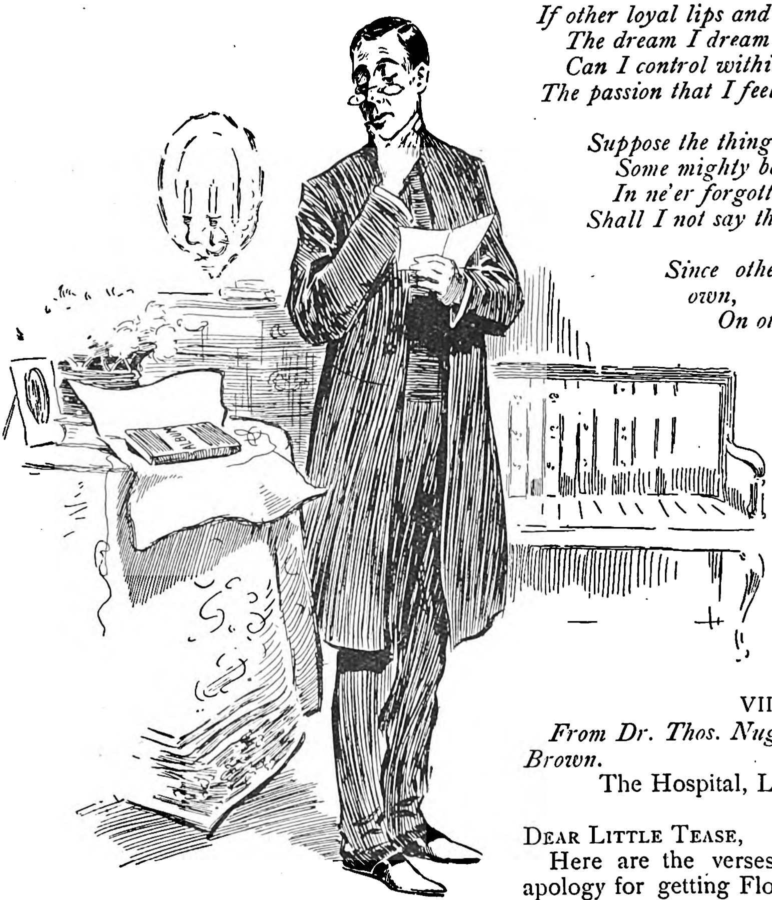
Write your manliest hand, so that people won't think a girl did them. Of course, I shall tell *her*. That's the best of Win. A fellow need not pretend to her, because she's not like other girls.

Don't mention any names, but do something nice. What a blessing it is to have a learnéd sister. My love to the mater and governor and yourself.

Yours affectionately,
"Doctor."



She sprang upon me suddenly, when I was there on Saturday night.



I hope enclosed verses will suit your fair parishioner.

VI.

Miss Flora Nugent to Dr. Thos. Nugent.

3, Long Walk, Clapham, S.W.,
April 29th, 1901.

My Dear Tom,

I have done some verses for you and your wonderful Winnie! They are not good; but for an album they are good enough.

Strange to say, Uncle Benjamin gave me a similar album last week. I have offered Jack Bell the privilege of spoiling the first page. Poor fellow! He has not called since.

All send love to you; and please tell Win we shall be so glad when she can run up.

Your long-suffering sister, Flo.

VII. BORROWED LIGHTS!

A verse that's new you ask of me,
The servant of your will;
But think you they're unwritten still,
The deepest thoughts that be?

If other loyal lips and leal
The dream I dream confessed,
Can I control within my breast
The passion that I feel?

Suppose the things I think of you
Some mighty bard of old
In ne'er forgotten numbers told,
Shall I not say them too?

Since other lights surpass my own,
On other altars shed,
Shall I a candle bring instead
To glorify your throne?

No! Let me sing the deathless lays,
Beyond my art to write,
Content to shine with borrowed light,
So I may show your praise!

VIII.

From Dr. Thos. Nugent to Miss Winifred Brown.

The Hospital, Littlebury,
May 1st, 1901.

Dear Little Tease,

Here are the verses. They are my best apology for getting Flo to do them. All the same, if they had been for your own book, I would have written myself down an ass, rather than ask anyone else.

As for doing things for you, Win, I'm safe enough in promising. You would never ask anything that was not fair; and you would not grumble at my best, however bad.

I am coming down to-morrow afternoon. My best love, dear.

Yours devotedly,
Tom.

IX.

Miss Winifred Brown to the Rev. Adolphus Brown.

Gravesend,
May 3rd, 1901.

Dear Dolph,

I hope the inclosed verses will suit your fair parishioner. I should have thought that, as she is so devoted to church work, the peroration of one of your sermons would have been more appropriate; but I fear she is not yet entirely weaned from secular weaknesses.

Mind that, instead of your converting her, she does not pervert you!

Your worldly but affectionate sister,

WINIFRED.

X.

From the Rev. Adolphus Brown to Miss Daisy Bell.

14, Minor Canon Row, Rochester,
May 4th, 1901.

MY DEAR MISS BELL,

It affords me much pleasure to transmit the accompanying verses. I can at least claim that they express my feelings with sincerity.

I hope that your perusal of them may be attended by a tithe of the pleasure that I feel in helping to celebrate, however unworthily, so pleasing a theme.

With very kind regards, and hoping to see you at the meeting to-morrow.

Believe me, yours most sincerely,

ADOLPHUS BROWN.

XI

From Miss Daisy Bell to Mr. John Bell.

Fern House, Maidstone Road, Rochester,
May 6th, 1901.

MY DEAR JACK,

The curate is still semi-detached! I don't feel quite sure that he wrote the verses himself, but they are surprisingly good.

They have cost me a pair of slippers, and they will cost you two theatre tickets when I come up to town next month. I want to see your Miss Flora. I do hope she's nice, Jack.

Mind that she does not find you out, if she is so clever as you say. I don't think she can be, or she would not have asked you to write verses!

But if she can't see that you are preferable to poets—even clerical ones!—she is not clever at all, in the opinion of—

Your affectionate sis, DAISY.

XII.

From Mr. John Bell to Miss Flora Nugent.

3, Middle Temple,
London, E.C.
May 7th, 1901.

DEAR MISS FLORA,

I am sorry that I have been so long in sending your verses. The fact is, I am not a bit of a poet, though I think some of the things they do, especially since I knew you. I don't like being a humbug, and I hope you won't ask my opinion about poems any more, though I like to like what you like.

May I come and see you to-morrow? I should have come before, only I could not find any verses good enough.

Yours most sincerely, JACK BELL.

XIII.

From Miss Flora Nugent to Mr. John Bell.

3, Long Walk, Clapham, S.W.
May 8th.

DEAR MR. BELL,

Thank you for taking so much trouble to comply with my request. You will be glad to know that the verses could not appeal to me more, if they were my own!

In fact, there seems to have been some marvellous mental telegraphy between us. I am so haunted by a curious idea of having written the verses myself, that I hardly know whether to call them yours or mine! Have you any doubt upon the subject?

Yours very truly,

FLORA NUGENT.

XIV.

From Mr. John Bell to Miss Flora Nugent.

3, Middle Temple, E.C.
May 9th, 1901.

DEAR MISS FLORA,

I don't know if the verses are yours; but they aren't mine—unless you'll go shares with me. There's nothing I want so much in the world; and that is why I didn't own I could not write them.

Can't I persuade you?—Yours devotedly,

JACK BELL.

P.S.—Please send answer by bearer.

XV.

Miss Flora Nugent to Mr. John Bell.

3, Long Walk, Clapham, S.W.
Thursday morning.

DEAR MR. BELL,

I have at present no opportunity of judging your powers of persuasion. Are you quite "content to shine with borrowed light?"

Yours wonderingly,

FLORA NUGENT

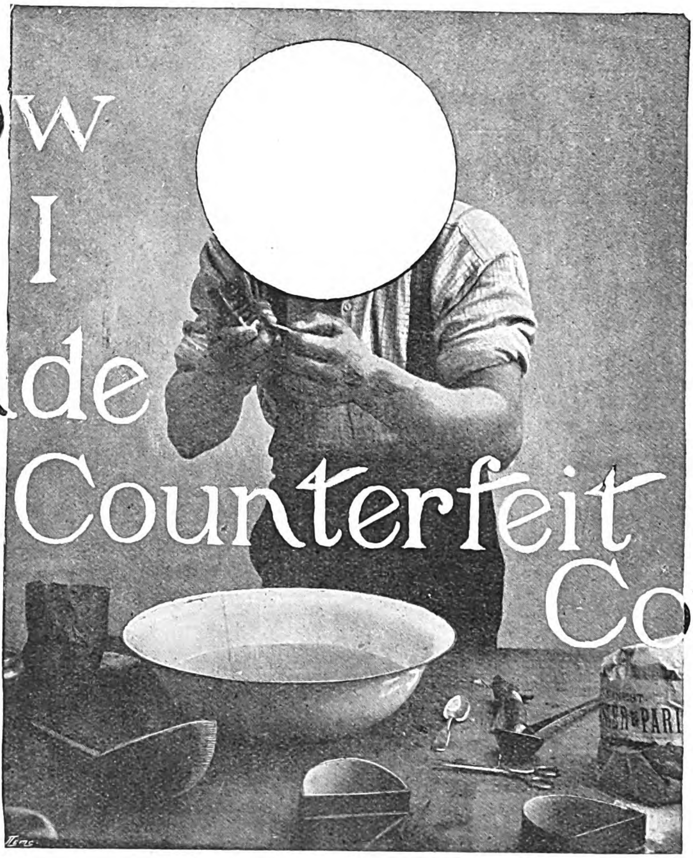
XVI.

Telegram.

To { *Miss Flora Nugent,*
3, *Long Walk, Clapham.*

Just starting for Clapham. Am not satisfied with borrowing. Wish to have for my own. From JACK.

How I Made Counterfeit Coins



Cleaning the pattern coin before commencing operations.

By One who has done Time for it, and naturally does not wish his Face to be made known to the Public.

It is a popular notion that the manufacture of spurious coinage entails a large and complicated outfit. This idea has been mainly formulated by the capture of elaborate plant, from time to time, by the authorities. However, in these cases the operators have always been inexperienced men, new to the trade.

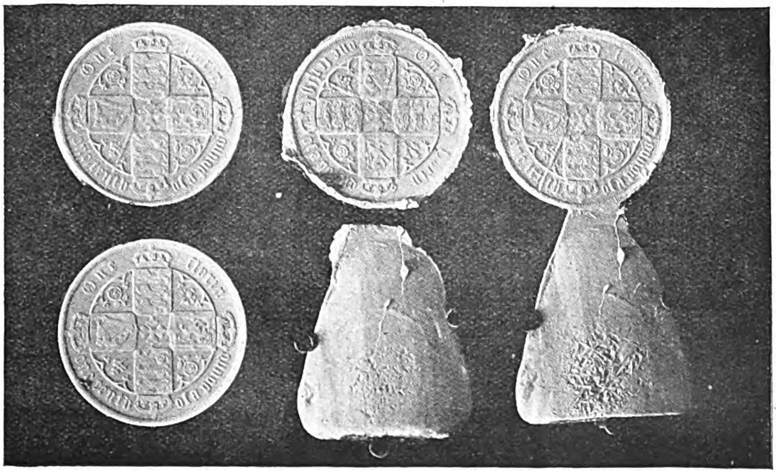
To the old and practised hand an elaborate plant is absolutely unnecessary. A few good tools, with the knowledge of their use, are really all that is essential. A big plant is not only cumbersome, taking up much valuable space, but also might easily lead to suspicion and consequent arrest.

There is one serious drawback to an otherwise skilful and not unremunerative profession. That is the necessity of accomplices. The burglar, the pickpocket, and the forger can always work alone and more or less in secret. But to the coiner, a second and third party is absolutely necessary, if he is to make his way. There is the agent, who receives the coins and purchases them, and, again, there are the "smashers," those men whose trade it is to pass off the coins on the easily deceived British public.

It is in the event of capture of either of these parties, and of their turning king's evidence, that the danger lies.

In manufacturing spurious coin, my first care was to choose a pattern coin, from which the mould was taken. The pattern had to be a good coin, of comparatively new issue—say, nine to twelve years old. An old coin would be too much rubbed, while a very new one might court suspicion. Hence, you see, care had to be taken.

The first thing to be done is to cover a square of glass with a thin coating of Russian tallow. The pattern coin is pressed into the middle until it is quite flush with the tallowed surface.



This photograph shows the counterfeit coin as it appears fresh from the mould. It is then clipped and milled.

Having chosen my coin, I carefully cleaned it from all grease and dirt, rubbed it with silver sand, and let a stream of cold water run over it for some time. I then dried and wrapped it up to prevent any small accumulation of dust in the crevices.

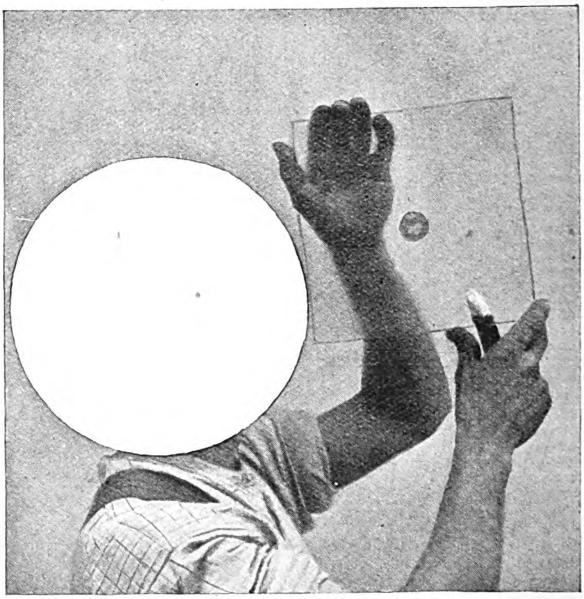
I then took a square of glass, absolutely true and level. Having cleaned it thoroughly, I covered it with a thin, smooth surface of Russian tallow. Then, taking the pattern coin, I pressed it firmly on to the glass in the middle, wrapping my hand in a cloth to avoid touching the coin more than was absolutely necessary. The coin had to be pressed quite flush with the glass, for, when the plaster was poured round, it might have slipped underneath the coin and spoilt the mould.

Cutting out in cardboard a small semi-circular framework or box, I placed it on the glass round the pattern coin stuck there. This box is known as a "border." The glass was now ready to receive the plaster, which I carefully mixed to such a consistency that it might readily be transferred to the glass with a spoon, and that it might set as quickly as possible. I always used the very best plaster of Paris for the moulds, since inferior qualities would give lumps and irregularities to the mixture.

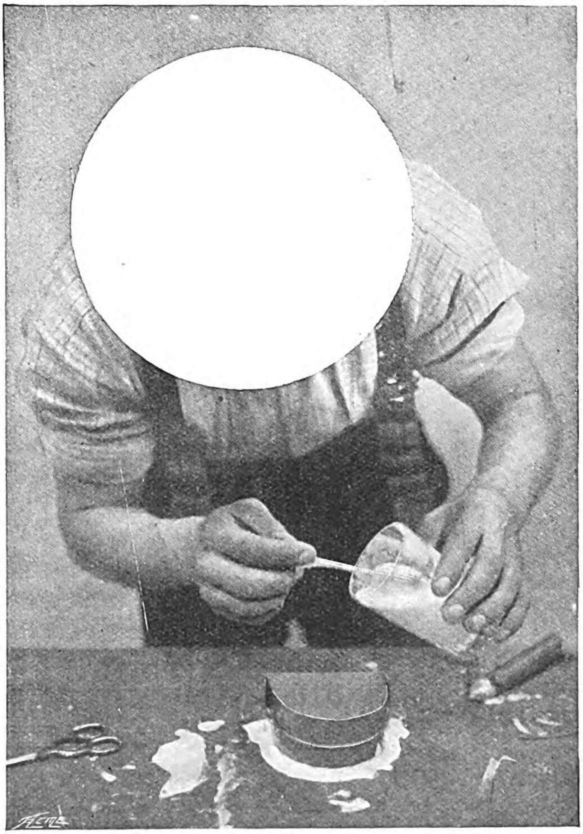
Before pouring the plaster into the border I poured some round the outside edge of the border. This, besides rendering the inside water-tight, served to hold the border in place and keep it firm.

When this outside plaster had set I poured more plaster gently on to the pattern coin, observing that it covered the coin evenly, and that no bubbles were allowed to loiter there. I could always see any deficiencies by raising the glass above my head and closely scrutinising the under-side of the pattern coin. I pressed the plaster round the coin carefully with a penknife, and put the mould, thus formed, aside to set, which usually took half-an-hour to accomplish. The mould is called "a trap" by coiners.

As soon as it was dry I took the border off and released "the trap" from the glass by melting the tallow spread over the glass surface. I trimmed the plaster and cut three grooves on the flat side from the edge to the centre. Holding "the trap" flat side uppermost I surrounded it with a new border, and poured more plaster on to the coin, and thus complete the mould, taking note that the grooves were well filled with plaster.



Holding the square of glass up to the light you can ascertain whether the pattern coin is quite flush with the glass.



The plaster is mixed to such a consistency that it may readily be transferred to the 'border,' a cardboard framework or box placed round the pattern coin.

When this had set and the border had been removed, I dried the mould in front of the fire, to exclude all moisture that might be lurking in it. Then, separating the two halves of the mould, I took out the pattern coin, and cut in the mould a small V-shaped channel, through which to pour the molten pewter. Naturally, in extracting the coin from the mould, the greatest possible care had to be exercised, lest the imprint be injured in any way or the plaster chipped.

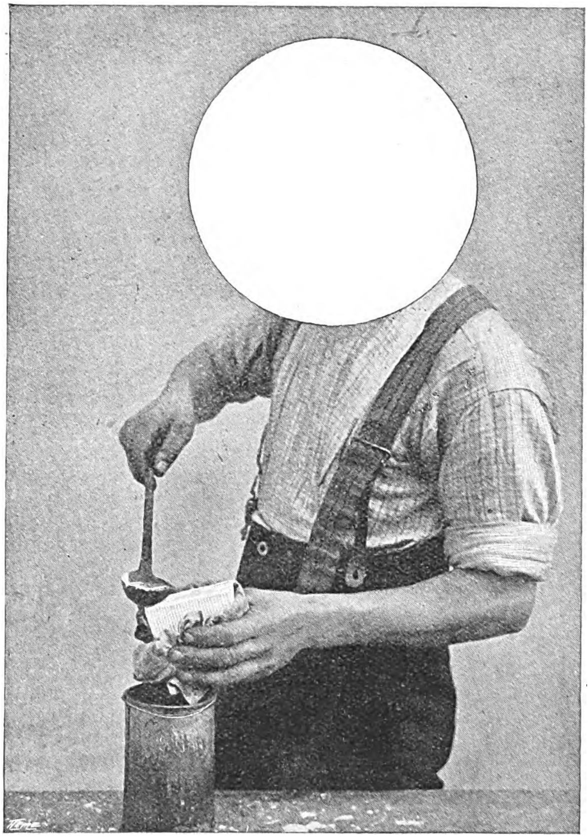
On the obverse of the mould I cut a similar channel and put away both pieces for a final drying. It is interesting to note that the best impressions give a peculiar gloss to the plaster, dear to the heart of the coiner.

Counterfeit coins are usually made of old pewters and leaden spoons. These are melted down in

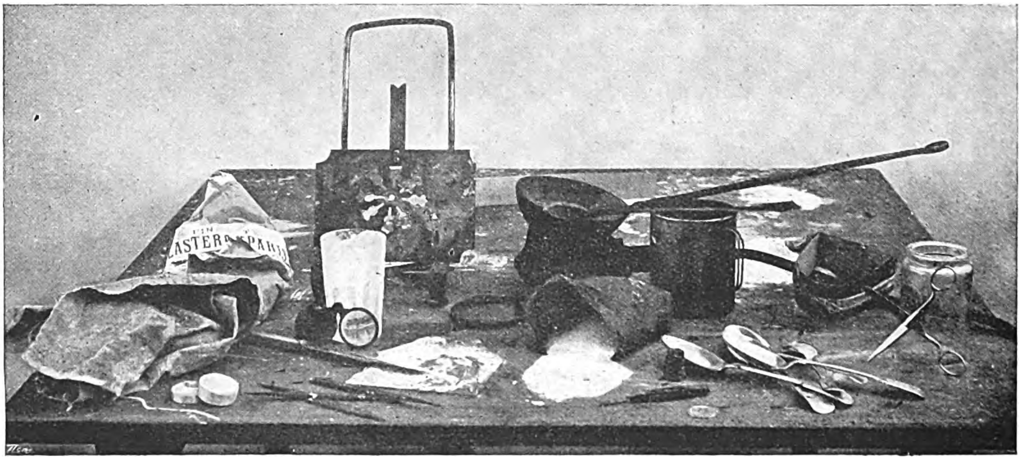
court suspicion. By means of a cork I thoroughly cleaned it with wet silver sand, scrubbing it hard on both sides. This took the grease off it, but its colour was still black. So I put it in a battery, and a slight deposit of silver was thrown on to it. Or, again, I could cover it carefully with a special silvering powder, which hid the tell-tale black underneath.

The coiner, who takes a pride in his work, must now polish the coin with a cloth and rub in lamp-black in the form of an oily solution. This gives it a general appearance of having been in circulation some time. The agent pays for the coins at the following somewhat unremunerative rates: For a load of shillings, twenty in a load, three and fourpence—twopence a coin; while for the florin and half-crown he gives six shillings to six and eightpence a load — double the price. For gold coins he will give eighteen-pence for a half-sovereign.

It is the easiest thing in the world to detect a counterfeit coin. If you turn it and examine the edge, you will immediately detect the fraud. For the imitation milling is, even to an unexpert eye, quite plainly evident when compared to the genuine mill.



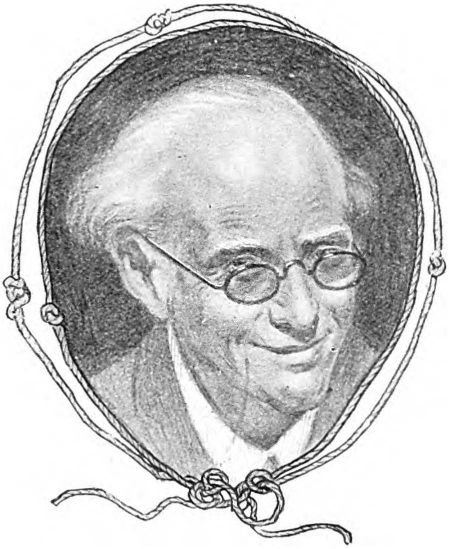
The two halves of the mould are tied tightly together with cloth, and the molten pewter, from which the coins are made, is poured in through a prepared channel.



The coiner's outfit is not necessarily a big affair; the smaller the better.

By

Baroness E. Orczy.



Illustrated by

P. B.

Hickling.

THE LIVERPOOL MYSTERY.

Being the Third of a Series of Stories, "The Mysteries of Great Cities," told by the famous Man in the Corner.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Man *in the corner, who tells the story to the* Lady Journalist.

Prince Semionicz.

His French Secretary.

Messrs. Winslow & Vassall (*Jewellers in Liverpool*).

Schwarz (*German assistant at Winslow & Vassall's*).

CHAPTER I.

"A title—a foreign title, I mean—is always very useful for purposes of swindles and frauds," remarked the man in the corner to me one day. "The cleverest robberies of modern times were perpetrated lately in Vienna by a man who dubbed himself Lord Seymour; whilst over here the same class of thief calls himself Count Something ending in 'o,' or Prince the other, ending in 'off.'"

"Fortunately for our hotel and lodging-house keepers over here," I replied, "they are beginning to be more alive to the ways of foreign swindlers, and look upon all titled gentry who speak broken English as possible swindlers or thieves."

"The result sometimes being exceedingly unpleasant to the real 'grands seigneurs' who honour this country at times with their visits," replied the man in the corner. "Now, take the case of Prince Semionicz, a man whose sixteen quarterings are duly recorded in Gotha, who carried enough luggage with him to pay for the use of every room in a hotel for at least a week, whose gold cigarette case with diamond and turquoise ornament was actually stolen without his taking the slightest trouble in trying to recover it; that same man was undoubtedly looked upon with suspicion by the manager of the Liverpool North-Western Hotel from the moment that his secretary—a dapper, somewhat vulgar little Frenchman—bespoke on behalf of his employer, with himself and a valet, the best suite of rooms the hotel contained.

"Obviously those suspicions were unfounded, for the little secretary, as soon as Prince Semionicz had arrived, deposited with the manager a pile of bank notes, also papers and bonds, the value of which would exceed tenfold the most outrageous bill that could possibly be placed before the noble visitor. Moreover, M. Albert Lambert explained that the Prince, who only meant to stay in Liverpool a few days, was on his way to Chicago, where he wished to visit Princess Anna Semionicz, his sister, who was married to Mr. Girwan, the great copper king and multi-millionaire.

"Yet, as I told you before, in spite of all these undoubted securities, suspicion of the wealthy Russian Prince lurked in the minds of most Liverpudlians who came in business contact with him. He had been at the North-Western two days when he sent his secretary to Winslow and Vassall, the jewellers of Bold Street, with a request that they would kindly send a representative round to the hotel with some nice pieces of jewellery, diamonds and pearls chiefly, which he was desirous of taking as a present to his sister in Chicago.

"Mr. Winslow took the order from M. Albert with a pleasant bow. Then he went to his inner office and consulted with his partner, Mr. Vassall, as to the best course to adopt. Both the gentlemen were desirous of doing business, for business had been very slack lately: neither wished to refuse a possible customer, or to offend Mr. Pettitt, the manager of the North-Western, who had recommended them to the Prince. But that foreign title and the vulgar little French secretary stuck in the throats of the two pompous and worthy Liverpool jewellers, and together they agreed, firstly, that no credit should be given ; and, secondly, that if a cheque or even a banker's draft were tendered, the jewels were not to be given up until that cheque or draft was cashed.

"Then came the question as to who should take the jewels to the hotel. It was altogether against business etiquette for the senior partners to do such errands themselves; moreover it was thought that it would be easier for a clerk to explain without giving undue offence that he could not take the responsibility of a cheque or draft without having cashed it previously to giving up the jewels.

"Then there was the question of the probable necessity of conferring in a foreign tongue. The head assistant, Charles Needham, who had been in the employ of Winslow and Vassall for over twelve years, was, in true British fashion, ignorant of any language save his own; it was therefore decided to dispatch Mr. Schwarz, a young German clerk lately arrived.

"Mr. Schwarz was Mr. Winslow's nephew and godson, a sister of that gentleman having married the head of the great German firm of Schwarz & Co., silversmiths, of Hamburg and Berlin.

"The young man had soon become a great favourite with his uncle, whose heir he would presumably be, as Mr. Winslow had no children.

"At first Mr. Vassall made some demur about sending Mr. Schwarz with so many valuable jewels alone in a city which he had not yet had the time to study thoroughly; but finally he allowed himself to be persuaded by his senior partner, and a fine selection of necklaces, pendants, bracelets, and rings, amounting in value to over £16,000, having been made, it was decided that Mr. Schwarz should go to the North-Western in a cab the next day at about three o'clock in the afternoon. This he accordingly did, the following day being a Thursday.

"Business went on in the shop as usual under the direction of the head assistant, until about five o'clock Mr. Winslow returned from his club, where he usually spent an hour over the papers every afternoon, and asked for his nephew. To his astonishment Mr. Needham informed him that Mr. Schwarz had not yet returned. This seemed a little strange, and Mr. Winslow, with a slightly anxious look in his face, went in to consult his junior partner. Mr. Vassall offered to go round to the hotel and interview Mr. Pettitt.

"'I was beginning to get anxious myself," he said, 'but did not quite like to say so. I have been in over half-an-hour, hoping every moment that you would come in, and that perhaps you could give me some reassuring news. I thought that perhaps you had met Mr. Schwarz, and were coming back together.'

"However Mr. Vassall walked round to the hotel and interviewed the hall porter. The latter perfectly well remembered Mr. Schwarz sending in his card to Prince Semionicz.

"'At what time was that?' asked Mr. Vassall.

"'About ten minutes past three, sir, when he came; it was about an hour later when he left.'

"'When he left?' gasped, more than said, Mr. Vassall.

"'Yes, sir. Mr. Schwarz left here about a quarter before four, sir.'

"'Are you quite sure?'

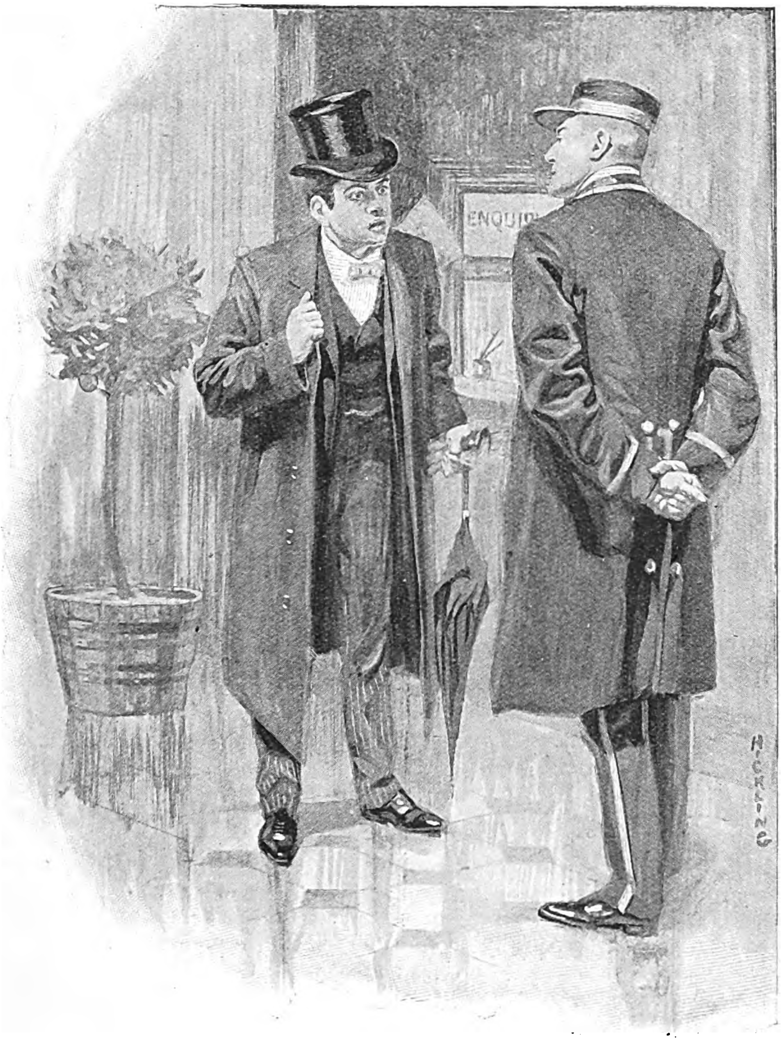
"'Quite sure. Mr. Pettitt was in the hall when he left, and he asked him something about business. Mr. Schwarz laughed and said, "not bad." I hope there's nothing wrong, sir,' added the man.

"'Oh—er—nothing—thank you. Can I see Mr. Pettitt?'

"'Certainly, sir.'

"Mr. Pettitt, the manager of the hotel, shared Mr. Vassall's anxiety immediately when he heard that the young German had not yet returned home.

"'I spoke to him a little before four o'clock



"When he left?" gasped, more than said, Mr. Vassall.

We had just switched on the electric light, which we always do these winter months at that hour. But I shouldn't worry myself, Mr. Vassall; the young man may have seen to some business on his way home. You'll probably find him in when you go back.'

"Apparently somewhat reassured, Mr. Vassall thanked Mr. Pettitt and hurried back to the shop, only to find that Mr. Schwarz had not returned, though it was now close on eight o'clock.

"Mr. Winslow looked so haggard and upset that it would have been cruel to heap reproaches upon his other troubles or to utter so much as the faintest suspicion that young Schwarz's permanent disappearance with £16,000 in jewels and money was within the bounds of probability.

"There was one chance left, but under the circumstances a very slight one indeed. The Winslows' private house was up the Birkenhead end of the town. Young Schwarz had been living with them ever since his arrival in Liverpool, and he may have—either not feeling well or for some other reason—gone straight home without calling at the shop. It was unlikely as valuable jewellery was never kept at the private house, but—it just might have happened.

"It would be useless," continued the man in the corner, "and decidedly uninteresting were I to relate to you Messrs. Winslow's and Vassall's further anxieties with regard to the missing young man. Suffice it to say that on reaching his private house Mr. Winslow found that his godson had neither returned nor sent any telegraphic message of any kind.

"Not wishing to needlessly alarm his wife, Mr. Winslow made an attempt at eating his dinner, but directly after he hurried back to the North-Western Hotel, and asked to see Prince Semionicz. The Prince was at the theatre with his secretary, and probably would not be home until nearly midnight.

"Mr. Winslow, then, not knowing what to think, nor yet what to fear, and in spite of the horror he felt of giving publicity to his nephew's disappearance, thought it his duty to go round to the police station and interview the inspector. It is wonderful how news of that type travels in a large city like Liverpool. Already the morning papers of the following day were full of the latest sensation: 'Mysterious disappearance of a well-known tradesman.'

"Mr. Winslow found a copy of the paper containing the sensational announcement on his breakfast-table. It lay side by side with a letter addressed to him in his nephew's hand writing, which had been posted in Liverpool.

II.

"Mr. Winslow placed that letter, written to him by his nephew, into the hands of the police. Its contents, therefore, quickly became public property. The astounding statements made therein by Mr. Schwarz created, in quiet, business-like Liverpool, a sensation which has seldom been equalled.

"It appears that the young fellow did call on Prince Semionicz at a quarter past three on Wednesday, December 10th, with a bag full of jewels, amounting in value to some £16,000. The prince duly admired, and finally selected from among the ornaments, a necklace, pendant and bracelet, the whole being priced by Mr. Schwarz, according to his instructions, at £10,500. Prince Semionicz was most prompt and business-like in his dealings.

"'You will require immediate payment for these, of course,' he said in perfect English, 'and I know you business men prefer solid cash to cheques, especially when dealing with foreigners. I always provide myself with plenty of Bank of England notes in consequence,' he added with a pleasant smile, 'as £10,500 in gold would perhaps be a little inconvenient to carry. If you will kindly make out the receipt my secretary, M. Lambert, will settle all business matters with you.'

"He thereupon took the jewels he had selected and locked them up in his dressing case, the beautiful silver fittings of which Mr. Schwarz just caught a short glimpse of. Then, having been accommodated with paper and ink, the young jeweller made out the account and receipt whilst M. Lambert, the secretary, counted out before him 105 crisp Bank of England notes of £100 each. Then, with a final bow to his exceedingly urbane and eminently satisfactory customer, Mr. Schwarz took his leave. In the hall he saw and spoke to Mr. Pettitt, and then he went out into the street.

"He had just left the hotel and was about to cross towards St. George's Hall when a gentleman, in a magnificent fur coat, stepped quickly out of a cab which had been stationed near the kerb, and touching him lightly upon the shoulder said with an unmistakable air of authority, at the same time handing him a card:

"'That is my name. I must speak with you immediately.

"Schwarz glanced at the card and by the light of the arc lamps above his head read on it the name of 'Dimitri Slaviansky Burgreneff, De la IIe Section Police Imperial de S. M. le Czar.'

"Quickly the owner of the unpronounceable name and the significant titles, pointed to the cab from which he had just alighted, and Schwarz, whose every suspicion with regard to his princely customer bristled up in one moment, clutched his bag and followed his imposing interlocutor; as soon as they were both comfortably seated in the cab the latter began with courteous apology in broken but fluent English:

"'I must ask your pardon, sir, for thus trespassing upon your valuable time, and I certainly should not have done so but for the certainty that our interests in a certain matter which I have in hand are practically identical, in so far that we both should wish to outwit a clever rogue.'

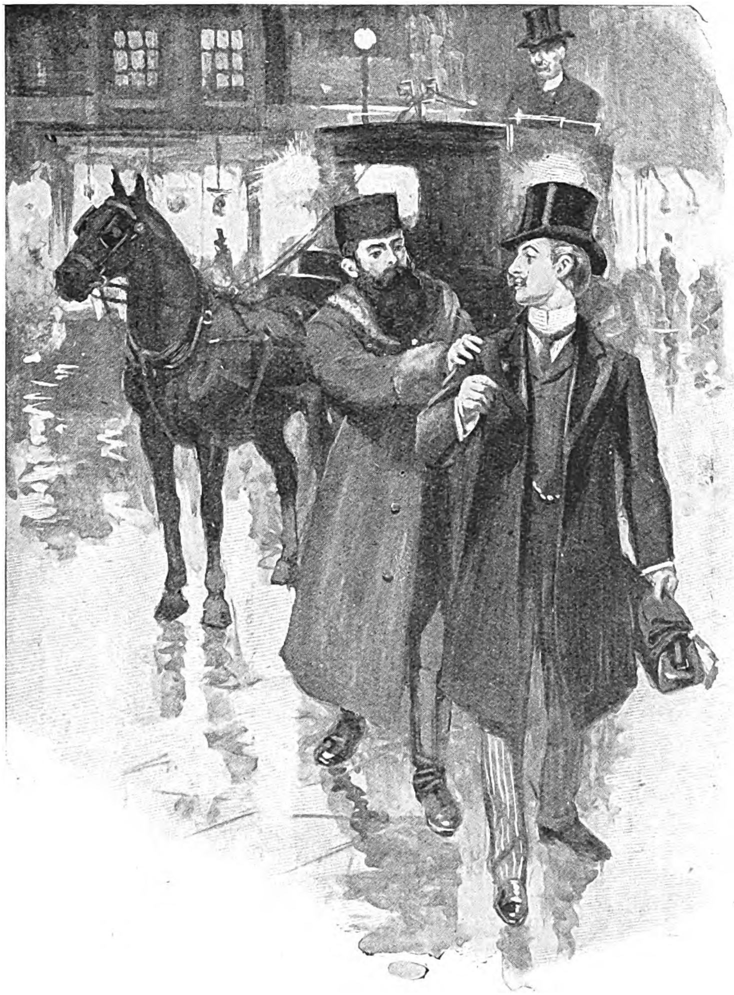
"Instinctively, and his mind full of terrible apprehension, Mr. Schwarz's hand wandered to his pocket-book filled to overflowing with the bank-notes which he had so lately received from the Prince.

"'Ah, I see,' interposed the courteous Russian with a smile, 'he has played the confidence trick on you, with the usual addition of so many so-called bank-notes.'

"'So-called,' gasped the unfortunate young man.

"'I don't think I often err in my estimate of my own countrymen,' continued M. Burgreneff; 'I have vast experience, you must remember. Therefore, I doubt if I am doing M.—er—what does he call himself?—Prince something—an injustice if I assert, even without handling those crisp bits of paper you have in your pocket-book, that no bank would exchange them for gold.'

"Remembering his uncle's suspicion and his own, Mr. Schwarz cursed himself for his blindness and folly in accepting notes so easily without for a moment imagining that they might be false. Now, with everyone of those suspicions fully on the alert, he felt the bits of paper with nervous, anxious fingers,



When a gentleman, in a magnificent fur coat, stepped quickly out of a cab which had been stationed near the kerb.

while the imperturbable Russian calmly struck a match.

"'See here,' he said, pointing to one of the notes, 'the shape of that "w" in the signature of the chief cashier. I am not an English police officer, but I could pick out that spurious "w" among a thousand genuine ones. You see, I have seen a good many.'

"Now, of course, poor young Schwarz had not seen very many Bank of England notes. He could not have told whether one 'w' in Mr. Bowen's signature is better than another, but, though he did not speak English nearly as fluently as his pompous interlocutor, he understood every word of the appalling statement the latter had just made.

"'Then that Prince,' he said, 'at the hotel?——'

"'Is no more Prince than you and I, my dear sir,' concluded the gentleman of His Imperial Majesty's police, calmly.

"'And the jewels? Mr. Winslow's jewels?'

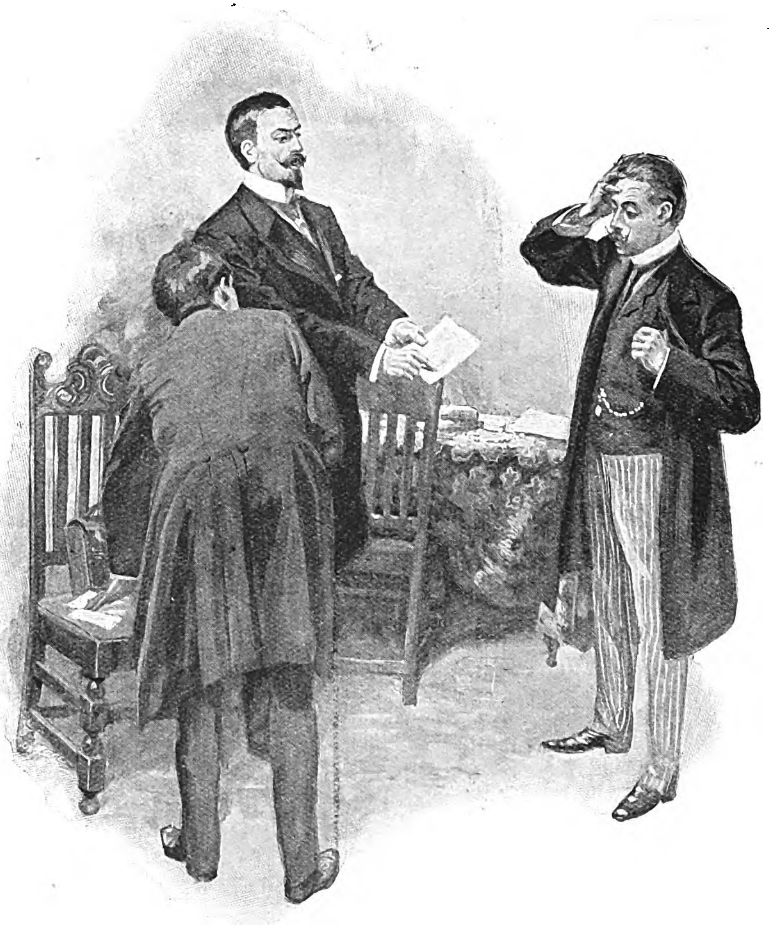
"'With the jewels there may be a chance—oh! a mere chance. These forged bank notes, which you accepted so trustingly, may prove the means of recovering your property.'

"'How?'

"'The penalty of forging and circulating spurious bank notes is very heavy. You know that. The fear of seven years' penal servitude will act as a wonderful sedative upon the—er—Prince's joyful mood. He will give up the jewels to me all right enough, never you fear. He knows,' added the Russian officer grimly, 'that there are plenty of old scores to settle up, without the additional one of forged bank notes. Our interests, you see, are identical. May I rely on your co-operation?'

"'Oh, I will do as you wish,' said the delighted young German. 'Mr. Winslow and Mr. Vassall, they trusted me, and I have been such a fool. I hope it is not too late.'

"'I think not,' said M. Burgreneff, his hand already on the door of the cab. 'Though I have been talking to you I have kept an eye on the hotel, and our friend the Prince has not yet gone out. We are accustomed, you know, to have eyes everywhere, we of the Russian secret police. I don't think that I will ask you to be present at the confrontation. Perhaps you will wait for me in the cab. There is a nasty fog outside, and you



He showed him the jewels, the receipt he held, and also a large bundle of bank notes.

will be more private. Will you give me those beautiful banknotes? Thank you! Don't be anxious. I won't be long.'

"He lifted his hat, and slipped the notes into the inner pocket of his magnificent fur coat. As he did so, Mr. Schwarz caught sight of a rich uniform and a wide sash, which no doubt was destined to carry additional moral weight with the clever rogue upstairs.

"Then His Imperial Majesty's police officer stepped quickly out of the cab, and Mr. Schwarz was left alone.

III.

"Yes, left severely alone," continued the man in the corner with a sarcastic chuckle. "So severely alone in fact that one quarter of an hour after another passed by and still the magnificent police officer in the gorgeous uniform did not return. Then, when it was too late, Schwarz cursed himself once again for the double-dyed idiot that he was. He had been only too ready to believe that Prince Semionicz was a liar and a rogue, and under these unjust suspicions he had fallen an all too easy prey to one of the most cunning rascals he had ever come across.

"An inquiry from the hall porter at the North-Western elicited the fact that no such personage as Mr. Schwarz described had entered the hotel. The young man asked to see Prince Semionicz, hoping against hope that all was not yet lost. The Prince received him most courteously; he was dictating some letters to his secretary, while the valet was in the next room preparing his master's evening clothes. Mr. Schwarz found it very difficult to explain what he actually did want.

"There stood the dressing-case in which the Prince had locked up the jewels, and there the bag from which the secretary had taken the bank-notes. After much hesitation on Schwarz's part and much impatience on that of the Prince, the young man blurted out the whole story of the so-called Russian police officer whose card he still held in his hand.

"The Prince, it appears, took the whole thing wonderfully good-naturedly; no doubt he thought the jeweller a hopeless fool. He showed him the jewels, the receipt he held, and also a large bundle of bank-notes similar to those Schwarz had with such culpable folly given up to the clever rascal in the cab.

"'I pay all my bills with Bank of England notes, Mr. Schwarz. It would have been wiser, perhaps, if you had spoken to the manager of the hotel about me before you were so ready to believe any cock-and-bull story about my supposed rogueries.'

"Finally he placed a small 16mo volume before the young jeweller, and said with a pleasant smile:

"'If people in this country who are in a large way of business, and are therefore likely to come in contact with people of foreign nationality, were to study these little volumes before doing business with any foreigner who claims a title, much disappointment and a great loss would often be saved. Now in this case had you looked up page 797 of this little volume of Gotha's Almanac you would have seen my name in it and known from the first that the so-called Russian detective was a liar.'

"There was nothing more to be said, and Mr. Schwarz left the hotel. No doubt now that he had been hopelessly duped; he dared not go home and half hoped by communicating with the police that they might succeed in arresting the thief before he had time to leave Liverpool. He interviewed Detective-Inspector Watson, and was at once confronted with the awful difficulty which would make the recovery of the bank-notes practically hopeless. He had never had the time or opportunity of jotting down the numbers of the notes.

"Mr. Winslow, though terribly wrathful against his nephew, did not wish to keep him out of his home. As soon as he had received Schwarz's letter, he traced him, with Inspector Watson's help, to his lodgings in North Street, where the unfortunate young man meant to remain hidden until the terrible storm had blown over, or perhaps until the thief had been caught red-handed with the booty still in his hands.

"This happy event, needless to say, never did occur, though the police made every effort to trace the man who had decoyed Schwarz into the cab. His appearance was such an uncommon one; it seemed most unlikely that no one in Liverpool should have noticed him after he left that cab. The wonderful fur coat, the long beard, all must have been noticeable, even though it was past four o'clock on a somewhat foggy December afternoon.

"But every investigation proved futile; no one answering Schwarz's description of the man had been seen anywhere. The papers continued to refer to the case as "the Liverpool Mystery." Scotland Yard sent Mr. Fairburn down—the celebrated detective—at the request of the Liverpool police, to help in the investigations, but nothing availed.

"Prince Semionicz with his suite left Liverpool, and he who had attempted to blacken his character, and had succeeded in robbing Messrs. Winslow and Vassall of £10,500, had completely disappeared."

IV.

The man in the corner re-adjusted his collar and necktie, which, during the narrative of this interesting mystery, had worked its way up his long, crane-like neck under his large flappy ears. His costume of checked tweed of a peculiarly loud pattern had tickled the fancy of some of the waitresses who were standing gazing at him and giggling in one corner. This evidently made him nervous. He gazed up very meekly at me, looking for all the world like a bald-headed adjutant dressed for a holiday.

"Of course, at first all sorts of theories of the theft got about. One of the most popular, and at the same time most quickly exploded, being that young Schwarz had told a cock-and-bull story, and was the actual thief himself.

"However, as I said before that was very quickly exploded, as Mr. Schwarz, senior, a very wealthy merchant, never allowed his son's carelessness to be a serious loss to his kind employers. As soon as he thoroughly grasped all the circumstances of the extraordinary case, he drew a chequе for £10,500 and remitted it to Messrs. Winslow and Vassall. It was just, but it was also high-minded.

"All Liverpool knew of the generous action, as Mr. Winslow took care that it should; and any evil suspicion regarding young Mr. Schwarz vanished as quickly as it had come.

"Then, of course, there was the theory about the Prince and his suite, and to this day I fancy there are plenty of people in Liverpool, and also in London, who declare that the so-called Russian police officer was a confederate. No doubt that theory was very plausible, and Messrs. Winslow and Vassall spent a good deal of money in trying to prove a case against the Russian Prince.

"Very soon, however, that theory was also bound to collapse. Mr. Fairburn, whose reputation as an investigator of crime waxes in direct inverted ratio to his capacities, did hit upon the obvious course of interviewing the managers of the larger London and Liverpool *agents-de-change*. He soon found that Prince Semionicz had converted a great deal of Russian and French money into English banknotes since his arrival in this country a few days ago. More than £30,000 in good, solid honest money, was traced to the pockets of the gentleman with the sixteen quarterings. It seemed, therefore, more than improbable, that a man who was obviously fairly wealthy would risk imprisonment and hard labour, if not worse, for the sake of increasing his fortune by £10,000.

"However, the theory of the Prince's guilt has taken firm root in the dull minds of our police authorities. They have had every information with regard to Prince Semionicz's antecedents from Russia; his position, his wealth, have been placed above suspicion, and yet they suspect and go on suspecting him or his secretary. They have communicated with the police of every European capital; and while they still hope to obtain sufficient evidence against those they suspect, they calmly allow the guilty to enjoy the fruit of his clever roguery."

"The guilty?" I said. "Who do you think—?"

"Who do I think knew at that moment that young Schwarz had money in his possession?" he said excitedly, wriggling in his chair like a jack in the box. "Obviously someone was guilty of that theft who knew that Schwarz had gone to interview a rich Russian and would in all probability return with a large sum of money in his possession?"

"Who, indeed, but the Prince and his secretary?" I argued. "But just now you said—"

"Just now I said that the police were determined to find the Prince and his secretary guilty; they did not look further than their own stumpy noses. Messrs. Winslow and Vassall spent money with a free hand in those investigations. Mr. Winslow, as the senior partner, stood to lose over £9000 by that robbery. Now with Mr. Vassall it was different.

"When I saw how the police went on blundering in this case I took the trouble to make certain inquiries, the whole thing interested me so much, and I learnt all that I wished to know. I found out, namely, that Mr. Vassall was very much a junior partner in the firm, that he only drew ten per cent. of the profits, having been promoted lately to a partnership from having been senior assistant.

"Now the police did not take the trouble to find that out."

"But you don't mean that—"

"I mean that in all cases where robbery affects more than one person the first thing to find out is whether it affects the second party equally with the first. I proved that to you, didn't I, over that robbery in Phillimore Terrace. There, as here, one of the two parties stood to lose very little in comparison with the other—

"Even then—" I began.

"Wait a moment, for I found out something more. The moment I had ascertained that Mr. Vassall was not drawing more than about £500 a year from the business profits I tried to ascertain at what rate he lived and what were his chief vices. I found that he kept a fine house in Albert Terrace. Now the rents of those houses are £250 a year. Therefore speculation, horse-racing or some sort of gambling, must help to keep up that establishment. Speculation and most forms of gambling are synonymous with debt and ruin. It is only a question of time. Whether Mr. Vassall was in debt or not at the time that I cannot say, but this I do know that ever since that unfortunate loss to him of about £1000 he has kept his house in nicer style than before, and he now has a good banking account at the Lancashire and Liverpool bank, which he opened a year after his 'heavy loss.'"

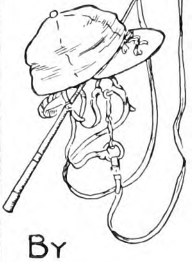
"But it must have been very difficult—" I argued.

"What?" he said. "To have planned out the whole thing? For carrying it out was mere child's play. He had twenty-four hours in which to put his plan into execution. Why, what was there to do? Firstly, to go to a local printer in some out of the way part of the town and get him to print a few cards with the high-sounding name. That, of course, is done 'while you wait.' Beyond that there was the purchase of a good second-hand uniform, fur coat, and a beard and a wig from a costumier's.

"No, no, the execution was not difficult; it was the planning of it all, the daring that was so fine. Schwarz, of course, was a foreigner; he had only been in England a little over a fortnight. Vassall's broken English misled him; probably he did not know the junior partner very intimately. I have no doubt that but for his uncle's absurd British prejudice and suspicions against the Russian Prince, Schwarz would not have been so ready to believe in the latter's roguery. As I said, it would be a great boon if English tradesmen studied Gotha more; but it was clever, wasn't it? I couldn't have done it much better myself."

That last sentence was so characteristic. I wished I could render its supreme overwhelming self-conceit. Before I could think of some plausible argument against his theory he was gone, and I was trying vainly to find another solution to the Liverpool mystery.

DERBY DAY



By Lieut-Col. Newnham-Davis.

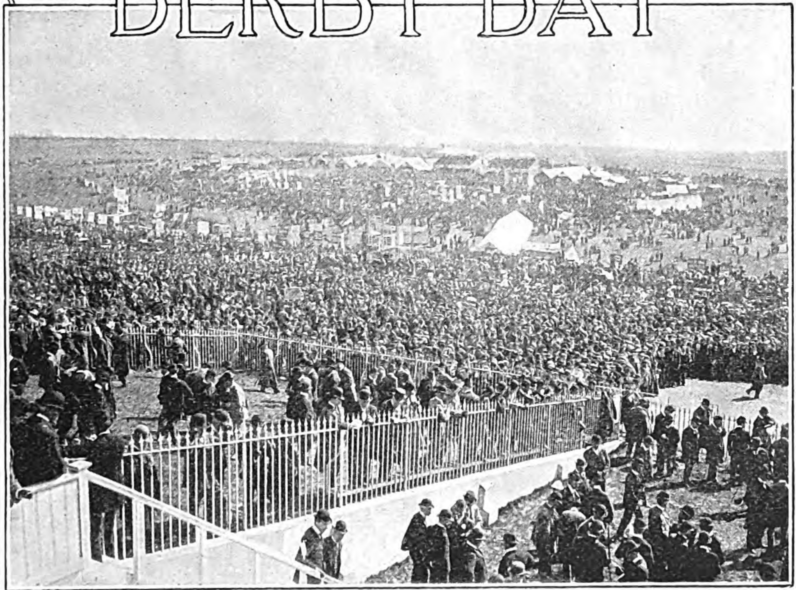


Photo by W. W. Rouch & Co.

The Hill at Epsom on Derby Day.

In the good old days, which generally means a time so far back that nobody remembers all its discomforts, all the world used to go down to the Derby by road, and green veils, false noses, penny trumpets, a vast amount of dust, and a proportionate amount of liquid refreshment at wayside hostelries, all came under the heading of the "fun of the road."

The railways, however, have made the journey to Epsom so easy that now for every one man who drives down fifty go by train, and, as you and I are not millionaires and do not own a coach, and do not care to pay the necessary guineas for seats on one of the many drags and road coaches that run to Epsom on Derby Day from the Victoria and other big hotels, we will make our arrangements to go down by train, trust to luck to find hospitable hosts to give us lunch, and see the race from the hill.

We have been landed at the new station not far from Tattenham Corner, and have joined the stream of pedestrians setting over the rough grass, under a June sun, towards the course. Our companions for the moment, all going eagerly in the same direction, are very good samples of the components of a Derby crowd.

Those two young clerks, who are so pleased with themselves that they execute a little step dance at intervals, have been given a holiday from the counting house because it is Derby Day. The little, freckled man in a frock coat and a bowler hat carrying a stone jar which undoubtedly contains beer is, I am sure, a tradesman in a very small way of business, and the rubicund and large proportioned lady who is carrying a baby and leading a child is his wife. The haughty gentleman in a silk hat and and a grey frock coat is going to join a coaching party on the Downs. The couple of men in white hats, coats with great pearl buttons, satchels, and a roll of canvas, are bookmakers—we shall hear their voices before long.

The girl in a black straw hat and little brown coat, with a basket covered with a towel, is a flower girl who is bringing her fresh, sweet-scented wares down from Covent Garden. The gentleman in a Norfolk jacket and knickerbockers was in his day a well known athlete; he is taking his son, the little fellow in an Eton jacket and broad, white collar, to see his first Derby. Two Guardsmen and a sailor put a touch of colour into the throng by the red and blue of tunic and jacket.

The thin streams of pedestrians are moving now in two

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directions, towards the stands and towards the hill. Over there, to your right, the great white masses seen dimly through the shimmer of the heated, dust-laden atmosphere are the stands; we shall see them closer before long. There before us on the swell of the Downs is a swarm of humanity that at this distance looks like a disturbed ants' nest; the white dots in the swarm being tents, the tiny coloured blocks being coaches and carriages already in position. We will make for the hill at once, for there the excitement of the day is beginning.

Button up your coat and have a heed to your pockets, for pickpockets come to the Derby as well as honest people. Pay no heed to the old gipsy who wants to stop you, and who suggests that sixpence given to her baby will bring the pretty gentleman luck, escape from that other old woman who wants to brush your coat, and get into the outward current of the thick crowd that is squeezed into a narrow space left between the long line of carriages and coaches and a couple of stands and the bright-coloured tents of the clubs.

Horses are being led away by helpers in shirt sleeves, coaches are being backed into position with much of "there she goes" and "now all together" from the pushers, and a great deal of unnecessary advice from lookers-on. There is the sound of banjoes and of a harp and of choruses, a girl's shrill voice singing a comic song dominates by its sharpness all the other noises, and from the other side of the barricade of the vehicles comes a clatter and roar of voices where the ready-money bookmakers are shouting their odds for the first race. The noise is confusing now, but nothing to what it will be later in the day. Do not look about you. Only press through to the clear space before us on the shoulder of the hill.

"Look out!" "Here comes one!" With whip-thong flashing over the leaders and the four horses straining on the traces at a gallop a coach comes bounding up the hill. The lady on the box seat has her mouth tight shut, and another lady on the seat behind her is holding on to the rail, but the men on the coach are laughing in the pleasure of the rush through the air.

From this spot we can see everything excellently and will run no risk of being

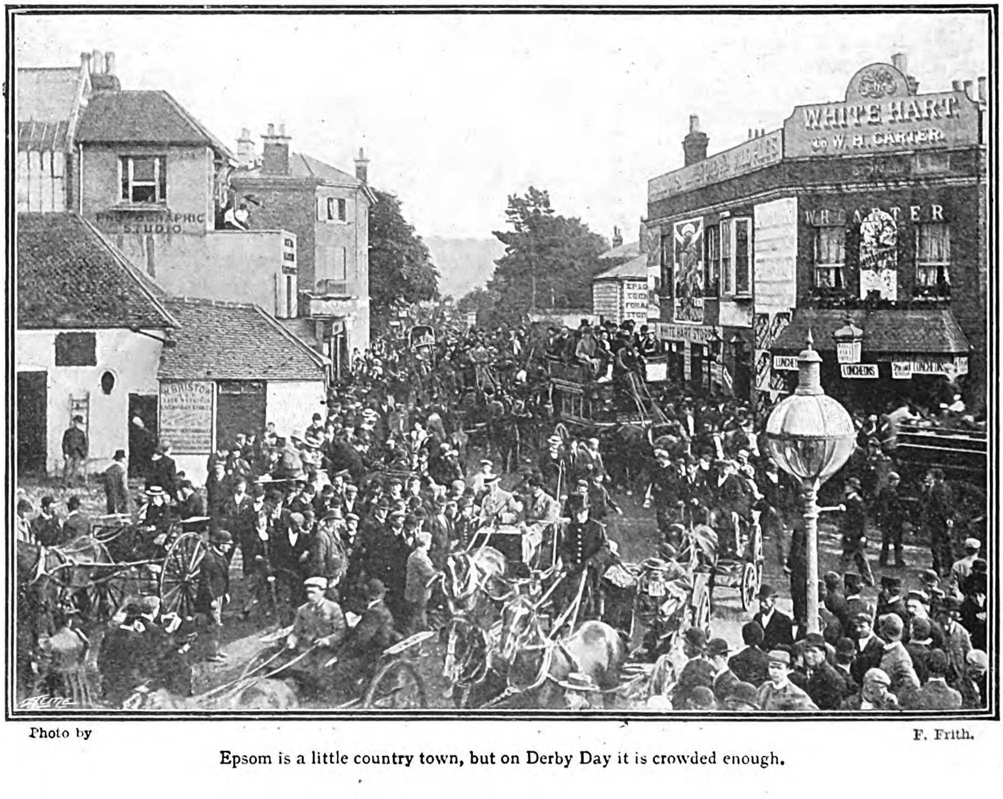


Photo by F. Frith.

Epsom is a little country town, but on Derby Day it is crowded enough.

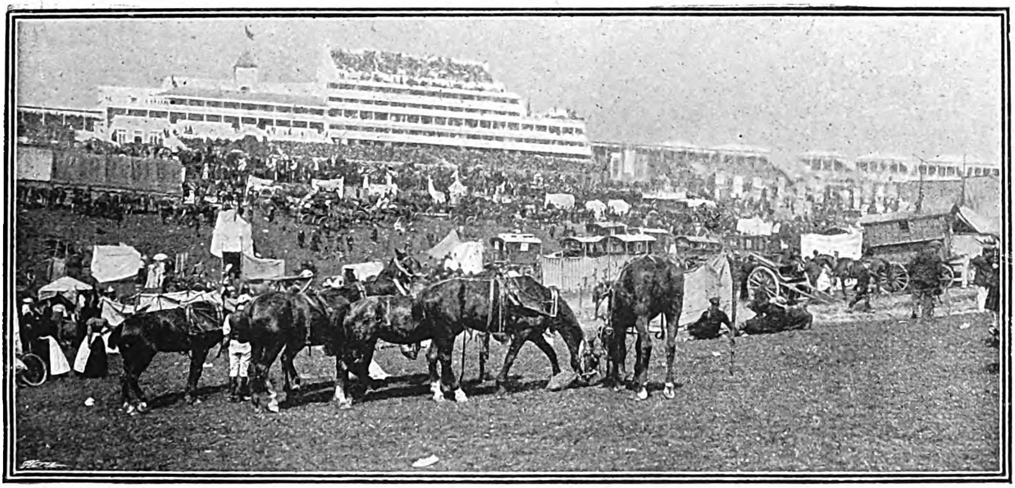


Photo by W. W. Rouch & Co.

Carriage horses enjoying a well-earned rest after the dusty drive down.

galloped over. Yonder on the rise, across the chalky dip in the downs, is the course; you can see the white rails that edge it. That building on the near side of the track is a private stand; the green hedge and palings mark the inclosure of the paddock. Through an opening in the rails a mass of coaches and carriages and great char-a-bancs and light carts is moving across the race-track. Most of the carts and the big public vehicles turn off the road and move alongside the course, trying to find a space near the rails, but the coaches hold straight on along the white way that leads down into the dip, pulling up in turn just before the steepest part of the slope is reached until the road before them is clear. In the dip there are two gate posts, and here a couple of policemen stand, and the official gate-keeper takes a toll of gold from each carriage and each coach that passes through.

Photo by W. W. Rouch & Co.

A lunch on a coach at the Derby is not the least pleasant of things.

A groom is dropped from each coach, who runs on and pays the couple of sovereigns, and then, with the brake hard on at first, the driver lets his horses go down hill at trot and hand-gallop, the coach flashes through the posts, and then, encouraged by voice and whip, the team races up the slope on to the hill, and the crowd cheer.

Here comes one of the road coaches, the "Old Times," with an amateur whip driving. "Well driven, sir! Well driven!" Now it is the turn of a regimental brake. Now a private coach comes tearing down, and the leaders, taking fright at a swing, shy right across the road. For a second it looks as though there must be an upset; but the man on the box is an old hand. He shouts to his horses, the lash of the whip flies out, the brake is put hard on; there is just one moment when the wheelers and leaders seem to form one confused group, and then the team straightens out and comes rushing up the

Photo by W. W. Rouch & Co.

The foliage of the Paddock is cool and pleasant after the heat of the sun.

hill. That driver deserves a very hearty cheer.

The course is being cleared now for the first race. A line of policemen moves slowly and steadily along the track, and the crowd seems to melt away right and left before it, leaving the broad, paper-strewn space between the rails clear. Now we can see the long line of stands, rising in tiers of white balconies, and crowded to their full holding capacity. Those dots of colour are the ladies in the boxes; that other coloured band, which looks like the "hundreds and thousands" with which cakes are adorned, is the line of the stalls.

Photo by W. W. Rouch & Co.

Strolling back to the course after inspecting the Derby favourite.

There, where a square of humanity is closer packed than elsewhere, is Tattersall's ring. That small stand, with a lawn before it, is the Royal box; and down that narrow way leading to the course our King went to lead in his horse when, as Prince of Wales, he won the Derby.

A shout of "They're off!" a sudden turning of all heads towards the course, a confused shouting of horse's names, and we can just catch a glimpse of some coloured spots flashing past close to the rails over yonder, where the winning post is. The first race is over, and we have seen next to nothing of it. That matters little, however. We have come to see the Derby, and so long as we get a good view of the big race, the other contests on the card matter little to us.

It is lunch time now. A good-natured Artilleryman has asked me to bring you to the Gunners' regimental tent; we have been invited also to the tent organised by "the Stores," and Clubland also has offered to open hospitable doors to us; so, if you like, we will make our way to the long line of white pavilions and coloured awnings that crown the hill. But I also know of a most hospitable coach, at the luncheon table attached to which we shall, I know, be welcome.

Which is it to be, tent or coach? Coach. Very well. We will, however,

Photo by W. W. Rouch & Co.

Epsom is the only course on which the spectators are allowed to walk between the races.

may be found beneath this particular standard, or a legend or motto, such as "The Old Firm and the Old Pitch."

In white hats, or straw hats decorated with rainbow ribbons, or "bowlers" with the curliest of brims, in coaching coats, or Ascot suits, or in bright coloured shirt sleeves, or with broad bands of glistening coins across their breasts — any method, in fact, of making themselves conspicuous — the bookmakers stand, each with his list, on which are the horses' names and the odds against them, each with his clerk, dressed like himself, entering the bets in a book, and every man of them shouts at the top of his raucous voice stating the odds he is prepared to lay. Below the bookmakers, further down on the slope, are some ugly canvas erections—gipsy tents

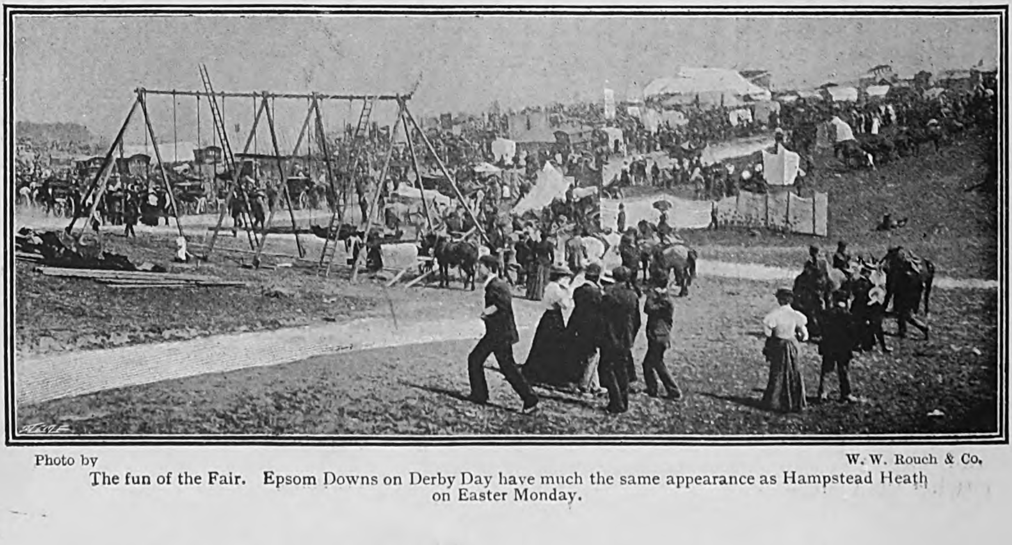


Photo by W. W. Rouch & Co.

The fun of the Fair. Epsom Downs on Derby Day have much the same appearance as Hampstead Heath on Easter Monday.

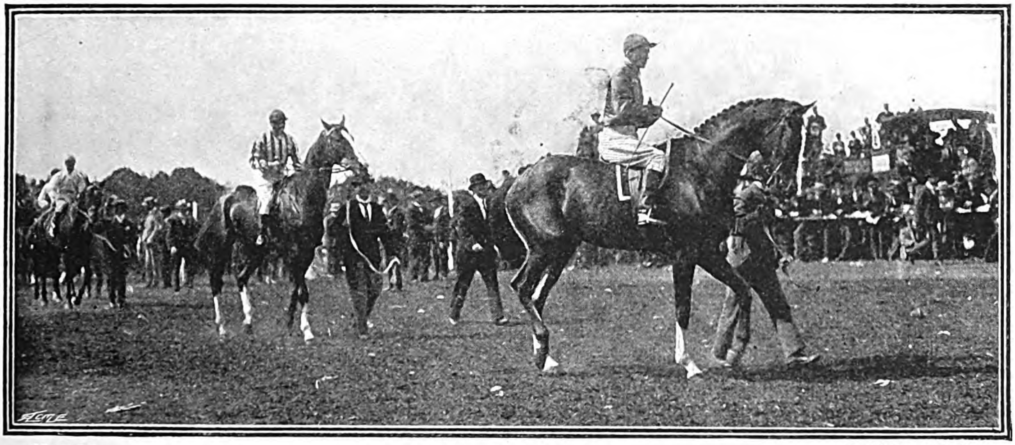


Photo by W. W. Rouch & Co.

The Derby of 1901. Veronese and Lord Bobs going out for the race, amidst the plaudits of the multitude.

and temporary stabling for horses—and then the ground rises again to the course and the line of carriages and coaches and carts and char-a-bancs that are drawn up near the rails.

Round about the carriages and coaches on the hill a dense crowd moves, thrusting through the narrow lanes, watching the lunch parties, listening to the musicians. In the hansom cabs the couples sit eating their salmon and drinking their champagne, and the driver, who has climbed up into his box seat, is busy with his lobster and bottled beer. In the barouches and victorias the hampers have been unpacked.

By the coaches, tables have been set out. Some hosts send down a cart and have a tent pitched in which a set luncheon is spread, some have on and in the coaches the material for making a little lunch-table on the grass sheltered by an umbrella-like covering, others spread their table-cloths on the roofs of the coaches. Everywhere there is the clinking of glasses, the rattle of knives and forks, and the popping of corks.

This is the hour during which the musicians and the entertainers reap their harvest. That burnt-cork minstrel in a tiny Scotch cap and a kilt of exaggerated proportions is Squash. His Highland finery was given him when a horse with a Scottish name was a favourite for the Derby. Squash is a licensed libertine in the matter of chaff, and his remarks are often much funnier than his songs. That girl in black velvet singing to a harp accompaniment is to be seen on all the racecourses.

There are half-a-dozen troupes of negro

Photo by W. W. Rouch & Co.

Tod Sloan, the American jockey, crossing the Paddock, the usual admiring crowd following him.

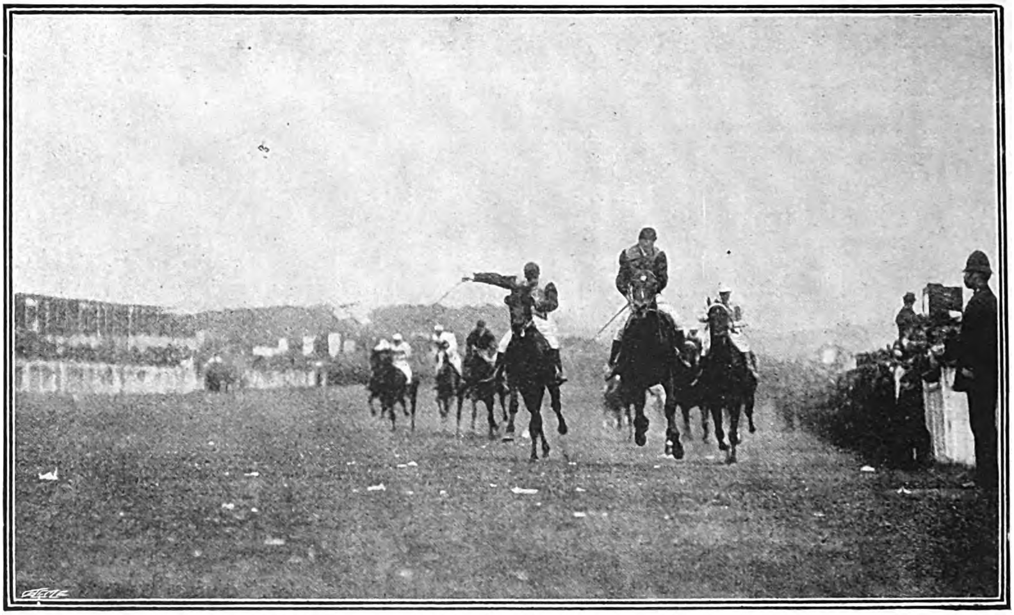


Photo by The Standard Photo Co.

Diamond Jubilee, the King's horse, winning the Derby in 1900.

minstrels, a little band of guitarists, a girl who sings comic songs in costume, an Irishman with a shillelagh, a sword swallower, a Zulu who flings reeds into the air, a man who makes wire brooches forming any initials, a clown on stilts who catches pennies in his hat, and a host of fortune-tellers, and gipsy women with babies, and flower sellers and pedlars who sell dolls, and "runners" who go round the coaches telling what odds are being laid in the ring and sometimes making bets for the occupants of the coaches.

Here is the coach at which we are expected, and a warm welcome and a dainty feast, neatly packed in china square dishes, laid out under the pink and white awning. There is another race to be run before the big race of the day, and when the roar of voices tells us that the horses have started we can leave our lunch for a minute or two and climb up on to the coach to see the finish.

Shall we go into the paddock before the big race is run? A ticket costs half a guinea, but we shall see in comfort all the favourites for the Derby, and the Epsom paddock is a place where one meets acquaintances from all parts of the earth, men whom one has last seen in the jungle in India, on the path over a Chinese rice swamp, or in an Australian sheep-shearing shed. It is worth the money, so let us take our tickets at the gate and go in.

The start for the Derby is a pretty sight; but, as we cannot see both start and finish, I will tell you what you would be likely to view if you went down to the starting-post, and you shall decide whether we shall see the start or the finish. At the starting-post there is a little wood on the far side of the course, and on the near side a line of carriages close to the rails, and a small crowd occupying every point of vantage. Up to the webbed frail barrier of the starting-gate come the horses and their riders, the many-coloured silks showing beautifully against the green of the wood.

There are always one or two fractious or vicious animals who turn round, or who jib and will not come up into line, and back the line of horses is sent again and again until the phalanx moves up in perfect order. The starter, when at last they are in perfect line, presses a button, and the webbing shoots up overhead, the man a hundred yards up the course drops his white flag, and the race has commenced.

You would prefer to see the finish of the race, and I think you are right. We will climb up on to the hospitable coach beneath whose shade we had lunch, and find standing room at the back.

The course has been cleared, and now the crowd has become like one individual, for the same emotions are moving all the gathered hundreds of thousands.

"They are off!" "No!" You can hear the words as though one voice spoke them, and then, after a pause, a great throb of sound tells that the race has at last been started. Keep your eyes fixed on the turn of the course—there, on the rising ground. That is Tattenham Corner, and there the horses will first come into sight. How long the wait seems! Yet it can be counted by seconds.

"Here they are!" Round the turn the dots of colour come swinging. "Where is the favourite?" "It's anyone's race yet." A babel, a tumult of sound greater than any we have heard before, has sprung up. You do not know that you are talking and shouting for your favourite horse, calling on your jockey to make an effort, but you are, and half a million other people are doing the same.

Close by the rails, past the winning-post, come flying the coloured jackets three or four in a bunch, the horses almost head and head; then a single speck of colour, then another group. A great silence falls on the multitude, and it seems an age before the numbers are hoisted on the board. Now, see down there, near the winning-post, they have been put up, and the roar of cheering shows that the winning horse and its owner are immensely popular with the crowd.

Look how the black mass of humanity surges on to the course, moving towards the stands to cheer the winner as the jockey comes to weigh in. There they are, man and horse, escorted by a mounted policeman with a score of constables on foot clearing a way through the crowd. Now the owner of the horse is coming down to lead him in. Mark the extraordinary effect of the thousands of straw hats all being waved at once and hear what a thunder of cheers comes up from that dark living flood.

The Derby is over. The big race of the year has been run and won. We will bid our hosts of the day good-bye and take a tour through the canvas town of booths; look at the swings and roundabouts, the "coker shies," the figures one throws balls at, the shooting galleries, the roundabouts and the scores of museums and shows of fat ladies, mermaids, strong men, and strange animals before we tramp across the downs to the railway station and take train for London.

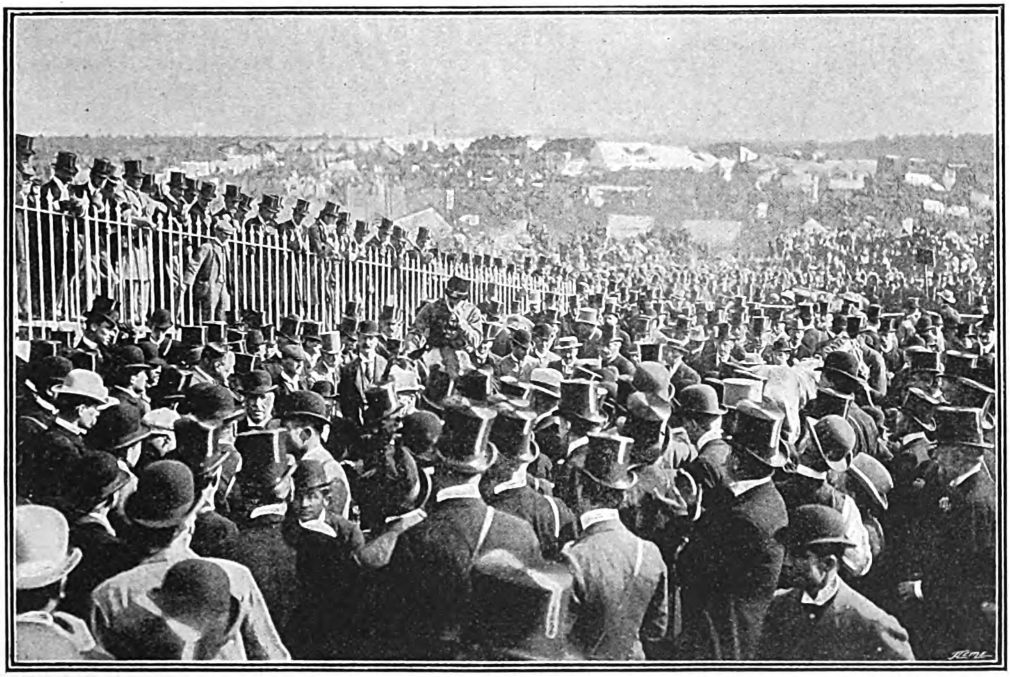
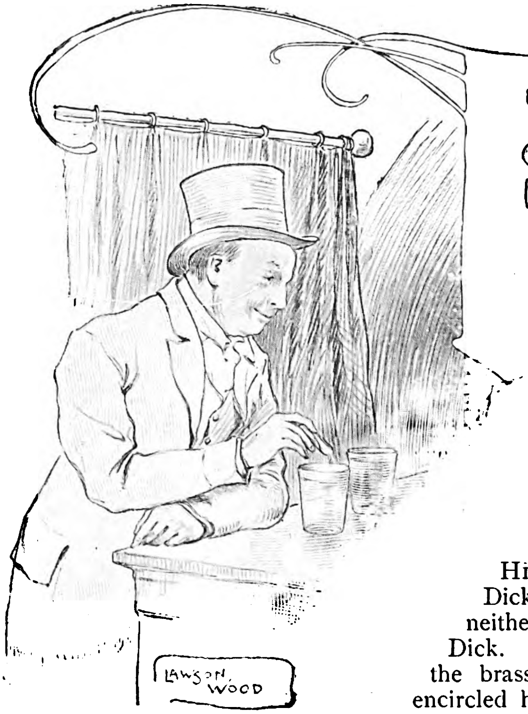


Photo by W. W. Rouch & Co.

After the race. The winner being led by his owner through the crowd to the weighing-room.



THE STRATAGEM OF DOCTOR DICK

A Cricket Story.

By Charles Igglesden.

His relatives and closest friends called him Dick, his chums Doc, and those who knew him neither as Dick nor Doc hailed him as Doctor Dick. He possessed a surname, as evidenced by the brass plate on the gate of the garden that encircled his village home, but if you asked a native of Great Cockleton where Dr. Armstrong lived, the answer would probably be, with a scratch of the head and after a pause: "Oh, I 'spose as how you mean Doctor Dick. He lives down there. But if ye want ter find him quick-like you'd best look in at the Bonny Cravat."

As for Doctor Dick's professional capacity I can say very little. He seemed to be a happy sort of practitioner, looking upon influenza as a god-send to the medical fraternity, not that his patients ever suffered from this new disease, but it enabled him to diagnose every ailment that he did not understand as influenza, and treat it accordingly.

As a devotee of sport none could beat him. He played an average game of billiards, and won many a game when, unseen, he was able to smudge the tip of his opponent's cue with tobacco. He rode to hounds, and when not in at the death was to be found consoling the inner man at a neighbouring wayside inn, where he was voted a rare good sort because he was not averse to making others drink as well as himself.

But it is of his prowess in the cricket field, or rather the cleverness with which he piloted Great Cockleton to victory, that the following incident deals. He always captained the team, chose an umpire who understood that by hook or by crook Cockleton must win, sometimes squared the other umpire, advised the lightning bowler of the village to "pitch 'em short," especially when the wicket was bumpy, and in other innocent ways succeeded in smashing up the other elevens of the district.

Thus by the month of August Great Cockleton had won every match, and on Saturday next the adjoining village of Little Dingleden was to come over and try conclusions. On this Thursday afternoon Doctor Dick was sunning himself in the porch of the Bonny Cravat, with flannel-covered legs outstretched, the sides of a light frock-coat dangling in the dust on either side, and a white top hat perched at the back of his bullet head.

"So the beggars growl because I got an outsider last week, do they?" he asked of a rather tall man with a face the colour of a peony and cheeks as soft as a baby's.

"Yes, Doc," replied the tall man, whose name was Claude de Lisle, who lived "retired," and allowed his wife to take in lodgers "to occupy her time," and who occupied his own time by smoking bad cigars and managing the politics of the village. "Yes, Doc," he repeated, "they swear they'll lick us on Saturday, and from what I can hear there's a deep plot on foot."

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"Plot, is it?" rejoined the Doctor. "Then I'm game. But what's it like, Duval?" He always called his chum by that heroic name.

"Why, from what I hear about it through Billy the postman, they are getting a couple of swells down from London."

"Greased lightning!" exclaimed the Doctor.

None of the trio spoke for some minutes. They puffed at their pipes. The news was serious. Not once had Great Cockleton been beaten this season, as I said before, and Doctor Dick had a big wager on hand. The chances were heavy against his winning, but the odds were heavy likewise—a distant bookmaker had bet him 33 to 1 in sovereigns that the club got beaten at least once.

Therefore it was not only a matter of sentiment but of necessity that he should pull Saturday's match out of the fire; funds were low just now.

"Hang Dingleden!" at last he muttered between his teeth. "I wonder who the dickens the two outsiders are. But, hang it all, we've got old Croaker to umpire for us, and Billy Binks can kill 'em if he can't bowl 'em. It's our batting I'm afraid of."

"That's all right, Doc, if you square their umpire," chimed in the thin voice of the fat publican.

"You old idiot, you don't know what you're talking about," snapped the Doctor. "If our men are clean bowled—and they are likely to be if the others get down two good bowlers—how can any umpire save them? It's different when the others are batting. We only have to appeal for leg-before and catches at the wicket and we can get them out easily enough."

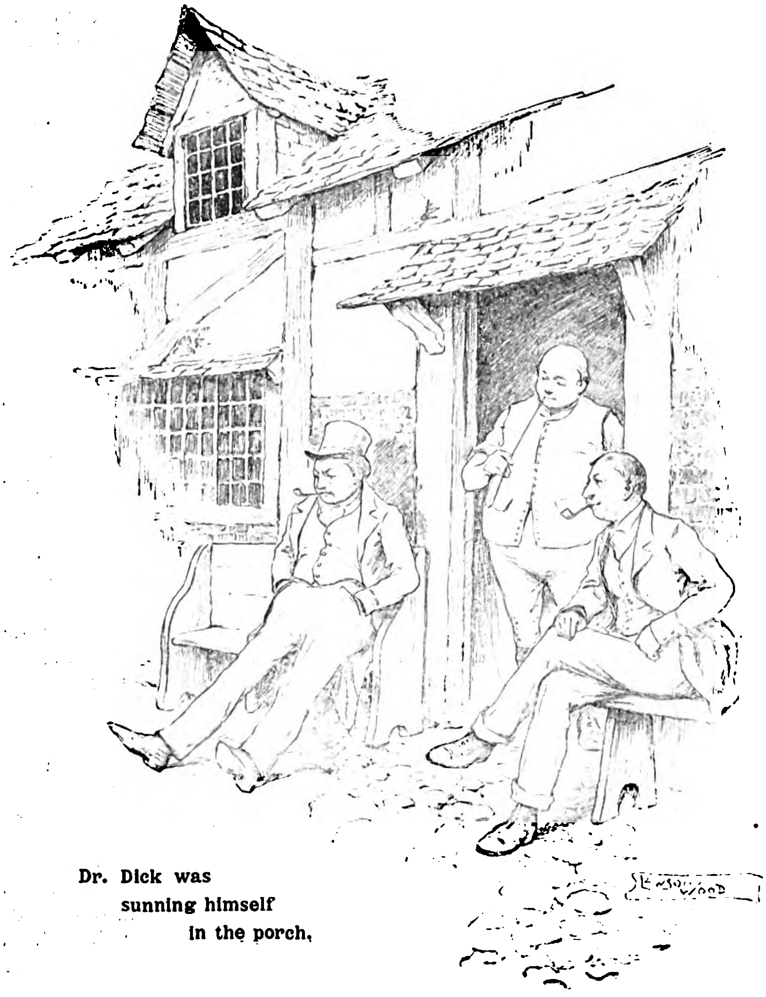
"Here, Samuel, whiskey—small—and special," continued the irate Doctor. "Go and look after the wife, Duval. She's pining for your brilliant society I know, and a little exercise in the way of cleaning stoves and beating carpets won't do your liver any harm."

Mr. de Lisle was a wise man. His intimacy with the Doctor brought him a certain kudos in the village, and he swallowed many an ugly home thrust with diplomatic complacency.

"All right, Doc," said he, turning upon his heel. "I had thought of a way of winning the match. But, of course, you want no opinion of mine."

"What the dickens are his scattered brains planning?" asked Doctor Dick of himself as de Lisle turned the corner and disappeared like a great naughty boy. "Samuel, hurry up with that whiskey."

His third glass even failed to dispel the



Dr. Dick was sunning himself in the porch.

gloom, and although he laughed merrily to himself when he found that instead of sending old Salem Jones his gout mixture he had sent the measles medicine of Mrs. Tamkins' baby instead, he went to bed with foreboding.

"To lose the chance of the thirty-three quid is bad enough, but for Little Dingleden to beat Great Cockleton is worse," he muttered to himself that night, by which remark it will be seen that, whatever his other faults, Doctor Dick was as proud of his village's reputation as his own.

When the news got about the place that the Dingledenites meant business, and were hatching a plot to overcome the champion club of the district, great excitement prevailed. Doctor Dick remained savage and gloomy, but Mr. de Lisle appeared sublimely happy. "The spiteful fool," thought the Doctor as he passed him the next morning. "What cares he about the match? Nothing. What cares he if we lose? Nothing. The spiteful brute."

And when the medico's gig was out of sight Mr. de Lisle drew from his pocket a telegram, and, reading it for the twentieth time, chuckled aloud and said: "Poor old Doc. Little does he know that I, the despised Duval, will save him and the reputation of Cockleton in the bargain."

Friday evening found the village green like a busy ant-hill. Doctor Dick had been called away to a town a few miles off, and Mr. de Lisle undertook to make the final selection of the team. Truth to say, he went far abroad, and, although nominally a Great Cockleton eleven, only three natives were chosen, the remainder being recruited from far and near. Yet nobody but Mr. de Lisle himself knew the exact composition of the team. That was his secret.

Now Little Dingleden and Great Cockleton lay only five miles apart, and between the two was a half-way house, the Cricketers' Arms, for you see it was a cricketing county, even to the names of its hostelries. The sun had just set in the west—not that it was likely to set anywhere else, but it reads well in a sentimental story of this sort—when Doctor Dick, covered in dust, dropped heavily from his gig and turned into the bar parlour.

"Whiskey and soda," he roared. "Hurry up, man, I'm dying."

"What's the matter, Doc?" asked mine host—it will be noticed that the publicans of the district familiarly called him Doc, which brought them into the category of his chums.

"Matter, man? Why I've driven all the way from Gatehouse without a drink. And it's nine miles if it's a yard."

"Here you are, Doc." The glass was filled and emptied at a gulp.

"That's better, Timothy. Another please. And how are things going?"

"Pretty well, thank you, Doc; but I havn't made up for the loss of that ten-to-one chance in the Derby. Still, I'm backing Cockleton pretty thick, and as you've already won your seven matches it's put seven quid in my pocket. By-the-bye, Doc, I suppose you are certain to beat Little Dingleden to-morrow?"

A flash of anger crossed the face of Doctor Dick. "Oh, hang Little Dingleden!" said he. "We may pull through, but I doubt it. Those beggars mean to beat us, and have got down two crack players to do the trick."

As the last words were uttered mine host started, drew in a deep breath, placed a fat finger over his lips, stealthily crept to the door and gently closed the latch.

"Doc," whispered he in melodramatic tones, "this is a miracle. We've got 'em in the palm of our 'and. Two chaps, a long 'un and a short 'un, came down here this afternoon and took beds for the night."

"By thunder!" exclaimed the doctor, "you don't mean to say——"

"I do though. If they ain't the two chaps from London I"l eat my 'at. Each one brought a cricket bag."

"But what makes you think that they are the brace that Little Dingleden have got down?"

"I don't think; I know it. They came in with a hair of mystery, kept a-winking at each other when I asks them where they come from, and the short 'un says to the long 'un, says he: 'He'll know to-morrow night.'"

"Timothy, I've got 'em on toast," whispered Doctor Dick in a husky voice, "but I haven't got a minute to lose. Where are they?"

"Hush! here they come."

The next moment the door opened and before the captain of Great Cockleton stood two of the best known cricketers in the South.

"Good evening," said the Doctor, "having a look at our beautiful country?"

"We were," said the tall man, as he lounged in.

"Then you ought to be ready for a drop of the crature. Timothy, bring in three glasses at once and I'll tell my man to give the nag half-an-hour's rest. We don't often have visitors in these parts and we like to make the most of them," he added in genial tones, at the same time slipping out of the room and going towards his gig. He was gone but a minute, yet in that short time anyone with an eye to curiosity would have seen him dive hurriedly into a little black bag that lay under the seat, and return to the bar parlour with a mixed expression of cunning and delight overspreading his chubby face.

For the credit of cricket and cricketers in general, and Doctor Dick in particular, we will draw a veil over the proceedings of the next hour. All we need say is that no two cricketers drank more whiskey in sixty minutes than the Doctor's guests, while greater strength was given to the insidious liquor by the addition of a certain white powder which the generous Doctor now and again dropped into the glasses. By the time that ten o'clock rang out from the old village steeple Doctor Dick was starting on his homeward journey, confident that Great Cockleton would win the morrow's match, while mine host of the "Cricketer's Arms," assisted by the stableman, was panting and puffing and blowing over the difficulties of carrying two helpless visitors to bed.

Saturday morning found the village of Great Cockleton in the gayest of spirits.

"Well, Doc," said Mr. de Lisle, "you seem pretty happy about the match after all."

"Yes, Duval, I fancy we've got them all right. But I'm a trifle doubtful about their old umpire."

"But what about the two swells, Doc?"

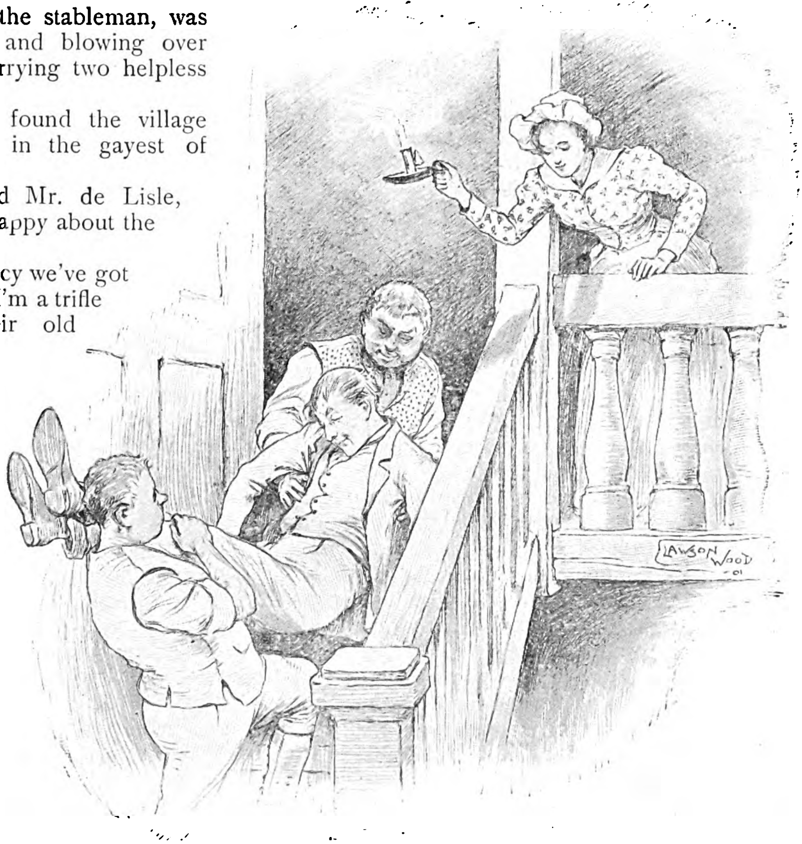
"I think I know as much about them as most people," was the answer; "and if either of them can see a ball or a stump this morning I'll swallow all the pills in the surgery. Duval, my boy," he continued in a stage whisper and drawing nearer to his friend, "last night I drugged them, the whole brace of them."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed de Lisle. "Why we've got poor Little Dingleden all round. I don't mind telling you, Doc, what I've done as well. When I heard old Panter had got a couple of crack players down from town, I wired up to the Oval and none others than Tom Dickeson and Jim Jennings, the finest all-round men in England, are playing for us. If they don't make centuries and topple over every blessed Dingleden wicket, I'll eat lamb without mint sauce for five years."

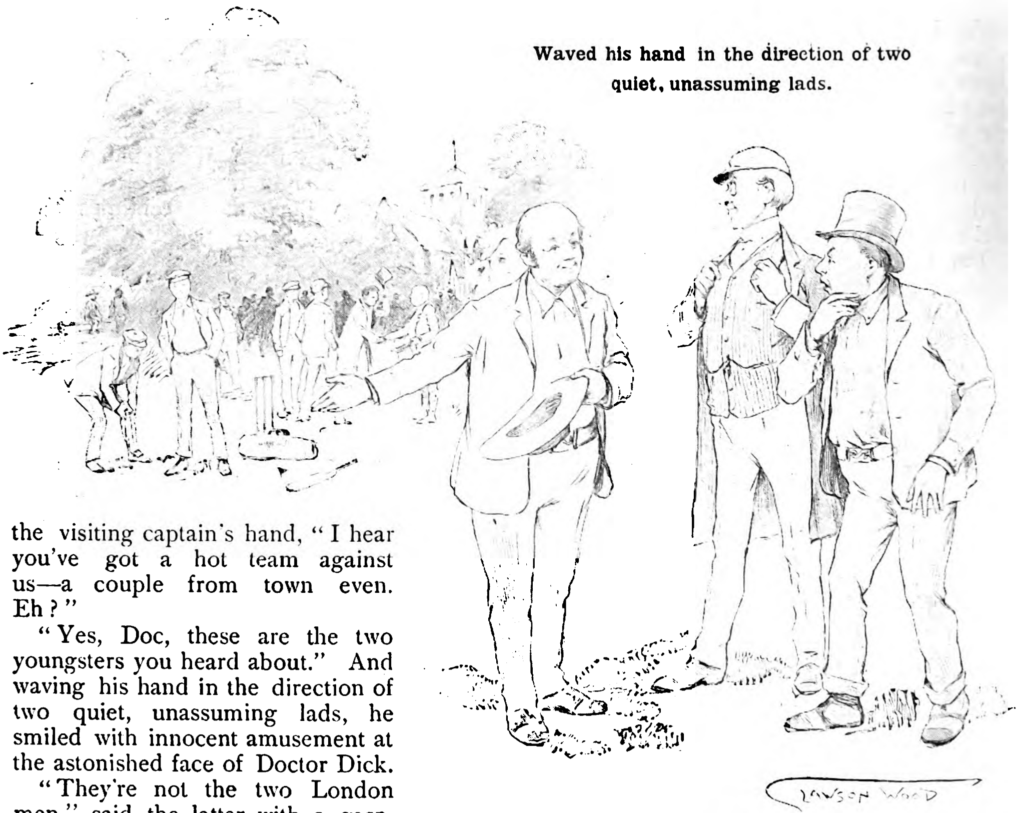
"Good old Duval," exclaimed the Docto warmly; "let's shake hands. I was a bi short with you the other night. But there's grit in you still, old boy. You're a credit to Cockleton after all. But here comes the team."

Yes, along the dusty road, quiet and defiant, came the victims of the combined conspiracies of Doctor Dick and Claude de Lisle. And out of the brake on to the village green jumped eleven flannel-clad cricketers.

"Morning, Panter," said the Doctor, wringing



Mine host . . . . was panting and puffing and blowing over the difficulties of carrying two helpless visitors to bed.



Waved his hand in the direction of two quiet, unassuming lads.

the visiting captain's hand, "I hear you've got a hot team against us—a couple from town even. Eh?"

"Yes, Doc, these are the two youngsters you heard about." And waving his hand in the direction of two quiet, unassuming lads, he smiled with innocent amusement at the astonished face of Doctor Dick.

"They're not the two London men," said the latter with a gasp. "If so, they've changed their skins since last night."

Mr. Panter turned upon his heel with amusement. He knew Doctor Dick of old. "He's been at the whiskey early," said he in an undertone to one of his men. "But who comes here?"

Not he alone, but everyone on the green was looking in astonishment at the occupants of a dogcart that had just driven up. Timothy, the landlord of the Cricketers' Arms, was driving, and at his side sprawled a long, lean man, red-eyed and pale, with chin sunk on his chest; while it was only with difficulty that he held himself from tumbling on the driver's shoulders. It was the tall man whom Doctor Dick had caroused with the previous night. Huddled up in a melancholy heap at the back of the cart was his small companion, and as the tail-board opened out he fell helpless on the grass.

"Great Scott! Why what's the matter?" asked Claude de Lisle.

"Ask Doc," answered mine host of the Cricketers' Arms, with a sly grin and a wink.

"For goodness sake tell me what this all means, Doc?"

"Mean! Why, it means that I'm the biggest, cussedest, dullest fool that ever breathed. Who are these two men?"

"Why, Tom Dickeson and Jim Jennings, the two I got down from London to lick Little Dingleden, to be sure."

"Yes, of course," was the Doctor's answer in a dreary tone—he knew the worst now and resigned himself to the inevitable—"yes, of course," he repeated, "and last night I drugged the pair of them thinking they were the Dingleden interlopers."

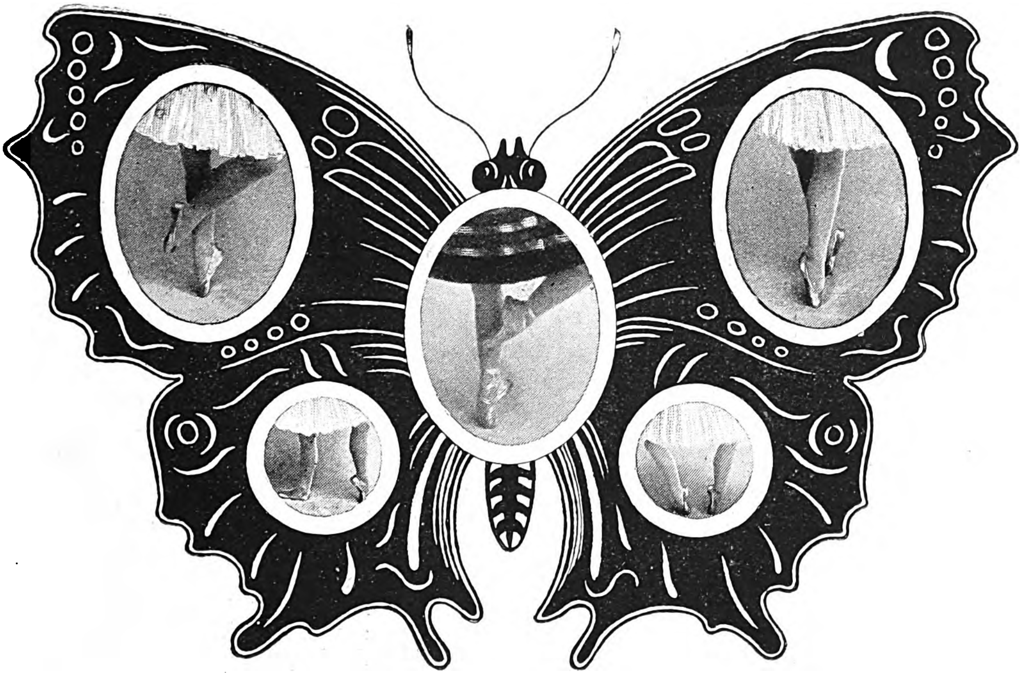
"Great Scott!" exclaimed de Lisle.

"But why didn't you tell me you had put them up at the Cricketers' Arms, man?"

"I can see I did wrong now, Doc, but I wanted my plot kept quiet. But wake up, man, we must play, for if the little prank of yours get known you'll have a bad time of it."

"Quite right, Duval, we'll do our best. And I'm hanged if we don't win yet, if it costs me a fiver to bribe 'old Garge!'"

But the Little Dingleden umpire would not be bribed; the two quiet lads from London bowled all the wickets, and the great match ended in the first defeat of the season to Great Cockleton.



THE ART AND THE AGONY OF TOE-DANCING.

By Stanley White.

It is to America we look for anything new and startling in all branches of human activity, and it is American girls who are the best exponents of that new and strange order of dancing known as "rocks" and "instep" work. To call it toe dancing would be to convey a feeble, if not altogether erroneous, impression. Toe-dancing may be seen to perfection in the theatres of England or the Continent, but the Yankee performer gives you some big advances on mere toe-dancing, not in point of grace, but certainly in point of sheer difficulty and sensationalism of effect.

In England the principal *danseuse* glides upon her toes through chains of silver-clad immortals, her equals in order of being, though inferior in rank. Every movement is fairy-like—classic, ideal. It was thus that wood nymphs disported themselves before we came to know there never were such persons. No one in modern life walks or dances like the principal *danseuse*—modern boots forbid. It is no concern of the serious ballet-master to reproduce the awkwardness of locomotion of the martyr to tight boots, the swagger of a butcher boy out for a day's holiday, or the meek shuffle of an underpaid clerk. But it is his to give us poses of exquisite grace and beauty, and to play upon our feelings and senses as with music. He has to train his pupil that she may learn to light upon a property convolvulus as daintily as a butterfly, that her toes may skim the ground so lightly that the eye of the gazer may be cheated into thinking that the little gauzy wings upon her shoulders are the sole impulse of her flight.

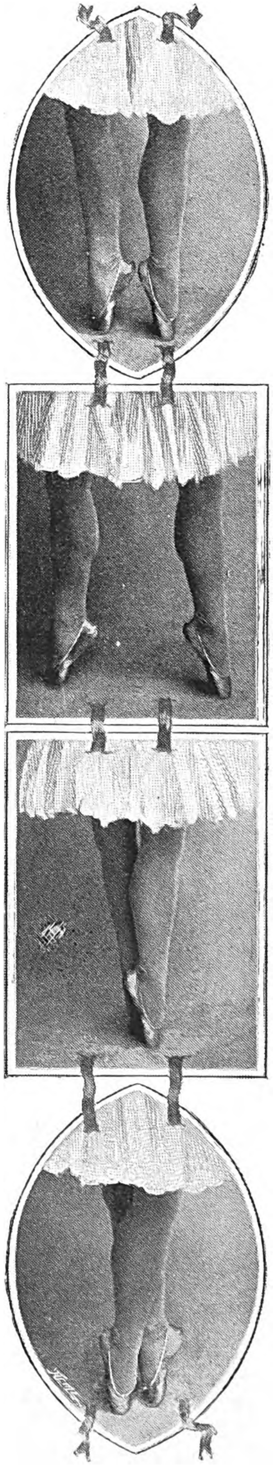
The rules of dancing are as inflexible as the laws of the Medes and Persians. Wagner, they say, broke many rules to make his music; but he was a model of orthodoxy compared with an American ballet-master, whose aim is not the beautiful, but the bizarre. It was once said of an eccentric rhymester that to make his melody he hesitated not to break the strings of his lute. Likewise, to attain his sensational effects the American dancing-master comes near to breaking his dancers' toes.

It is, indeed, a very hard thing to become a dancer. Proficiency in the ballet at best can only be attained at the price of much physical strain; but, provided the pupil is constitutionally sound, she benefits by the training when it is on natural and legimate lines.

There is a rule in toe-dancing which to break is an unpardonable sin, for it is the keystone of all correct attitudes. The laws of the art have it that all the motions must be taken with an outside curve; a knock-kneed person will certainly never learn to dance, but the legs of many a good dancer may be slightly bowed. Rare, indeed, is it to find a girl perfectly adapted to the ballet. She must be a person of sound health, physically very vigorous, and patient and industrious to a degree.

Now in breaking this central law of the art, the Transatlantic ballet-master is looked upon as a sort of pariah by all his European confrères. Quite as many of his actions are done from the inside of the leg as from the out, and the effect is not beautiful, but startling. It is in toe-dancing that the effect of the inside motion is apt to become excruciating to the performer. This is especially the case in that branch of the art known as instep dancing, which can be executed by no milder process than that of temporary dislocation of the knuckles of the toes.

Here at once we are in the region of acrobatic performance pure and simple, and the methods by which the result is brought about are therefore those of the professional contortionist rather than those of the dancing-master. In most cases a girl is taken in hand after she has passed through a course of legitimate dancing, and her feet are subjected to a rigorous course of treatment, in describing which the rack may serve as an illustration. It is no secret in the profession that the process is at first one of great physical pain. The subject is first exercised until she is in a state of profuse perspiration, when the leg and foot are mercilessly massaged. Now she is in a condition to be safely operated upon. The object is to so loosen the smaller bones of the foot and ankle that they may permit the foot to be moved in any direction.



Four principal positions of legitimate ballet toe-dancing. In each case the strain is on the outside of the leg.

And to this end the operator takes the foot and twists it this way and that, every twist being an agonising experience for the patient. It were as wise for a consumptive to go to a horse doctor for cure, as for a girl to intrust herself to the hands of a bungler for foot massage. A few careless or ignorant twists, and her foot is absolutely ruined for dancing in the future.

There is the case on record of a promising *débutante* who was totally incapacitated for the pursuit of her art by the well-meant but unscientific treatment of her husband, who constituted himself ballet-master. He made the fatal blunder of attempting to stretch the limbs when cold, with the result that certain small blood vessels were ruptured, and important ligaments permanently strained.

Two years of training is not an outside time for a *débutante* to learn dancing in order to emulate the performances of La Belle Daisie, and to compel the feet to unnatural functions. It positively makes one's ankles ache to look at some of the positions, especially at any one of those startling series known as the "rock."

The main objective of the "rock" is that the soles of the feet should be used as far as possible in the place intended by Nature for the instep. Think what this means! Anyone who has had the misfortune to sprain an ankle—and who has not?—will have an idea of what it means to bend over the foot in this way. It is reducing ankle spraining to a system, the pain, of course, not so acute as in the accidental form, but long drawn out, until Nature adapts herself to the discomfort in the long run, as she always does.

The feet, having been coaxed or coerced by months of discipline, so that, to use Wellington's phrase, they can go anywhere and do anything, the patient (for who better deserves the name?) is in a position to sway the full weight of her body upon the insteps of her feet in any of the combinations of the "rock" movements. Fortunately for the girl, her feet by this time have become hardened, and she feels, happily, no pain whatever when performing the weirdest and most unnatural of movements.

Before a girl is in a fit condition to undergo training as an eccentric dancer she must possess a good acquaintance with ordinary ballet work, and that in itself is a long story. Little girls begin to learn sometimes as early as four years old, and, though they train incessantly, they are not ready for the stage until they are sixteen or seventeen.

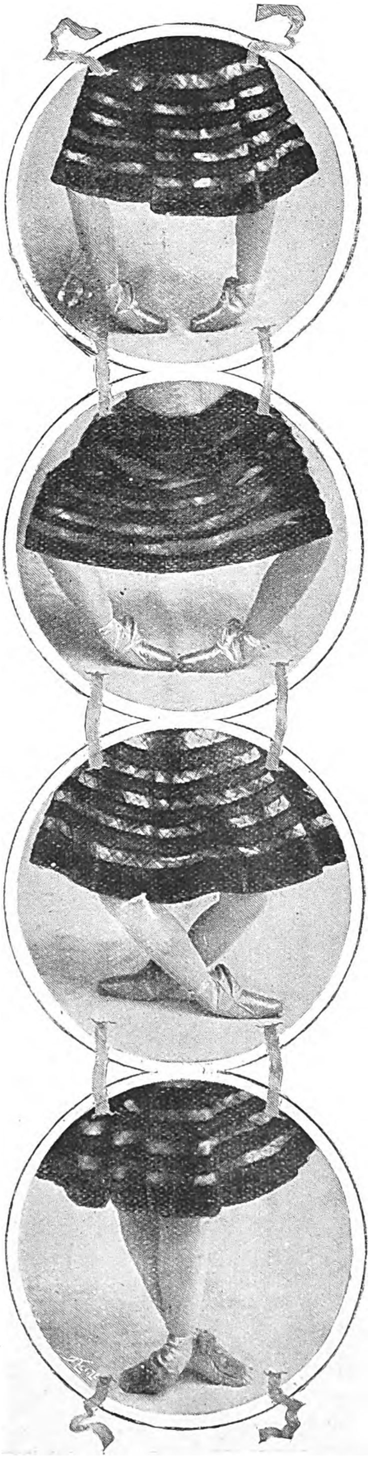
The training of young children for the ordinary ballet begins by the strengthening and making flexible of their legs, feet, and ankles. The legs are massaged and manipulated from the hip down; they are rubbed with alcohol, and twisted this way and that for an hour at a time. In this way they become extraordinarily strong and flexible. The leg turns upon the hip, the feet turn upon the ankle, as easily and gracefully as the hand turns upon the wrist.

Then it is time for the children to learn to stand upon their toes. For that purpose each toe is wrapped separately in cotton, and the ends of the slippers are stuffed with the same substance. Then, with the feet always turned out, they lean their hands on a chair-back, or some such support, and rise slowly upon the tips of the toes. In most good academies there are horizontal bars running round the walls of the room at some three feet from the ground.

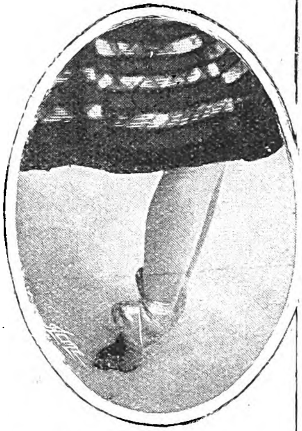
At these bars most of the initial training is done. Side practice, it is called, and side practice, to the dancer, is as the compass to the mariner. It is odd, indeed, to see a dozen or more little girls in fluffy ballet skirts clinging on to the bar, standing on their toes, lifting first one leg then the other, bringing them round in turn level at right angles with the hip, and revolving them in their sockets. And not only beginners must practise constantly at the side bars. It is a daily tax even upon *premières danseuses* earning their fifty or eighty pounds a week.

To dance upon the toes means that the feet must be in a perfectly straight line with the shin bone, and after every lesson the master takes hold of each girl's foot and bends it into the required position.

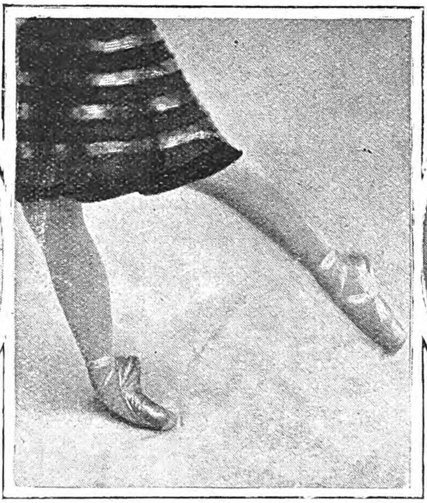
It is a curious point that no wadding is used in the shoe during a public performance. Wadding is only used when practising. Also, the slipper of the *première* is very much too small for her, and a long while is required for her to get it on. She works it over her toes with her fingers as though it were a tight glove. The feet, to enter it, must have the toes bent back-



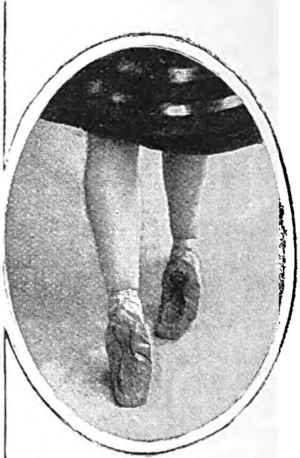
Four positions in the so-called "rock" dance. The body is swayed or rocked upon the insteps.



A sensational flight, alighting upon both insteps.



Eccentric leap on the toe.



Showing position of feet, seen from the back, while the dancer is executing an intricate step.

wards, so that it is an actual relief for the dancer to get upon her toes, for then her feet are smaller, and fit the slipper.

There are slow movements of the "rock" and there are sensational flights. They can be done with or without slippers—from a spectacular point of view "without" is more satisfactory, but the performer prefers it with. In one exceedingly effective series of the *eschoppe* or "rocking" steps, the dancer raises herself upon her toes, then places the heels together, the limbs spring apart like a pair of uprights, the toes next bend inward, and finally approach each other till they meet, the knees all the time being wide apart.

Imagine the months and months of hard practice which the *débutante* must undergo before she becomes proficient in this weird movement!

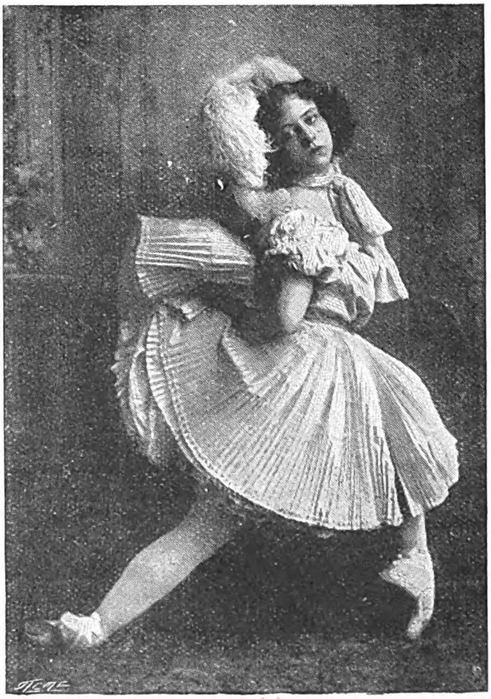


Photo by Bushnell.

La Belle Daisie, the great American "rock" dancer, executing a difficult pass.

The feats that American toe dancers have performed baffle belief. Fancy jumping off a table several feet high and alighting upon the toes as daintily as a butterfly settles upon a flower. Mazie King will go down in history as the first to accomplish this extraordinary feat. Another enterprising girl, Titenia, astonished her audiences by ascending and descending a stair arrangement, never for once getting from the point of her wonderful toes. The extraordinary muscular development for the first of these feats probably none but a professional strong man could properly appreciate.

There can be no disguising the fact that instep dancing is a cruel and unnatural thing, a product of this sensation-loving age. How torturous it is may be gathered from the fact that much of it is necessarily done without so much as a frail ballet shoe as a protection. Like the little mermaid in

Andersen's fairy tales who walked on knives that she might have an immortal soul, so in her stockinged feet the American girl dances her way along a path almost as painful to fame.

Like her more fortunate sister of the ballet proper, however, she has her aids, otherwise how could she learn to take her eccentric flights without breaking her ankles? Side bars assuredly would be of no service in her case, but a rope fixed upon a hook in the ceiling gives her a suitable support. With its aid she may soar through the air like a bird, and alight on her insteps with the minimum of pain. And when, by constant practice, she has learnt to so calculate her movements that a false step is unlikely, she must dispense with the rope, and rely upon her skill and cleverness.

Photo by Hana.

An intricate and scarcely elegant position in the "rock" dance.

And, after all is said and done, the question comes: Is it worth while? Do the great public properly appreciate the wonderful cleverness necessary in the evolutions of toe-dancing, or would they not be just as well satisfied with something simpler, something which would entail less suffering to the performer, but which would give effects much more beautiful though less bizarre.

The answer, so far as England is concerned, is in the affirmative. Eccentric toe-dancing has not caught on here to any great extent. Its home is America, and to America it must look for continued patronage.

There straight ballet work is at a discount and reckoned slow and out of date. It is doubtful whether our finest exponents working on the old lines would obtain a tithe of the magnificent salaries they now enjoy were they to transfer their talents to American halls.

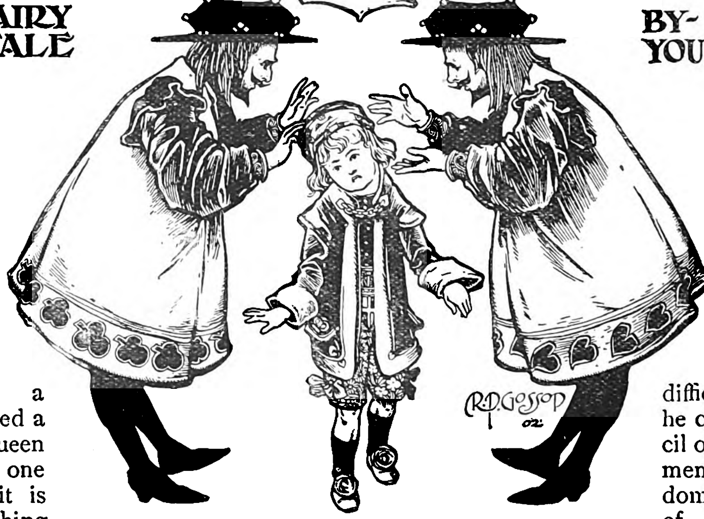
Between skirt-dancing as introduced by the famous American, Miss Loie Fuller, and eccentric toe-dancing, there is a great gulf. Skirt-dancing is by no means so difficult in execution as it looks, whereas toe-dancing looks less difficult than it is. And the effects to be obtained are immeasurably greater in skirt dancing.

Photo by Hana.

THE PRINCE WHO LOST HIS COMMON-SENSE

A FAIRY TALE

BY F. C. YOUNGER



Once upon a time there lived a King and Queen who had only one son. Now, it is no unusual thing to have an only so —especially in fairy tales —but the King and Queen thought it was, and when the Prince was born they invited everyone to a great christening feast.

Of course all the fairies the King knew were invited, and, as he was a well-educated man, and had often read the story of "Sleeping Beauty," he took great care to leave none of them out for fear of the consequences. So they all came, and they all brought the little Prince beautiful christening gifts—health, wealth, happiness, and scores of virtues and talents. This was exactly what the King and Queen expected, but unfortunately, instead of putting their gifts straight into the baby's head and body in the old-fashioned way, the fairies brought them all to the feast in beautiful boxes of gold and silver, set with jewels.

Thus, one fairy gave the Prince a little box filled with Beauty; another gave him a box full of Good Temper; another (an elderly lady with big feet) a box full of Common Sense; and so on. Certainly no baby ever started the world with such a large stock of good qualities and talents, only unfortunately they were all *outside* his head instead of *inside*.

This was rather a serious drawback, but the fairies never seemed to think of it, and the King did not like to mention it to them for fear of offending them, as they are very touchy about the way their gifts are received. So, as he could think of no way out of the difficulty himself, he called a council of all the wise men of his kingdom. But none of them could think of any way of getting the fairy gifts inside the Prince's head.

At last the King, who had a hasty temper, grew angry. He declared he would hang one wise man a week until they thought of some remedy. This served to quicken their wits, and at last they agreed that the royal doctor ought to open the top of the Prince's head like a box-lid, and then they could easily put in the fairy-gifts.

"How do you know there is room for them?" asked the King.

"Sire," said the wise men, "we will shake his royal highness, and if his brains rattle about in his head there is room to spare; if, on the other hand, they do not rattle, we shall know that his head is full already."

But when they shook the baby they found there was plenty of room.

The royal doctor managed to open the Prince's head without hurting him, and found that, as they had expected, there were only a very few brains lying at the bottom of his skull. But when they had put in all the fairy gifts it was such a tight fit that they were obliged to tie the top of his head down with a silk scarf.

The Prince had got all his virtues and talents inside his head at last. He *ought* to have been the wisest, wittiest, best-tempered, and most beautiful prince that had ever lived; but as his head was stuffed so full of good qualities that he had no room to use them, he was only an unfortunate little boy, with a

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very uncomfortable and heavy head; it was so heavy, indeed, that he was obliged to have a footman always on each side of him to hold it up for him. The King was angrier and more puzzled than ever. He kept the wise men shut up in one room on bread and water, until they discovered some way out of this new difficulty.

At last one of them had a bright idea.

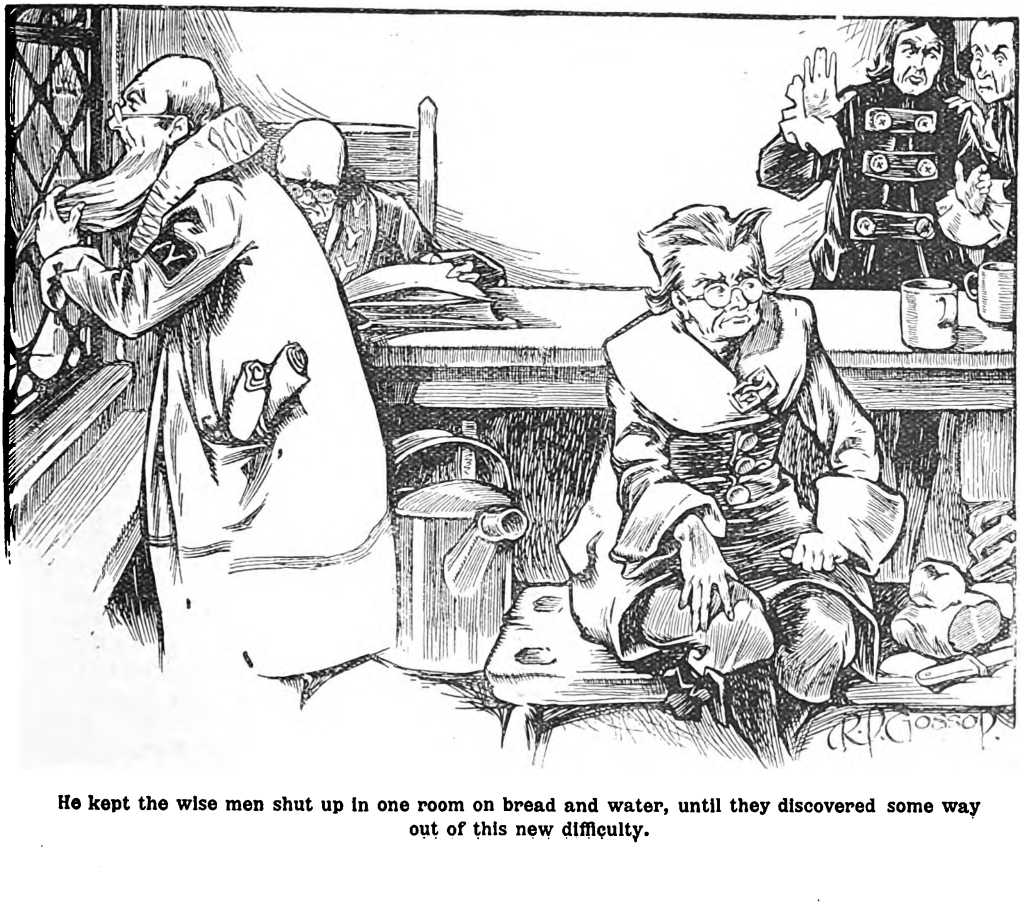
"Why not," he suggested, "take everything out of the Prince's head again, and use the fairy gifts only one at a time? They could always put in the gift the Prince happened to want most, and change it whenever they liked."

The King, much to the relief of the wise men, approved of this plan. The royal doctor managed to fix a hinge at the back of the Prince's head, so that the top opened and shut like a box lid. The Prince's gifts were emptied out, and put again in their separate gold and silver boxes, which were intrusted to the care of one of the gentlemen of the court, who was called "Lord High Keeper of the Prince's Wits."

The Prince was happy and comfortable once more. He had nothing in his head but the few brains he was born with, the essence of Beauty (which by his mother's orders was never taken out) and one other good quality. What this quality was his mother or his father decided. When he was a little boy, for instance, and the Queen wanted to take him to a garden party, she would send up orders to the nursery that he was to wear his "red velvet tunic, cloth of gold bib, and Politeness."

As he grew older the King would take him to review the troops with his head full of Dignity, or to the meeting of the wise men who decided how to spend the taxes with his head full of Common Sense. Sometimes, however, the "Lord High Keeper of the Prince's Wits" made a mistake, and put in the wrong gift.

Once he sent the poor Prince to a State meeting of Parliament with his head full of Common Sense in mistake for Eloquence. The consequence was that the Prince proposed several useful but expensive



He kept the wise men shut up in one room on bread and water, until they discovered some way out of this new difficulty.

reforms, instead of making the pretty little speech every one expected; and all the newspapers said uncomplimentary things about him. On another occasion he went to a charity bazaar with his head full of Wisdom, and made every one yawn by talking of the "advance of science" all the afternoon instead of spending his money.

But the worst mistake the Lord High Keeper ever made, was filling the Prince's head with Generosity instead of Common Sense before he went to a meeting of the Wise Men to arrange a new tax. Consequently he suggested giving a bicycle to every man in the kingdom who could not pay his rent, which was taxing the wrong people the King said.

So the Prince was not always happy in spite of his fairy gifts. But one day, when he was about sixteen, a very strange thing happened — *he entirely lost his Common Sense.*

One summer night it was so hot that he was sleeping close by an open window, to get as much air as possible. On the table at his side between him and the window lay his Common Sense in its golden box. He had been wearing it all day and it had made his head ache, so that he had been glad to have it taken out. Though it was so hot, sleeping in the draught gave the Prince a cold, and without waking he turned over and sneezed across the table, blowing the Common Sense out of the window into the garden.

It fell on a flower bed, and lay in the middle of a patch of pansies. In the morning a pretty little Dairy Maid, who was taking a short cut through the Palace gardens to the meadows to milk her cows before breakfast, found the box. Inside was what looked to her like white powder.

"Sherbert," she cried: for she had once tasted some at a fair, and thought it the nicest thing she had ever drunk.

And she ran to the beautiful marble fountain near, mixed it with water, and drank it.

The little Dairy Maid had drunk all the Prince's Common Sense.

But she had no sooner finished it, than she felt sure it was not sherbert at all. It did not taste nice enough. The Common Sense made her look at the box, and showed her it was fine gold. She was very frightened, but as she was an honest little girl she never thought twice what to do. The box must belong to some one in the palace, so she went to the Palace door and rang the bell.

When the King came, he recognised the box directly and seizing the little Dairy Maid asked angrily where she had found it. The Dairy Maid was very frightened, but managed to explain. Her story threw the King into a violent passion.

"What ho, without there!" he shouted "seize this miscreant, load her with chains, and cast her into the deepest dungeon below the castle moat! *She has drunk all the Prince's Common Sense!*"

The Prince was shut up in his room, for the King declared it was not safe for any one without Common Sense to be at large. After a time the Queen came to him with her face full of joy.

"My son," she cried, "I have found out how you may use all your fairy gifts at once. You must drink them mixed with water."

"But, mother ——" cried the Prince astonished.

"Drink, my son, and talk afterwards," said the Queen, thrusting a glass of Patience and water, which she had hurriedly mixed, into his hand.

The Prince drank obediently; and as soon as he had done the Queen had a glass of Courage and water ready for him, and so on until he had drunk all his fairy gifts.

Then he certainly was the handsomest, wisest, and best tempered Prince ever seen; if he had only had Common Sense he would have been quite perfect.

The Queen went in triumph to tell the King of her success.

"It is all very well," said the King, gloomily, "but he has no Common Sense."

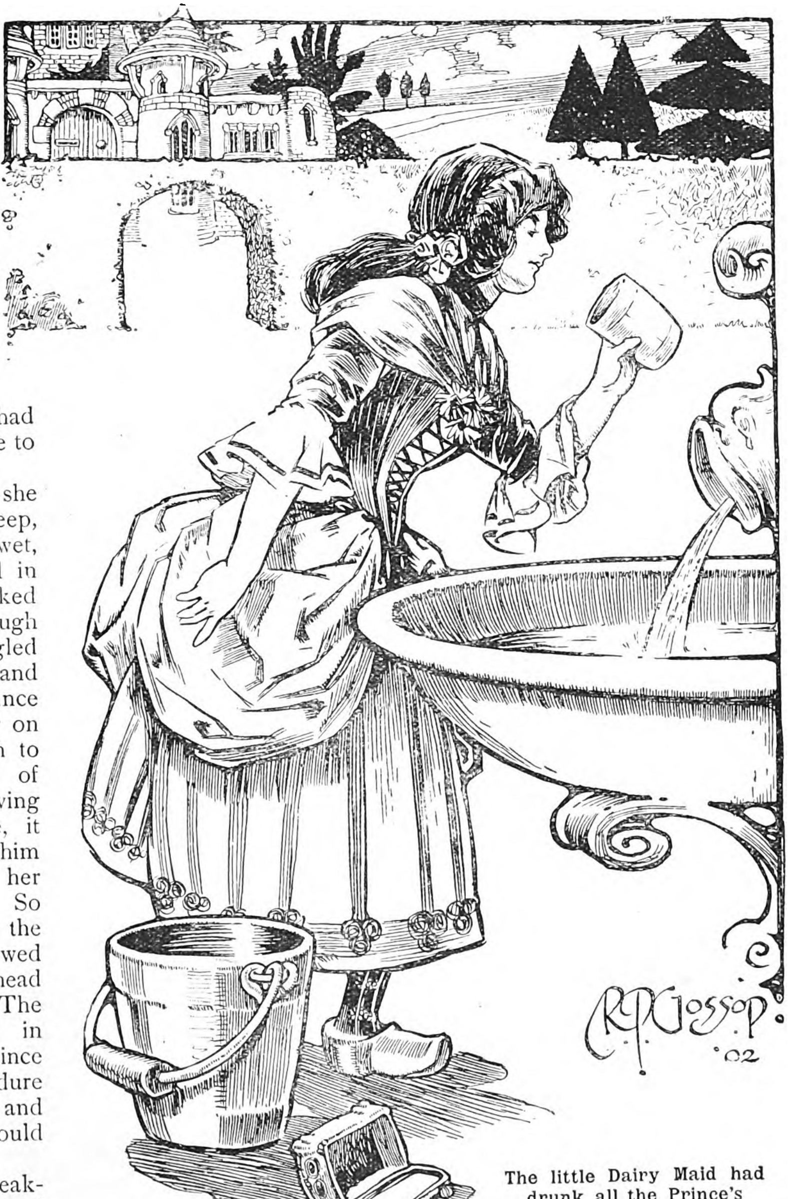
"He doesn't want it," said the Queen sharply. "He is of Royal blood and wants nothing *common.* A Prince can do very well without it."

"At any rate," said the King, "I shall keep the Dairy Maid in prison until we can make her give it up." But he was talking to an empty chair, for the Queen had gone back to admire her son.

She found the Prince very dissatisfied; he had heard all about the little Dairy Maid, and he wanted to see her and set her free. It was unjust to imprison her, he declared; she had not known what she was doing, and she had found out the way to use the fairy gifts, which all the Wise Men in the kingdom had been unable to discover. As for his Common Sense, she was welcome to it; it had always made his head ache.

At last the Queen grew angry with him, and refused to listen to him any longer.

But the Prince could not forget the poor little prisoner. At midnight, when everyone



The little Dairy Maid had drunk all the Prince's Common Sense.

in the Palace was asleep, he lit a torch, and crept down to the dungeon in which she lay. The gaoler was asleep, and the keys hung on a hook above his head. The Prince opened the dungeon door and went in. In one corner, on the damp stones, lay the little Dairy Maid asleep, for Common Sense had told her it was no use to cry all night.

The Prince saw that she had cried herself to sleep, for her lashes were wet, and she sobbed still in her sleep. She looked so beautiful, even though her curls were tangled and her dress dirty and stained, that the Prince fell in love with her on the spot. He began to think of some way of helping her, but, having no Common Sense, it never occurred to him that he could take her out of the dungeon. So he sat down on the damp floor, and pillowed her pretty golden head on his knee. The Dairy Maid smiled in her sleep, and the Prince felt ready to endure agonies of cramp and cold, as long as he could gaze at her.

Just as day was breaking she awoke, and started up with a cry of fright when she saw the Prince, who hastened to reassure her, and tell her how he had come there.

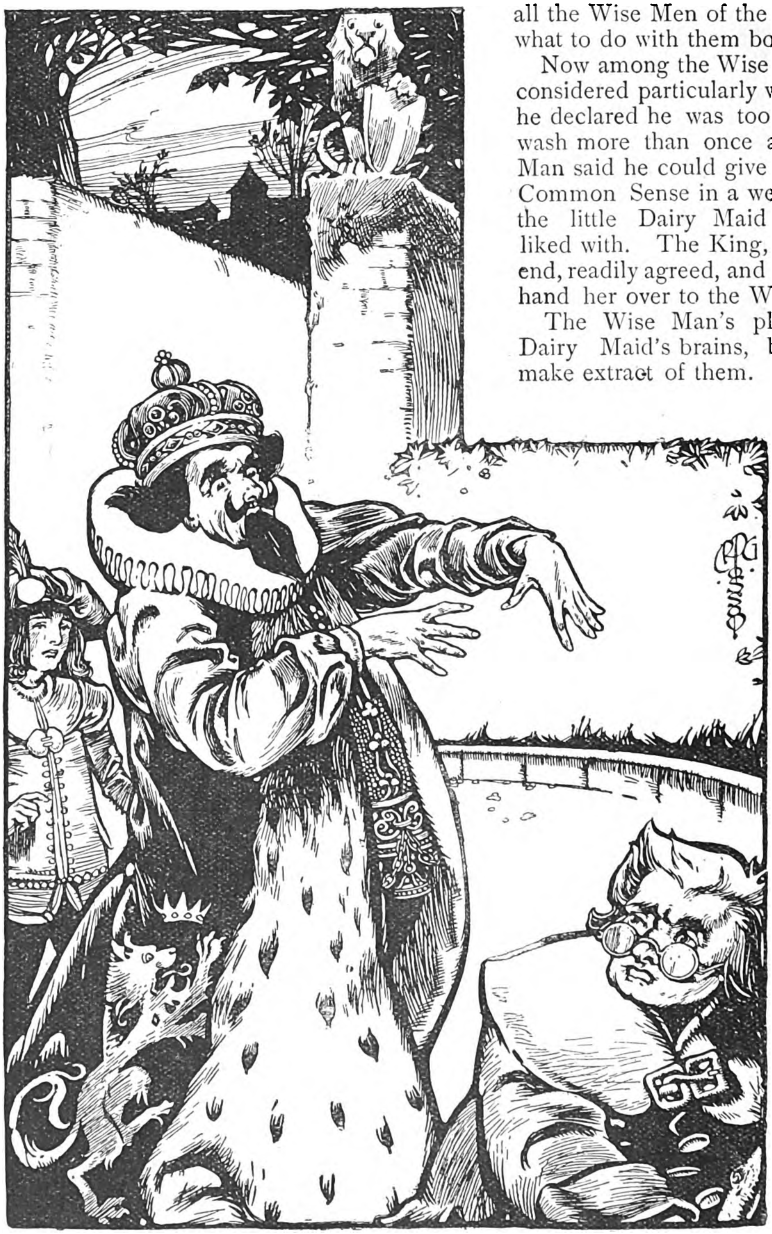
"And now I love you," he said, "will you marry me?"

"I can't," said the little Dairy Maid. "You are a Prince, and I am only a poor dairy maid. Where is your Common Sense?"

And then she burst out crying, for she remembered where the Common Sense was.

"I haven't got any," cried the Prince triumphantly. "And I'm very glad of it, if it would have told me not to marry you."

But, unfortunately, the little Dairy Maid had more than her share; and so she argued and pleaded with the Prince, only succeeding in making him more in love with her than ever. They were so busy talking that they never heard steps approaching the dungeon,



The King was threatening the Wise Man with all sorts of horrible punishments.

and when the King and courtiers burst in they were very much startled.

The King flew into a tremendous rage, when the Prince declared he meant to marry the little Dairy Maid. He dragged him from the dungeon, and locked him in his room, ordered the gaolers to keep the Dairy Maid in stricter imprisonment than ever, and called on all the Wise Men of the kingdom to tell him what to do with them both.

Now among the Wise Men was one who was considered particularly wise: chiefly because he declared he was too busy being wise to wash more than once a week. This Wise Man said he could give back the Prince his Common Sense in a week, if he might have the little Dairy Maid to do just what he liked with. The King, who was at his wits' end, readily agreed, and ordered the gaolers to hand her over to the Wise Man.

The Wise Man's plan was to extract the Dairy Maid's brains, boil them down, and make extract of them. He hoped that the essence of Common Sense would be in this extract, and that if he could induce the Prince to drink it, he would get back his fairy gift.

When he proposed this plan to the little Dairy Maid, however, she strongly objected to giving up her brains.

"Well," thought the Wise Man, "I must kill her first to save fuss."

So he pretended to have forgotten his plan, and asked the little Dairy Maid to walk with him in his garden. In the garden was a deep well, and when they got near this, he told the little Dairy Maid to look in, and see her pretty face in the water.

As she was bending over the edge, the Wise Man pushed her into the well.

When he thought she was quite drowned he got a hook, tied it to the end of a rope, and tried to fish her body up. But though he angled all night he could not bring up the little Dairy Maid's body, because the little Dairy Maid was not drowned.

She was sitting on a big stone that stuck out from the side of the wall half way down the well. Her Common Sense had told her to grasp the stone, and save herself as she fell.

How long the little Dairy Maid would have sat on the stone I do not know, if the Prince had not had an Idea. It was not his own; for, though he had plenty of virtues, he had no Ideas. It was sent to him by the old fairy who had given him Common Sense when he was a baby, and as she knew he was not likely to know how to get it into his head if she sent it him raw, she sent it him in a great macaroon in the middle of a box of chocolates (a very favourite method with fairies). The Prince, who was very fond of sweets, ate all the chocolates including the macaroon and the Idea. As soon as he had eaten it he had it; and thinking it was his own, rushed to the King in great delight shouting:

"Father, I've got an Idea!

"Listen! It's such a beauty. If I marry the little Dairy Maid I shall get back my Common Sense. For she has it all."

"So you will!" cried the King. "I never thought of that! You shall marry her to-morrow, and we will go now and fetch her from the Wise Man."

The Wise Man left off angling when he saw the Prince and the King approaching. When he heard what they wanted he turned very pale, and declared that the Dairy Maid had run away—he had not seen her for three days. The King and the Prince did not believe him, but they could find no trace of her in the house and garden. The Prince was in despair, and the King was threatening the Wise Man with all sorts of horrible punishments, if he did not instantly produce the little Dairy Maid, when the Wise Man's maid-of-all-works suddenly appeared carrying a little brown slipper.

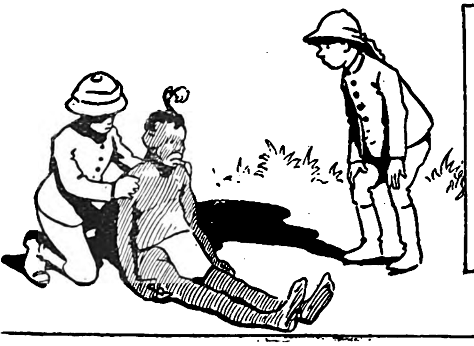
"It's the Dairy Maid's!" shrieked the Prince. "Where did you find it?"

"I drew it out of the well in a bucket of water, your Majesty," said the maid-of-all-works curtseying.

"Then the Dairy Maid is in the well," shouted the King and Prince, and to the well they all went—all except the Wise Man, who seized the opportunity to slip out of the back door unnoticed. He travelled fast and left the country before night-fall, for which no one was sorry.

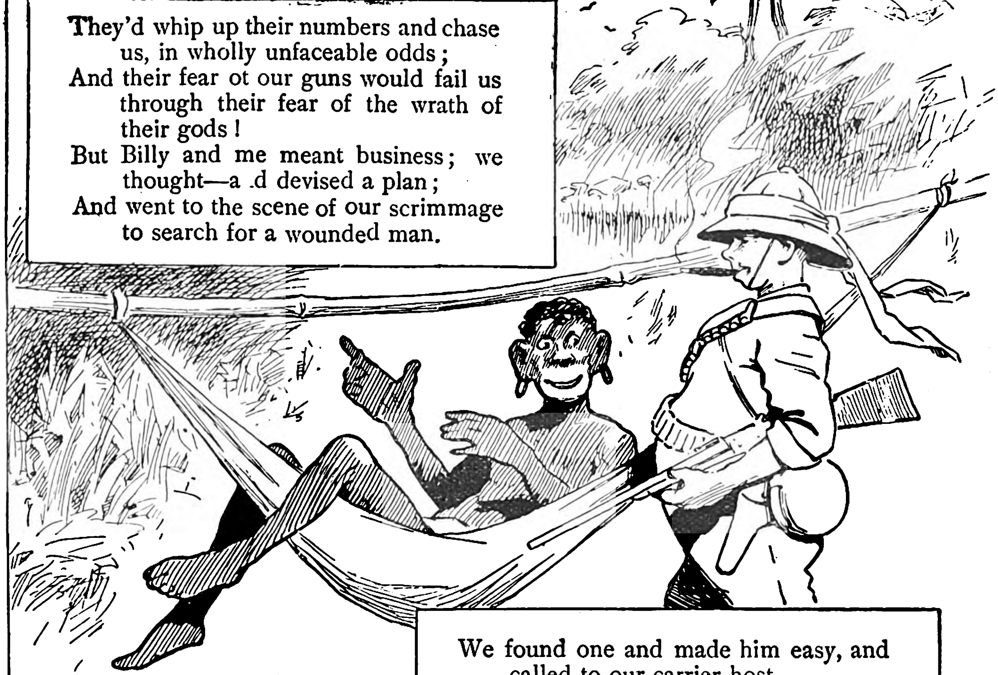
Meanwhile the King, the Prince, and the maid-of-all-works leant over the edge of the well, and called to the little Dairy Maid. To their great joy she answered. She had heard their voices in the garden calling her before, and had dropped her slipper in the bucket as it passed her to show where she was. She was delighted to get out of the well, and still more delighted to find the King in such a good humour, and quite anxious for her to marry the Prince.

Next day they were married, and everyone rejoiced, especially the maid-of-all-works, to whom the King gave a red satin gown and a diamond necklace for the occasion. So the Prince got back his Common Sense and a wife in the bargain. It was true it all belonged to his wife now; but as he was wise enough to ask her advice about everything and take it, they managed to share it very comfortably, and few people knew he had none of his own. At any rate, they had every good quality between them, and so they lived long and happily.

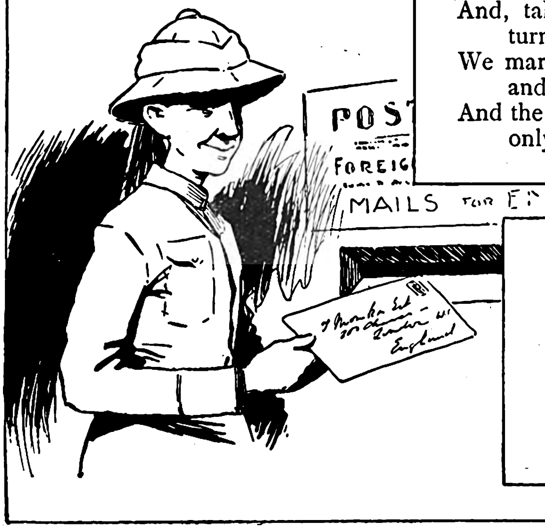


We stood there, and swore at that image;
we swore at that heathen race:
A Fortune we dared not seize on was
staring us in the face!
It was rough, but we couldn't get round
it: the gems must be left alone;
For those niggers would tear us to pieces,
if we took but a single stone!

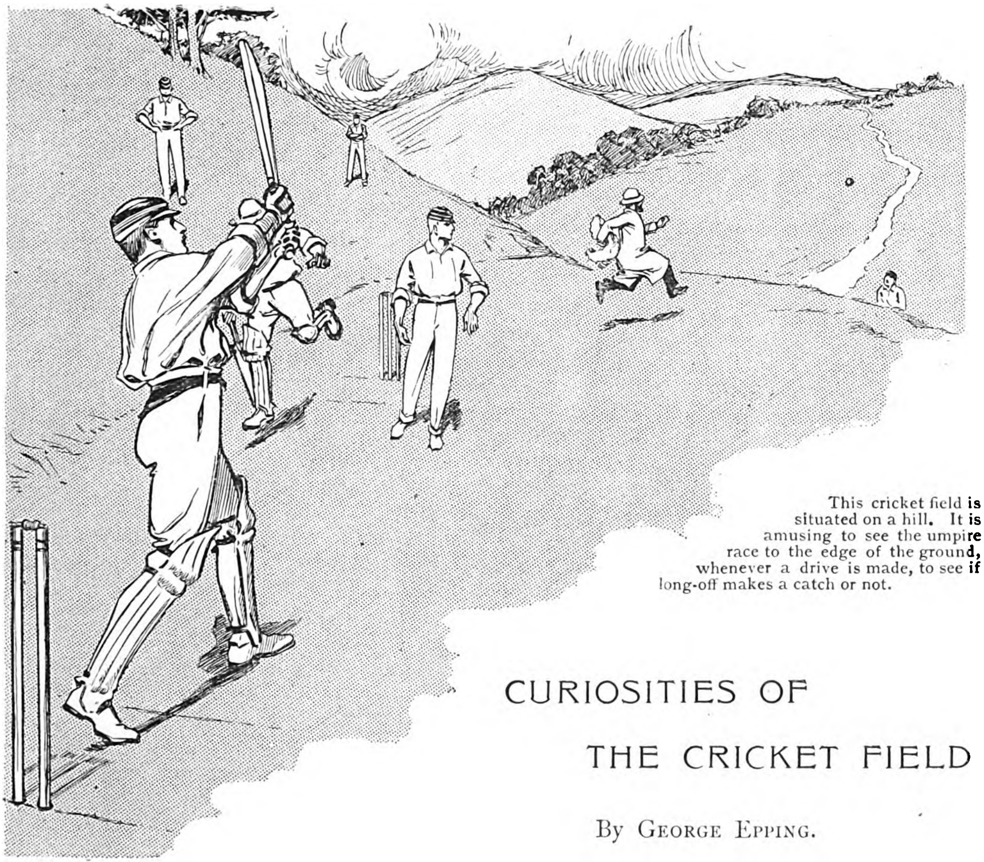
They'd whip up their numbers and chase
us, in wholly unfaceable odds;
And their fear ot our guns would fail us
through their fear of the wrath of
their gods!
But Billy and me meant business; we
thought—and devised a plan;
And went to the scene of our scrimmage
to search for a wounded man.



We found one and made him easy, and
called to our carrier host,
And, taking our prisoner with us, re-
turned with all speed to the coast.
We marched by the side of our hostage,
and strove to acquire his speech;
And the beggar was awfully flattered, and
only too glad to teach.



We posted a letter to England, and
when the reply came to hand
Went back to our gaudy idol, to work
out the scheme we had planned.
We halted our men in a forest, and sent
our black friend to invite
The priest of that Ju-Ju to supper, and
calm down his natural fright.



This cricket field is situated on a hill. It is amusing to see the umpire race to the edge of the ground, whenever a drive is made, to see if long-off makes a catch or not.

CURIOSITIES OF THE CRICKET FIELD

By George Epping.

Now that the Australians are with us again, enthusiasts are to be met at all matches, eagerly discussing the merits of past and present players. They do not always confine their remarks to criticism, but frequently retail for the benefit of the company the many curious incidents they have seen, heard, or read about.

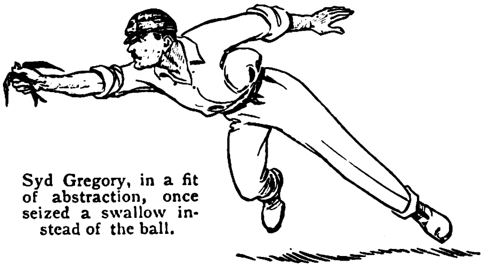
Who in these days of boundaries would believe that a hit for thirty-seven had been made? Yet it did occur. The pitch was situated on the top of a hill, and the batsman drove the ball over the brow of it. Pretty nearly the whole eleven fielders took part in its return, but the final throw to the wicketkeeper was missed, consequently the ball travelled down the other side of the hill. The fielding performance had to be repeated, and thirty-seven runs were secured before the batsman stopped.

I wonder how many could be scored from a big hit on the Berwick-on-Tweed ground? This field is partly "bounded by the German Ocean," as the school books say, so that its situation lends itself to possibilities. The writer knows a cricket pitch of forty square yards in a hilly district in the North of England that had practically to be "dug out." Consequently while the fielders on one side of the wicket tower over the batsman, one or two on the other are out of his sight, and it is very amusing indeed to watch the umpire race for the edge of the ground whenever a drive is made to see if long-off makes a catch or not.

I am credibly informed of many wonderful catches, though perhaps Syd Gregory's snapping a swallow when fielding cover-point takes premier honours. Gregory, so the story goes, was not so spry as usual, and one of his colleagues suddenly called, "Look out, Syd." The fielder, startled, shot out his hand at a black object that was flying past him, thinking it was the ball, and to his own and everyone else's astonishment found he had caught a swallow.

Birds, by the way, have figured in cricket occasionally.

When Gloucestershire were playing Nottingham at Trent Bridge in 1875 some



Syd Gregory, in a fit of abstraction, once seized a swallow instead of the ball.

swallows flew across the wicket in such numbers at one period of the game that play had to be suspended.

Another Gloucestershire match was stopped for a time by a seagull. The bird kept hovering about the wicket until the players could stand it no longer, and they stopped the match and try in vain to bring the bird down with the ball.

Old Tom Hearne, of Middlesex, was more successful. He was just going to bowl when a pigeon flew across the pitch; so, instead of trying to hit the wicket, Hearne took a shot at the pigeon and killed it. Julius Cæsar, one of the old brigade, killed a swallow at Godalming. He was bowling to the Earl of Winterton, and the ball struck the swallow in its flight.

At Cavendish in 1877 a fielder brought off a brilliant catch in peculiar fashion. The ball, which was travelling at a terrific rate, hit his wrist, ripped open the sleeve of his shirt, ran up the arm, and lodged against his body.

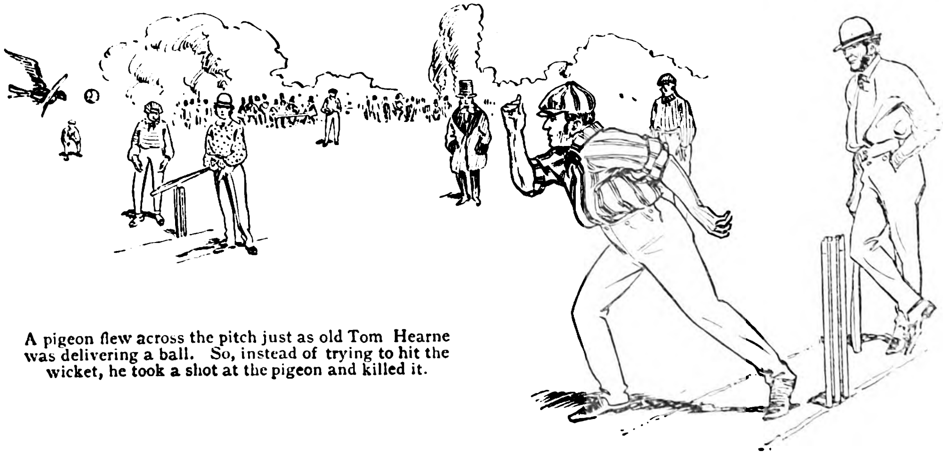
There are many ways of being out, but few can boast of being caught "up a tree." Yet that has happened. The ball was hit into the branches of a tree, and stuck there. As it was in full view of the players the umpire refused to allow the "out" side to call lost ball, so the batsmen went on running. Eventually one of the fielders climbed up the tree. On securing the ball, a catch was appealed for, and the umpire gave the batsman out.

A batsman may consider he has cause to grumble at his luck when he plays a ball into the lap of his pad, from which it is drawn by the wicket-keeper, who, of course, thus secures a catch. In another case the batsman made a hard, square cut. Point missed the ball, but it struck him on the knee, and rebounded into the hands of the wicket-keeper.

Probably many readers saw how P. F. Warner was out in the North *v.* South match at Lord's in 1900. He drove a ball back to the bowler, E. Smith. The latter failed to hold the return, but got his hand to it. He guided it on to the burly figure of Dr. W. G. Grace, and as the ball rebounded made the catch. Warner looked thoroughly disgusted as he walked towards the pavilion.

Albert Ward and D. L. A. Jephson have both had their innings brought to a premature close through a splinter of the bat, which the ball knocked off, upsetting the bails in its flight. These are all annoying; but the luck of E. Dowson, the father of the present player of that name, at the Oval in 1862 must have aroused the sympathy of all present. This batsman turned to hit to leg when the ball kicked up, struck him in the mouth, and knocked him over on to his wicket, so that he was given out "hit wicket." If the victim ever used unparliamentary language in referring to his accident, I am sure his hearers forgave him.

The binding of a bat has been known to cost a wicket, for, as the batsman made a cut, the string caught the bails, and knocked them off, so that he was out for hitting his wicket. In one case, after finishing a run, the batsman grounded his bat within the

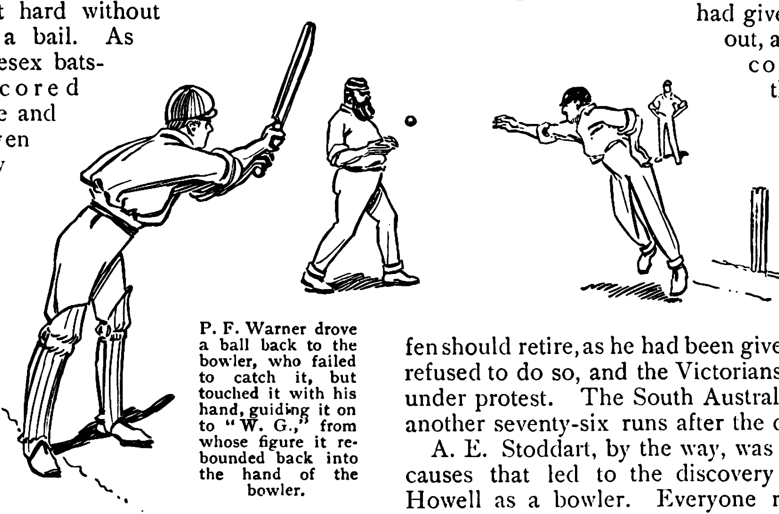


A pigeon flew across the pitch just as old Tom Hearne was delivering a ball. So, instead of trying to hit the wicket, he took a shot at the pigeon and killed it.

crease, but stood with his feet outside. The ball, which was returned at a hot pace, knocked the bat out of his hand, and dribbled into the wicket, and the unhappy man was "run out."

These are instances of bad luck; but they are balanced by those of good. At Hastings C. A. Alberga was batting with his handkerchief stuck in his belt. The wind caught it and blew it into the wicket, yet, though the handkerchief wrapped itself round the leg and middle stumps, the bails did not come off.

A. E. Stoddart had practically four innings at the Oval in 1895. He was stumped and given out in his first essay, but as the bails did not fall he continued batting, and in the second innings a ball from F. E. Smith hit the wicket hard without removing a bail. As the Middlesex batsman scored seventy-five and sixty-seven the Surrey players' feelings on the matter may be imagined.



P. F. Warner drove a ball back to the bowler, who failed to catch it, but touched it with his hand, guiding it on to "W. G.," from whose figure it rebounded back into the hand of the bowler.

E. Winter, of Oxford, had the satisfaction of continuing his innings after he had knocked the three stumps almost horizontal. His bat came down on to the top of the wicket so hard, as he was making a cut, that the bails were driven *into* the stumps, and the batsman given "not out."

There have been cases where the heat of the sun has so softened the varnish on the bails that the latter have become glued together and to the stumps. This was seen in a match between Victoria and New South Wales at Sydney in January, 1894. While two batsmen were running the fielder threw the ball at the wicket and hit it, but the bails stuck on to the top of the stumps.

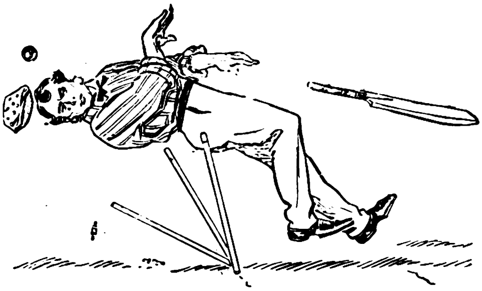
Indeed, bails play peculiar tricks sometimes. A well-known cricketer says he once saw a bail balance itself on the middle stump, while the ball carried the other yards behind the wicket. It is no unusual sight to see one in front and the other behind the stumps; but when the ball hits the wicket and knocks one bail several yards, while the other jumps straight into the air, reverses, and then falls into its original groove again, one may ask if "spooks" are about?

It is not often that a first-class player refuses to abide by the umpire's decision. G. Giffen, "the Grace of Australia," has. He was playing for South Australia against Victoria at Adelaide, and, in making a stroke, fell. The bowler appealed for leg before wicket, and Giffen was given "not out." As he rose the batsman knocked off the bail, and the umpire at square leg gave him out for hitting his wicket. Giffen refused to go on the ground that the umpire, Mr. Flynn, could not give him out after the other umpire had given him not out, and he also contended that the ball was dead before the bail fell off. All the other players declared that Giffen should retire, as he had been given out. He refused to do so, and the Victorians played on under protest. The South Australian scored another seventy-six runs after the dispute.

A. E. Stoddart, by the way, was one of the causes that led to the discovery of W. P. Howell as a bowler. Everyone remembers how Howell slew Surrey by taking the ten wickets in the county's first innings for only twenty-eight runs in his first match in England in 1899.

Howell is, or was, a bee farmer in New South Wales, and visited Sydney in an up-country team. His bright hitting led to his inclusion in the N.S.W. eleven against Mr. Stoddart's. When the English captain and J. T. Brown were well set, and had collared the bowling, Howell blandly informed Syd Gregory that he was certain he (Howell) could get them out if given a trial. The home captain was willing to try any experiment; so he put the bee-farmer on, and was surprised and gratified to see Howell not only clean bowl Mr. Stoddart and Brown, but four of the later batsmen as well.

In Australia many things are allowed that would not be tolerated here. The Australians sometimes have a match where the



E. Dowson's mishap at the Oval in 1862. The ball kicked, struck him on the mouth, and knocked him on to the wickets.

players field without boots. When over here in 1899, Howell more than once asked Darling to allow him to take his boots off when he was bowling.

H. H. Massie opened his touring in England in sensational fashion, as he scored 265 runs at the first time of asking. H. J. H. Scott, another hitter, finished off a match in Yorkshire in 1886 with a six, four, six, six. C. J. Bonnor, too, could tap a bit, and the "chipping" that took place between him and C. I. Thornton was amusing.

The Australian always declared that he had a female relative who could hit further than anyone he had met in England. This lady must have been even a better batsman (?) than her brother, for Bonnor never equalled Thornton's record as a hitter. W. Fellowes is credited with having sent a ball 175 yards in its flight at Christ Church Ground, Oxford. C. I. Thornton hit 162 yards and 155 yards at Brighton, and V. F. S. Crawford, the young Surrey amateur, made a drive of 160 yards on the Bristol ground last season.

Albert Trott is probably the most consistently hard hitter of the present day. He is the only player who has yet sent a ball over the new pavilion at Lord's, and on the same ground he one day drove a ball so hard against the pavilion rails that it rebounded close to the bowler's wicket. Trott also hit a ball out of Trent Bridge ground in 1900—a feat never accomplished since W. Bruce, another Australian, did it in 1893.

F. G. J. Ford once hit the opposite wicket with a hard drive, and the ball rebounded to within his own crease. Bonnor's best hit was 147 yards. Barlow and Scotton hold a different sort of record. The Lancashire professional gained his name "Stonewaller" by scoring five runs in two-and-a-half hours at Nottingham; and in the match between England and Australia at the Oval in 1886, Scotton was at the wicket for sixty-seven minutes at one period of his innings without scoring.

This performance drew from *Punch* the following reproach:

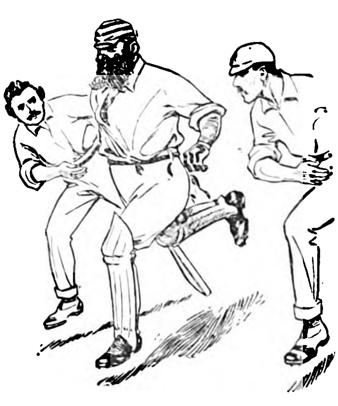
> And the clock's slow hands go on,
> And you still keep up your sticks;
> But oh! for the lift of a smiting hand,
> And the swing of a swipe for six.
>
> Block, block, block,
> At the foot of thy wickets, ah do!
> But one hour of Grace or Walter Read
> Were worth a week of you.

Walter Humphreys has beaten the record of both of these players by staying in for seventy minutes and not scoring a single run. The occasion was a match between Sussex and Kent at Brighton. G. Brann had made 105 in the first innings, and was going for the "double event" in the second innings. Humphreys' stonewalling enabled him to score another century, and thus the Amateur and International footballer joined the ranks of those cricketers who have made two centuries in a match.

The record for "bail shooting" belongs to A. Mold, who knocked a bail 63 yards 6 inches, at the Oval. G. Lohmann was the Lancashire man's victim on that occasion. Surrey's express, T. Richardson, can only lay credit to 55 yards 3 inches, and this is beaten by H. Rotherham, who sent a bail 62 yards.

Cricket by gaslight is a novelty that only Yorkshire and Surrey have enjoyed. This was at the Oval in 1880, when Surrey beat the Yorkshiremen by two wickets. Play was prolonged forty-five minutes in order that the game might be finished on the second day, and the final stage was played with the lamps alight all round the ground.

Derbyshire was once the victim of misfortune at Dewsbury, and the strange sight was seen of only two players in a first-class eleven being properly clad for the game when the side went into the

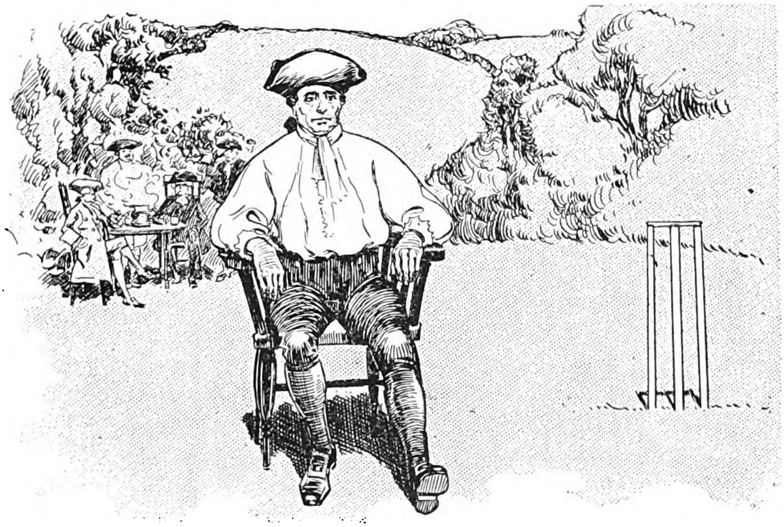


"Touch the ball if you dare!" It landed into "W. G.'s" shirt, and he made six runs before Jupp was allowed to take it from its resting-place.

field. On the second evening of the match, someone had left some water taps on in the room above the Derbyshire professionals' dressing-room. The result was that when the water was turned on at the main the room was flooded, and the players' clothes drenched. They could not be worn, so as Messrs. L. G. Wright and T. A. Higson were the only two who wore cricket clothes and spikes, they went on to bowl. The others fielded in their ordinary costumes.

F. R. Spofforth once took twelve wickets in eighteen balls in a match in Lancashire, and in the neighbouring county of Yorkshire Boyle dismissed seven batsmen in eight balls. During Boyle's performance, as the batsmen were rather slow in coming in, one of the Australians shouted, "Send a man in!" "Send a man in?" responded one of the crowd. "What's the use? Hadn't we better send in three or four?"

A curious match at Lord's was where all the bowling for the Gentlemen, who were playing the M.C.C., should be done by Mr. R. Holden. This trundler consequently bowled at both ends, and captured nineteen wickets in the two innings. He had not a chance of getting the twentieth, as Mr. F. Ladbroke, one of M.C.C., did not bat in the second innings.



Old David Harris was such an enthusiast that, although tortured with gout, he still persisted in playing his favourite game. A great armchair was brought into the field, upon which our hero sat down after the delivery of every ball.

Betting was rampant in the early days of cricket, and there is no doubt but that players were frequently bribed to lose matches. An old writer says: "If gentlemen wanted to bet, just under the pavilion sat men ready, with money down, to give and take the current odds." This refers to Lord's, where the famous Crockford was a frequent visitor. Sometimes as much as £20,000 changed hands over a match, and all sorts of dodges were adopted by the players. Even Lord F. Beauclerck did not hesitate to "stick a lump of wet dirt and sawdust on the ball to make it twist," and on another occasion one of his lordship's own team, who had backed the other side, was so annoyed with Lord Frederick's deadly bowling that he tried repeatedly to injure him with his returns, and eventually succeeded in breaking one of the bowler's fingers.

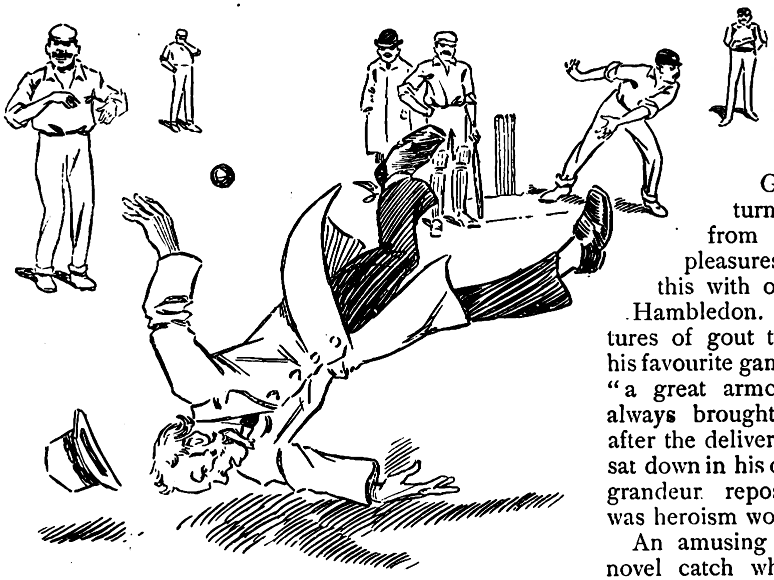
One would think that it was practically impossible to make a mistake in measuring a pitch, but this occurred at Cambridge in a match with C. I. Thornton's England Eleven. The 'Varsity went in to bat, and after they had lost two wickets the pitch was found to be a yard and a half too long. The game was re-commenced and the brothers Studd, who had been got rid of very cheaply in the first instance, made over fifty in their second go.

Is there anyone playing in first-class cricket now who dare ask his captain to let him off on the third day of a match as he wanted to run at some sports? W. G. Grace did it; and V. E. Walker allowed him to go to the Crystal Palace to run in a hurdle race, which Grace, who was eighteen years old at the time, won. This was in 1866, and county cricket has changed since then.

Dr. Grace has, of course, had many strange experiences in his career, though he has still to "bag a brace" in a first class fixture. "W. G." has made runs when none of the fielders dare touch the ball. This occurred through a return to the wicket-keeper bounding into the champion's shirt, so that he carried the ball with him. After running six altogether Jupp was allowed to take the ball out of its resting-place.

Browne, of Brighton, the fastest bowler of his time, is said to have killed a dog with one of his deliveries, and Lumpy won the Earl of Tankerville £100 by hitting a feather laid on the pitch for him to bowl at.

Tom Emmett had the reputation of bowling more wides than any other county bowler, and he certainly did send down a great number. In fact, the Yorkshireman seemed to bowl them on purpose very often. I saw a wide bowled at Park Avenue, Bradford, that will take some equalling. The batsman at the top end had just hit a ball nearly on to the top of the football pavilion tower, so the bowler was evidently determined to get his own back if possible. He ran towards the wicket to send up an "express," but when he was in the act of delivering he slipped.



The bowler slipped when delivering, and the ball caught the umpire in the ribs, knocking him clean over.

The ball flew off towards square-leg, caught the umpire standing there in the ribs, and knocked that inoffending official over. I have never heard such a peal of laughter on a cricket field as went round the ground when this occurred. Everybody roared except the bowler and the injured umpire. It was rather risky mentioning "wides" in that trundler's presence for the rest of the season.

Wickets were frequently "doctored" in the gambling days, and as late as 1865 the wicket for a Sussex and Kent match at Brighton had to be changed on the third day, owing to someone having damaged the pitch during the preceding night. Watchmen used to be employed to prevent this sort of thing happening when a lot of money depended on the game.

It is not generally known that an English team set out to play in Paris during 1784. The Duke of Dorset was our ambassador in France at the time, and he wrote to Yalden, at Chertsey, asking him to raise a team to visit the French capital. An eleven was got together, with the Earl of Tankerville as captain. They travelled to Dover, and were ready to cross the Channel, when they met his Grace, who was returning home in order to escape the first outbreak of the French Revolution.

Gout is supposed to turn its victim's thoughts from all other pains and pleasures, but it failed to do this with old David Harris, of Hambledon. Even amid the tortures of gout this enthusiast played his favourite game, and we are told "a great armchair was, therefore, always brought into the field, and after the delivery of the ball the hero sat down in his own calm and simple grandeur reposed." Surely here was heroism worthy of the V.C.

An amusing story is told of a novel catch which occurred in a match in Ceylon between a naval and a military team, Gunner Quintin was fielding in the country. A ball was hit high in the air towards him. He ran up, but miscalculated the distance, and the ball, instead of behaving in a proper and dignified manner and landing in his outstretched hands, caught him fairly on his helmet and, going right through, stayed there. The umpire gave the batsman out, much to the delight of the fielding side.

Cricket, like every other national institution, has its light side, but it must not be forgotten that it is from an education of cricket and football, from the discipline required in these games, and from their entirely open and healthy atmosphere that England's men are produced, and will be produced as long as a ball is driven to the boundary or the sun shines on a perfect pitch.

OUR HONEYMOON

By L. G. Moberly.

Mother's face wore an expression of beatific delight when I showed her Lady Stibbert's letter. She uplifted her eyes to the ceiling and said:

"My cup is overflowing."

I was not so very pleased. Of course, it was a great honour, and very kind of Lady Stibbert to offer Algy and me her country-house for our honeymoon, but the offer simply spoiled our own nice little plans. Algy and I were so tired of the ordinary and conventional, that we had dreamed dreams of a delicious time hidden from the world in a comfy Bohemia of our own, where the word orthodox should never reach our ears.

We could not in decency and courtesy refuse Lady Stibbert's offer, and if *we* were not as pleased as we ought to have been about it, mother was in the seventh Heaven of joy.

"To think," she ejaculated piously, "that a daughter of mine should spend her honeymoon at Dulsiby Hall, and that I should see it announced in the papers. I never thought I should have such happiness."

Algy and I felt that it really was nice of Lady Stibbert, for we have no pretensions to belong to the aristocracy, or the landed gentry, or anything of that kind. We are just ordinary people, and Lady Stibbert made her offer because she had known my father's family well, and she had always taken an interest in us. Mother had stayed there once or twice; I never had.

"By Jove!" Algy said when I told him about it. "Dulsiby Hall!" Then he whistled, after which he said: "I say, Doll, it'll mean a lot of servants, and a confounded amount of pomp and show; we shall feel jolly out of it."

"Oh, no!" I answered grandly, "we shan't feel *out of it*. What rubbish! It's a great bore having to give up our happy little Bohemian plan, but why should we feel out of it?"

"Well, my dear girl, you may not, but I expect I shall. I don't mind owning that *I'm* not used to a lot of menservants and maidservants, and oxen and asses and things. My mater has only two servants, just as yours has," he added, with what I thought was a spice of malice.

"One servant, more or less, makes no difference," I answered loftily. "I am a lady, you are a gentleman. Nobody could be more, not even if they were Dukes and Duchesses. *I* am not afraid of a pack of servants." Algy laughed irrelevantly, and went off whistling. I did not refer to the subject again, but I thought him excessively foolish.

When I was a child, and we lived in a nice London vicarage, we always kept four servants, and a boy to clean the boots. Now that mother was a widow and we lived in a suburb, we only kept two servants, but I didn't see how that affected the case. Algy's mother was a widow, too. She had a flat in Hampstead, and, naturally, she doesn't want a big establishment. I thought Algy's remarks most out of place.

One would have supposed that he and I were quite unused to having things nicely done! Why! We always had soup for dinner every night, and generally some

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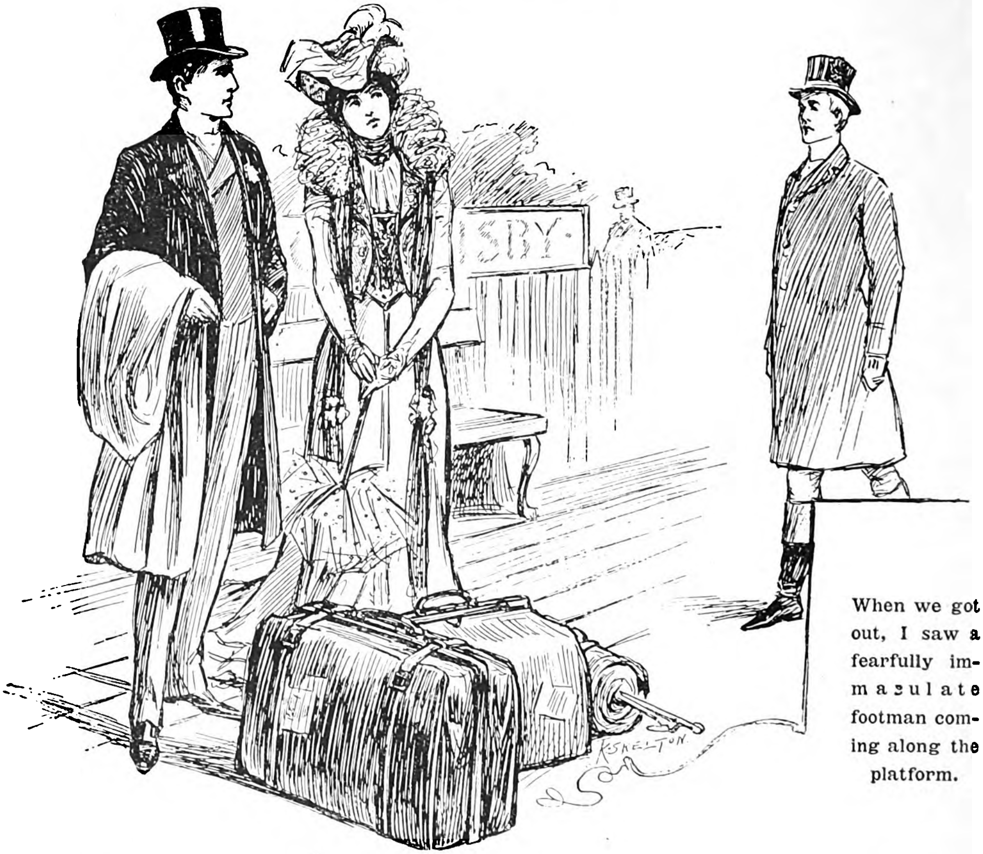


When we got out, I saw a fearfully immaculate footman coming along the platform.

made-up dish, and a pudding or savoury--I don't know what more anybody could want!

Our wedding went off splendidly, and lots of people came to it. Mother had given me a lovely trousseau, and she wanted me to take several gowns away with me. But I said:

"Whatever is the good of dragging a lot of things to Dulsiby Hall? I shall only want an everyday dress, and something nice for Sundays, and just one evening dress, and a blouse or two."

"Well, dear," mother answered, "I should have thought you would have liked to wear some of your pretty things in a house like that. You would like to look your best. They are accustomed——"

"My dear mother, I don't want to dress to please the furniture," I said, "nobody will be there except our two selves. I shall only take one box."

I was always very firm, and prided myself on my decision of character. I got my way this time, and Algy and I started on our wedding journey after a most hearty send-off, with my box, his portmanteau and two bags in the fly with us.

It was past six when we reached the station two miles from Dulsiby Hall. We were travelling first class, because it was our honeymoon, and I did feel grand and important. When we got out, I saw a fearfully immaculate footman coming along the platform, and he stopped when he saw us.

"Mr. Partridge, sir?" he said, most respectfully, touching his hat to Algy, who was collecting our small things, and gave a great jump.

"Oh—ah—yes," Algy said, looking rather foolish, "these are — I mean — there is luggage in the van, too—I——"

"Yes, sir." The man spoke as if he were wound up to do it. "I will see to it, sir. The omnibus is here for it. Shall I take the bag, sir? And would you kindly point out your maid?"

I jumped then. *A maid.* I had never had such a thing in my life, but I did not mean to tell the immaculate footman that fact, so, whilst Algy was still gasping feebly, I said, with what I thought was a most dignified manner:

"I have not brought my maid with me. The luggage is all labelled with our names."

I knew that a flicker of surprise looked out of the man's eyes, but he only touched his hat again, and preceded us into the entrance, where we found a carriage and pair. Behind the carriage stood a huge omnibus.

"What on earth's that for?" I whispered to Algy. "I thought *we* should drive in it when he said the 'bus was here."

"I don't know what it's here for," Algy said irritably—"we can't drive in both things at once. I suppose they meant it for the maid. Oh! good lord, Doll, I'm simply in a cold perspiration. I knew how it would be."

"Don't be a goose," I answered snappishly, and just then the footman came to the window.

"I can only find one box and one portmanteau, sir," he said, "I suppose there would be more? Perhaps they omitted to put them in at Paddington."

Our modest luggage followed in his rear.

"That's all," I said hastily, curbing a mild desire to tell him that I had not thought it worth while to bring *many* clothes for a visit to the country!

The quiet scorn I detected in his eyes made me regret those garments I had left behind; then I comforted myself with the reflection that it didn't really matter what *he* thought, a footman's opinion was immaterial to *me*.

The luggage went on in the omnibus, a vehicle totally disproportioned to our modest luggage, and we bowled along at a delicious pace through the country.

"What a lovely carriage," I cried fervently; "it seems to have such splendid springs, it doesn't jolt a bit. I think it's lovely to be doing the grand, don't you, Algy?"

Algy smiled sardonically. He had not quite recovered that cold perspiration, I think.

When we drove up the drive with a great deal of dash, the front door was flung open and I saw two footmen at the top of the steps, and behind them a most dignified old gentleman in black clothes.

"Oh, Algy!" I whispered, "who on earth is that?"

"The butler, of course," he snapped. "Don't be a fool, Doll, and give yourself away."

Give myself away, indeed! I should have liked to ask Algy what he meant. Why? Did he suppose I had never seen a *butler* before? Lots of our friends have them. Only in the shadow I didn't see very plainly, and he looked such an exceedingly dignified old gentleman.

I tried to walk up those steps with a sort of "I've-been-used-to-this-kind-of-thing-all-my-life" air, but I tripped at the top, and as nearly as possible fell down. Algy only just saved me.

I didn't feel sure whether I ought to speak to the butler and footmen, or whether I'd better walk straight on. I decided that it would be too familiar to speak, so I went across the hall with my head held extra high, and the butler, with a most deferential air, held open the door of a room where I saw tea was prepared for us.

"Would you wish dinner at eight o'clock, or eight-thirty, madam?" he said.

At home we always dined at seven. I was beginning to say so when I caught sight of Algy frowning most fearfully.

"Dinner at eight," he said very shortly. I don't think Algy has the repose of the Vere de Veres.

Then the butler went away, and we were left alone in a most enormous and beautiful drawing-room, cramful of as many things as a museum.

"People like this always dine very late," Algy said, "do try and remember we've got to do as they do now."

The tea service and the tray and all were of silver, and I never saw such heaps of little cakes and scones. I was hungry and ate a lot, till Algy frowned again and said:

"Look here, Doll, it isn't good form to eat so much at tea time. The servants will be awfully surprised."

"Oh, bother the servants!" I said. All the same I didn't touch another morsel.

Two footmen cleared away the tea. They were both horribly solemn and moved like mechanical toys. Algy and I didn't speak a word whilst they were in the room. I don't believe Algy dared, and I didn't feel inclined to say anything.

Algy came and knelt by my side when they were gone, and had just begun asking me how I thought I should like to be called Mrs. Partridge when the door handle rattled, and he scrambled to his feet, and a minute after the butler came in. He crossed the room with an air of dignified ease which I positively envied—I did, indeed.

"Might I speak to you a moment, sir?" he said to Algy in a hushed and solemn voice, and I wondered what in the world he could want, as he preceded Algy out of the room, with the same dignified step that made Algy's attempt at easy indifference seem overdone and absurd.

After a few minutes Algy came back, mopping his face, looking heated and worried.

"Good gracious!" he exclaimed, "that old buffer wanted to ask me about the wines for dinner. I always rather fancied myself on wines, but, my hat, the butler fairly stumped *me!* He reeled off names I'd never heard of till I didn't know if I stood on my head or my heels. So now I've said we'll have champagne. I didn't know what to do."

I held out my hand to him, and he came and sat down on the arm of my chair, and put his arm round me, and was just beginning to say that it didn't matter whether we were in a Hall or a cottage as long as we were together, when there was a knock at the door, and Algy had to spring up and lean against the mantelpiece in a seemingly careless attitude before he called out, "Come in."

A very grand lady responded to his words. She wore a rustling black silk dress, and gave us a bow that would have done credit to a duchess.

"The housekeeper, madam," she said. "I understand that you have not brought your maid. I came to see whether you would like the second housemaid to unpack your box, and to wait upon you? She has been accustomed to do a lady's maid's duties occasionally."

"Thank you," I murmured feebly, looking at Algy. My vaunted decision of character had deserted me.

"Yes—yes," Algy said nervously, "certainly, dear, let the second housemaid look after you. Give the housekeeper your keys."

I handed them to her meekly, and when she had gone I sank back in my chair with a groan.

"Oh, goodness!" I gasped, "I feel like a bird in a cage." I felt much worse, when, half-an-hour later, I went up to dress for dinner, and found a trim young woman in black in possession of my room. She had laid out my one evening dress, and put away my other things.

From behind the closed doors of the dressing-room I presently heard a murmur of voices, my husband was speaking in deprecating accents, and somebody replied to him.

"Who is with Mr. Partridge?" I asked, curiosity overpowering every other feeling.

"It's James, madam," the young woman said. "Mr. Gregg thought that as Mr. Partridge had not brought his valet, perhaps James had best come and see to his things."

I was too utterly dumfounded to say a word. I knew that Algy had no more been used to a valet than I to a maid!

I felt just like a wax figure in a shop whilst I was being dressed for dinner. I didn't know whether I ought to talk to the young woman or hold my tongue, and, as I did not wish to encourage undue familiarity, I did not utter a syllable during the dressing process, except to answer necessary questions.

"Would you wear any jewellery, madam?" she asked finally.

Well! as she had unpacked my box she must have known perfectly well that I hadn't any jewels, except a locket and chain.

"No, thank you," I said very stiffly.

I thought I had never spent a more embarrassing half hour than that, but the hour that followed was ten thousand times worse. Algy and I were solemnly ushered into an enormous dining-room, where a small table in the middle looked like an oasis in the desert.

We were waited upon by the butler and two footmen, and it upset me so dreadfully to feel their eyes watching me eat, that I bolted my food like a boa constrictor. I was awfully hungry, but I couldn't really enjoy my meal when I knew that great man behind my chair was waiting to snatch away my plate directly it was empty. We did have a lot of courses. I was surprised to see what a number of things could be sent up for one dinner; we ended up with ices, too. In our set we only have ices for a party.

I got dreadfully muddled about the wines. I had such a lot of glasses, and they all seemed to be always filled up, it made me quite nervous, and I ended by drinking hardly anything, and going thirsty to bed, when I drank a lot of water off my washing stand.

When the servants left the dining-room at dessert time, I felt like going into hysterics.

"Oh, Algy!" I cried, "it's awful."

"I told you how it would be," he said calmly.

"Can't we—couldn't you say we don't want all these great men pottering round here all the time? Can't we ring when we want them, as we do at home?"

"Good Heavens no!" Algy answered. "I shouldn't dare tell them to do anything they don't generally do. They're sharp enough, as it is, to see we aren't used to this sort of thing. I knew how it would be." He spoke quite bitterly.

The next morning the housekeeper came to me, a paper in her hand.

"I have brought you the *menu*, madam," she said. "I thought you would like to see if there was anything you would wish altered."

She was quite respectful, but I had an inner conviction that she despised me, and my efforts after what I had heard mother call "an easy manner" were a dismal failure. My easiness sounded flippant or familiar, I didn't know which.

That house perfectly swarmed with servants. One couldn't even put on coal for oneself, there were always footmen popping in and out to see to the fire, or to pull up the blinds or put them down, or something. And there must have been dozens of housemaids, I seemed to see a different one every time I went upstairs. The one who waited on me made me feel a worm the next evening.

"Will you wear the same dress again, madam?" she asked. I could have sworn there was an emphasis on the again.

"No, no," I said hurriedly. "I'll wear a blouse and the black net skirt."

I had an unpleasant feeling that her eyebrows went up, and I suddenly remembered reading in one of the fashion papers, that blouses had gone out in the best circles, and that only dresses with the skirt and body alike were worn now.

I felt such a shabby, badly-dressed creature, and I was sure the butler and footmen thought I was, too.

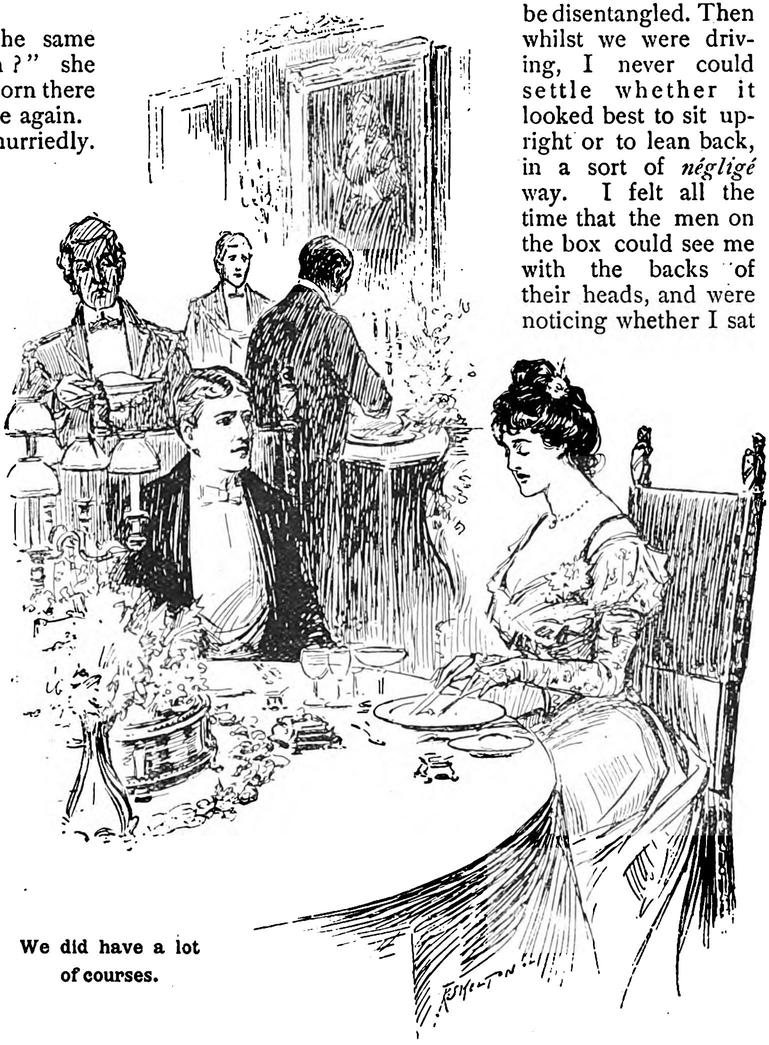
Algy and I couldn't talk a bit at meals when these men were there. It seemed to dry up all our ideas to have them hanging about. We sat like dummies till they left the room.

The garden was almost as bad as the house. It was overrun with gardeners and gardeners' boys, and we didn't dare speak to the head man, he was such a swell, with a very distant and aloof sort of air.

I had quite looked forward to some drives, but the discomforts of going out in the carriage far outweighed any pleasure it might have been.

Two footmen always put us into the vehicle and wrapped the rug round us, and, feeling their eyes on me, made me awkward. I'd heard someone say once that the way you got into a carriage showed whether you were really aristocratic or not, and, remembering that remark, made me self conscious.

Twice I tripped on the step and nearly fell on my face, only one of the footmen saved me, and once I got mixed up with the white fur mat, and had to be disentangled. Then whilst we were driving, I never could settle whether it looked best to sit upright or to lean back, in a sort of *négligé* way. I felt all the time that the men on the box could see me with the backs of their heads, and were noticing whether I sat



We did have a lot of courses.

in the right position, and as if I was to the manner born, so how could I enjoy myself?

After three days we were both so miserable that we didn't know how to bear it.

"I'll tell you what, Doll," Algy said to me, when we were sitting gloomily in the library, "I can't stand this infernal hole any longer. I shall go mad if I have that fellow James pottering round me and my clothes, and that butler gives me the blue devils. He's so beastly polite, and he knows such a confounded lot about wines. I feel like a baby or an outsider whenever he says a word."

"It makes me feel sick always having to live up to servants," I cried hotly, "it's so—so ridiculous to care what they think, and what does it matter to that stupid housemaid whether I have proper clothes or not? I've no patience with people who are always bothering about what their servants will say! There are too many servants here, and they expect too much of you! Oh, Algy, do let's go away!" I ended meekly.

"The tips are keeping me awake at night," Algy said sadly, "I don't know what I ought to give all these wretched servants, when we do go."

"Never mind," I said, "give them *anything*, only let us get away."

We spent the whole afternoon in planning a way of escape, and at last Algy did a brilliant thing. He wired to a friend in Paris, saying:

"Please send for me at once, most important," and I never felt so grateful to anybody as I did to that friend when he wired back.

"Come to me immediately, most urgent."

Algy gave the most elaborate explanations to the butler, and I did the same to the housekeeper, about our being called away to Paris on very special business. They listened respectfully and with apparent credulity, but I suspected that they saw through us.

We wrote the same story to Lady Stibbert and to my mother, and his, and then we shook the dust of Dulsiby Hall from our feet with untold joy. Algy scattered tips right and left. He says it was the most expensive honeymoon he had ever dreamt of, even in his wildest dreams, but nothing seemed to me to matter, so long as we could only get away from that nightmare of a house.

We had a jolly time in Paris, where we were not always standing on tiptoe, trying to live up to the impossible ideals of other people's servants, and never again, I hope, shall I go through such an ordeal as I endured on those first three days of our honeymoon, never again, as long as I live, do I wish to set foot in Dulsiby Hall.

TO MY LOVE.

Shall I tell you how I love you,
Dear, my own?
Now that I stand close above you,—
I alone,—
Let my hand rest gently on you,
Let me once more fondly con you,
And with stedfast eyes upon you,
Make my moan.

I should like to make an outcry,
My heart's dear,
Ah! the shadow of a great sigh
Hovers near.
'Tis a hopeless war I'm waging,
(I can see that you are ageing,)
With despair I'm dumbly raging,
And with fear.

You are dear to me as ever,
Love of mine,
Yes, I even think you clever—
Passing fine;
But, alas! whene'er you leave me,
Other men always receive thee
In a spirit that doth grieve me,
I repine.

I am filled with an exceeding
Great distress,
Consolation I am needing,
I confess.
Though I love you and respect you,
Critics cavil and dissect you,
All the Editors reject you—
My MS.

V. H. F.

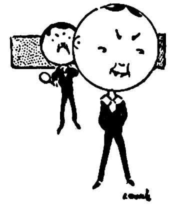
OUR PING-PONG TOURNAMENT

By Hilda Cowham.

Dear Jack,—

I forgot to tell you last time I wrote you that we play Ping-Pong now at St. Dominic's. I don't know whether you've ever heard of the game; it's fine, I can tell you. Jones, that's my chum, brought it back with him after the vac. You remember Jones, don't you? Rather a society sort of chap. He says ping-pong is quite the rage now among decent people. Why, he told me that there are clubs and all sorts of things being got up for it, and he's sure to know, 'cos he's always been a chap to go about a lot. Besides, his father's something in the toy line of business, I believe.

Well, he brought this thing down, and it's something like tennis, only you play it on a table instead of the ground, and only two can play at a time.

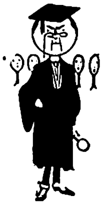


Of course, when the other chaps saw it they sneered horribly, called it awful rot, said it was child's play, and things like that, and told Jones to send it down to the fags to amuse them. You know, it looks easy till you try it—simply shoving a ball over a net they said; but, by Jove, old man, you should have seen their faces when they first took a hand at it. Why Granville, he's the head boy of the school and very stuck up, when he first started he sent the balls miles away.

You see, it's this way. If you hit the ball too hard it goes miles; if you hit it too softly the beastly thing doesn't go over the net, as you'll know when you try it.

Well, anyhow, Jones and his Ping-Pong set were not at all popular. You see, a chap won't give up football, and old games like that, for a new one that he knows nothing about in a hurry, will he?

There were only four of us, Jones, Smith, Brown and myself, that ever attempted to play it at all. We used to have an old door placed across two trestles in a shed in the playground, and play there whilst the other chaps were playing footer or some other game.



Well, one day old Skins (that's short for Simpkins, our Greek master), an awfully clever chap and a great favourite with the fellows, passed whilst we were at it, and looked in; he seemed very interested, and asked us to show him how it was done and what the game was, which we did, you can bet. And he liked it so much that he wanted us to tell him the next time we came down and he would join us.

Of course, we all felt very puffed up with that, it was an honour, I can tell you; 'cos the other chaps had been wanting him for years to play in their football team, and he wouldn't, and after that he used to come nearly always, and play with us. Of course, we didn't tell the other chaps, 'cos they'd have been jealous.

Things went on like this for some weeks till one day Ethel went past and saw us. You

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remember me telling you about Ethel last term. She was very sweet on me then, you know, sent me chocolates and bits of cigars and things, but this half she doesn't seem so keen. I believe she's got an eye for Granville. I saw her looking at him in church last Sunday, but I don't mind, I've almost given up girls since I started this new game. She walked past with her nose in the air, and must have sneaked. Trust a girl for that, especially if she's a bit off you. I expect she told Granville, 'cos next day round he came.

Well, after that, there was such a revolution; he ordered a set for himself, and tried to get Skins to play with him, but no blooming fear, no beginners for old Skins, 'cos I can tell you we were pretty fly at the game by now, and we ought to have been; why; you should have seen us, we were so keen, we used to tear down and start as soon as the bell had rung.

It's rather hot work, but we didn't mind that; two of us could cool off whilst the other two had a game. Would you believe it, a week after Granville looked into the shed and saw us playing, almost everybody had a set, and had started to play, and they did get keen on it too; almost every available room was taken up with it—there were chaps playing Ping-Pong in the hall, in the study, in the library, in fact, everywhere.

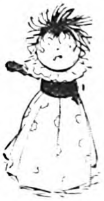
I expect Jones's father made a good thing out of it, as they all had their sets from him, you know I told you he was in the toy trade.

I believe the Head has one, too, 'cos I saw Ethel with a racquet in her hand at one of the windows. She didn't see me, or pretended she didn't. I don't care much; as I said before, I'm rather off girls just now, she can have Granville if she likes.

Of course after the others had started the game we didn't keep the feud up very long with them, for after all imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, which is rather consoling, but they never could get old Skins to play with them—shows what a loyal chap he is, doesn't it?

After they had been at it for some weeks, Jenkins of the upper sixth suggested that we should have a tournament like they have in tennis; he said he'd seen about one in some paper down at the tuck shop. We four chaps were to be committee, 'cos we'd started the game, and quite right, too, considering how we had kept it up, and under great difficulties, too, really.

Sometimes the other chaps had been very unpleasant about it, used to send us Ping-Pong balls dressed up as scarecrows, and very good ones they make too, by the way; if you stick a bit of your own hair on to the top and paint a face on with ink and then fasten the ball with sealing wax to a cork for a body, something like this will be the result.



Well, to continue about the tournament, we sent Smith, who has the best manners, to ask the Head for permission, which he gave, providing the preparations didn't interfere with our studies. Of course it wouldn't with Smith, 'cos he always makes his fag do his.

I must stop now old chap, the bell is ringing for prayers.

Will write again soon.—Yours.

Dear Jack,—

Now you know in my last letter I told you I was rather off girls. Well, I'm sorry to say I've since found out I'm not. It isn't that the Ping-Pong craze is wearing off, but you know I met Ethel the other day, and, well you know how it is, old chap, she looked——oh fine. Of course, I felt myself going limp all over. I'm sure it was the love coming back all in a heap. I couldn't help it, somehow, and now I'm as smitten again as ever.

She doesn't take any notice of me: I'm quite out of it. She still sends all sorts of nice things to Granville, I know, 'cos I tip his fag to tell me.

Why the other day there were two chocolate mice in his trouser pocket, so his little beast told me, and I fancy I saw the tail of one of them sticking out myself.

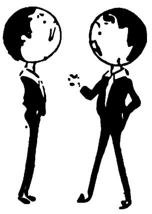
Jolly brave of her, wasn't it, to send them to him, as she's very frightened of them, really?

We are all working very hard over the tournament. There's to be a prize given. Jones's pater has trumped up with one, a whole cricket set. I don't suppose it'll cost him as much as it would anyone else, for reasons I've told you of, but it's jolly fine of him to do it, all the same.

Of course, we four are still the champions of the school, but you know Granville gets in a jolly hot return sometimes, and is coming on very promisingly. I believe he makes his fag practice with him for hours.

We've arranged the affair for the sixth, and there are to be visitors invited. Can you come? If so I'll send you tickets.—Yours——

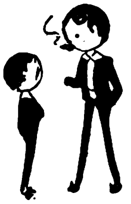
Dear Jack,—



Since I wrote you last I've been very busy. The affair is to-morrow, as you know, and I've just seized a few minutes before tea to write you this. I've had it out with Granville about Ethel. At first he was very huffy, wouldn't answer anything about her till I told him I could see a bit further than my nose. Then he seemed to understand a little, and, by the way, old man, she's begun sending me things again, not many, but enough to let me see she's not forgotten me.

Aren't girls funny like that, never content with one at a time, 'cos she sends Granville piles of things as usual, but when I told him about it he looked rather sick. He's very far gone, I fancy, so after that there was nothing left, but we must fight, and this is how we arranged it. We daren't use pistols or swords, 'cos the Head made such a fuss over the last affair. So we said that after the tournament was over he and I should meet for a game, and whoever won should have Ethel, and I, being the better player, was to allow him six points.

Will let you know how I get on in next letter.—Yours.



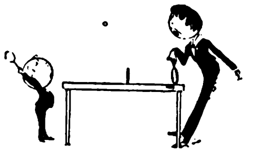
P.S.—Granville's fag has told me that he sends up to town at least once a day for a new bat. It seems he's tried every sort there is. Good bis. for J.'s father, eh? And he nearly works him to death. I told the little silly it was good for kids. Makes men of them quicker, and promised him my cigar to finish if he'd tell me what bat suited G. best, but he wouldn't.

Dear Jack,—

The day is over at last, and I am heartbroken. Of course she's mine. I'll tell you all about it. I'm locked up for a week, so don't know when you'll get this, if ever.

The tournament started splendidly; I wish you'd been able to come, all the others came, heaps of them, and they brought heaps more. The Head was very pleased with the whole affair, except—but that I'll tell you later.

We had four tables in all, all down the centre of the lecture room with chairs all round for the guests to look on, and for two hours there was nothing but Ping-Pong-Ping-Pong.



There was Fatty Brown and Long Tompkins playing together, and a silly little fag of Wright's who was so small he could scarcely look over the table edge, and had to jump every time to catch a ball at all, playing with Sandy, and Ethel was there looking scrumptious.

Oh dear, I daren't think of her—and she smiled so sweet—you must forgive me, I can't help thinking of her, old man, and she'd sent me a whole cigar that morning. I've smoked half of it, the rest is in my overcoat pocket. I wish I had it here to console me.

But to return to the tournament, it went off splendidly, but who do you think won? Why Granville's fag, you see he'd been doing it so long with G. that he was quite a crack hand at it.

When it was over we all shook hands with him and congratulated him on his success; he did look pleased, poor little beggar.

Then came our turn, G.'s and mine, but something happened that we hadn't reckoned on. When the Head left the lecture-room he told old Skins to put out the gas; you see we were going to have our game whilst the others were feeding if we could slip off, but after that we daren't go back and put the gas up.

I looked at G. to see if he was game, but he shook his head, so we went into supper with the others. I signalled to G. to wait outside for me when it was over, which he did, and we arranged that we should come down after the others were in bed. Oh, how slowly the time seemed to go; it always does if you want it to go fast.

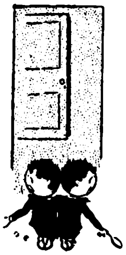
When at last we did go I smuggled a box of matches up with me, that I'd got from cook, and sat on the edge of the bed and waited till all was quiet. I was to call for G. on my

way down. He came out directly, and we both crept along to the hall; you can't imagine how dark it is downstairs after they've all gone to bed, if you've never seen it. When we got to the lecture-room, G. was trembling like a leaf; I could feel him when I took the key from him to open the door; even I felt funny; it seemed rather uncanny, especially when we went into the room, and you could hear the mice tearing away across the room, I'm not really afraid of mice a bit. Granville dropped his bat over the bannisters and we had to wait some time to hear if it had awakened anyone, and whilst we were waiting something sneezed quite at my elbow it seemed to me.

I am not a bit of a coward, but I confess it gave me a bit of a fright. I don't know quite what it was, 'cos Granville heard it, too, but I fancy it was the cat, as I noticed she was sneezing a good bit the next day, when she came to visit me in my solitude. But the greatest fright came when we went into the lecture-room. I just gave a step forward, and trod on something.

I don't know what it could have been, but it yelled—Mamma! It nearly paralysed me, and Granville was so frightened he gave a lurch forward, and kicked it miles away. Granville lit the gas, and we looked round, but couldn't see anything about.

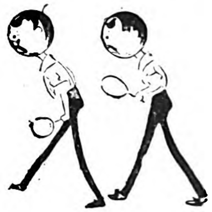
After a few minutes we were ready. I don't know whether I looked as queer as Granville, you should have seen him, he looked awful. I think it was a very serious matter with him, he had his coat off, 'cos we'd neither of us undressed, and his hair stood almost on end.



I had first serve, and sent the ball over; it gave old G. such a start that he missed it. I must say it did sound awful; it seemed to go all round the room and up the stairs and all over the house.

I tried another, and he missed that, and then we heard a sound. Quick as lightning I put out the gas, and we hid under the table. But nothing came of it. We stayed there for about a quarter of an hour before we dare come out again, then we put up the gas again and started afresh; but the same thing happened again, only this time the door opened gently; we hadn't latched it, so I think it must have been the wind; so we waited again, and then agreed to go on with the game whatever happened.

This time we did; first I won a game, then G.; we didn't care now; we were so excited that ten million ghosts, teachers, or Heads might have come in and we shouldn't have heard them. We were just finishing—in fact I just won the last stroke and Ethel, when something came forward and put a hand on my shoulder; who should it be but the Head!



Oh! it was awful, really; but I didn't mind. I quite forgot myself in my excitement and shrieked out "She's mine! she's mine!" I think he thought I was mad, and sent me straight off to bed again, and Granville too; but he came up this morning for an explanation, and it wasn't at all nice, I can tell you. Your wounded——

P.S.—I wonder what Ethel's doing and whether she's heard.

Dear Jack,—

I had a letter this morning, guess who from, but you can't, you'll never guess. From Ethel. Oh, it's the funniest thing out, she was in the room the whole time, had gone down to fetch her doll—that was the awful thing we trod on—and heard something coming, which was us, and hid behind the screen thinking it was a ghost or something. Poor little thing, how we must have frightened her?

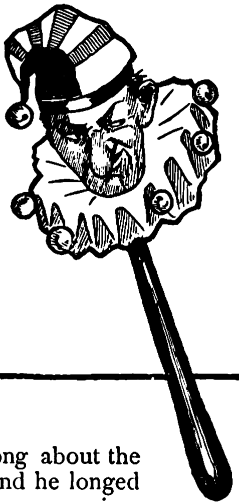
And, Oh, Jack, she tells me I am the chosen one; aren't I a lucky man? I can't tell you all she put in the letter, I wish I could, but you wouldn't understand it, 'cos you've never been in love.—From your revived.

Oh, by the way Granville's fag brought me the letter, pushed it through the keyhole, and he yelled through that G. had tried to hang himself with his necktie, but old Skins came in just as he was tying himself up and saved him, plucky thing to do, wasn't it, eh?

Dear Jack,—

I'm let out at last, but Oh, Horrors!!! Ethel has been packed off to school at Bournemouth.—Yours.

CAP AND BELLS



"I hear that you have been laid up with nervous prostration. What was the matter—overwork or worry?"

"Not exactly. The fact is, I tried to have a photograph taken that suited my wife."

* * * * *

The history that repeats itself
(Thus saving useless labours)
Is not one's private history; that's
Repeated by one's neighbours.

* * * * *

"I say!" the girl's father called from above stairs, "this is an unearthly hour for that young man to be here, Mary."

"You're right," responded the young man, who had just been accepted; "the hour is unearthly, sure enough—it's simply heavenly!"

* * *

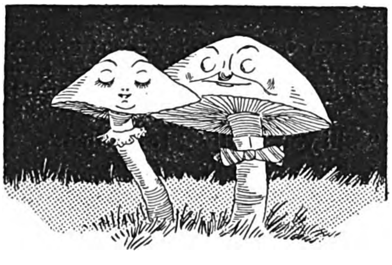
ALPHONSO: "Gwendolyn, why are you so cruel as to keep me waiting for my answer? It is now ten minutes since I asked you to be my wife."

GWENDOLYN: "Oh, pardon me; I forgot. I was simply choosing my bridesmaids."

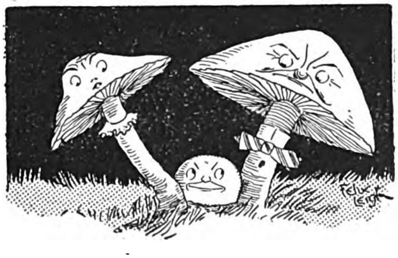
* * *

"I've never been able to save anything," complained the poor man.

"You have probably saved yourself a lot of worry," replied the rich man.



Lovesick Mushroom: "Nothing, darling, shall ever come between us. I swear it."



Interloping Puff-ball: "Then how about me?"

The poet had a song about the ocean in his pocket, and he longed to read it to his fair companion. It was a little thing of his own; but, lacking courage to whip it out boldly, he decided to lead up to it—gracefully, of course.

"Miss Daisy," he began, "did you ever think what those vast heaving billows, melting on the shore and then receding, sing as they come and go?"

"No, I never have," Daisy replied calmly; "but when my brother and I were on the coast of Kent last summer, we used to listen to the waves breaking, and he said they sounded to him——"

"Poetical?" interrupted the poet, fingering the poem in his pocket.

"Y-es, perhaps so," said Daisy. "They went 'Slosh, b'gosh, slosh, b'gosh,' from morning until night."

"Um," said the poet, taking his hand from his pocket.

* * *

"Do you mean to say such a physical wreck as he is gave you that black eye?" asked the magistrate.

"Sure, your honour, he wasn't a physical wreck till after he give me the black eye," replied the complaining wife.

TO MY WASHERWOMAN.

Oh, thou with wealth of curling hair
That in abundance crowns thy head,
Why is it that at thy approach
My heart should beat with sick'ning dread?

'Tis not the dimples in thy cheeks
That deepen (not at words of love),
Nor for the glances of thine eyes
That gleam so tenderly above.

Nor is it for those velvet lips
That part in many roguish smiles
To keep one ever at thy side,
So cunning are thy artless wiles.

Oh, no, not these, my simple friend,
Would cause my heart to beat with pain,
It is not love that thrills my pulse,
Or even fills my idle brain.

But why my heart should beat with dread,
Oh, woman of the ebon locks,
It is because that every week
You bring me someone else's socks.

* * *

A henpecked husband had his better half arrested for assaulting him. The plaintiff was in the witness-box.

"And now, Mr. O'Toole," said his counsel, "will you kindly tell the jury whether your wife was in the habit of striking you with impunity?"

"Wid what, sor?"

"With impunity."

"She wuz, sor, now an' then; but she ginerly used th' potaty masher."

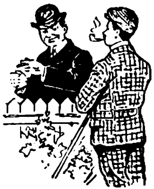
* * * *

PATIENCE: "He must have a soft spot in his heart for me."

PATRICE: "Why so?"

PATIENCE: "He says he is always thinking of me."

PATRICE: "But, you know, a man doesn't think with his heart. The soft place must be in his head."



"Ha! ha!" laughed the suburban idiot; "I had my watch stolen to-day."

"I shouldn't consider that a laughing matter," said his neighbour.

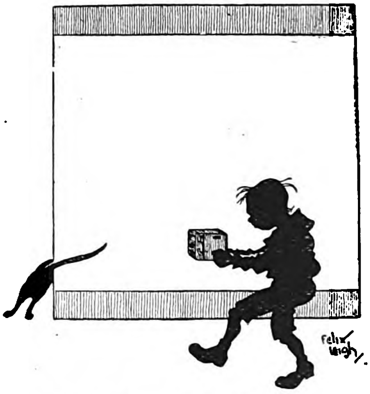
"Ah! But the thing runs slow, and just think how mad the thief will be when he misses his train by it!"

BOGGS: "How is it that your hair is quite white, while your beard is very dark?"

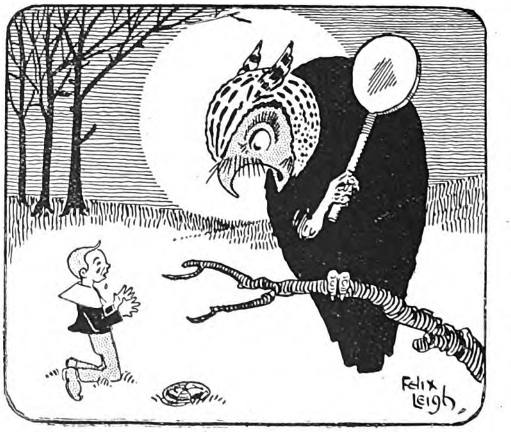
NOGGS: "It is the most natural thing in the world."

BOGGS: "Indeed?"

NOGGS: "It is thirty years older."



Bertie Bagshaw, little "flat,"
Tried for hours to snap the cat,
But the creature saved her bacon,
And her tail alone was "taken."



The Dream Owl: "Are you the practical joker who goes about robbing birds' nests, leaving the plundered parent to sit upon ping-pong balls?"

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "there is one favour I want to ask you. I hope you will realise it is for your own good and not get angry."

"What is it?"

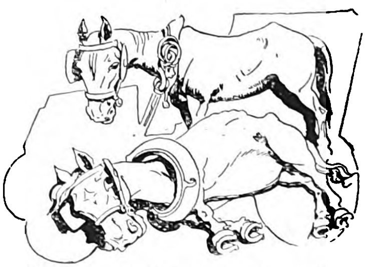
"I want you to solemnly promise me that you will never bet on a horse that isn't going to win."

* * *

DIGGS: "There goes a man who recently sold a magazine article for no less than £2000."

BIGGS: "Indeed! He certainly doesn't look like a gifted writer."

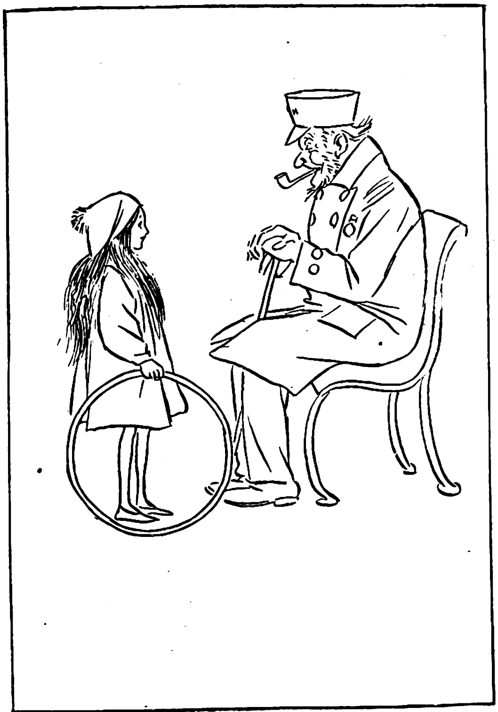
DIGGS: "Writer! Who said anything about a writer? That man sells printing presses!"



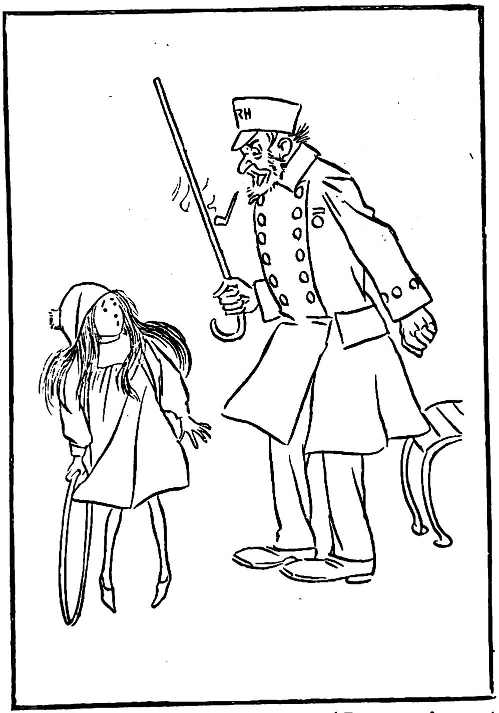
"This," said the prostrate horse, moving the injured limb to a less uncomfortable position, "is indeed the irony of fate."

"Do you refer," asked its unharnessed mate sympathetically, "to the proverb concerning the haughty spirit before a fall?"

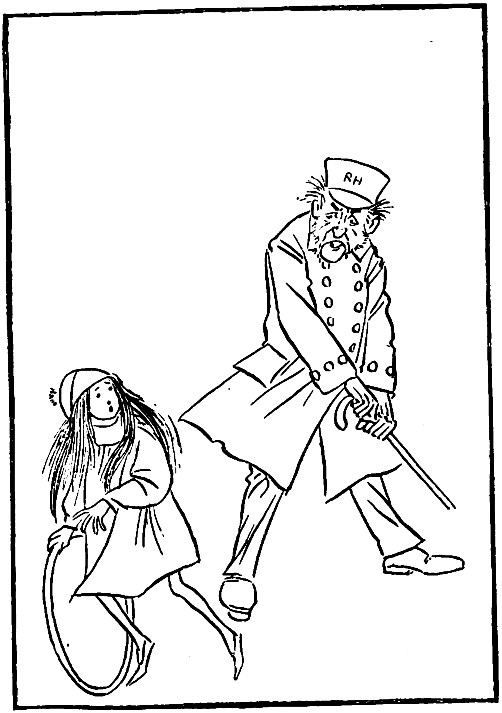
"No," replied the horse, "but I have just heard them call for an automobile ambulance to carry me to the veterinary hospital."



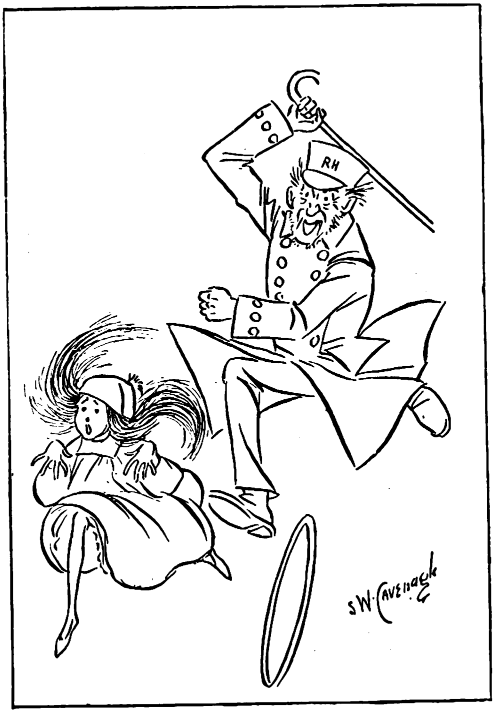
(1). Veteran: "Seen any fights, Missy? Why, lots.



(2). "The Captain sez, sez 'e: 'Boys, we've got to get them guns,' sez 'e,—

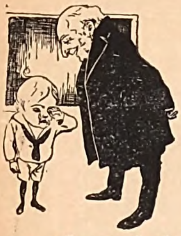


(3). "— so we outs with our swords, an' away we went, an' —



(4). "— we got them guns, Missy!"

The next number of the Royal will appear on the 20th of June, a week before the Coronation. It will be a Double Number containing many features of rare and special interest. The price will be Sixpence.



Grand-dad: **"What makes you look *so* unhappy, Willie?"**

Willie: **"'Cause nobody ever calls me good unless I'm doing something I don't want to do."**

"Johnny," queried the teacher of the new pupil, "do you know your alphabet?"

"Yes'm," answered Johnny.

"Well, then," continued the teacher, "what letter comes after A?"

"All the rest of 'em," was the triumphant reply.

* * *

Mrs. Newlywed (weeping): "A villainous-looking tramp tried to kiss me this afternoon, Jack."

Mr. Newlywed: "Heavens! Those wretches will do anything to get into gaol for the winter, won't they?"

* * * * *

A NIGHTMARE.

From my thoughts I can banish
Her face if I will;
But the bill for the roses
Is unsettled still.

* * * * *

"I saw the Count kissing you just now in the conservatory. Why didn't you tell him to stop?"

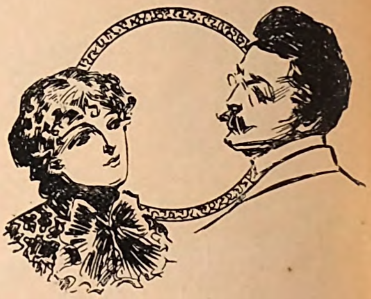
"Why, Fred, I can't speak French!"

The other day a gentleman entered a restaurant in P——, and ordered a chicken. The chicken was evidently tough, for when the waiter came in he beheld the gentleman with his coat off in a great state of perspiration.

"Waiter," he said, "the chicken is very tough."

"Very sorry, sir; but you see that chicken always was a peculiar bird. Why, when we came to kill it we couldn't catch it, so at last we had to shoot it. It flew on to the house-top and——"

"Then, you must have shot the weather-cock by mistake!"



CRITICAL.

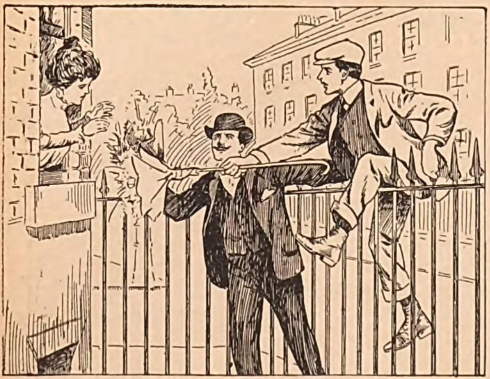
She: **"You don't love me as much as you did or you would have stayed longer last night."**

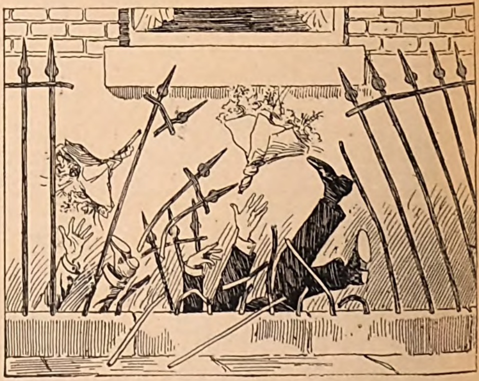
He: **"But you insisted on my going."**

She: **"And if you had loved me you would not have gone."**

* * * * * * * *

"WHAT HAPPENED?"





We offered a Prize of Two Guineas to the Competitor who suggested the Two Best Pictures which should, without a word of explanation, bring the story to an effective close. This Prize has been won by

Miss Macdonald,
200, Bath Street,
Glasgow,

whose suggested conclusion we reproduce herewith, and to whom we have much pleasure in forwarding the Two Guineas.

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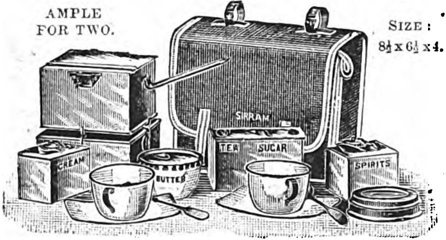

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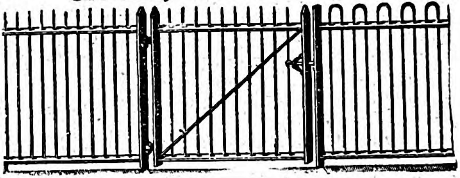

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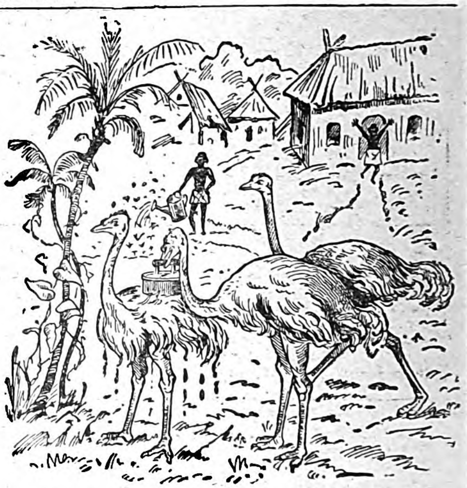

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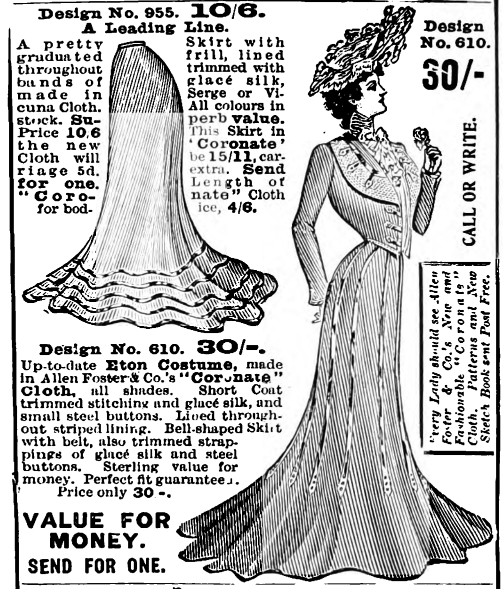

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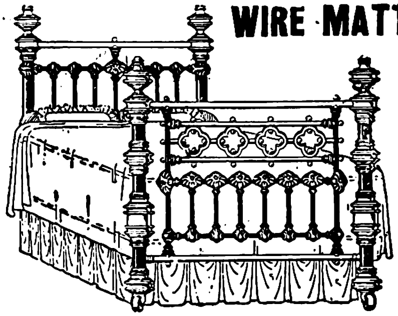

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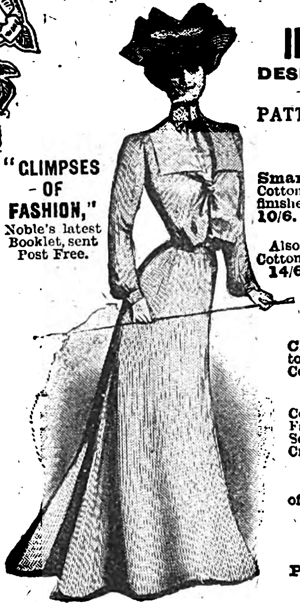

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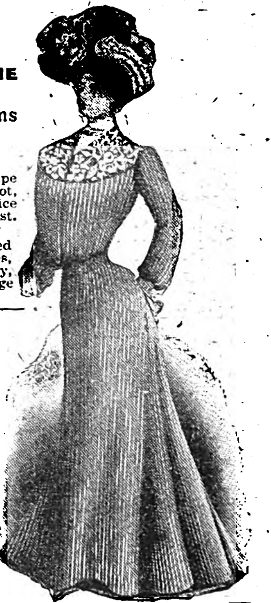

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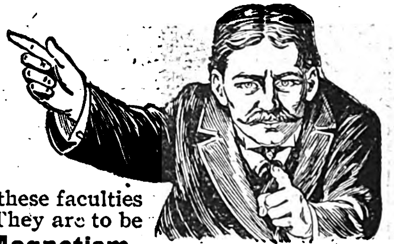

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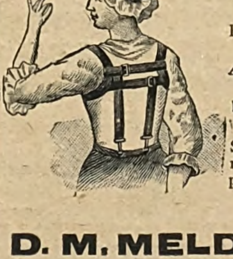

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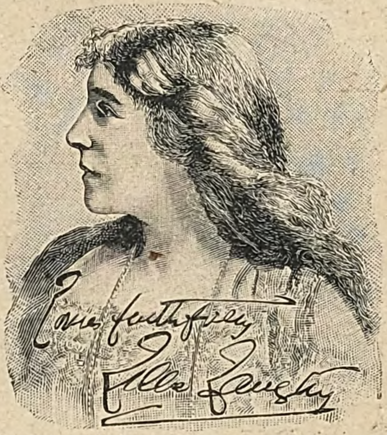

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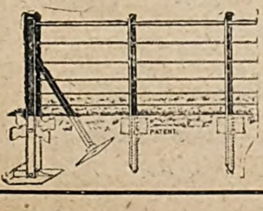

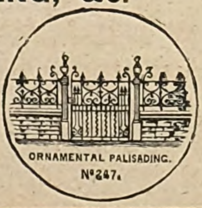

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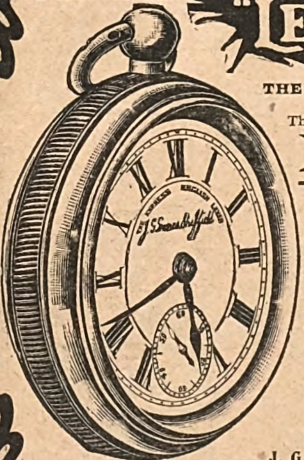

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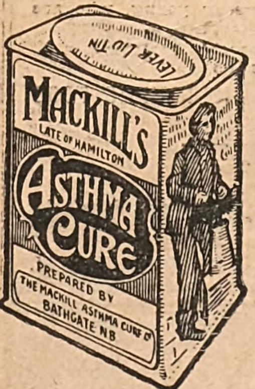

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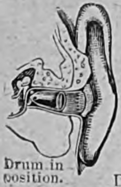
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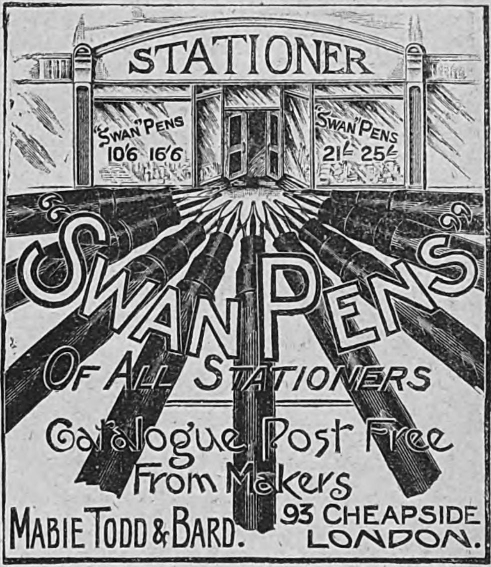

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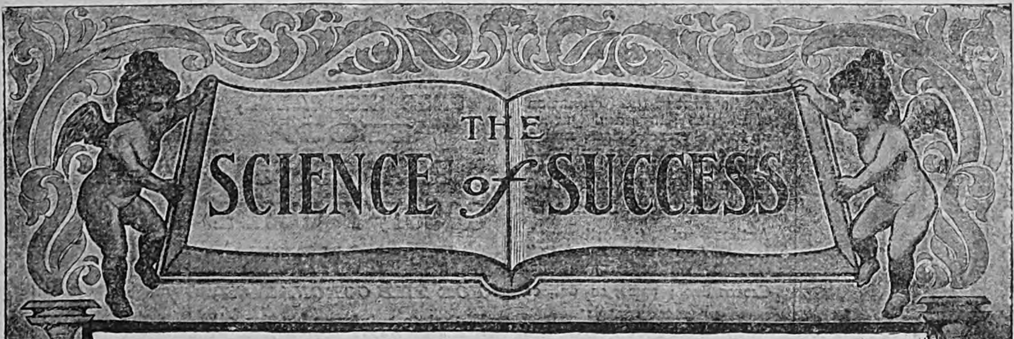

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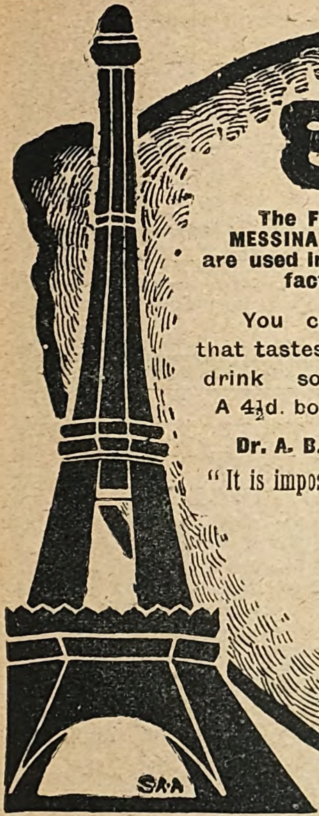

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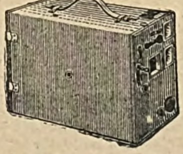

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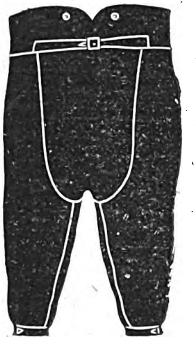

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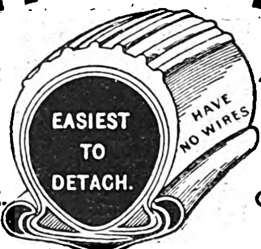

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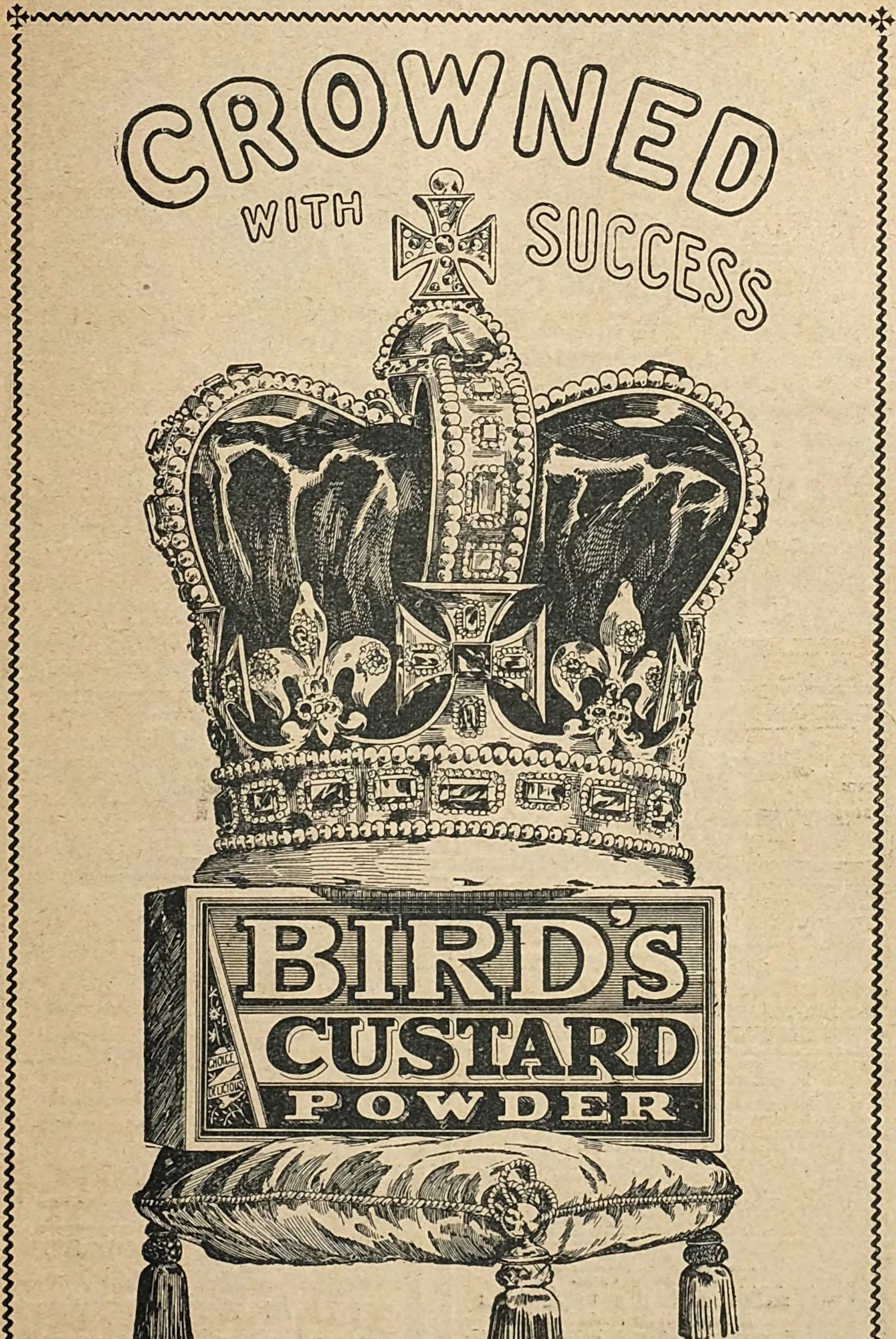
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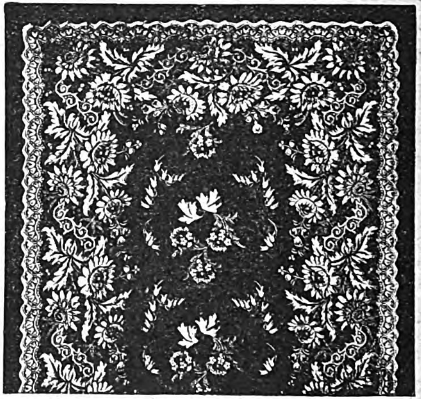

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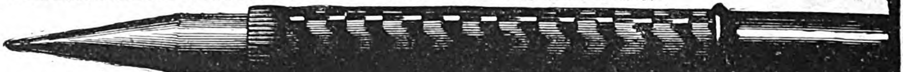

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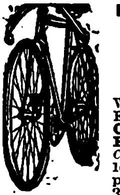

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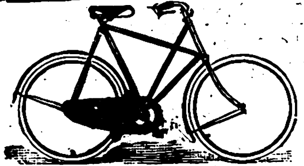
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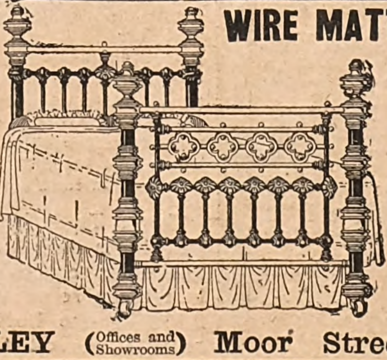

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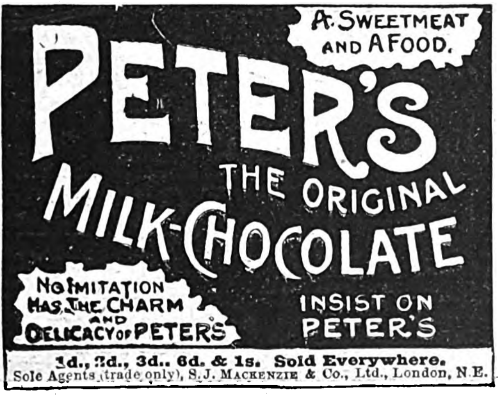

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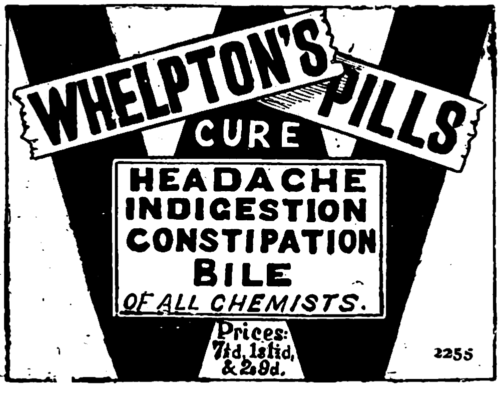

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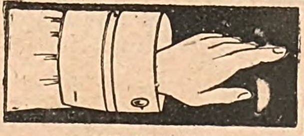
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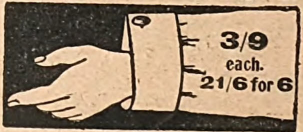
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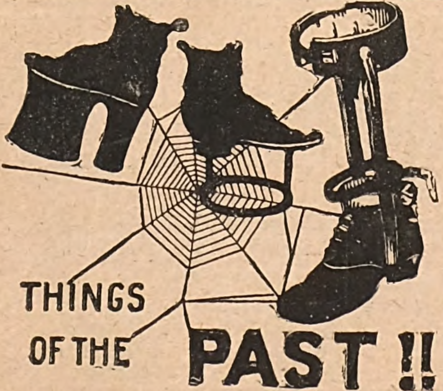

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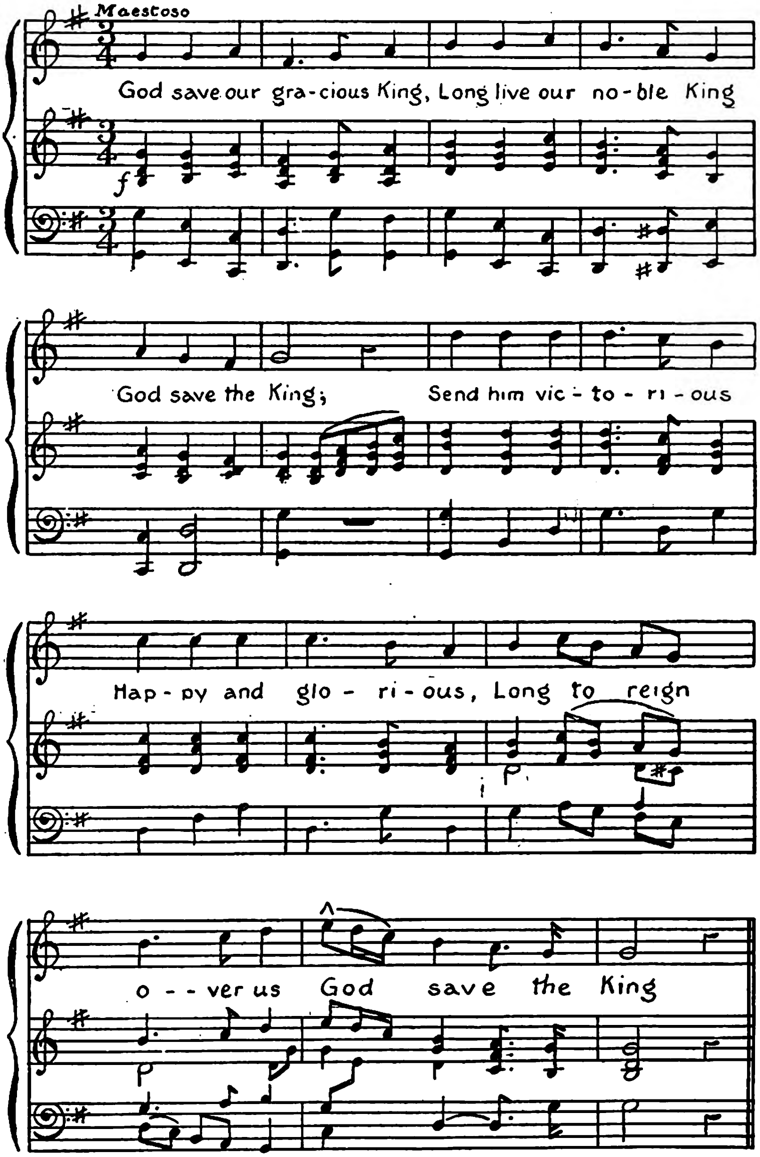
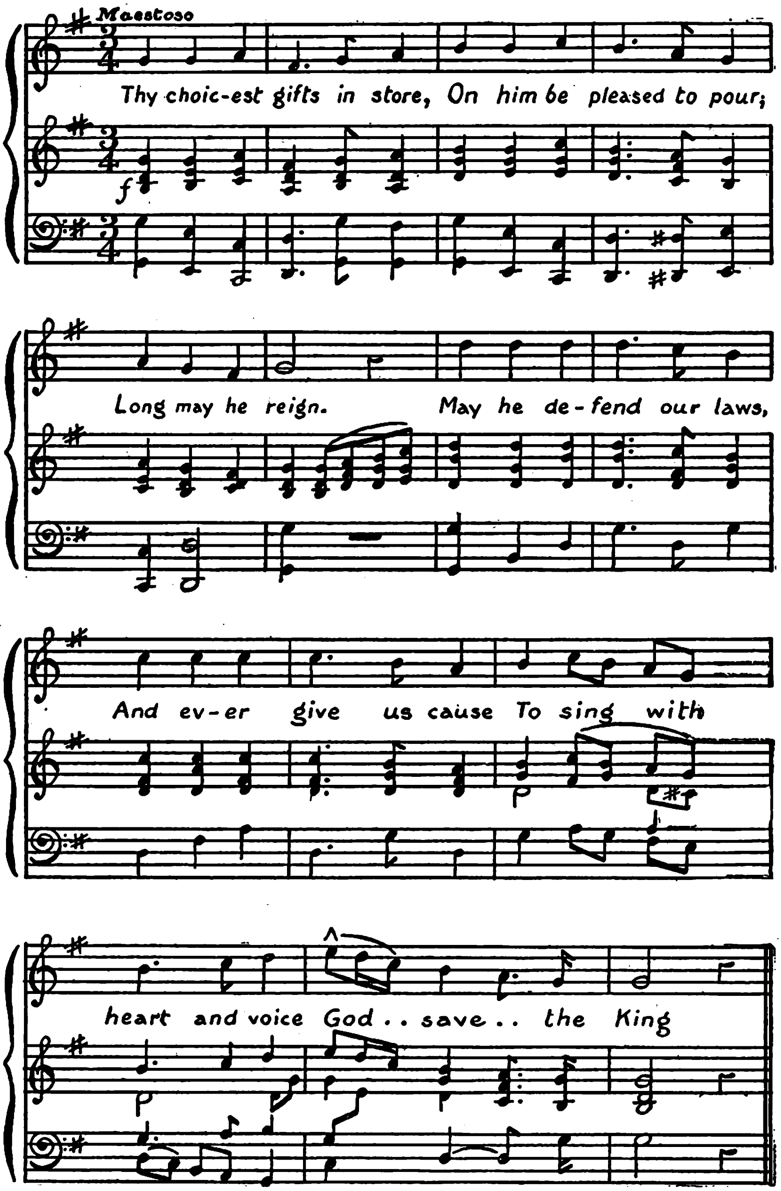
GOD SAVE THE KING


Maestoso
God save our gra-cious King, Long live our no-ble King
God save the King;
Send him vic-to-ri-ous
Hap-py and glo-ri-ous, Long to reign
o-ver us God save the King


Maestoso
f
Thy choic-est gifts in store, On him be pleased to pour;
Long may he reign. May he de-fend our laws,
And ev-er give us cause To sing with
heart and voice God .. save .. the King

Henley Regatta

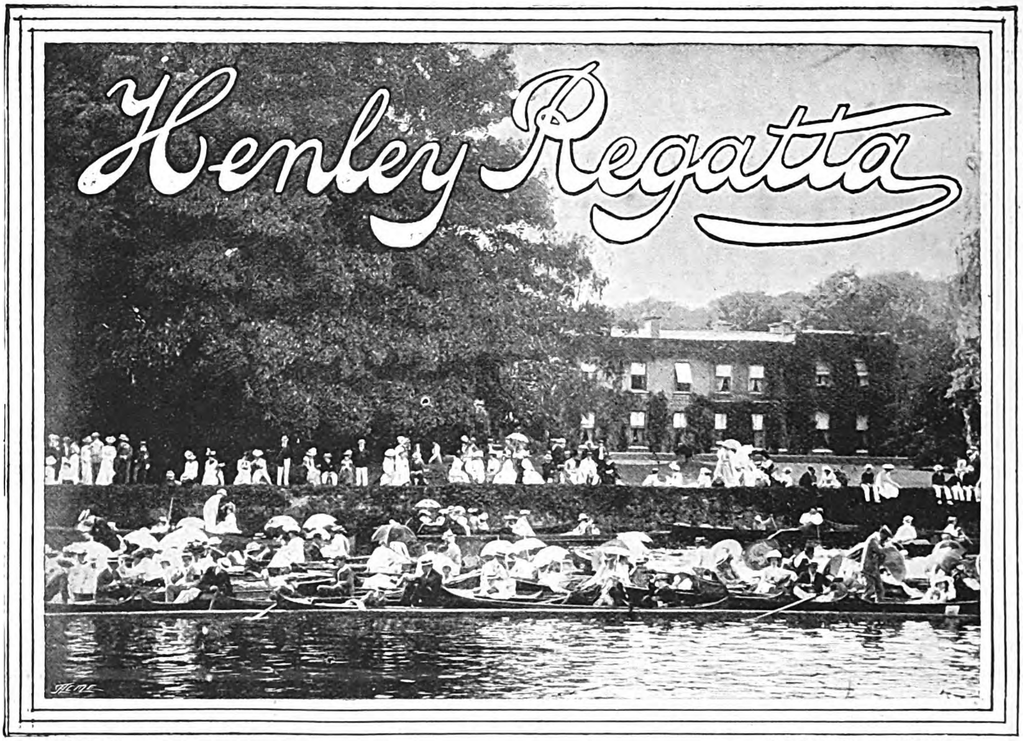


Photo by Standard Photographic Co.

The river and the beautiful old Phyllis Court.

THE SPORT, BEAUTY, AND DELIGHTS OF THE GREAT RIVER REGATTA.

By Lieut.-Col. Newnham-Davis.

We are at Paddington Station on a glorious July morning, the Thursday in Henley week, the great day of the most famous regatta in the world. We have come early to the station to avoid the scramble for carriages and rush for places which occur later in the day, and we have reaped our reward in taking our seats comfortably and unhurriedly in a carriage with, as fellow companions, some young gentlemen in flannels, with coloured ribbons round their hats—that pale pink is the Leander colour—and ladies in the freshest of summer frocks and the most delightful of summer head-gear.

The journey down gives us a series of dissolving views. To the tall backs of the houses of the North-west suburbs succeed Wormwood Scrubbs, with the cavalry drilling on the broad stretch of grass; then brickfields and canals, and acres of flower-gardens looking like vast crazy work quilts; a distant view of Windsor Castle; a delightful glimpse of eyots and eel-baskets, a grey bridge, and the silver stream, as we fly over the river at Maidenhead; then more visions of alders and river-side inns, stately houses backed by dark woods, foaming weirs, placid backwaters, the broad Thames with boats of all descriptions moving in one direction, and at last, Henley station.

A crowd is waiting outside the barrier at the end of the platform to welcome friends; men in flannels stand on the wooden buffers and wave hats; sunburnt girls rush at other girls, pink and white from London shade and London hours, and embrace them. Stewards from houseboats seize bags; tall footmen touch their cockaded hats, and outside the station carriage horses stamp and champ; and men vociferously cry the merits of their own vechicles.

It is a straw-hatted crowd, a crowd in which men with tanned faces and ladies with beflowered hats form the majority; a crowd in which boating coats, light and dark blue, crimson, green, and white, are much in evidence, and in which a score of ribbons denote membership of as many different clubs; and there is a large Colonial contingent, and Americans by hundreds, pro-

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claiming their nationality by little brooches and pins of the American flag; and, as often as not, having in their hand a miniature "Old Glory" to wave for the American crew, should one be competing.

We have passed by the entrance to a great red brick hotel, and a twist of the road brings us suddenly to the river and a cluster of boat-houses. To our right is a little colony of tents of all sizes and all shapes pitched on a meadow which edges the water, and all the picturesque accessories of an encampment — bannerets, and flowers in pots, and boating gear, paddles, and the crimson sails of canoes, surround this canvas hamlet, the inhabitants of which seem all to be attired in flannels and boating jerseys.

We have secured long beforehand a punt for the day, so we will escape from the dust and the noise, and drop down stream on to the course.

We are under the cool shadow that the bridge throws, and there to your left, covered from the ground to the roof with ivy, is the old inn, whilst to the right is the house of the Leanders, club above and a vast boat-house below, before which flies the pink flag.

We are well in the midst of the slowly-moving crowd of boats now. There is no room to row in this crush, the punt pole and the paddle alone are used, and a vast amount of good nature and mutual help prevents any untoward collisions.

We drift in the hot sunshine past Elizabethan cottages on one side and great marquees on the other, and now just as we come level with Phillis Court, a fine old house with broad lawns and immemorial elms, a bell rings, a fussy little launch, with an official in blue on her, whistles and goes round and round like a dog after its own tail, and there are cries of "Clear the course."

A gun is fired, and the launches and boats which have been inforcing the clearance of the course move out of sight. There is a pause, and a silence falls on everything. Presently, down stream something glistens—it is the flash of oars, but the best glasses can scarcely yet distinguish the boats—and a very faint sound of cheering comes up on the wind.

The shout grows and grows, you can see hats being waved from the mass of boats on the Oxfordshire side, and the houseboats

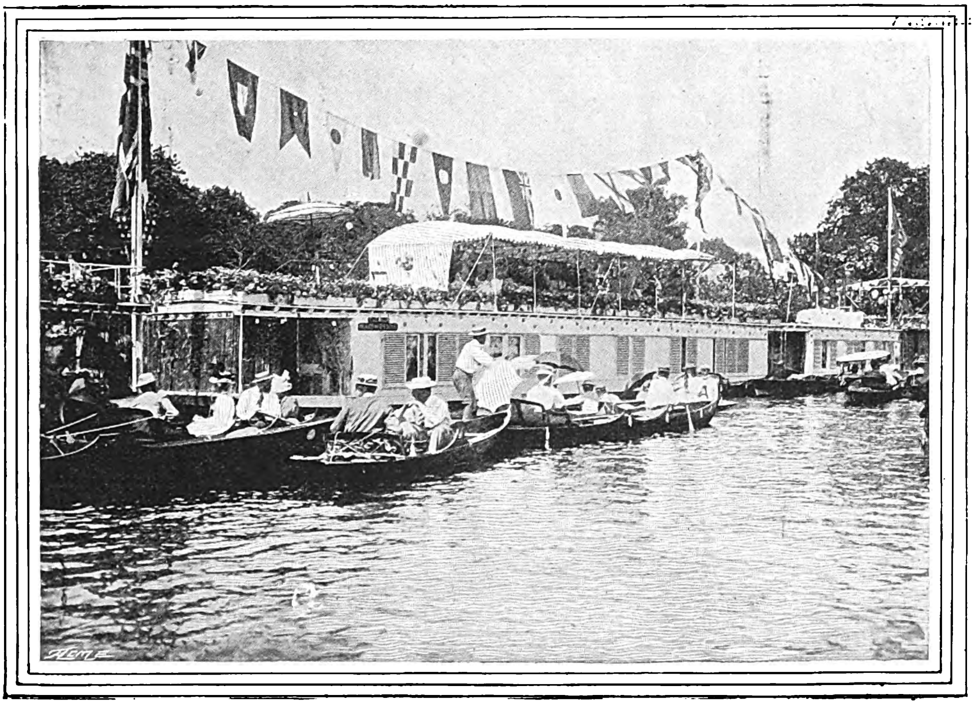


Photo by W. A. Rouch.

The *Fair Maid of Perth*, one of the gay-coloured houseboats which line the river bank.

Photo by Standard Photographic Co.

The lawn of the Isthmian Club, with its big marquee and Japanese umbrellas.

behind them, and up the river come what appear to be streaks of light with rows of bending backs above them, and sparkle of smitten water on either side.

On comes the roar of sound—and you can catch the names of the contesting clubs—on come the boats, the blades tearing up the water in the final spurt, and then a cox cries in shrill treble, "Easy all"; the oars of the first boat lie still above the water, so that you can see the coloured stripes upon them. The other crew cease to row almost at the same moment, and the little grey launch which has followed the boats, nose under

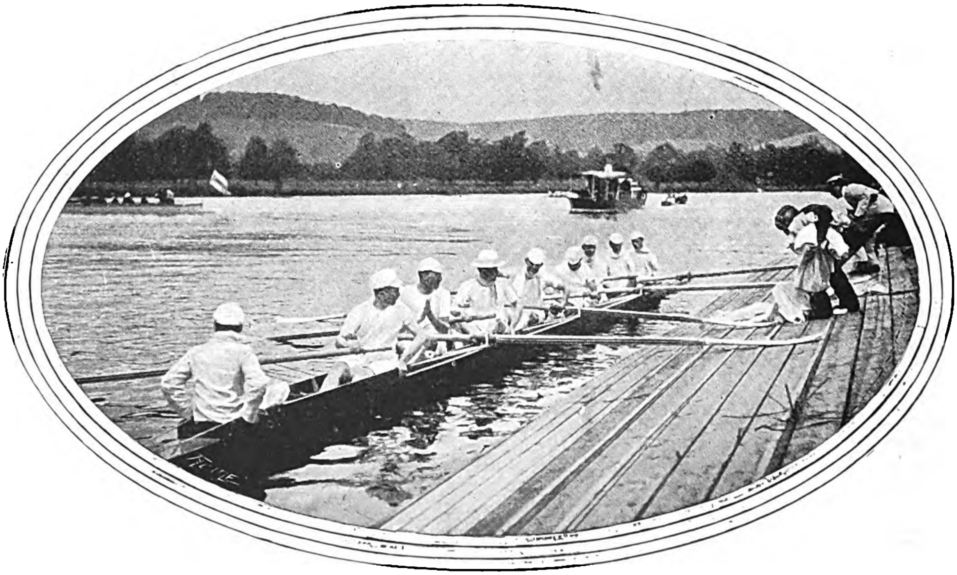


Photo by W. A. Rouch.

The Eton crew, the favourites for the Ladies' Plate.

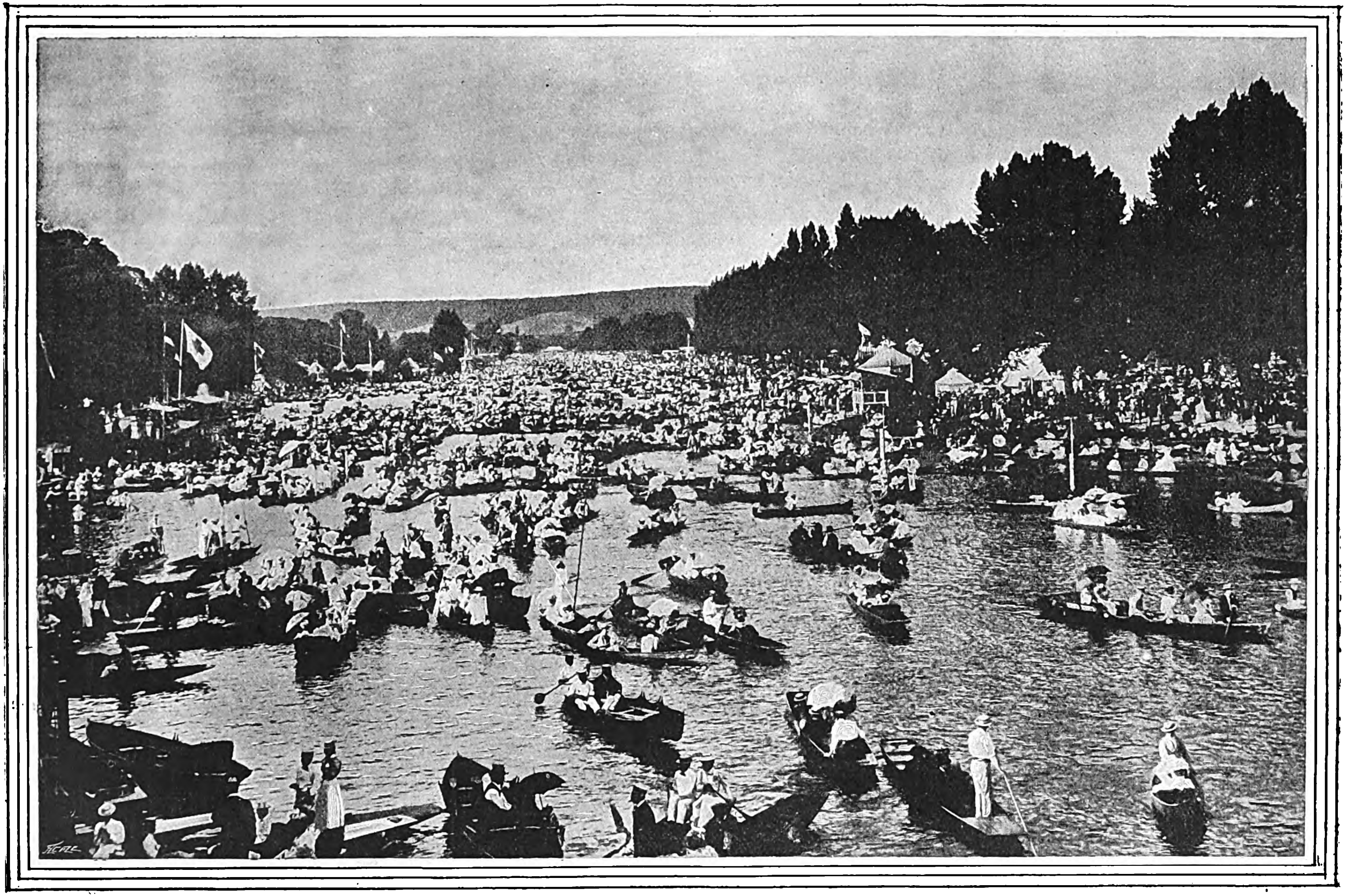
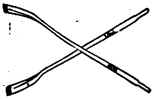


Photo by F. Frith.

The gay scene at Henley regatta, the first and foremost regatta of the year.



water, goes "hard astern"—the first heat of the day is over.

The whole river is in a moment crowded once again with the boats and their gay-coloured passengers. We will keep by the tow-path bank and then drop down as far as the starting-place, and then come up against the stream close to the line of the houseboats. On the path is a crowd three or four deep, in which the browns and greys are lightened by the bright dresses of ladies, by men in white, and by a strong contingent of soldiers who have come over from Reading and other garrison towns, and whose tunics make vivid points of scarlet.

From Poplar Point we have drifted, alongside the long line of nodding trees, to a town of tents and marquees—the home for the week of Clubland, and the Grosvenor Club—and we then move steadily on through the crowd of boats, past cornfields, woods, and farms, and the church of Remenham, to the little leafy island in midstream, and its white temple.

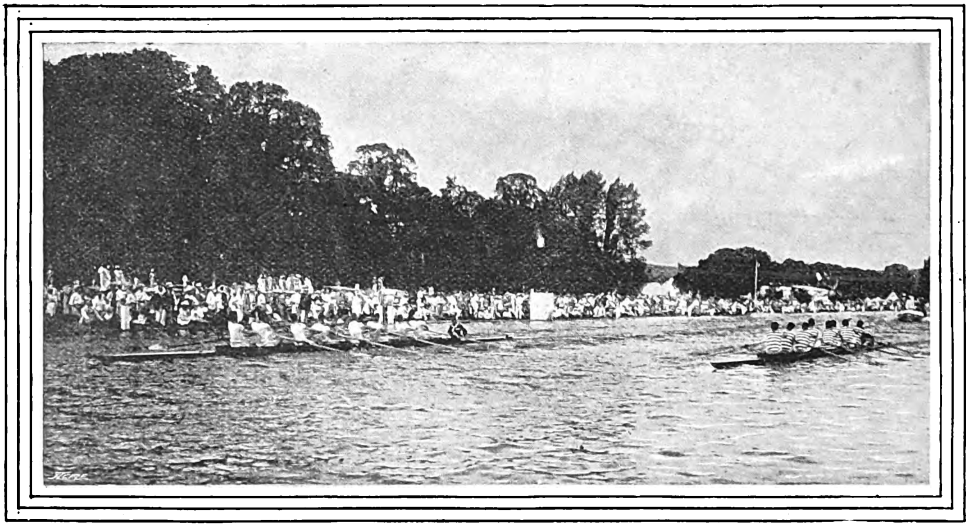


Photo by W. A. Rouch.

Trinity 2nd beating Dublin for the Thames Challenge Cup, 1900.

A couple of four-oared racing boats, long delicate shells of wood, so narrow and so close to the water that it seems a wonder that they can support the crews, are by the starting punts near the island, the men, bare-armed and bare-legged, are ready to catch the water with their oars at the word, and the launch with the umpire on board waits behind them. "Are you ready?"—and there is a pause before the answer is given, for the wind has carried the bow of one boat a little round.

At length "Yes" comes from both strokes, a pistol is fired, both crews catch the water at the same instant, with straining muscles the men seem to lift the frail craft through the water, and, with the launch tearing away behind them, the boats soon dwindle to mere points on the shining water.

We have seen the start for the Stewards' Cup, for which the best of our English fours and possibly a sturdy crew from the Continent are rowing the final heat.

Our waterman has his work cut out for him now that we are working up against the stream; but we are in no hurry, for we are in the midst of the flotilla of boats again, and have come to the commencement of the mile-long line of houseboats and college barges and launches that lie close to the Oxford shore. Take a look to the right, before we get under the lee of the tall craft, at Fawley Court—a fine old house—the warm red of which is seen between the masses of great trees that are grouped round it. Through the park of the Court runs the boundary line between Buckinghamshire and Oxfordshire.

I know of nothing of its kind which can compare with this long line of houseboats which lies before us, each as daintily and as lavishly decorated as any bijou villa, each with its flowers and flags, its lamps and streamers, its

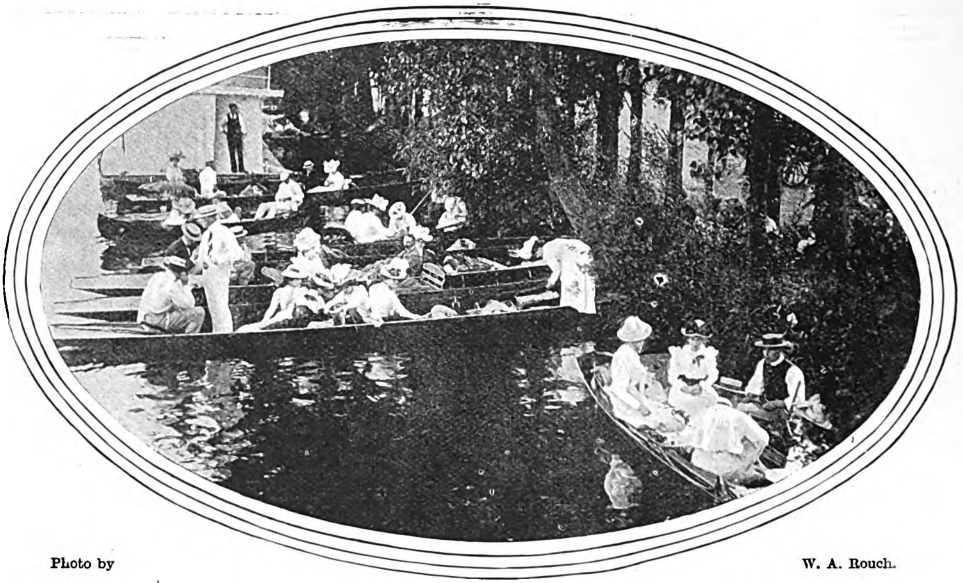


Photo by W. A. Rouch.

Tea under the trees by the bank at Henley is not the least delightful of entertainments.

gay curtains, and gilding, and clean paint, and shining metal fittings. Observe the crowd of boats that come and go past these miniature floating palaces.

We have not met the musicians and the market men afloat before; but here they are. First the Japs, a party of men and ladies, masked, and in the picturesque Japanese costume. A tiny harmonium, placed amidships in their punt, supplies them with accompaniment, and they sing as their craft is poled slowly from houseboat to houseboat.

There are the fruit sellers also to be seen, the bows of their punts heaped with baskets of strawberries and grapes and other delicacies, and there are boats which show some advertisement on a sail or a placard, and from whence leaflets are distributed, and there is, of course, the myriad coloured crowd of the sightseers, which seems to be packed tighter on the water near the houseboats than anywhere else on the course.

Look at that houseboat we are just passing, the *Golden Grasshopper,* it seems to be all flowers. And here is the *Rouge et Noir,* and here the *Fair Maid of Perth,* one of the largest and most beautiful of the floating dwellings, and here the *Cigarette,* with her gilded cupolas and red, white, and blue rows of flowers. Now we have come to College barges, great sturdy vessels looking like the hulks of old gunboats, bright with white and blue, and decorated with coats of arms.

We have passed a little line of launches, and have come at last to the meadow which is divided into lawns for half-a-dozen clubs, each with its marquee, each with its big Japanese umbrellas, many of them with a band to make music, and we come to the shore at the landing-place of the last of these lawns, and the largest, where the members of the Isthmian Club are "at home."

From inside the marquee comes the clink and clatter of knives and forks and plates; but let us wait for a moment, before we go into lunch, to see the finish of the race for the Ladies' Plate. It would not be a quite perfect Henley if the Eton eight did not win this trophy. Hark how they cheer the boys! "Well rowed Eton! Eton!" It is all right. They are nearly a length ahead, and we may go into lunch knowing that the ladies' favourites have won the ladies' trophy.

We will take to our punt again and cross to the towpath as soon as the race which is now being rowed is over. It is the race for the Diamond Sculls, the greatest prize that any rowing amateur can win, the little jewelled decoration which draws yearly all the oarsmen of uncommon strength and skill from our colonies over seas, from America and from Europe. The loud cheer that comes down the line of packed boats tells that it is no ordinary event that is being contested, and as the two men pass, rowing with such force that it seems as though their light skiffs must be torn asunder by their exertions, every man and woman joins in the encouraging shout. Any foreigner who says that we British are unemotional should see us at Henley.

In the score of marquees which have been pitched in the meadow near the Isthmian Club, and which serve as boat-houses, the men of a dozen crews are taking their ease near their craft.

Here are broad-chested, broad-faced Belgians, bearded sturdy young Dutchmen, thin striplings from America—clean shaven, with their hair parted in the middle—an Australian or two, some Germans and Frenchmen. They wear coats, and straw hats and caps, the trimmings and ribbons to which are of combinations of colours strange to our eyes, and the conversation is the talk of the Tower of Babel.

Further down the path in front of their boat-house the Leander crew, pink-capped, bare-legged, are taking their boat down to the water, walking on either side of it, and holding it with the gentleness that its egg-shell construction requires.

Very softly it is put down into the water, very gingerly the men step into it, the long oars with the pink stripes on the blades are smoothly run out, the boat is pushed gently into the stream, the cox. gives some mysterious orders, and when the boat's head has been brought into position, all the oars dip at once and the boat is off to the starting post, ready to do battle for the Stewards' Cup, in the final heat of which the Leanders almost invariably compete. They are all 'Varsity men, these pink-capped young athletes, for the Leander snaps up each year all the best of the oars who row in the contest between Oxford and Cambridge.

From the terrace in front of the tents of the Grosvenor, where we have sipped our tea and eaten our strawberries, we can see the whole course from start to finish, and from here we will watch the race for the Stewards' Cup, see, as the two boats come down the course, the waving hats and handkerchiefs twinkle above the crowd of craft and on the house-boats, as though a breeze came with the contending crews, and hearken to the long roar which comes rolling down the line in ever increasing swell and then dies away again.

The sun is now dropping towards the horizon, the silence of the hot summer afternoon seems to have fallen on all things, the day's racing is over, and on the grass by the crimson stands at the winning post a table has been set, covered with silver cups and great trophies, and ladies sit about it on benches, forming a brilliant hollow square.

Into the cleared space come in eights, and

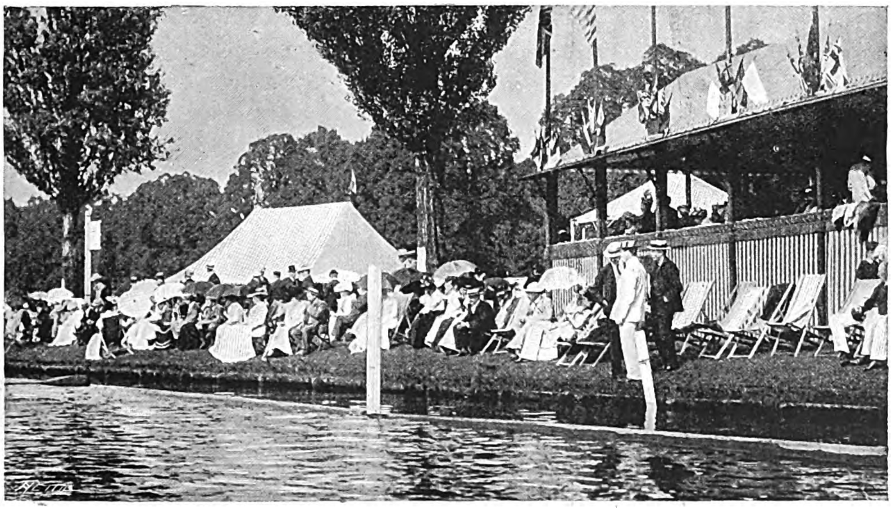


Photo by Standard Photographic Co.

The grand stand and inclosure at Henley.

fours, in pairs and singly, the young athletes, still in their flannels, but coated and swathed with mufflers, and advance in turn to the table to take the great vases, the cups, the diamond sculls, and whether they be English, Americans, Colonials, or from the Continent, the same hearty applause greets each crew.

The night has fallen, and we are at dinner now in the saloon of a houseboat. It might be the dining-room of some little villa decorated with Moorish hangings and Eastern arms, were it not that there is the slightest rise and fall, the buoyancy that tells us that we are on board some floating craft, and that outside the little muslin-curtained windows there is constantly the splash of oars mingling with the hum of voices and the sound of music.

It is a dinner party such as only Henley sees; some of the ladies are in evening dress, and some still wear their toilettes of the day, and the men are in dinner jackets or flannels, as best pleases them, while the stewards in their short jackets and brass buttons give a man-of-war touch to the scene.

After dinner we go on the roof of the boat. Above, the sky is violet studded with the glory of the stars, and the far bank, its fields and woods, show purply dim in the mysterious darkness.

All along the line of houseboats the little coloured lamps and Japanese lanterns shine in long rows and squares and curves of jewelled light, and moving slowly and noiselessly on the water are a thousand boats, most of which carry Chinese lanterns swinging from some temporary mast, a forest of brilliancy throwing long rainbow reflections into the indigo depths of the stream.

The voices all seem to be turned down to a lower key, a soft deep murmur as though the world of the river was gently tired; and the distant voices of the musicians floating in their boats add to the soft charm of the closing of the day.

A rocket springs into the air by the bridge, catherine wheels whizz and splutter, and with a loud report myriad coloured balls are scattered in the air. At last a bouquet of high-flung sparks dissolves into a mist of fiery rain, and then the sky grows dark again. It is Henley's farewell to her visitors.

Photo by Standard Photographic Co.

The prize giving at the end of the Henley week.

HOW I MARRIED AUNT ANNE

MONOLOGUE BY
OWEN OLIVER

Illustrated with photographs of Miss Phyllis Dare by Foulsham and Banfield.

I do not care for boys, of course.

GROWN-UP people pretend that they can do everything; but they can't. I heard mother tell Mrs. Smythe that she could not get Aunt Anne to marry anyone. When I asked her why, she told me to go and do my home-lessons, and not talk of things that I knew nothing about.

I know a great deal more than mother thinks. So I made up my mind that *I* would marry her to somebody; only it puzzled me to find anyone suitable till I went to stay with Auntie in June. Then I decided upon Mr. Arnold who lived next door, and was a widower. I thought his son, Jack Arnold, would make a good cousin-in-law.

I do not care for boys, of course; but Jack is quite different from the rest of them. He does not buy sticky sweets and keep them in his pockets, but chocolates in boxes. I like chocolates. He agreed it would be a good thing for me to get Auntie married, because she would not have so much time to look after me then; but he did not want his father to marry anybody to look after *him*.

"Of course," he said, "if he did do it, I'd rather have her than anyone else. She isn't half bad to look at; and she makes ripping cakes!"

She laughed when I told her.

"I am afraid Jack prefers my cakes to my looks," she said; "but you can ask him to tea. Poor motherless boy!"

He certainly did seem to like the cakes. He had nine pieces and was putting another in his

I made a face at him.

I wore my new hat.

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I screamed.

pocket when I made a face at him. Auntie caught me and looked shocked, and told me to see how nicely Jack behaved.

"You would not think so if you were his mother," I told her.

Auntie said, "Nonsense"; but Jack said he wished she were, because his father was so fond of cakes like hers.

The next day Mr. Arnold took Jack and me for a walk. I wore my new hat. Everyone says it suits me. Mr. Arnold bought us some sweets. I said Auntie was fond of them, so he sent a lot for her. She had two and gave me the rest, and I shared them with Jack.

"If she lived with us," he said, "she would give me things. It wouldn't be so bad, perhaps."

The day after this we climbed up the apple tree; and I fell off into the pond. I *was* a sight! Jack told Auntie it was all his fault; and she said he was a noble boy to take the blame, and only wanted a mother's care. I began to tell her that she had better marry his father, but she put her hand over my mouth. It had the soapy flannel in it, and I screamed; but she said it served me right for being such a tomboy. Tomboy, indeed!

The next Monday we were looking for birds' nests in the hedges, and I got in a prickly bush. Jack tore his jacket getting me out. I told Auntie when she was mending my dress, and she mended his jacket, too. Mr. Arnold came in to thank her in the evening. I think she expected him, because she had her pink silk blouse on.

They talked a long time in the drawing-room, and we heard them through the window. She said that Jack was a fine boy; and Mr. Arnold said that he would be better for refined feminine influence.

"He means me!" I whispered; but Jack gave me such a pinch that I nearly called out. Then Mr. Arnold said that I was a singularly attractive child. Jack pretended that he had to stuff his handkerchief in his mouth to keep from laughing aloud. Wasn't it horrid of him? I boxed his ears when we went down the garden.

"If you think I am ugly," I asked, "why did you punch Willie Thompson for saying nasty things about my hair?"

"He means me!" I whispered.

"You think I am ugly?" I asked.

He made out that he only did it because he thought I should feel hurt, and that it *was* true that my hair was like a mop. He said I was not ugly really, ugly, for a girl, that's to say, and I could marry him, if I liked, when he grew up; but I told him I would *not* like.

"Then I shall marry your Aunt," he declared; but I only laughed. You see, I had made up my mind to get her married before he was old enough to marry her.

When he had gone to cricket next evening. I went round to see Mr. Arnold, as Auntie was out. I thought it would be a good thing to give his father a hint to do it. So I told him that Jack meant to marry Auntie.

"Ah!" he said, "I fancied he had an idea of marrying into your family." I opened my eyes.

"If you mean Cousin Florrie, she is not nice at all; and Jack likes me best."

"I should prefer him to marry you, certainly." He seemed quite concerned about it.

"He can't, if he marries Aunt Anne."

"No. We must put a stop to that."

"If we could marry her to some one else?" I suggested.

"What sort of husband would she like, do you think?"

"Tall and dark." Mr. Arnold is. "Someone who bicycles and sings." *He* does. "And who lives near here; and is pretty well off; and is very nice and clever."

"Umph!" he said. "I am afraid it will be hard to find a young man with all these qualifications."

I was just going to ask why he did not marry her himself, if he thought her so nice; but Jack came in. I pretended not to see him; but, as soon as his father had gone, he came and caught hold of me, and swung me round and round. He did not mean to marry Aunt Anne, or anybody but me, he said; and he wished I was a boy, because he could ask me in to tea whenever he liked.

"We're going to have all sorts of pastries to-morrow," he told me. "I tell you what. Jane is going out, and cook is very short-sighted. Suppose you dressed up in some of my things that I've grown out of?"

I did. I made a very good boy, in an Eton suit and silk hat.

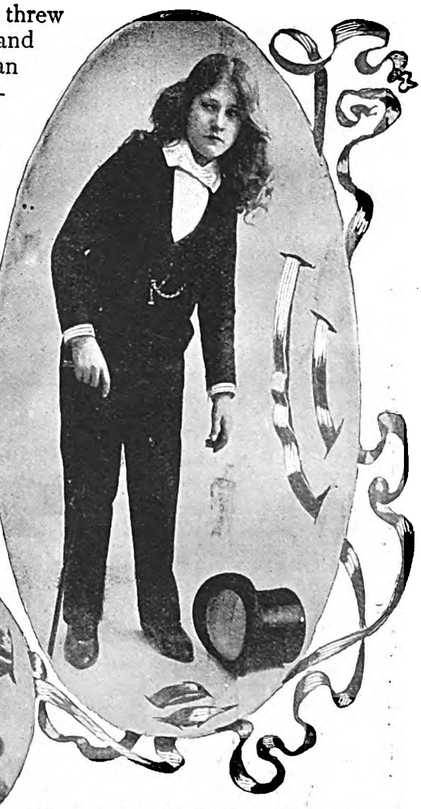
After tea we went out in the fields, and had great fun,

I opened my eyes.

I pretended not to see him.

I made a very good boy, in an Eton suit and silk hat.

till a cat came along, and we threw stones at it. Jack hit the cat, and I hit a greenhouse. The man it belonged to—the greenhouse, I mean—chased us. He had a whip, and I thought I should not like being a boy, if we were caught. We jumped a ditch for a short cut. At least Jack did. *I* only jumped part of it; but he got me out and pulled me along by the hand, because I was out of breath and could not run very fast.



My hat fell off, and my hair came all over my face: I *did* feel foolish.

I came down to be talked to.

When we reached the back gate, Mr. Arnold and Auntie were talking over the wall. The man was close behind, so we had to go in.

"Jones Minor has been to tea with me," Jack explained.

"Where's Molly?" Auntie asked.

"I—I can't say."

"Oh!" she cried. "I supposed she was with you. She has been out for hours. What *shall* I do? My *poor* little Molly!"

Then Auntie suddenly recognised me.

"Molly!" she cried. "*Molly!*" Oh! you *naughty* girl."

Just then my hat fell off, and my hair came over my face; and Mr. Arnold simply roared with laughter. I *did* feel foolish.

Auntie did not laugh at all. She said it was improper and wicked and *vulgar*; and I was to go and change into a costume becoming a young lady before she talked to me.

When I came down to be talked to, Mr. Arnold and Jack were there. Mr. Arnold said it was Jack's fault really; but Auntie would not hear of blaming him.

"Poor boy!" she said, "he has no mother!"

"You could be his mother if you married Mr. Arnold," I told her.

Grown-up people are funny! She caught hold of a chair and turned pink, as if I had said something dreadful! It made her look very pretty, I thought; and Mr. Arnold looked as if he thought so too, and touched her arm.

"Why not?" he asked.

"It would be awfully jolly," Jack told her, and she suddenly turned round and kissed him. He did look surprised.

Mr. Arnold kissed *her* as soon as we were outside the door. We heard it! Jack said as we were going to be cousins-in-law, *he* ought to . . . . but I'm not going to tell you about us.

They can laugh at me as much as they please. I *do* like Jack!

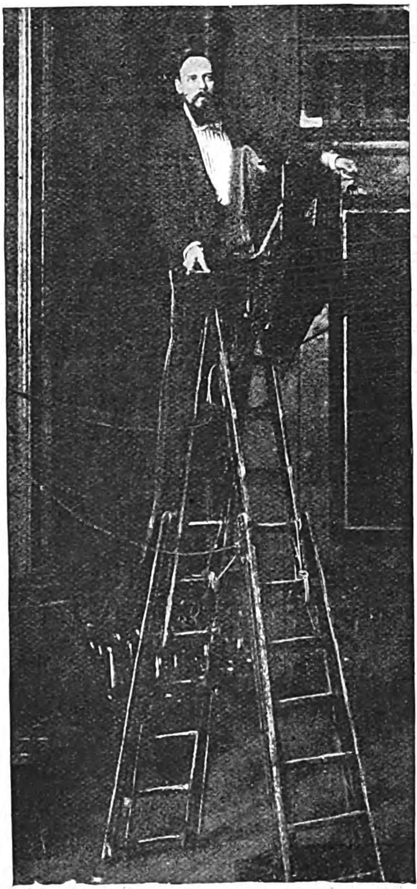
I *do* like Jack!

CELEBRITIES · AT · DINNER

A Unique Article which Describes the Big Dinners Given to and by Big Men; How these Dinners are Prepared, what they Cost, and many Good Stories Concerning Them.

BY WILLIAM G. FITZGERALD.

DINNERS for the great—no subject conveys so vivid an idea of the magnitude of London, or the fact that our city is the centre of the world. Is there a great culinary artist, eagerly courted by Tsars and Kaisers, he is enticed to London sooner or later. And the hotels and public restaurants of our metropolis contain records—both written and personal—which if gathered together would make the biggest and most fascinating book that ever saw the light.


Mr. Albert Young, the photographer of "Celebrities at Dinner," with the steps and camera he uses on all great occasions.

In the old days the *maître chef* was paramount master of his own kitchen. It is different now, for the *maître d'hôtel* intervenes between the *chef* and the "Celebrity at Dinner." Sometimes the *maître d'hôtel* has a kitchen experience, and sometimes not. In any case he is a born designer of dishes, and the *chef* will carry out his ideas.

The *maître d'hôtel* at the Carlton is M. Jacques Kraemer, and the *chef* is M. A. Escoffier, beyond all question the greatest culinary artist now living—a marvellous creature, who will make his cunning sauces harmonise with the flowers on the table; fashion an opulent magnolia in full bloom out of scraps of wax; carve blocks of ice with a hot iron, and carry out a hundred different *menus* nightly.

When M. Santos-Dumont was over here the other day a dinner was offered him at the Carlton, and the great Escoffier gave the matter of a new dish much thought. Inspiration came to him in the dead of the night, and he leaped out of bed with a wonderful dish designed. This he called *Sylphides à la Santos-Dumont*—a creation of wondrous lightness, which a breath would blow

King Edward at the Dinner of the Civil Service Rifles, 1898.

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away—an appropriate dish for the "conqueror of the air!"

More than once some unfortunate *contretemps* has compelled Escoffier to manufacture chicken and every kind of game out of beef, mutton, and veal.

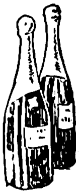
Talking of the resourcefulness of a *chef* reminds me of the following anecdote, related specially for this article by M. Gérard, of the Café Royal. Count Batthyany, the famous Hungarian noble, ordered a great dinner for ten persons at the Vienna Jockey Club, among the guests being Prince Metternich, and our present King, then the Prince of Wales.

The Centenary Festival of the Royal College of Surgeons. On the right of the King is the Portugese Minister and Lord Salisbury; on the left of the King Sir W. McCormac, the Duke of Cambridge, and Lord Rosebery.

It was a superb dinner, and among the dishes was one of *Ortolans au Nids*. In this case the "nest" of the bird is formed of a huge fresh truffle, scooped out, and filled with *foie gras*. The truffles had to be specially wired for from Périgord, and ten of them duly arrived. At the last moment Count Batthyany came to M. Gérard and said another guest was expected.

What was to be done? There was not a single fresh truffle to be had in the whole of Vienna, but the *maître d'hôtel* came to the rescue and suggested manufacturing at least the semblance of one out of breadcrumbs steeped in ground coffee.

It was arranged that the ortolan perched upon this bogus "nest" should be offered to the host himself, while all the other guests had the real truffles. As is usually the case in these matters, things went wrong, and no less a person than the Prince of Wales himself was served with the bogus truffle. He ate his bird with relish, and then tackled the "truffle." He speedily gave it up, however, and then looked at his fellow guests, who, he saw to his astonishment, were eating their truffles quite contentedly. It was really very puzzling and the *maître d'hôtel*, seeing his ruse had been defeated, was obliged to confess all, much to the amusement of the Prince!



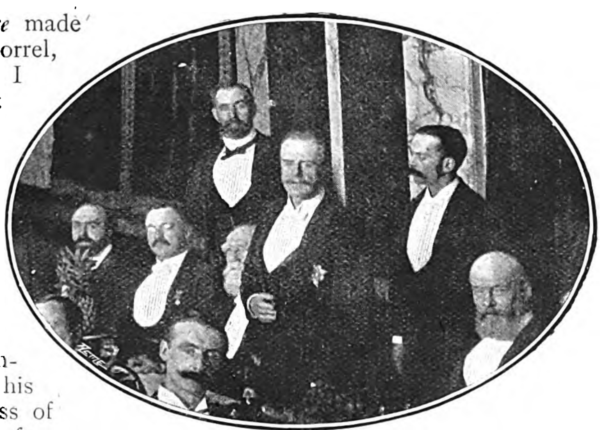
But to return to the Carlton.

M. Escoffier is always thinking of something new. Sometimes a celebrity will ask the master to illustrate a topical event, as for example in 1881, when he produced, "*Les suprêmes de Volailles Jeannette*"—a chicken in aspic being served frozen right in the centre of a block of solid ice, so as to recall the fate of the unfortunate Polar vessel, *Jeannette*, lost in the ice of the North Pole. Then there was the *Soufflé Elizabeth*, a delicious sweet, half hot and half cold, and covered with a veil of sugar and violets, which M. Escoffier designed to commemorate the unhappy fate of the Austrian Empress.

Let us now go and talk to the Carlton *maître d'hôtel.* His *cliéntèle* are among the most distinguished in the Empire—Mr. Chamberlain and his wife will often drop in to dinner unexpectedly—and M. Kraemer's little army consists of ten head waiters, four wine butlers, and seventy-five waiters, not to mention liqueur men, and florists. Many of the waiters are of excellent family, and number an Italian count among them at the present moment.

Lord Salisbury as guest of the Conservative Association. Sir Howard Vincent is on the Premier's left, Lord Llangattock on his right.

Asked about interesting episodes, M. Kraemer recalled an amusing episode from his Savoy experience. "I was waiting on the Duke of Fife one night, when his Grace was giving a small private dinner party in the Patience Room. There was hardly room to pass behind each guest. The soup



The Duke of Fife presiding at the dinner of the London Morayshire Society at the Holborn Restaurant.

was Bortch—a costly Russian *potage* made from boiled duck, and served with sorrel, vegetables and cream; and just as I was serving it round, an accident happened. In one hand I had a plate of soup, and in the other my cream. The Duke was talking earnestly to me, and so intently did I listen to him that I did not know I was dropping all the cream in a hideous thick stream down his back.

"What did I do?

"I made no fuss, and gave no alarm. The Duke went on talking and laughing with his guests, with the back of his exquisitely-fitting dress coat one mass of thick cream. I got two or three soft serviettes, and as I served his Grace with each course I gave him a rub. By the time we had come to the ice there was nothing left of the cream except certain faint traces, for which I fear his Grace's valet was unjustly blamed."

Let us next turn to the Savoy. Here the art of dining is taken very seriously, too, and on occasion you will see a select committee of connoisseurs tasting and selecting wines with immense gravity. The labels of the bottles are covered up with napkins, and in the case of champagne, each expert takes not more than three glasses. He then records his vote in favour of certain numbers.

This tasting is done in the early morning, after the consumption of raw eggs. The Savoy wine experts include Earl de Grey, the Marquis of Granby, General T. J. Oliphant, Mr. Reuben Sassoon, and Mr. Hwfa Williams.

The records of "celebrities at dinners" at the Savoy would fill a whole library. There was the famous sporting wager which resulted in a dozen friends receiving the "very best dinner in London." It was a marvel, what with ancient and costly wines, exotic flowers, dwarf peach, cherry, orange, and other trees growing on the table out of a veritable picnic *parterre* of real grass. This dinner worked out at £15 a head.

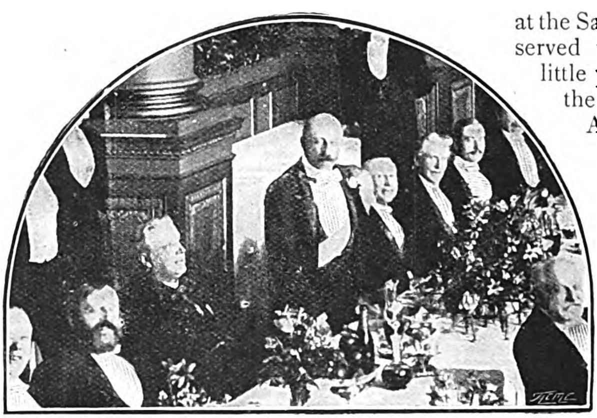
The able and courteous manager of the Savoy, Mr. W. D. Collins, has been kind enough to prepare some notes specially for this article.

"The manager," he remarks, "takes an order for a banquet of celebrities. He has to deal with the kitchen, the plate room, the pantries, the still-room, the coffee kitchen, the bakehouse, the engine room, the works department (for the arrangement of tables), the cloak rooms, the cleaners, extra waiters, and many others." Mr. Collins calculated that one evening there were 600 different dishes served, fifty cooks being engaged to carry out the work.

One night in June, 1894, sixty millionaires met and dined at the Savoy, the "little bill" for that meal coming to £1200. On February 22nd, 1901, the High Commissioner for Canada, Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, gave a dinner to Colonel Steele and the officers of Strathcona's Horse in the "White Room" of the Savoy. Among those present were the Marquis of Lansdowne, Mr. Chamberlain, the Lord Mayor, Lord Roberts, Sir Redvers Buller, Mr. Balfour, and many other celebrities.

One of the most important functions recorded in the Savoy annals was that known as the Red Dinner, which took place in the

The dinner to Sir John Tenniel at the Hôtel Metropole, June 12th, 1901. Mr. Balfour, Sir John Tenniel, the Duke of Devonshire, the American Ambassador, and other celebrities were present.



The Dinner of the National Hospital at the Hôtel Metropole. The Duke of Connaught (standing up) was in the chair.

"Pinafore" Room. It was given by two gentlemen of the "Smart Set" who had won something like £15,000 at Monte Carlo. They had kept their winnings and returned to London expressly to give this dinner. The figure "9" printed on the face of the menu, and reproduced again in the menu itself, was the number through which most of the money had been won; and as 9 is "red" in the "little wheel," the *soles au vin rouge* and the *diablotins rouges* explain themselves. The *Pluie d'or* was a species of sauce which fell in a golden shower; and the *Cailles Mascottes* were, of course, for luck.

But the triumph of this menu was a chariot of ice representing Monte Carlo on its rock, with a roulette table on the summit, and lay figures of the croupiers and the players. This "chariot of ice" was wheeled in state through the large restaurant, where all fashionable London was dining, and great was the wonderment at the meaning of this strange procession.

M. Jules Ribstein is the Savoy *maître d'hôtel*. Among the greatest gourmets he has served are Don Carlos, the Spanish Pretender, and the Khedive Ismail—that wildly extravagant creature who spent millions of francs on his kitchen. Ismail would go off into a kind of ecstasy over M. Jules' creations, particularly a dish called *Ecrivisses à la Bordelaise*.

But the greatest feather in M. Jules' cap is his "fillet of sole Alice" (garnished with luscious native oysters), which our King has assured him privately is the finest fish dish he has ever tasted, either in London, Paris, or Vienna.

Jules is a man of marvellous memory, and when one day Sir Richard Bulkeley turned up at the Savoy to dinner he was astounded to be served with sugar candy with his coffee—a little peculiarity of which he had apprised the *maître d'hôtel* ten years previously.

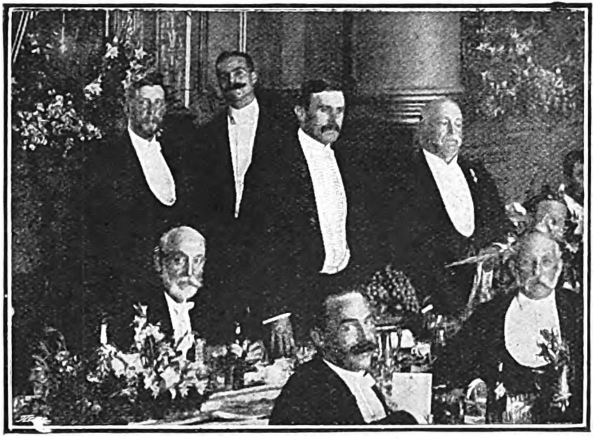
A really great *maître d'hôtel* is on extraordinarily intimate terms with the great ones of the earth. Quite recently the King of Sweden and Norway was seen joking with M. Jules, assuring him that he, too (a Bernadotte!), was a child of Alsace, even as Jules himself was. It must be admitted that the *maître d'hôtel* did not know the exalted rank of his jesting client, nor would he have been aware of it to this day had not General Stanley Clarke and Lady Clarke come over from their table to greet the King.

As well as the committee of wine experts, there is also a "Committee of Taste" for the Savoy and Claridge's, and foremost among the members are the Portuguese Minister—the Marquis Luiz de Soveral; Count Albert Mensdorff, Lord Granby, the Hon. Francis Bertie, and the Earl of Chesterfield.

Claridge's is distinctly a place to find "celebrities at dinner," and particularly the "smart set." Naturally, then, the *maître d'hôtel*, M. August, is something of a personage. So, indeed, is everybody connected with Claridge's, including the pastry *chef*, M. Fontvielle, probably the greatest artist in sugar in the world.

M. August was at Paillard's when that famous restaurant was taking £60,000 a year, and he has served the Imperial Grand Dukes Alexis and Vladimir of Russia. I specially asked M. August

Mr. Chamberlain presiding at the Civil Service Dinner at the Hôtel Cecil on May 18th, 1898.



The dinner to Mr. Brodrick at the Hôtel Metropole, July 10th, 1901.

about his most wonderful entrée, such as would be served to the most fastidious *gourmet* among his celebrities, and he promptly described for me his *Bécasse à la Riche*. One woodcock, it seems, is wholly roasted, and another only half roasted. This last is then pounded and prepared with champagne and truffles into a thick sauce. This dish alone will cost two guineas a head.

On May 25th, 1901, Mr. Chamberlain gave a luncheon at Claridge's to Lord Milner, or Sir Alfred Milner as he then was. Lord Salisbury was present, of course; so were the Duke of Cambridge, Mr. Arthur Balfour, and his brother Gerald; Lord Selborne, Lord George Hamilton, Sir Henry and Lady Fowler, and practically everybody who is anybody in the political world.

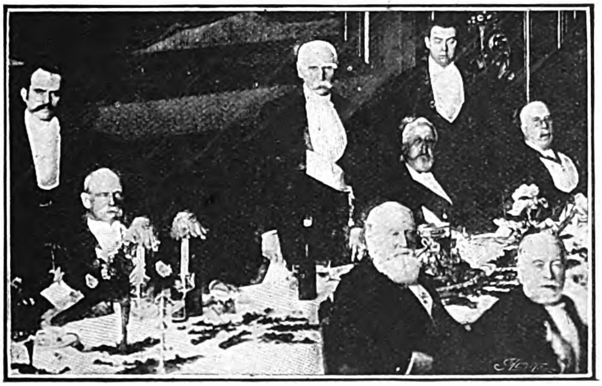
On leaving his old rooms in Duke Street, Lord Milner drove up to the rubber-paved portico of the "House of Call for Emperors," almost unnoticed, and in a shabby cab at that. No representatives of the Press were admitted, the result being that a delightful story told by Lord Milner now sees the light for the first time.

There is, as everybody knows, a great firm of safe and strong-room makers bearing the High Commissioner's name in Finsbury Pavement; and this eminent firm has a very serious grievance against him and the Boers!

Some months ago, it seems, they noticed that their trade in Holland and Belgium was steadily going down, and at length they sent out special agents to see what was the cause of it. These agents came back with the simplest, yet quaintest, of stories. The name of Milner, said they, is loathed, feared, and execrated throughout the Netherlands, and no banker or man of business will buy a safe bearing that name. Milner may be a "safe man" in South Africa, but he won't do in Amsterdam or Brussels!

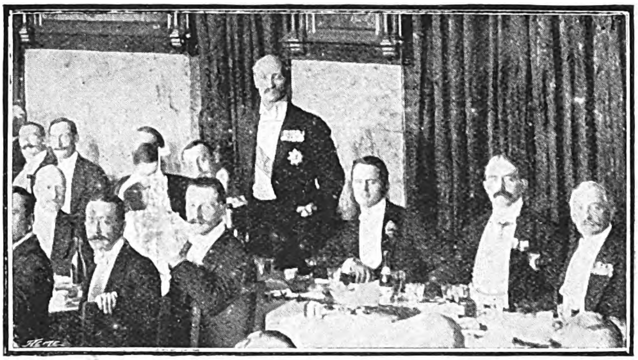
Let us now visit the smart Berkeley Hotel and Restaurant, and see M. Emile, the *maître d'hôtel*. Here again is a man who has been in constant touch with the great ones of the earth—our own King, the King of Italy, and the Italian Royal Dukes, not to mention ambassadors and statesmen in all the capitals of Europe, from Paris to St. Petersburg.

M. Emile tells of an interesting dinner which he supervised at the Bristol in 1889, when young Lord Cottenham came of age. It was a wonderful dinner, begun with Russian *hors d'œuvres*—Astrachan caviare, rose crevettes, and all kinds of weird things. Among the extraordinary table ornaments was a little sailing boat made by the *chef* entirely out of bread, sculptured with a sharp knife. Among the fish was *truite saumoné à la monseigneur*, a most costly and elaborate dish; while another was a La Presse capon stuffed with the finest fresh Périgord truffles intermixed with rice and rare spices.



Earl Roberts and the late Sir Donald Stewart, the white-haired gentleman standing, at the Siege of Delhi Commemoration Dinner, June 8th, 1897, at the Hôtel Cecil.

The Hock drunk was Rauenthaler "Auslese" ("pick of the grape") a '65 vintage, at 30s. a bottle. The champagne dated from 1874, and was the same price. After dinner came a jeroboam of port of fabulous antiquity; and the bill for that party of nine came to £78.



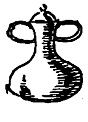
The first Commemoration Dinner of the Defence of Ladysmith, February 28th, 1902. General Sir G. White was in the chair; Commodore Lambton and Sir A. Hunter are on his left.

Lord Cottenham, by the way, is distinctly a *gourmet* of rare taste, who commands the highest admiration of M. Emile. One Thursday the Earl wired from his Bicester seat to his favourite *maître d'hôtel*, saying he wanted some fresh peaches at any cost for a dinner party on the following Monday.

"Figure to yourself how I found myself deranged," remarked the pathetic Emile in voluble French. "Not all the millions of money in London could produce a fresh peach in our metropolis, so I wired to our agent in Paris, and in half-an-hour or so got a reply 'Yes, 19 francs each—only seven in the market.' I replied at once: 'Take them and dispatch immediately.'

"Those seven precious peaches arrived just in time for Lord Cottenham's dinner party, but it was necessary that I should take the train down to Bicester myself with the fruit, about which his lordship could certainly tell an interesting story. What those peaches cost by the time they got on to the dinner table I would be afraid to tell you."

We now arrive at the Hôtel Cecil, at which probably more celebrities have dined than at any other place in the world. Here we have from 110 to 120 persons on the kitchen staff, and an army of 600 waiters. The consumption of comestibles is absolutely appalling, even in the Banqueting Department alone 7000 glasses may be emptied again and again every night.

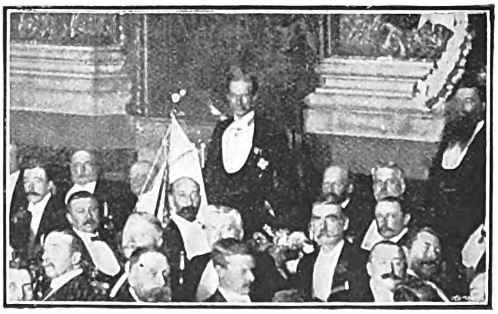


A banquet is usually ordered by a committee, who inquire about suitable dates, and secure specimen *menus*. When all the banqueting rooms are full—the Grand Hall, Victoria, Medici, Richelieu, Pompadour, and Blenheim *salons*—thousands of more or less distinguished persons may be dining at once.

Maps of the tables are prepared, and dinners with "character" in them naturally call for special attention, as, for example, the big banquet given to Sir Thomas Lipton after his plucky fight for the American Cup. On the table before the guest of the evening was an enormous model of the *Shamrock*, all wrought in sugar under the direction of the *maître chef* of the Cecil, M. Coste, and the genial Sir Thomas had as a background a colossal floral shamrock as big as a couple of doors—one part being of geraniums, another of violets, and a third of chrysanthemums.

As you might suppose, a chat with M. Crippa, the banqueting superintendent of the Hôtel Cecil, yields a vast amount of entertaining matter. While I was talking to him Mr. Judah, the general manager, sent him in a reminder that he was not to forget the episode of a well-known comedian effusively kissing the back of a superintendent's bald head, and afterwards apologising profusely, saying that *he thought it was his face!*

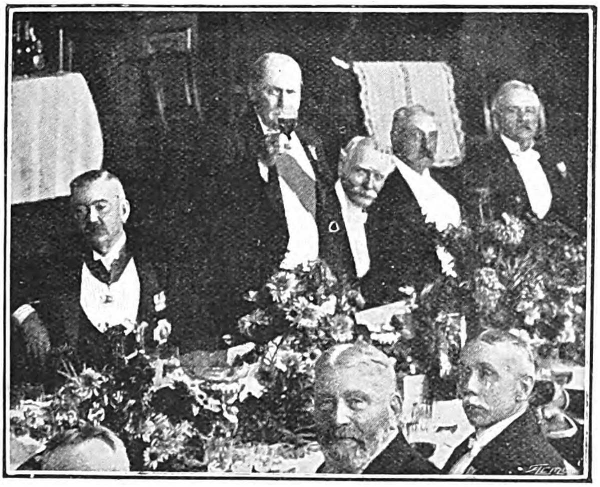
Lord Salisbury used to give a dinner party every year on the Queen's birthday to all the Ambassadors and Representatives of Foreign Powers in England. One year, however, the drains in Arlington Street were being overhauled, and the Premier gave his dinner at the Hôtel Cecil, and so pleased was he that it has been given there ever since. There are usually from fifty to sixty brilliantly dressed Ambassadors, diplomats, and *chefs de mission* present. One feature of this distinguished dinner is the dwarf fruit trees in pots—apricots, cherries, peaches, grapes, etc., all



The dinner to Sir Thomas Lipton at the Hôtel Cecil, November 25th, 1901. A model of the *Shamrock* is on the table in front of Sir Thomas.

growing on the table, so that the guests may pick them off.

The dinner of American millionaires, given by Mr. Morris K. Jesup, President of the New York Chamber of Commerce, was rather a staggering function, considering that something like two hundred million pounds represented the aggregate worth of the guests. For example, Mr. Andrew Carnegie represented no less than £70,000,000; Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, 60 millions; Mr. W. Bayard Cutting, 10 millions; Mr. J. P. Morgan, jun., 5 millions; Mr. A. Foster Higgins, 4 millions; and so on—right down to the President himself, who was only worth a paltry 1 million.



The late General Sir W. Olpherts proposing "The Queen" at the Annual Dinner of the Survivors of the Relief of Lucknow, September 25th, 1900.

I imagine the fact of the police being called in to eject celebrities at dinner is absolutely unique. Need it be said that it was an Irish dinner, with Mr. John Redmond in the chair?—a St. Patrick's dinner at that. A row had been threatening all through the banquet, and this culminated when the Hon. Edward Blake, M.P., gave the toast of "Ireland and Nation." Immediately there was a free fight, with combatants swaying to and fro, tables collapsing, and glasses smashing.

The Lord Chief Justice presiding at the Annual Dinner of the Actors' Benevolent Fund, Hôtel Metropole, December 18th, 1901.

Distinguished guests naturally keep their best stories for a dinner, and every banquet at the Cecil is well worth reporting. At the British Sea Anglers' dinner Sir Herbert Maxwell told a story illustrating the instinctive propensity of British nature to gamble on something. Three officers in the Transvaal were down with fever, and just before the doctor went his rounds in the morning each patient put half-a-crown in the basin, and the one whose temperature was highest took the pool!

When the Yorkshiremen dine in London—with the Earl of Crewe in the chair—he provides white roses for every guest. These county dinners, by-the-way, are great functions, and, of course, each county has something which no other county can rival.

The Lincolnshire Society's dinner found Sir Richard Webster (just then about to become a Peer) in the chair, and he let the company into his confidence. He said he had received hundreds of suggestions as to the title he ought to assume, many of them the names of various places in Lincolnshire. Some of his correspondents were no doubt actuated by selfish motives, hoping that their land would increase in value. He had thought of "Lord Pump Court" himself, but he decided against a Lincolnshire title, because he was only *half* a Lincolnshire man, having married a Lincolnshire lady!

Once when the Institution of Electric Engineers dined there were 359 men and only one lady member. This was awkward for the speech-makers. Sir John Wolfe Barry got out of it this way: "My lords, madam, and gentlemen," while the Lord

"Mark Twain" as the guest of the Colquohoun Club at the Monico, June 21st, 1899.

Chief Justice, more personal, chose: "My lords, Mrs. Ayrton, and gentlemen."

At the American Thanksgiving Day Dinner there is "character" even in the dishes, which must include roast turkey and cranberry sauce, with pumpkin pie and clams.

Here is a somewhat awkward remark of a reporter, who, dealing with the Savage Club Dinner, wrote in his paper: "Sir Robert Ball, the eminent astronomer, saw plenty of stars scintillate around him after dinner."

Still more unfortunate was the remark, with enthusiastic intent: "'The Chairman' was drunk again and again."

One learns all kinds of secrets from celebrities at dinner. Once when the Colonial Club was dining at the Cecil, with Sir Robert Herbert, G.C.B., in the chair, he told the tragedy of a former Empire Club which came to grief for lack of support, "one result being that a Secretary of State was sued by the club's butcher for £100."

The Cyclists' Touring Club Dinner is always a success, and good stories are always told. Such cyclists as Lord Alverstone, Sir John Gorst, Lord Onslow, and the Rt. Hon. James Bryce are always present. One celebrity told the following funny story in his after dinner speech. He had seen a lady riding behind a van, when just as she was about to pass, the driver whipped up his team, swinging back his lash several times. The third time it encircled the lady's hat, and tore it off her head, with a great quantity of false hair. The lady screamed; the driver looked back, gave a terrified "Oh! lor!" and then whipped up his team and fled!

The late Lord Chief Justice, Lord Russell of Killowen, was a great diner, and no celebrity was more popular in the chair than he, particularly at the banquets of great charitable institutions. He made very few mistakes in his speeches, the most ludicrous blunder being made at the dinner of some faddist philanthropic society. Next night there was the festival dinner of the Earlswood Asylum for Idiots, and Lord Russell evidently took the wrong speech with him. You can imagine what the effect was when he rose up before the serried masses of philanthropists and commenced:

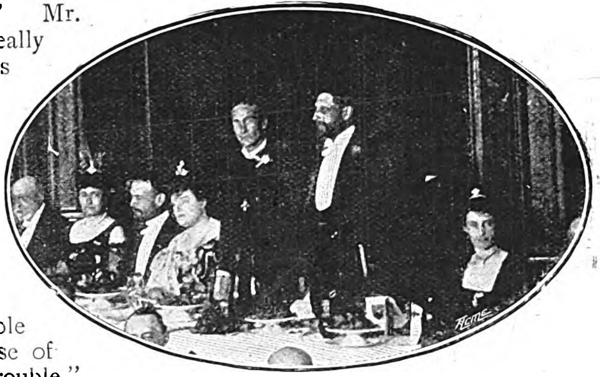
"The aim of this institution has been to mitigate the sufferings of the afflicted, to train their imperfect faculties, and make them at least relatively of some use to society. It has received and treated 3000 helpless imbecile young people since it was instituted, and returned them to their families—not wholly helpless, not wholly useless." Lord Russell also went on to speak of "the dumb appeal of those who had done nothing to bring on themselves their afflictions."

When celebrities dine, the great thing is to get a tactful chairman. Never will the Cecil people forget the chairman who had the bad taste to make jokes about the guests' names as they were presented to him in the reception room by the toastmaster. When a Captain Pickwick was announced he was

"Lucas Malet" (Mrs. St. Leger Harrison), the famous novelist, presiding at the Women Writers' Dinner at the Criterion, June 17th, 1901.

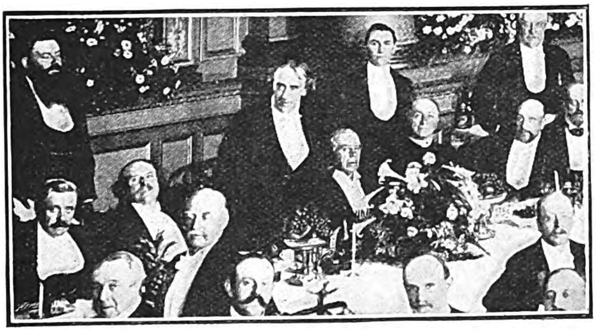
asked "where was the widder?" Mr. Christmas was assured "he had really come too early." Mr. Hornblower was advised "not too loud"; while Mr. Thynne was earnestly assured that that dinner would make a big difference to him!

On the other hand, the chairman often suffers from too little humour, as, for example, the presiding genius at a Licensed Victualler's Dinner, who sternly spoke of "the marauding instincts of those people who get drunk for the sole purpose of involving members of the trade in trouble."



The Bishop of London as the guest of the New Vagabonds, King's Hall, June 12th, 1897. Mr. Rider Haggard, standing on the Bishop's left, was in the chair.

The funniest thing I came across at the Café Monico, where I was greatly helped by Mr. Nobile, the able and courteous manager, was the following episode: On one occasion I served a *Poulet Valencienne*, with white sauce, at a dinner to distinguished Masons, when to my surprise everyone declared they were eating rabbit, if you will believe it! I was obliged to show them the wings of the chicken, and ask them if they had ever seen a rabbit with wings?



Sir Henry Irving presiding at the dinner of the Society of Musicians, Hôtel Metropole, May 27th, 1897.

A very important feature of my unwieldy subject is the procuring of entertainers for the after dinner entertainment. Owing to the vast variety of tastes this is a ticklish matter, and when Somersetshire gives a county dinner it is not easy to find a set of Somerset artistes at an hour's notice, particularly if they are required to prove their origin. Besides the usual vocal and instrumental performers and sleight of hand people, some dinner committees like lightning sketch artists, ventriloquists, or narrators of funny "patter."

Martin Harvey (in centre of photograph) at the dinner of the Martin Harvey Dramatic Club, Hôtel Cecil, November 10th, 1901.

On one occasion Messrs. Keith, Prowse, & Co. were asked to supply "living marionettes" for a banquet. It sounded like a cannibal feast, but Mr. De Manche, the firm's able manager in Bond Street, knew that "living marionettes" are contrived by men fixing their heads to a small dummy body, and concealing their own body behind a curtain.

We now arrive at the reminiscences of Toastmasters. If these gentlemen cared, they might write whole volumes on the subject of Celebrities at Dinner. As a rule they are tactful persons of middle age, imposing presence, and fine sonorous voice. Among the best of them may be mentioned Mr. Farrant, the crier of lost vessels at Lloyd's; Mr. Foreman, of the Bullion Office of the Bank of England, (does it not breathe respectability?), and Mr. Millard, of the Merchant Taylors' Company.

There are toastmasters and toastmasters, and this reminds me of a funny story. Lord

The East Anglian Dinner to Lord Kitchener on his return from the Soudan, Hôtel Cecil, November 11th, 1898.

Kitchener was receiving guests at a big banquet, shortly after his return from the Soudan, and there was a small man who, having had one handshake of Lord Kitchener, deliberately went back among the guests who had not yet been presented. Up he came again.

"What name, sir?" said the toastmaster respectfully. Mr. Child, that was his name, enjoyed another handshake of his big hero, and essayed the same game again. This went on four or five times, and at last the toastmaster lost his temper, "What name, sir?" said he, with great irritation. "Mr. Child," he was told, for about the fifth time. "Child, indeed," he snorted, "I should say there was a whole bloomin family of you!"

Toastmasters are apt to be a little pompous, and on one occasion, when at some big city function, a late Common Serjeant of the City—Sir William Charley—was announced, the toastmaster thought it a little too familiar, so he remarked somewhat wrathfully: "There is no Charleying or Jimmying here," and he promptly announced the name as "Charles," being more dignified.

General Baden-Powell at the luncheon given him by his cousins at the Mercer's Hall, September 26th, 1901.

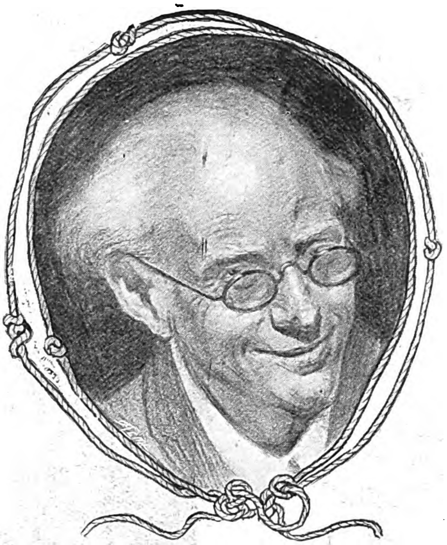
The business of photographing celebrities at dinner is quite an extensive one, and it is mainly in the hands of Messrs. Fradelle & Young. For years Mr. Albert Young has made this peculiar kind of flashlight photography his own, and every celebrity, from His Majesty downwards, knows this amiable and genial man as a familiar figure at important dinners. I am greatly indebted to Mr. Young for the assistance he has rendered me in the preparation of this article, for he has had, as it were, to print out the central figures in a considerable number of his "Celebrities at Dinner" negatives.

When taking his photographs Mr. Young asks the distinguished chairman to stand up, though it has often happened that an officious waiter has planted himself in front, as happened once with no less a personage than Lord Salisbury, who, obliterated by a stalwart German back, presently sat down in disgust.

Mr. Young notes that eminent soldiers are the least inclined to stand up, particularly Lord Kitchener; and at the big dinner of the East Anglians it required a good deal of persuasion on the part of Sir Frederick Robinson, of the Inland Revenue Department, to induce Lord Kitchener to pose as the central figure in the photograph.

One of the most remarkable dinners Mr. Young has ever attended was that given to General Baden-Powell by his cousins at the Mercers' Hall on September 26th, 1901. There was a good deal of mystery about the affair, and when Mr. Young inquired at the hall for "Mr. Powell," the person he was told to ask for, he was amazed to find there were scores, if not hundreds, of them. Naturally, the news of this "Defence of Mafeking" dinner leaked out, and presently an enormous crowd assembled. Mr. Young stood behind General Baden-Powell, and heard him say to the lady at his side: "Mother, just look at them. I can't face that crowd!"

THE . . BRIGHTON MYSTERY.



Being the Fourth of a Series of Stories entitled "The Mysteries of Great Cities."

Illustrated by P. B. Hickling.

BY
BARONESS E. ORCZY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE MAN IN THE CORNER *of the A.B.C. shop who tells the story to*
THE LADY JOURNALIST.
MR. FRANCIS MORTON (*City man*).
MRS. FRANCIS MORTON.
MR. EDWARD SKINNER.
INSPECTOR BUCKLE.
MRS. CHAPMAN

I.

"Do you care for the seaside?" asked the man in the corner, when he had finished his lunch. "I don't mean the seaside at Ostend or Trouville, but honest English seaside with nigger minstrels, three shilling excursionists, and dirty, expensive, furnished apartments, where they charge you a shilling for lighting the hall gas on Sundays and sixpence on other evenings. Do you care for that?"

"I prefer the country."

"Ah! perhaps it is preferable. Personally I only liked one of our English seaside resorts once, and that was for a week, when Edward Skinner was up before the magistrate, charged with what was known as the 'Brighton Outrage.' I don't know if you remember the memorable day in Brighton, memorable for that elegant town which deals more in amusements than mysteries, when Mr. Francis Morton, one of its most noted residents disappeared. Yes! disappeared as completely as any vanishing lady in a music hall. He was wealthy, had a fine house, servants, a wife and children, and he disappeared. There was no getting away from that.

"Mr. Francis Morton lived with his wife in one of the large houses in Sussex Square at the Kemp Town end of Brighton. Mrs. Morton was well known for her Americanisms, her swagger dinner parties and beautiful Paris gowns. She was the daughter of one of the many American millionaires, (I think her father was a Chicago porkbutcher,) who conveniently provide wealthy wives for English gentlemen; and she had married Mr. Francis Morton a few years ago and brought him her quarter of a million, for no other reason but that she fell in love with him. He was neither good-looking nor distinguished, in fact, he was one of those men who seem to have CITY stamped all over their person.

"He was a gentleman of very regular habits, going up to London every morning on business and returning every afternoon by the 'husband's train.' So regular was he in these habits that all the servants at the Sussex Square house were betrayed into actual gossip over the fact that on Wednesday, March 17th, the master was not home for dinner. Hales, the butler, remarked that the mistress seemed a bit anxious and didn't eat much food. The evening wore on and Mr. Morton did not appear. At nine o'clock the young footman was dispatched to the station to make inquiries whether his master had been seen there in the afternoon, or whether—which Heaven forbid—there had been an accident on the line. The young man interviewed two or three porters, the bookstall boy and ticket clerk; all were agreed that Mr. Morton did not go up to London during the day; no

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left thus without food and very little air, the unfortunate gentleman survived the horrors of these four days of incarceration.

"'He has been conveyed to his residence in Sussex Square, and we are pleased to say that Doctor Mellish, who is in attendance, has declared his patient to be out of serious danger, and that with care and rest will be soon quite himself again.

"'At the same time our readers will learn with unmixed satisfaction that the police of our city, with their usual acuteness and activity, have already discovered the identity and whereabouts of the cowardly ruffian who committed this unparalleled outrage.'

II.

"I really don't know," continued the man in the corner blandly, "what it was that interested me in the case from the very first. Certainly it had nothing very out of the way or mysterious about it, but I journeyed down to Brighton nevertheless, as I felt that something deeper and more subtle lay behind that extraordinary assault, following a robbery no doubt.

"I must tell you that the police had allowed it to be freely circulated abroad that they held a clue. It had been easy enough to ascertain who the lodger was who had rented the furnished room in Russells House. His name was supposed to be Edward Skinner, and he had taken the room about a fortnight ago, but had gone away ostensibly for two or three days on the very day of Mr. Morton's mysterious disappearance. It was on the 20th that Mr. Morton was found, and thirty-six hours later the public were gratified to hear that Mr. Edward Skinner had been traced to London and arrested on the charge of assault upon the person of Mr. Francis Morton and of robbing him of the sum of £10,000.

"Then a further sensation was added to the already bewildering case by the startling announcement that Mr. Francis Morton refused to prosecute.

"Of course, the Treasury took up the case and subpœnaed Mr. Morton as a witness, so that gentleman—if he wished to hush the matter up, or had been in any way terrorised into a promise of doing so—gained nothing by his refusal, except an additional amount of curiosity in the public mind and further sensation around the mysterious case.

"It was all this, you see, which had interested me and brought me down to Brighton on March 23rd to see the prisoner Edward Skinner arraigned before the beak. I must say that he was a very ordinary-looking individual. Fair, of ruddy complexion, with snub nose and the beginning of a bald place on the top of his head, he, too, looked the embodiment of a prosperous, stodgy 'city gent.'

"I took a quick survey of the witnesses present, and guessed that the handsome, stylish woman sitting next to Mr. Reginald Pepys, the noted lawyer for the Crown, was Mrs. Morton.

"There was a large crowd in court, and I heard whispered comments among the feminine portion thereof as to the beauty of Mrs. Morton's gown, the value of her large picture hat, and the magnificence of her diamond rings.

"The police gave all the evidence required with regard to the finding of Mr. Morton in the room at Russells House and also to the arrest of Skinner at the Lingham Hotel in London. It appears that the prisoner seemed completely taken aback at the charge preferred against him and declared that though he knew Mr. Francis Morton slightly in business he knew nothing as to his private life.

"'Prisoner stated,' continued Inspector Buckle, 'that he was not even aware Mr. Morton lived in Brighton, but I have evidence here which I will place before your Honour, to prove that the prisoner was seen in the company of Mr. Morton at 9.30 o'clock on the morning of the assault.'

"Cross-examined by Mr. Matthew Quiller, the detective inspector admitted that prisoner merely said that he did not know that Mr. Morton was a *resident* of Brighton, he never denied having met him there.

"The witness or rather witnesses referred to by the police were two Brighton tradesmen who knew Mr. Morton by sight and had seen him on the morning of the 17th walking with the accused.

"In this instance Mr. Quiller had no question to ask of the witnesses and it was generally understood that the prisoner did not wish to contradict their statement.

"Constable Hartrick told the story of the finding of the unfortunate Mr. Morton after his four days' incarceration. The constable had been sent round by the chief inspector after certain information given by Mrs. Chapman, the landlady of Russells House. He had found the door locked and forced it open. Mr. Morton was in an armchair, with several yards of rope wound loosely round him; he was almost unconscious and there was a thick wool shawl tied round his mouth which must have deadened any cry or groan the poor gentleman might have uttered. But, as a matter of fact, the constable was under the impression that Mr. Morton had been either drugged or stunned in some way at first, which had left him weak and faint and prevented him from making himself heard, or extricating himself from his bonds, which were very clumsily, evidently very hastily, wound round his body.

"The medical officer who was called in, and also Dr. Mellish who attended Mr. Morton, both said that he seemed dazed by some stupefying drug, and also, of course, terribly weak and faint with the want of food.

"The first witness of real importance was Mrs. Chapman, the proprietress of Russells House, whose original information to the police led to the discovery of Mr. Morton. In answer to Mr. Pepys she said that on March 1 the accused called at her house and gave his name as Mr. Edward Skinner.

"'He required, he said, a furnished room at a moderate rental for a permanency with full attendance when he was in, but he added that he would often be away for two or three days, or even longer, at a time.

"'He told me that he was a traveller for a tea-house,' continued Mrs. Chapman, 'and I showed him the front room on the third floor, as he did not want to pay more than twelve shillings a week. I asked him for a reference, but he put three sovereigns in my hand and said with a laugh that he supposed paying for his room a month in advance was sufficient reference; if I didn't like him after that, I could give him a week's notice to quit.'

"'You did not think of asking him the name of the firm for which he travelled?' asked Mr. Pepys.

"'No, I was quite satisfied as he paid me for the room. The next day he sent in his luggage and took possession of the room. He went out most mornings on business, but was always in Brighton for Saturday and Sunday. On the 16th he told me that he was going to Liverpool for a couple of days; he slept in the house that night, and went off early on the 17th, taking his portmanteau with him.'

"'At what time did he leave?' asked Mr. Pepys.

"'I couldn't say exactly,' replied Mrs. Chapman with some hesitation. 'You see this is the off season here. None of my rooms are let, except the one to Mr. Skinner, and I only have one servant. I keep four during the summer, autumn and winter season,' she added with conscious pride, fearing that her former statement might prejudice the reputation of Russells House. 'I thought I had heard Mr. Skinner go out about nine o'clock, but about an hour later the girl and I were both in the basement, and we heard the front door open and shut with a bang, and then a step in the hall.

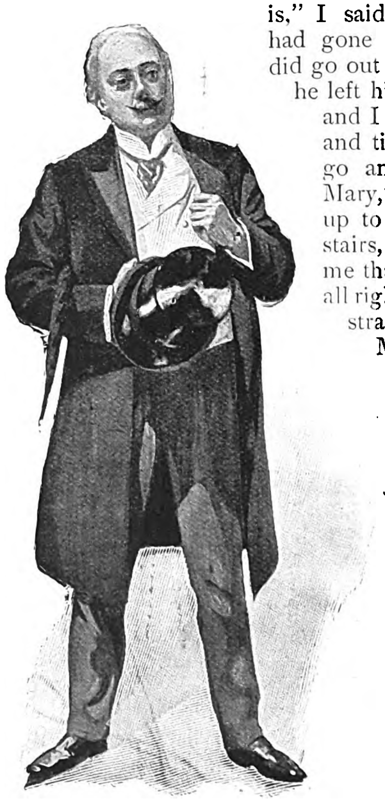
"'"That's Mr. Skinner," said Mary. "So it is," I said, "why, I thought he had gone an hour ago." "He did go out then," said Mary, "for he left his bedroom door open and I went in to do his bed and tidy his room." "Just go and see if that's him, Mary," I said, and Mary ran up to the hall, and up the stairs, and came back to tell me that that was Mr. Skinner all right enough, he had gone straight up to his room. Mary didn't see him, but he had another gentleman with him, as she could hear them talking in Mr. Skinner's room.'

"'Then you can't tell us at what time the prisoner left the house finally?'

"'No, that I can't. I went out shopping soon after that. When I came in it was twelve o'clock. I went up to the third floor and found that Mr. Skinner had locked his door and taken the key with him. As I knew Mary had already done the room I did not trouble more about it, though I did think it strange for a gentleman to lock up his room and not leave the key with me.'

"'And, of course, you heard no noise of any kind in the room then?'

"'No. Not that day or the next, but on the third day Mary and I both thought we heard a funny sound. I said that Mr. Skinner had left his window open and it was the blind flapping against the window-pane; but when we heard that funny noise again I put my ear to the keyhole and I thought I could hear a groan.



"The very embodiment of a prosperous, stodgy 'city gent.'"

I was very frightened and sent Mary for the police.'

"Mrs. Chapman had nothing more of interest to say. The prisoner certainly was her lodger. She had last seen him on the evening of the 16th going up to his room with his candle. Mary the servant had much the same story to relate as her mistress.

"'I think it was 'im, right enough,' said Mary guardedly. 'I didn't see 'im, but I went up to 'is landing and stopped a moment outside 'is door. I could 'ear loud voices in the room—gentlemen talking.'

"'I suppose you would not do such a thing as to listen, Mary?' queried Mr. Pepys with a smile.

"'No, sir,' said Mary with a bland smile, 'I didn't catch what the gentlemen said, but one of them spoke so loud, I thought they must be quarrelling.'

"'Mr. Skinner was the only person in possession of a latch-key I presume. No one else could have come in without ringing at the door?'

"'Oh no, sir.'

"That was all. So far, you see, the case was progressing splendidly for the Crown against the prisoner. The contention of course was that Skinner had met Mr. Morton, brought him home with him, assaulted, drugged, then gagged and bound him and finally robbed him of whatever money he had in his possession, which according to certain affidavits which presently would be placed before the magistrate, amounted to £10,000 in notes.

"But in all this there still remained the great element of mystery for which the public and the magistrate would demand an explanation: namely, what were the relationships between Mr. Morton and Skinner, which had induced the former to refuse the prosecution of the man who had not only robbed him, but had so nearly succeeded in leaving him to die a terrible and lingering death. Mr. Morton was too ill as yet to appear in person. Dr. Mellish had absolutely forbidden his patient to undergo the fatigue and excitement of giving evidence himself in court that day. But his depositions had been taken at his bedside, were sworn to by him, and were now placed before the magistrate by the prosecuting counsel, and the facts they revealed were certainly as remarkable as they were brief and enigmatical.

"As they were read by Mr. Pepys, an awed and expectant hush seemed to descend over the large crowd gathered there, and all necks were strained eagerly forward to catch a glimpse of a tall, elegant woman, faultlessly dressed and wearing exquisite jewellery, but whose handsome face wore, as the prosecuting counsel read her husband's deposition, a more and more ashen hue.

"'This, your Honour, is the statement made upon oath by Mr. Francis Morton,' commenced Mr. Pepys in that loud, sonorous voice of his which sounds so impressive in a crowded and hushed court. '"I was obliged for certain reasons which I refuse to disclose to make a payment of a large sum of money to a man whom I did not know and have never seen. It was in a matter of which my wife was cognisant and which had entirely to do with her own affairs. I was merely the go-between, as I thought it was not fit that she should see to this matter herself. The individual in question had made certain demands, of which she kept me in ignorance as long as she could, not wishing to unnecessarily worry me. At last she decided to place the whole matter before me, and I agreed with her that it would be best to satisfy the man's demands.

"'"I then wrote to that individual whose name I do not wish to disclose, addressing the letter, as my wife directed me to do, to the Brighton post office, saying that I was ready to pay the £10,000 to him, at any place or time and in what manner he might appoint. I received a reply which bore the Brighton postmark, and which desired me to be outside Furnival's, the drapers in West Street, at 9.30 on the morning of March 17th, and to bring the money (£10,000) in Bank of England notes.

"'"On the 16th, my wife gave me a cheque for the amount and I cashed it at her bank—Bird's in Fleet Street. At half past nine the following morning I was at the appointed place. An individual wearing a grey overcoat, bowler hat, and red tie accosted me by name and requested me to walk as far as his lodgings in the King's Parade. I followed him. Neither of us spoke. He stopped at a house which bore the name 'Russells House,' and which I shall be able to swear to as soon as I am able to go out. He let himself in with a latch-key and asked me to follow him up to his room on the third floor. I thought I noticed when we were in the room that he locked the door; however I had nothing of any value about me except the £10,000, which I was ready to give him. We had not exchanged the slightest word.

"'"I gave him the notes and he folded them and put them in his pocket-book. Then I turned towards the door, and without the slightest warning I felt myself suddenly gripped by the shoulder while a handkerchief was pressed to my nose and mouth. I struggled as best I could, but the handkerchief was saturated with chloroform, and I soon lost consciousness. I hazily remember the man saying to me in short, jerky sentences spoken at intervals while I was still weakly struggling:

"'"'What a fool you must think me, my dear sir! did you really think that I was going to let you quietly walk out of here, straight to the police-station, eh? Such dodges have been done before, I know, when a man's silence has to be bought for money. Find out who he is, see where he lives, give him the money, then inform against him. No you don't! not this time. I am off to the Continong with this £10,000 and I can get to Newhaven in time for the mid-day boat, so you'll have to keep quiet until I am the other side of the Channel, my friend. You won't be much inconvenienced, my landlady will hear your groans presently and release you, so you'll be all right. There, now, drink this—that's better.' He forced something bitter down my throat then I remember nothing more.

"'"When I regained consciousness I was sitting in an armchair with some rope tied round me and a wool shawl round my mouth. I hadn't the strength to make the slightest effort to disentangle myself or to utter a scream. I felt terribly sick and faint."'

"Mr. Reginald Pepys had finished reading and no one in that crowded court had thought of uttering a sound, the magistrate's eyes were fixed upon the handsome lady in the magnificent gown, who was mopping her eyes with a dainty lace handkerchief.

"The extraordinary narrative of the victim of so daring an outrage, had kept everyone in suspense; one thing was still expected to make the measure of sensation as full as it had ever been over any criminal case, and that was Mrs. Morton's evidence. She was called by the prosecuting counsel, and slowly, gracefully, she entered the witness-box. There was no doubt that she had felt keenly the tortures which her husband had undergone, and also the humiliation of seeing her name dragged forcibly into this ugly, blackmailing scandal.

"Closely questioned by Mr. Reginald Pepys, she was forced to admit that the man who blackmailed her was connected with her early life in a way which would have brought terrible disgrace upon her and upon her children. The story she told, amidst many tears and sobs, and much use ot ner beautiful lace handkerchief and beringed hands, was exceedingly pathetic.

"It appears that when she was barely seventeen she was inveigled into a secret marriage with one of those foreign adventurers who swarm in every country, and who styled himself Comte Armand de la Tremouille. He seems to have been a blackguard of unusually low pattern, for, after he had extracted from her some £200 of her pin money and a few diamond brooches, he left her one fine day with a laconic word to say that he was sailing for Europe by the *Argentina*, and would not be back for some time. She was in love with the brute, poor young soul, for when, a week later, she read that the *Argentina* was wrecked, and presumably every soul on board had perished, she wept very many bitter tears over her early widowhood.

"Fortunately her father, a very wealthy pork butcher of Chicago, had known nothing of his daughter's culpable foolishness. Four years later he took her to London, where she met Mr. Francis Morton and married him. She led six or seven years of very happy married life when one day, like a thunderbolt from a clear, blue sky, she received a typewritten letter, signed 'Armand de la Tremouille,' full of protestations of undying love, telling a long and pathetic tale of years of suffering in a foreign land, whither he had drifted after having been rescued almost miraculously from the wreck of the *Argentina*, and where he never had been able to scrape a sufficient amount of money to pay for his passage home. At last fate had favoured him. He had after many vicissitudes found the whereabouts of his dear wife, and was now ready to forgive all that was past and take her to his loving arms once again.

"What followed was the usual course of events when there is a blackguard and a fool of a woman. She was terrorised and did not dare to tell her husband for some time; she corresponded with the Comte de la Tremouille, begging him for her sake and in memory of the past not to attempt to see her. She found him amenable to reason in the shape of several hundred pounds which passed through the Brighton post office into his hands. At last one day, by accident, Mr. Morton came across one of the Comte de la Tremouille's interesting letters. She confessed everything, throwing herself upon her husband's mercy.

"Now Mr. Francis Morton was a business

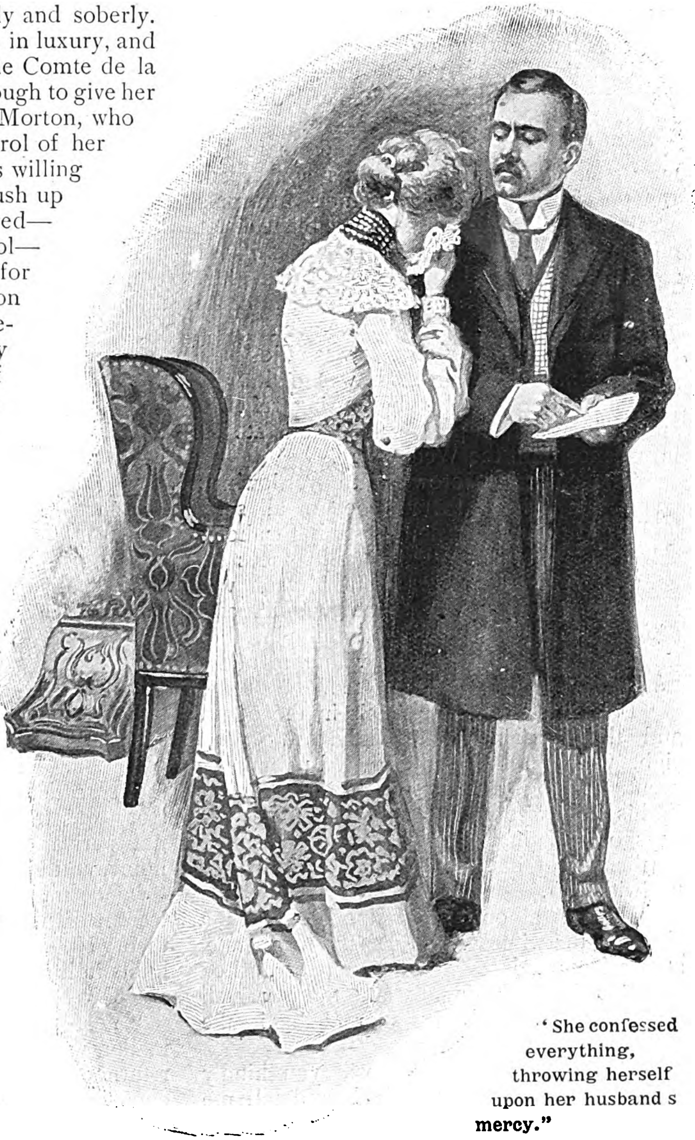
man who viewed life practically and soberly. He liked his wife who kept him in luxury, and wished to keep her, whereas the Comte de la Tremouille seemed willing enough to give her up for a consideration. Mrs. Morton, who had the sole and absolute control of her fortune on the other hand, was willing enough to pay the price and hush up the scandal, which she believed—since she was a bit of a fool—would land her in prison for bigamy. Mr. Francis Morton wrote to the Comte de la Tremouille that his wife was ready to pay him the sum of £10,000 which he demanded in payment for her absolute liberty and his own complete disappearance out of her life now and for ever. The appointment was made and Mr. Morton left his house at 9 a.m. on March 17th, with the £10,000 in his pocket.

"The public and the magistrate had hung breathless upon her words. There was nothing but sympathy felt for this handsome woman, who throughout had been more sinned against than sinning, and whose gravest fault seems to have been a total lack of intelligence in dealing with her own life. But I can assure you of one thing, that in no case within my recollection was there ever such a sensation in a court, as when the magistrate, after a few minutes' silence, said gently to Mrs. Morton:

"'And now, Mrs. Morton, will you kindly look at the prisoner, and tell me if in him you recognise your former husband?'

"And she, without even turning to look at the accused, said quietly:

"'Oh no! your honour! of course that man is *not* the Comte de la Tremouille.'



"She confessed everything, throwing herself upon her husband's mercy."

III.

"I can assure you that the situation was quite dramatic," continued the man in the corner, whilst his funny, claw-like hands took up a bit of string with renewed feverishness.

"In answer to further questions from the magistrate, she declared that she had never seen the accused; he might have been the go-between, however, that she could not say. The letters she received were all typewritten, but signed 'Armand de la Tremouille,' and certainly the signature was identical with that on the letters she used to receive from him years ago, all of which she had kept.

"'And did it *never* strike you,' asked the magistrate with a smile, 'that the letters you received might be forgeries?'

"'How could they be?' she replied decisively; 'no one knew of my marriage to the Comte de la Tremouille, no one in England certainly. And besides, if some one did know the Comte intimately enough to forge his handwriting and to blackmail me, why should that some one have waited all these years? I have been married seven years, your honour.'

"That was true enough, and there the matter rested as far as she was concerned. But the identity of Mr. Francis Morton's assailant had to be finally established, of course, before the prisoner was committed for trial. Dr. Mellish promised that Mr. Morton would be allowed to come to court for half-an-hour and identify the accused on the following day, and the case was adjourned until then. The accused was led away between two constables, bail being refused, and Brighton had perforce to moderate its impatience until the Wednesday.

"The court was crowded to overflowing; actors, playwrights, literary men of all sorts had fought for admission to study for themselves the various phases and faces in connection with the case. Mrs. Morton was not present when the prisoner, quiet and self-possessed, was brought in and placed in the dock. His solicitor was with him and a sensational defence was expected.

"Presently there was a stir in the court, and that certain sound, half rustle, half sigh, which preludes an expected palpitating event. Mr. Morton, pale, thin, wearing yet in his hollow eyes the stamp of those five days of suffering, walked into court leaning on the arm of his doctor—Mrs. Morton was not with him.

"He was at once accommodated with a chair in the witness-box, and the magistrate, after a few words of kindly sympathy, asked him if he had anything to add to his written statement. On Mr. Morton replying in the negative, the magistrate added—

"'And now, Mr. Morton, will you kindly look at the accused in the dock and tell me whether you recognise the person who took you to the room in Russells House and then assaulted you?'

"Slowly the sick man turned towards the prisoner and looked at him; then he shook his head and replied quietly:

"'No, sir, that certainly was not the man.'

"'You are quite sure?' asked the magistrate in amazement, while the crowd literally gasped with wonder.

"'I swear it,' asserted Mr. Morton.

"'Can you describe the man who assaulted you?'

"'Certainly. He was dark, of swarthy complexion, tall, thin, with bushy eyebrows and thick black hair and short beard. He spoke English with just the faintest suspicion of a foreign accent.'

"The prisoner, as I told you before, was English in every feature. English in his ruddy complexion, and absolutely English in his speech.

"After that the case for the prosecution began to collapse. Everyone had expected a sensational defence, and Mr. Matthew Quiller, counsel for Skinner, fully justified all these expectations. He had no fewer than four witnesses present who swore positively that at 9.45 a.m. on the morning of Wednesday, March 17, the prisoner was in the express train leaving Brighton for Victoria.

"Not being endowed with the gift of being in two places at once, and Mr. Morton having added the whole weight of his own evidence in Mr. Edward Skinner's favour, that gentleman was once more remanded by the magistrate, pending further investigation by the police, bail being allowed this time in two sureties of £50 each.

IV.

"Tell me what you think of it," said the man in the corner, seeing that I remained silent and puzzled.

"Well," I said dubiously, "I suppose that the so-called Armand de la Tremouille's story was true in substance. That he did not perish on the *Argentina*, but drifted home, and blackmailed his former wife."

"Doesn't it strike you that there are at least two very strong points against that theory?" he asked, making two gigantic knots in his piece of string.

"Two?"

"Yes. In the first place, if the blackmailer was the 'Comte de la Tremouille' returned to life, why should he have been content to take £10,000 from a lady who was his lawful wife, and who could keep him in luxury for the rest of his natural life upon her large fortune, which was close upon a quarter of a million. The real Comte de la Tremouille, remember, had never found it difficult to get money out of his wife during their brief married life, whatever Mr. Morton's subsequent experience in the same direction might have been. And, secondly, why should he have type-written his letters to his wife?"

"Because——"

"That was a point which, to my mind, the police never made the most of. Now, my experience in criminal cases has invariably been that when a typewritten letter figures in one, that letter is a forgery. It is not very difficult to imitate a signature, but it is a jolly sight more difficult to imitate a handwriting throughout an entire letter."

"Then, do you think——"

"I think, if you will allow me," he interrupted excitedly, "that we will go through the points—the sensible, tangible points of the case. Firstly: Mr. Morton disappears with £10,000 in his pocket, for four entire days; at the end of that time he is discovered loosely tied to an arm-chair, and a wool shawl round his mouth. Secondly: A man named Skinner is accused of the outrage. Mr. Morton, although he himself is able—mind you—to furnish the best defence possible for Skinner, by denying his identity with the man who assaulted him, refuses to prosecute. Why?"

"He did not wish to drag his wife's name into the case."

"He must have known that the Crown would take up the case. Then again, how is it no one saw him in the company of the swarthy foreigner he described?"

"Two witnesses did see Mr. Morton in company with Skinner," I argued.

"Yes, at 9.20 in West Street; that would give Edward Skinner time to catch the 9.45 at the station, and to intrust Mr. Morton with the latchkey of Russells House," remarked my companion dryly.

"What nonsense!" I ejaculated.

"Nonsense, is it?" he said, tugging wildly at his bit of string; "is it nonsense to affirm that if a man wants to make sure that his victim shall not escape, he does not usually wind rope 'loosely' round his figure, nor does he throw a wool shawl lightly round his mouth. The police were idiotic beyond words; they themselves discovered that Morton was so 'loosely' fastened to his chair that very little movement would have disentangled him, and yet it never struck them that nothing was easier for that particular type of scoundrel to sit down in an armchair and wind a few yards of rope round himself, then, having wrapped a wool shawl round his throat, to slip his two arms inside the ropes."

"But what object would a man in Mr. Morton's position have for playing such extraordinary pranks?"

"Ah, the motive! There you are! What do I always tell you? Seek the motive! Now what was Mr. Morton's position? He was the husband of a lady who owned a quarter of a million of money, not one penny of which he could touch without her consent, as it was settled on herself, and who, after the terrible way in which she had been plundered and then abandoned in her early youth, no doubt kept a very tight hold upon the purse-strings. Mr. Morton's subsequent life has proved that he had certain expensive, not altogether avowable, tastes. One day he discovers the old love letters of the 'Comte Armand de la Tremouille.'

"Then he lays his plans: He typewrites a letter, forges the signature of the erstwhile Count, and awaits events. The fish does rise to the bait. He gets sundry bits of money, and his success makes him daring. He looks round him for an accomplice—clever, unscrupulous, greedy—and selects Mr. Edward Skinner, probably some former pal of his wild oats days.

"The plan was very neat you must confess. Mr. Skinner takes the room in Russells House, and studies all the manners and customs of his landlady and her servant. He then draws the full attention of the police upon himself. He meets Morton in West Street, then disappears ostensibly after the 'assault.' In the meanwhile, Morton goes to Russells House. He goes upstairs, talks loudly in the room, then makes elaborate preparations for his comedy."

"Why! he nearly died of starvation!"

"That, I daresay, was not a part of his reckoning. He thought, no doubt, that Mrs. Chapman or the servant would discover and rescue him pretty soon. He meant to appear just a little faint, and endured quietly the first twenty-four hours of inanition. But the excitement and want of food told on him more than he expected. After twenty-four hours he turned very giddy and sick, and, falling from one fainting fit into another, was unable to give the alarm.

"However, he is all right again now, and concludes his part of a downright blackguard to perfection. Under the plea that his conscience does not allow him to live with a lady whose first husband is still alive, he has taken a bachelor flat in London, and only pays afternoon calls on his wife in Brighton. But presently he will tire of his bachelor life, and will return to his wife. And I'll guarantee that the Comte de la Tremouille will never be heard of again."

And he left me alone with a couple of photos of two uninteresting, stodgy, quiet-looking men—Morton and Skinner—who, if the man in the corner was right in his theories, were a pair of the finest blackguards unhung.

“UNEASY LIES THE HEAD THAT WEARS A CROWN”

By
George Western.

Illustrated with Photographs.

Photo by Florman.

King Oscar of Sweden, whose great tact alone holds Scandinavia together.

The dangers and troubles which beset the thrones of various monarchs of Europe.

In a year when the pomp and splendour of royalty and all its attributes is so forcibly brought home to us, at a time when loyalty and enthusiasm for one's country and one's country's sovereign holds the hearts of all, little is thought of the likelihood of a sudden upheaval of this splendour of the throne, of a revolution or attack against the person of the sovereign.

We do not think of that. Our throne is safe enough; our sovereign may sleep secure. Against his person are no plots, no pretenders raise rebel forces to overthrow his power, no secret societies hold meetings in dark cellars to scheme darker deeds against their king.

But is this the case in all countries? Let us consider a moment. On the continent—in Europe—how do things lie? Norway, Austria, Spain, Portugal—all the powers—how safe are their rulers? There are in nearly all countries many disaffected people who would at the least encouragement rise against their sovereigns or governments.

No more difficult task could have been allotted to any monarch than that of preserving peace and unity between the countries of Norway and Sweden. King Oscar is, however, a king amongst tacticians, and by his careful judgment and moderation has kept his fractious people from openly quarrelling.

For the welfare of these two countries it is of the greatest importance that they should join together, remembering the motto that “Unity is Strength,” and, indeed, much strength is needed, and much unity, to thwart the evil plans of Russia, ever encroaching, or seeming to encroach on their already narrowed territories.

However, so far, under King Oscar, peace and quiet have been maintained, but the day will come when the veteran monarch must join his fathers, and his son Gustav Adolph will reign in his stead. And herein will lie the difficulty. Prince Gustav Adolph has none of the tact of his father, none of the foresight and moderation. He is young, fiery, and, possibly, reckless. So much so, that, when he comes to reign, a rapid disintegration of the two countries will inevitably follow, and perhaps an international war.

Religious strife will be one of the principal means of upsetting the Italian sovereignty. Before his assassination, King Umberto discovered that a juncture was imminent between the Vatican and the Republican party. Such a union would be most disastrous as far as the monarchy is concerned, and

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could, if carried out, ultimately bring about the fall of the House of Savoy.

For here is added to the hopelessly dilapidated state of financial affairs, over taxation and oppression, religious disunion. Indeed, to secure his position King Victor Emmanuel must keep on the best possible terms with the Pope and the Vatican generally.

Spain, like Italy, is threatened on religious grounds. Here, also, there is a legitimate claimant to the throne, Don Carlos, who has the support of the clergy. The country is, indeed, in a direful state. Financially, Spain has been broken by the Hispano-American war, and the most moderate and liberal policy is necessary, not only to make both ends meet, but also to keep the country free from rebellion.

The queen-mother, Doña Christina, during her regency, always upheld the clergy, whose power has, in consequence, been steadily rising. This goes against the grain of the country, and hence the great dislike for the reigning house.

Photo by Brogi.

The Queen of Italy.

Photo by Brogi.

King Victor Emmanuel of Italy, at enmity with the Vatican party, who are strengthening their position yearly.

Again, for many years the young king was failing in health. In the event of his death the throne would go to his sister, the Princess of the Asturias, whose marriage to the Count of Caserta has bound her, hand and foot, to the Vatican. Thus the death of King Alphonso and the accession of his sister would be of the greatest harm to Spain.

The safety of the throne depends on the young king entirely, whether he follow his mother, Doña Christina, and the clerical party, or, wisely, attach himself to the liberal and tactful counsels of the great statesman, Señor Sagasta, whereby he will save his skin and crown.

Meanwhile his rival, Don Carlos, is the hope of the clergy, who are only prevented from openly supporting the Carlist cause by the mandate of Pope Leo XIII.

More insecure than Spain is the throne of Servia. Here are no political or financial difficulties, nor are there any troubles of the church to deal with. The difficulty was caused in the first place by a little lad with "a golden bow and a wing on either shoulder," answering to the name of Cupid.

Photo by Dittrich.

Don Carlos and his wife. The champion of the Legitimist party, who claimed the throne of Spain.

Mme. Draga Maschin was the daughter of a policeman, and the widow of an engineer, who committed suicide. Having been taken up by the court, this handsome adventuress wormed her way into the heart of the young King Alexander, and, although full sixteen years his senior, led him triumphantly to the altar.

The ministry at once resigned, and the country was horrified to find that their king had married one of his mother's maids. But the king will not give up his wife, and the nation will not give in to her. She is now boycotted by the whole of the country, and treated with little or no respect by the people when she takes her walks abroad, while the ladies of the foreign *corps diplomatique* absolutely ignore her.

Photo by Franzen.

King Alphonso of Spain, whose throne is threatened by the Carlists.

Indeed, before long, the hardly suppressed hissings and other most forcible expressions of disgust which greet the monarch now, will take a decidedly tangible form, and a big insurrection will ease the reigning family of its responsibilities of kingship, and raise in its stead the opposition family, the Karageorgevitchs.

Clerical strife is evident again in Portugal. Here King Charles, opposing the clergy so strongly, has lost the affection of his wife, Queen Amelia, who is a strong advocate of the cloth. Thus the nation, following their sovereigns, is naturally divided. This breach in itself would have been of comparatively little importance had not the opposition party given rise to the hopes of the legitimists, including the entire country aristocracy, strengthening the claims of the pretender, Don Miguel of Braganza. However, King Charles is still powerful, and the hopes of Don Miguel are in no way likely to be fulfilled in the immediate future.

In Russia, where the country is ground down and oppressed more than any other, where Nihilists and rebels abound, any attempt on the part of a private individual to help the people is regarded as an application for free board and lodging in Siberia. The Tsar Nicholas II. has great ideas of a liberal rule, but unfortunately is unable to carry them out.

His *rôle* of the Prince of Peace and his opposition to the Slavists made a good impression on the people; but this was soon taken away, and things became worse than ever; all the earnestly promised reforms and hoped-for Utopia vanished before the eyes of the wretched natives.

There are two claimants to the throne, Grand Duke Michael and Grand Duke Vladimir. But it is not likely that either of these two

King Alexander of Servia, whose marriage with Draga Maschin, the daughter of a policeman, so shocked the whole country that the throne is in imminent danger.

Photo by Adèle.

Photo by Guesquin.

aspirants will enjoy the regal sway for many years, as each holds strong reactionary views. So it would seem that the dethronement of the Tsar would mean not only that of the House of Romanoff, but do away with the very throne of Russia itself.

It is extremely unfortunate for the throne of Russia that the Tsarina has no sons, all her children being daughters. This, and the fact that Her Imperial Majesty is so very foreign — foreign from the Russian point of view, that is to say, in her manner of life and ways —causes much annoyance to the highly nervous and excitable Slavonic race.

King Charles of Roumania has had to deal with the same foe as have the ministers of his neighbour, Servia. Certainly Cupid made the most of his time during his sojourn in the land of the blue Danube.

Prince Ferdinand was a young and possibly a susceptible man, and was quite carried away by the flashing eyes of a lady well known in English society, the favourite maid of honour of "Carmen Sylva," the Queen of Roumania. Whether the prince's mother encouraged this most romantic little affair or not is not known, but at any rate the two became engaged and might have married had not the King and the ministry stepped in and banished the beautiful girl. The

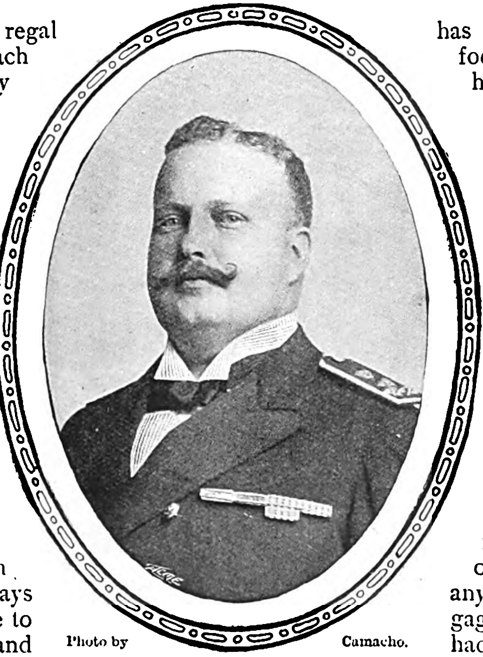


Photo by Camacho.

King Charles of Portugal, whose quarrel with Queen Amelia has severed him from the clerical party.

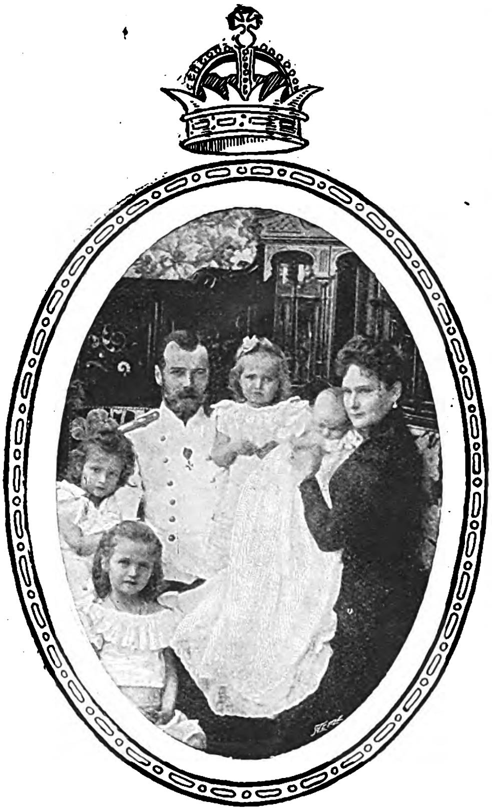


Photo by Levitsky.

Tsar Nicholas II. and the Tsarina. The whole of Russia is on the verge of rebellion against the Czar, who is unable to carry out his liberal reforms.

prince they threatened to deprive of his right of succession to the Roumanian throne if he did not give her up and marry Princess Marie of Coburg.

But not even now were the Roumanian troubles over. The banished lady went straight to Sofia, where she joined the revolutionary committee, and is the leader in their councils. It is certain that, even if King Charles reigns unmolested, his successor will find a great difficulty in keeping his throne safe for himself and his wife, Princess Marie.

Speaking of Roumania, it is interesting to note that the son of Princess Marie is the only surviving hope of the Stuart faction—now, happily, almost dead. In fact, we may rest assured that little Prince Carol never gives a thought to his unfortunate ancestor, Charles I., or to the great empire in store for him, as planned by the few remaining Jacobites.

As shaky as any monarch on his throne is the King of the Belgians. Here there are, amongst others, many religious troubles, combined with a certain amount of Anarchism and an immense amount of Socialism, especially in the capital itself.

So great is the feeling against the king and government that the possibility of Leopold's abdication is talked of in official circles.

With Austro-Hungary the racial differences are to be dealt with. Here are so many and varied people, the Huns and the Gothic element mingled together, that, with the death of the reigning monarch, battle, murder, and rapine seem only too probable. The Emperor Franz Joseph is himself loved by all his subjects, to whatever nationality they may belong; but this love is limited to the Emperor alone.

Here Austria is likened to Norway and Sweden, its safety and unity depending entirely on the personality of the sovereign.

Not only is the throne of Turkey in a very precarious condition but the empire also. In the last thirty years or so Sultan Abdul Hamid

Photo by Pasetti, and supplied by The Press Picture Agency.

Grand Duke Vladimir, the champion of the Slavists, who hopes to be Tsar of Russia one day.

has seen his empire slowly crumbling away. Egypt is gone, and Tunis—the first to England, the second to France. After the disastrous war with Russia, Servia, Bulgaria, Roumania, and Montenegro were forfeited. Thessaly and Crete, Cyprus and many thousand square miles of Armenian territory have also been ceded to the various great powers; a very volume of misfortunes, enough to drive any ruler to abdication.

However, so far, the Sultan has held firmly on to his throne, and put down the manifold disasters which surround him to fate, with true Oriental calm. But it is to be feared further storms are brooding for him.

During the first years of his reign Sultan Abdul Hamid convoked a parliament and opened it with great pomp. However, this parliament was, like the parliaments to our own earlier kings, a thorn in his flesh, and, after its expiration, His Majesty, somehow or other, failed to convoke another parliament, and ruled by himself.

Owing to this somewhat arbitrary jurisdiction, the greatest dissatisfaction prevails in Turkey and, by the flight of the Sultan's brother Mahmoud Pasha, has been doubled.

Photo by London Stereoscopic Co.

King Leopold of Belgium, whose life is hardly safe from the Socialists of Brussels.

Photo by Mándy.

King Charles of Roumania, against whose throne is the Revolutionary Committee.

To keep the empire together and to have some hand on the people in the event of an insurgent rising, the Sultan has followed the advice of the Kaiser, and changed the succession from his brother to his son, Prince Mohammed Burhaneddin Effendi, a lad of fifteen.

The direct heir to the throne, Reched, the Sultan's brother, is a fanatic—morose and gloomy, and a most undesirable ruler, as far as the interests of commerce and progress are concerned.

The young Prince Mohammed is, however, being educated by European tutors and, brought up with European ideas and ideals, will, in all probability, be a good and wise ruler, and perhaps restore to Turkey her old high status amongst the great powers. But at present, so great a feeling is there in the country against the Sultan and his house that it is doubtful if the young prince will ever come to his succession.

But worse than Turkey, with its fanaticism and Armenian tragedies, worse than Spain, torn in twain by the Carlists, or Belgium, wracked by Socialist and Anarchist movements, is Bulgaria.

Here are crimes committed by those in the highest places, and here is taxation and oppression more rampant than in any country in the world.

And the cause of all the trouble is the ruler himself. Not only has Prince Ferdinand been refused admittance to all the best courts of Europe, not only is the country on the eve of rebellion against him, but the Macedonian patriots have all taken a solemn oath to slay him, and have refused to pay any further taxes to their unscrupulous sovereign.

At one time Prince Ferdinand was one of the wealthiest rulers in Europe, but now he has thrown away his own fortune and that of his mother, Princess Clementine of Coburg. One of the greatest crimes of the last century was the murder of the Bulgarian minister, Stambuloff. Of course, no charge of connivance to the murder may be made against the sovereign, but it is odd that Ferdinand made no attempts to punish the assassin.

Photo by Pietzner.

The Emperor Franz Joseph of Austria, probably the last of the Hapsbergs.

Photo by Uhlenhuth.

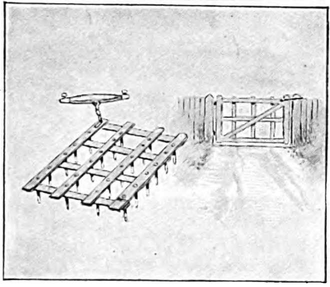
Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, against whom the whole country is rising.

Photo by Downey.

The Sultan Abdul Hamid of Turkey, whose empire is rapidly disappearing before his eyes.

3rd Set of Pictures.

5s. a Day for Life!



CORRECT SOLUTION: HARROGATE.
INCORRECT SOLUTIONS: (1) HARROW: Because it comprises fewer letters than Harrogate. (2) GATE (for same reason).

All competitors should carefully read the conditions.

A UNIQUE PRIZE OFFERED TO MAGAZINE READERS.

4 points to remember:

(1) That the prize of 5s. a Day for Life will *not* be divided—it will be won outright by *one* person (perhaps *you*).

(2) That the sum of £100 will be divided amongst those who come next.

(3) That no attempts should be sent in until the closing date is announced in the *Royal.*

(4) That those competitors who were unable to obtain copies of the *Royal*, containing the first two sets of pictures, may secure them, *free of cost*, on sending a penny stamp (to cover postage) to the Competition Editor, *Royal Magazine*, Henrietta Street, Strand, London, W.C.

What you have to do - - - -

ON THE NEXT PAGE you will find twelve pictures. Each of these pictures consists of a certain number of objects. These objects, either singly or collectively, represent the name of a town or place in the United Kingdom.

What you have to do is to find the town or place with the longest name entirely from the names of objects depicted in each picture (or from their phonetic equivalents).

An "object" does not include sky or shading necessary for correct drawing.

Before you begin, carefully examine the example shown here, which will make the matter clear.

Taking this as a guide, you have now to examine the twelve pictures on the next page, and discover the name of the town or place which each of them represents. When you have done this, write the name down in the space provided, and keep the pages by you.

☞ Another set of pictures will appear in the August number of the *Royal.* The closing date will also be announced in that number.

CONDITIONS.

1. The names must be clearly written in ink. (*Use a fine pen*).

2. Only one name is allowed under each picture.

3. No alterations are to be allowed in the words. If you have made a mistake in the spelling, cross the word out and write it again.

4. When you have filled up your list, cut it out and keep it by you until you are told to send it in.

5. You may forward as many sets of pages as you like. Each set will be accepted independently, and the pages composing it must be pinned together.

6. The name of the place with the greatest number of letters depicted in each picture is the correct solution, but if there are two or more such names of places depicted in one picture with an equal number of letters, then each will be counted correct.

7. No competitor may receive the assistance of professional competition solvers who send out circulars, or whose advertisements appear in the Press. Every person who enters for this competition must do so only on this understanding, and winners will be asked to satisfy us that they have not contravened this condition.

8. In the event of a tie a further, or, if necessary, several further, sets of pictures will be submitted to the tieing competitors, until one shall win the prize outright.

9. The first prize—that is, 5s. per day for life—will be payable monthly to the winner, who shall not be entitled to require that it be capitalised.

- - THE PRIZE OF 5s. A DAY FOR LIFE - -

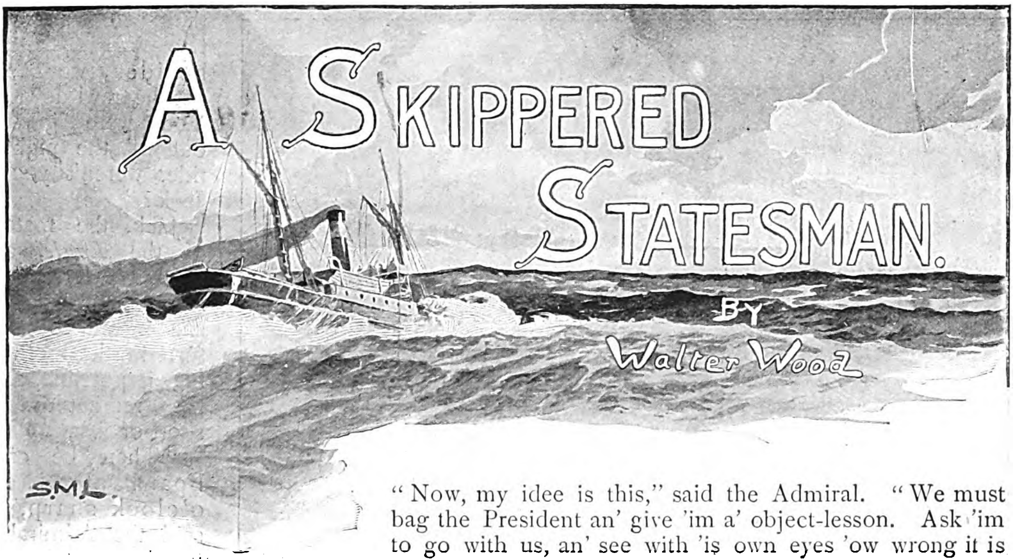
Will be given to the competitor from whom the Editor of the *Royal Magazine* receives a set of pages containing the greatest number of correct solutions.

The sum of **£100** will be divided, at the discretion of the Editor, amongst those who come next.

All the names depicted in the sketches will be found as printed in the list of Provincial Post Offices in the Post Office Guide, which may be consulted at any Post Office, or may be purchased for 6d.

A SKIPPERED STATESMAN.

BY Walter Wood



"Now, my idee is this," said the Admiral. "We must bag the President an' give 'im a' object-lesson. Ask 'im to go with us, an' see with 'is own eyes 'ow wrong it is for the Board o' Trade to carry out sich proposals."

The Admiral looked at his companions, North Sea skippers, most of whom commanded smacks that fished with the fleet of which he was the head. Just now the Admiral was ashore for a week, and he was greatly agitated about a proposal by the authorities to alter the regulations governing the fishing lights. He expected that his hearers would enthusiastically support his scheme; but all remained silent except one, named Barnes, who said: "Before you can fry your fish you must catch it."

"I'm not talkin' about fryin' fish," replied the Admiral shortly.

"Well, you're talkin' about roastin' a Cabinet Minister, aren't you?" asked Barnes.

"Nor yet that," said the Admiral. "What I mean is, exercise persuasion. Ask him to take a trip to sea with us."

"An' suppose 'e won't go?"

"Well, then, we'll reason with 'im."

"'Ow?"

"Lure 'im on board an' take 'im with us."

"But that 'ud be worse nor roastin'; it 'ud be kidnappin'," protested Barnes.

"Ridic'lus!" exclaimed the Admiral. "Who ever 'eard o' a grown man bein' kidnapped? That description applies to childer."

"Never mind," said Barnes; "kidnappin', or mannappin', or womannappin', *I'm* not goin' in for it. No fear."

"The p'int is this," continued the Admiral. "'Ere's a President o' the Board o' Trade takin' a summer 'oliday by the sea-shore. 'E's a man 'at 'as in mind a scheme. Wot scheme? A scheme to alter the fishin' lights an' put the poor fisherman's life in danger. This President, wishin' for the best, is jes' got at by interested parties, by ignorant parties; an' unless 'e's got at by us 'e'll sign papers an' put the new fishin' lights into law."

"Let 'im!" snapped Barnes. "What does it matter if the lights *are* altered? We shall get used to 'em."

"It matters this," answered the Admiral, "that you break yer neck over yer own principles, so to speak. Your principles are, not to allow a landsman to alter your fishin' lights, a man who doesn't understand 'em; an' this the President isn't goin' to do if I can stop it. All those in favour o' givin' the President a object-lesson say 'aye.'"

There was no answer. "Carried unanimous," the Admiral declared, "forasmuch as silence gives consent, an' there's no opposition."

Before his hearers could make remark he continued: "Now that we've agreed to do it, the p'int is, in what way? My idee is this:—The President is fond o' wanderin' about the 'arbour an' doin' a bit o' reflectin' an' fishin' from a boat, an' so on. Well, we get 'im on board the *Eagle* an' to come below to receive a deppytation. *We're* that

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lights!" he thought. "What do they all mean? Now, how very singular that a man like me, who has the power to alter them, should know nothing about them. Very strange—very; but not so strange as that men who don't know any more should control the Navy and Army. How preposterous of Craigie, for instance, to be meddling with Army reform; and how ridiculous of Money to talk so glibly about battleships and other things he doesn't understand. And how feeble-kneed they are! They cave in on the slightest public clamour. Now *I*—I am inflexible. I would no sooner think of altering my determination about the fishing lights than I should think of flying. Wild horses couldn't force me to——"

His reverie was interrupted by the approaching Admiral, who, joining him with a courteous "Good evening, sir," observed that it was fine weather, and that he had no doubt that the gentleman was thinking what a glorious time the fishermen must have.

The President was gracious. The Admiral gave no sign of being aware of his distinguished position in life, and it pleased him to assume the rôle of an intelligent and humble visitor. If he did that, the revelation of his true greatness would be all the more effective and dramatic. "I think it must be very delightful on the sea," he answered. "To an observant person the study of the habits of fish and marine life must be improving and interesting."

"You won't find a smacksman troublin' about the fish," replied the Admiral, "except to wonder 'ow much it'll fetch, an' whether there'll be a fair lot o' prime or a lot o' offal. Prime is the good sort—sole an' turbot and sich like, an' offal's—well, offal's muck, to put it mildly. As for 'abits, all fish 'as a very bad 'abit nowadays o' runnin' away at the sight o' a trawl. They're that cunnin' there's no catchin' 'em. Do you know, sir, that many a bit o' fishin' ground that used to be a gold mine is fished dry, an' that before you can get a decent 'aul you must sometimes go as far to the Nowth as Iceland?"

"Dear me!" exclaimed the President. "How very singular!"

"Soon," said the Admiral, "if things go on like this, we shall be chasin' 'em on skates round the Nowth Pole."

The President laughed. "Quite a humorous person, in a rude way," he thought. "You are, of course," he said aloud, "a fisherman yourself?"

"Admiral o' the Fleet," said his companion. "That is, I'm the 'ead of eighty or ninety smacks 'at are fleetin', just now, off 'Eligoland. I'm ashore for a week, restin' a bit; then I shall go out for eight or ten weeks; that's the programme—eight or ten weeks at sea to six or seven days ashore.

"Yes, yes," said the President pompously. "I'm not without knowledge of the mode of life of our fishermen."

"Ah! indeed, sir, then you've been to sea to see 'em?" asked the Admiral.

"Not exactly that; but I've studied the subject from the shore."

"A lot of 'em do that, sir," observed the Admiral. "It's safer."

"The fact is, I'm eh—ah—er—the Pres——"

"Ever on board a smack, sir?" interrupted the Admiral hastily.

For reasons of his own he wished to appear to be ignorant of the President's identity.

"Never," replied the President, somewhat piqued at the interruption; but he was mollified when he recollected that the revelation would be all the better for keeping.

"Would you like to step on board a fine trawler, sir—just to look round? 'Ere's the *Eagle*, as sharp an' strong as 'er name, just at our feet, so to speak. Come, sir, I'll take you on board. I know the skipper—Old Tom, we call 'im—an 'e'll be pleased to see you. P'raps, sir, you might be a missionary, anxious to learn?"

The Admiral spoke interrogatively.

"I'm not a missionary," replied the stout gentleman loftily. "I'm the Pres——"

"Mind the gangway, sir, and don't fall into the 'arbour," said the Admiral, again interrupting. He had already led his companion to the *Eagle's* side, and was stepping on board. "This way, sir, an' mind your legs," added the Admiral, with extraordinary geniality. "Now we'll go below, sir, an' begin at the end—that is to say, we'll work for'ard from aft; starn to stem. Ha, ha!"

"What a very interesting experience," thought the President.

He graciously allowed himself to be conducted to the cabin of the *Eagle*. For a few seconds he was unable to make out his surroundings, because the air was dense with tobacco smoke, and the cabin was lighted only by a small oil lamp. When the visitor could distinguish things he saw that the cabin was full of solemn men, who were seated round the table, wedged in between its edges and the sides of the vessel. They had so far been faithful to the Admiral, and had turned up on board the *Eagle* in obedience to his instructions.

"Why, bless me!" exclaimed the Admiral. "What's all this?" He spoke in affected astonishment.

"Come in, old Skipper," said Barnes. "It's only a deppytation."

"A deppytation?" asked the Admiral. "Whatever for?"

"To see about the fishin' lights. We're goin' to see the 'Arbour Commissioners first, an' then they'll see the Government man."

"Of all the extryordinary things!" exclaimed the Admiral. "That we should come on board the *Eagle*, lookin' round, an' find a deppytation! Well, sir," he said, turning to the visitor, "you must take us as you find us, an' excuse us."

The visitor became vastly interested. It was, he thought, a notable occasion in his life. Here he was in actual personal communication with the honest fishermen of whom he had heard so much.

"On their hearths, in their own homes, so to speak," he murmured. "A striking picture. Children of Nature; rude Sons of the Ocean. A scene requiring the pencil of Rembrandt to depict"

Aloud he said, adapting his public-speaking voice to the confined limits of the cabin: "Gentlemen, you mention fishing-lights and a deputation. It is an astonishing coincidence that the very Minister you desire to see should be so near you. I am the Pres—— What in the world is wrong?"

As he was uttering the word "President" the *Eagle* gave a curious lurch.

"Just a tidal wave comin' in," replied the Admiral hurriedly. "Go on deck, Barnes, an' see if it isn't so."

Barnes left the cabin, forcing his way out with some difficulty. The President's portly form alone seemed almost to fill the little cabin comfortably.

The *Eagle* gave another lurch, and the President clung to the edge of the table.

"It is a most astonishing thing," he said.

"But not unusual—mere freak o' Nature," replied the Admiral. "The waves often come in like this. You see, sir, they come nosin' round the foot o' the 'ill an' liftin' the little fishin' craft up. There was once a tidal wave came in which caught a steamboat, just as it might be the *Eagle*, at her moorin's, swung 'er right round, an'——"

The *Eagle* lurched again.

"I really must go upstairs," said the President. "To a landsman this motion is—eh—rather trying."

"Won't you see the steamboat first, sir? The fish-room, an' the injun-room, an'——" began the Admiral.

"Not to-night, thank you," said the visitor politely. "Good evening, gentlemen, I really must get out of this hot room. Bless my soul! What's happening?"

He made another clutch at the table, and supported himself as the *Eagle* gave a long plunge.

Barnes tumbled into the cabin.

"Well, of all the funny things!" he exclaimed, "If Old Tom hasn't let go his ropes an' got clear o' the 'arbour! I never did! An' wi' a deppytation in his cabin, too."

"Left the harbour!" cried the visitor. "Tell him to go back instantly, and let me get on land."

In his consternation he rushed on deck and climbed on to the bridge, the Admiral following him, and the deputation hurrying up from the cabin also.

"Stop this ship at once, and let me get out," ordered the visitor.

The skipper gave the wheel a twirl, but did not answer.

"Do you hear me, sir?" clamoured the visitor. "Put back at once!"

"You get down off my bridge," said the skipper. He gave another twirl of the wheel.

"Are you aware, sir, that I'm the President of the Board of Trade?" demanded the passenger.

"An' that there's a deppytation in the cabin?" asked the Admiral in feigned severity.

"*I* didn't ask the President o' the Board o' Trade to come on board," said the skipper; "an' 'ow was I to know there was a deppytation? Wot right has a deppytation to squat in my cabin?"

"You really must put me on the pier," said the President. "I insist upon it. Are you turning back?" He did his best to speak inflexibly, but the trembling in his voice betrayed his nervousness. Already the *Eagle* was in the full swing of the swell, and the President imagined that she was in peril of foundering.

"Did you see that flash in the lighthouse?" asked the skipper. "Well, it's gone out. That means there's no water in the 'arbour, so I can't go back if I wished. An' I don't wish, so I'm not goin'. You just make yourself comfortable till to-morrer mornin', then I'll put you ashore an' give you a string o' nice fish for Mrs. President an' the misses an' master Presidents." The skipper laughed. "As for the deppytation," he added, "they can give a 'and at gettin' in the trawl an' cleanin' an' packin' the fish. I'll teach deppytations to come an' squat in *my* cabin, unbeknown to me."

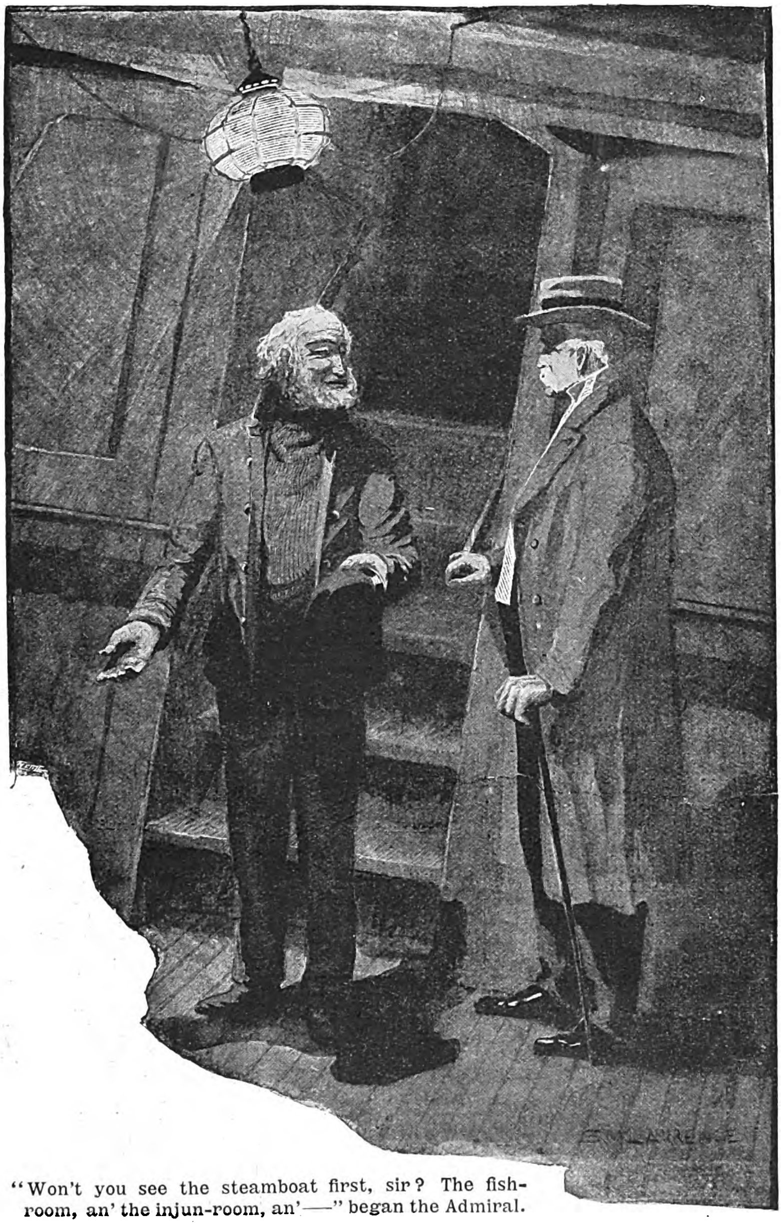
"If you insist on taking me to sea," said the President, "you must take the consequences. They will be serious."

"I'll take 'em all on," answered the skipper. "My mind's easy. *I* didn't ask you to come."

"What a horrible little ship!" exclaimed the President.

The *Eagle* was running, as it seemed to him, up the long side of a hill and down the other.

"Well, well," said the Admiral, taking pity on the passenger somewhat, and trying to steady him. "We must make the best of it. As for us, it don't matter; an' as for you, sir—well, consider 'at you're a missionary an' 'ave come out in the good o' the cause; that is to say, you've come to see the lights with your own eyes. An' the deppytation with you, sir. It's like the crowner and the jury goin' to see the body, isn' it, sir? Well, talkin' about the fishin' lights——"



"Won't you see the steamboat first, sir? The fish-room, an' the injun-room, an'——" began the Admiral.

"The fishing lights be hanged!" exclaimed the President. "I must go downstairs at once."

Willing hands were laid upon him, and willing voices asked him if there was any article or comfort that he needed. By way of answer the President groaned and made strange noises, and intimated that all he wished for was to lie down and be left alone.

"Will you lay on the table, or in a bunk, or on the floor, sir?" asked the Admiral. "I can recommend the floor—an' if you're lashed to the table-leg you'll find the motion not so vi'lent. The *Eagle* is rayther frolicsome, isn't she? Bless you, it's only her birdlike way."

They led the President to the cabin, and he sank upon a locker. "Leave me," he said, and they left him, after giving him a couple of dark, coarse blankets from a fearsome-looking bunk.

"If you ask me," said the Admiral, returning to the bridge, "things are prosperin'. 'E's as sick as a babby, an' by mornin' we can convince him o' anything. But I've got another little scheme on. The wind's risin,' an' there's goin' to be a bit o' a breeze. Now, then, Old Tom, just let the *Eagle* go—let 'er roll an' pitch just as 'ard as she likes. Let a big sea or two come on board, 'an knock 'er about."

"All right," said the skipper. "You take the responsibility. I'm on at a bit o' playfulness."

"Quite so—it's only our jocociousness," replied the Admiral. "As for responsibility, they can't fix it on anybody, it's so well distribbyted. Besides, if there's to be law, we shall ha' to go to law, too, to get his fare. Now, then, lads, listen to me. But let's go below, an' then the President can't 'ear us."

The Admiral led the way into the fish-room and there perfected his plan for what he called the conversion of the President.

"When the wind's at its worst," he said, "an' Old Tom noses 'er into a big sea, the cabin skylight must be opened an' the hatch left back. Then the cabin'll be flooded an' things'll be awash, an' the President'll think 'is time's come. Then there'll be loud shouts, as if we saw a steamboat a-comin', an' then we'll make out 'at we've been nigh lost because that steamboat's showin' the new lights—by mistake, of course. If the President don't leave the *Eagle* a cured man in the way o' fishin' lights, it won't be for want o' doctors."

At three o'clock in the morning, when the solitary occupant of the cabin lay breathing heavily, in a troubled doze, he was roused by fearful cries and tumult. He was wedged on the locker, between the table and a bunk; but the *Eagle* gave such a terrific leap and roll that he was thrown to the floor. Almost at the same instant there was a crash on the deck, the scream of the racing screw, and a deluge of salt water. It came down the companion like a little avalanche, and burst through the open skylight. The lamp went out, and the fire, which had burned low, was extinguished with a hissing sound.

For a moment the President thought that all was lost. Struggling in the water and the darkness, he shouted for help. None came. Instead he heard a voice at the skylight.

"Make the 'atch snug," shouted the Admiral, "and bring some fish-trunks to lash over the skylight. Hello, sir!" This was in answer to the President's call. "No, you can't come up—it's too risky. Stop there, sir, we'll look after you. Eh? No lights, an' you want comp'ny? 'Ere, Barnes, you go below an' comfort 'im. Cheer up, sir, it'll soon be daylight, an' the sun'll shine again sometime. Now, then, Barnes, look alive!"

The skipper was pushed into the cabin, and, with the President, was battened down. "Well, sir, if she *does* go down, you'll 'ave comp'ny," said Barnes.

"Go down!" echoed the President.

"Many's the steamboat 'at's gone down in the North Sea," answered Barnes, who was lighting the lamp and his pipe with the same match. "The steamboat's yet to be built that's immortal."

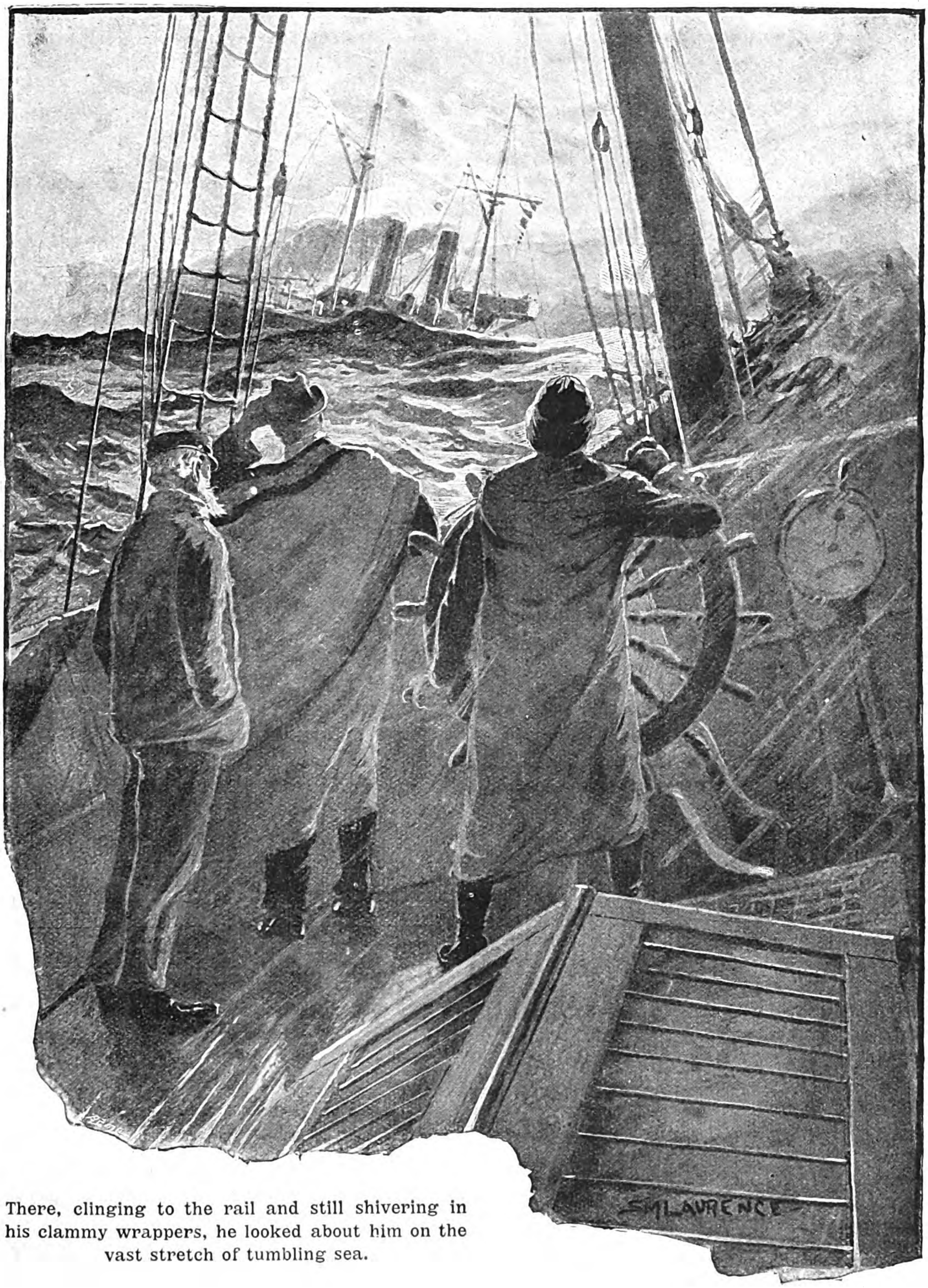
The President, in his soaking blankets, shivering with cold, and utterly miserable, crawled back to his resting-place, and listened to the roar of wind and sea. He dozed, and was unaware that Barnes had left the cabin and returned to the deck until he heard further commotion. "What's the matter?" he shouted, frantic with alarm. He climbed on to the table, so that his head was just under the skylight. Near him he heard the voice of the Admiral.

"Matter?" answered the Admiral. "Why, we've been nearly sent to the bottom by a lunatic that's got the new fishin' lights showin'—like a floatin' firework shop. Says 'e's seen 'em in the papers, an' that they're law."

"Let me out," demanded the President. "I refuse to be boxed up in this terrible hole any longer. If the ship is to sink I'd rather be on deck"

"She won't sink—not yet, at any rate," replied the Admiral. "If she begins to go, I'll come an' let you out, sir. But you're a deal comfortabler there at present."

He withdrew, and for the rest of the night the unhappy President lay and rolled on the cabin floor, regardless of dignity, and almost defying danger. As the dawn broke the wind fell, and the motion of the *Eagle* became less erratic. The unnerving noises also ceased, and when at last the Admiral appeared in the cabin there was comparative calm. He found the President wrapped in his blankets. He moved uncomfortably in his wet clothes.



There, clinging to the rail and still shivering in his clammy wrappers, he looked about him on the vast stretch of tumbling sea.

"Is it the salt water, sir?" inquired the Admiral compassionately.

"Salt water's rather damp," replied the President sadly.

"Oh," said the Admiral, "never mind, you'll soon get used to it, sir. It allus bothers fresh 'ands. Would you like to step on deck an' look round? There's no danger now."

With help from the Admiral, however, and some severe bruising he got as far as the little bridge, and there, clinging to the rail and still shivering in his clammy wrappers, he looked about him on the vast stretch of tumbling sea. It was a cheerless and depressing sight, but the President began to pick himself up with amazing quickness in the keen air. When the Admiral suggested hot coffee and toast and bacon he almost smiled, and said he thought he would.

The Admiral, with the full approval of Old Tom, had passed the order to the cook when the President, who had been looking about him again, pointed over the bows to a ship and said: "What's that?"

"What's that?" repeated the Admiral. "That's the gunboat—the Fisheries Protection gunboat that is, sir. She's been dancin' about there for some time. Would you, as a Gover'ment person, like to be put aboard, sir?"

He clung to the rail as he spoke, for the *Eagle* soared up a wave like the bird whose namesake she was. Simultaneously the gunboat wallowed in a hollow.

"If you'd like us to get the boat out an' ferry you across, say the word, sir," continued the Admiral, "an' it shall be done."

The President stared. "The boat out! In a sea like this?" he asked, amazed.

"An' why not?" demanded the Admiral. "Why, it's only a bit of a swell, follerin' nat'rally on the slight breeze we've inj'yed in the night. Come, my lads, lend a 'and wi' the boat—the gentleman wants ferryin' to the gunboat."

"Right, old skipper," answered several voices.

"Would you, sir," inquired the Admiral, "like a lifebelt round you, or will you trust to us? Or would you rather we asked the gunboat to send for you?"

"I will neither go nor be sent for," vowed the President. "I never heard of such a proposal. A boat! In a sea like this!" He gasped, and clung more tightly to the rail, as if he thought an organised attempt would be made to pluck him from his hold.

"You'd be comfortabler on board the gunboat," said the Admiral; "an' don't consider us, sir. To ferry you over is no more nor ferryin' a trunk o' fish. It's part o' our daily life. No? Well, then, sir, we'll put about an' run for home—eh, Old Tom?"

"We'd better," answered the skipper. "There's been precious little sport to-night, sir," he added, addressing the President. "There's been no chance o' gettin' the trawl down. They tell me, sir, 'at you reely came out to see wi' your own eyes what the new fishin' lights 'ud do—what a danger they'd be. Well, sir, if you ask me, I think you're a well plucked 'un. It's not every man 'at could 'a stood the knockin' about as you've done. Now you begin to be yourself, sir, an' to look as you should do—well an' earty."

The President began to recover rapidly. Here was a very excellent way out of any difficulty, and he accepted it. He had no wish to appear either foolish or ridiculous, and he promptly determined that he would indeed pose as an adventurous seeker after light.

"It is certainly advisable," he remarked, "that when a responsible Minister has the opportunity of collecting first-hand and visual evidence, he should take advantage of it."

"You've stood it like a 'ero, sir," said the Admiral; "an' now the breakfast's ready in the cabin. It's early, but you'll be ready for another by the time you're put ashore."

The President went below, and did justice to himself and the meal. By the time the harbour was reached again—about eight o'clock—he had fully recovered his spirits and amiability. He was, besides, inordinately proud of his achievement, feeling that he was no longer a mere layman in the matter of fishing lights, but an expert.

"I suppose, Admiral," he said, as he shook hands on the pier, "that every new member of the crew must pay his footing? Besides there's the damage done by the storm, and the loss of the night's fishing. Here's a note which I hope will cover it all and help you to remember me."

"And in the matter o' the fishin' lights, sir?" inquired the Admiral.

"Gentlemen," replied the President, "on that subject I hope to make a public announcement shortly. Good-bye."

The President did. Replying to a question in the House—to quote from a newspaper report—he said:

"With regard to the inquiry by my honourable and gallant friend, I may say that I recently took a trip in a steam trawler (hear, hear) with the desire to see with my own eyes, and hear with my own ears. I did both (cheers). After a stormy—I might say hazardous—night, in which I had the opportunity of gaining first-hand evidence of the danger of a change—for we narrowly escaped a collision in the darkness—I have come to the conclusion that it is inexpedient to alter the fishing lights, and they will accordingly remain as they are (cheers)."

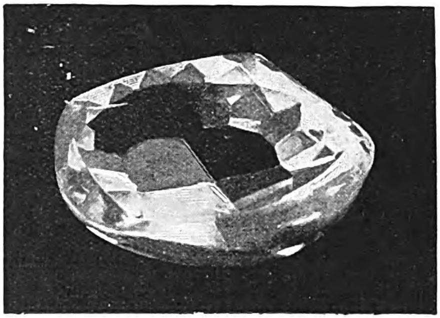
WORTH A KING'S RANSOM

The Illustrations show the stones their natural size.

An account of some of the most valuable diamonds in the world.

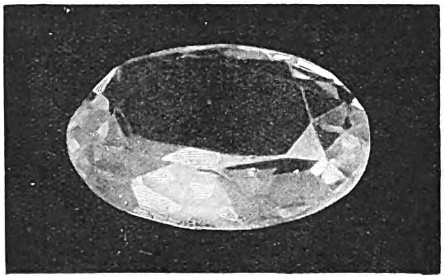
By Livesey Neville.

From ancient times, from the earliest days of civilisation, precious stones have been sought after with greed and avidity. At first they were mere trinkets, things to please the eye, but soon, from being ornaments only, their value was greatly enhanced, and they were regarded on an equal footing with gold in the treasuries of the great. How far, and to what extent of crime men and women would go to possess these gems is only too well known.



The Koh-i-noor, as it was first cut, weighed 168 carats.

The diamond enjoys the reputation of being the most precious of all jewels, and this, though, possibly, a fallacy, is bound to go a long way in securing for it its great popularity. In the bygone days the great sources of diamond production were the mines of Golconda and Bundelcund in India, many of the most famous diamonds having their origin there. Later on, Brazil and the East Indies produced some fine specimens, Borneo being particularly conspicuous; but to-day the greatest supply comes from South Africa.



The Koh-i-noor, as it now stands amongst the Crown jewels, weighs 106 carats and is valued at £140,000

The Orloff, the chief jewel in the Russian Imperial sceptre, is the largest cut diamond in the world. It weighs 194¾ carats, and cost Catherine II. £90,000 and an annuity of £4000.

The first diamond discovered there was in 1867, near the Vaal River, north of Kimberley, or rather where Kimberley now stands. The news spread, and thousands came to the river, which since then has yielded great profits. Three years later, stones were found at De Beer's Farm, Dutoit's Pan, and Bulfontein, in the Orange River Colony; again, in the neighbourhood of Coles Kop further east. The various mines were shortly afterwards amalgamated by the late Cecil Rhodes into the De Beers Consolidated Mines.

The celebrated Koh-i-noor diamond, now in the possession of our Royal House, is an Indian gem. We can trace its wanderings, with perfect authenticity, back one thousand

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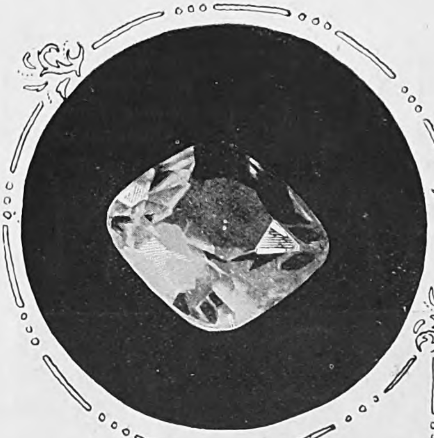


The Star of the South, found by a poor negro woman in 1853. Estimated value £80,000.

years, although native rumour declares that the stone dates back to 37 B.C. Its legendary origin, indeed, goes back five thousand years, when it was discovered in the bed of the Godiawery. It has been the prize of many a hard conflict amongst the Hindoo Rajahs, the last of its owners giving it to the East India Company in 1849, by whom it was presented to Queen Victoria. Its replica in paste appears amongst the Crown jewels in the "Tower," yet it is not Crown property, but the private possession of King Edward. The Koh-i-noor will be set in front of the crown to be worn by the Queen at the coming Coronation, surrounded by lesser stones worth £250,000.

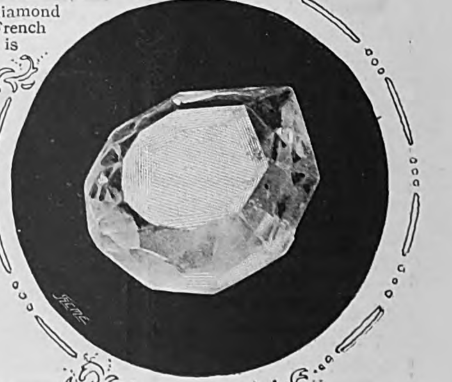
The Russian Imperial sceptre boasts the largest cut diamond in the world. The Orloff is also of Hindoo origin, and, like many other jewels of its kind, has graced, in the old days, the features of a sacred image. The story goes that it was stolen, by a clever subterfuge, by a French soldier, from the image of the god Scheringam, in the Temple of Brahma. It eventually, after many adventures, came into the hands of Catherine II. of Russia, who is reported to have given fourteen hundred thousand florins, in Dutch coin, for the beautiful stone.

The Sanci, lost by the Duke of Burgundy at Marot in 1476. This gem has had a chequered career, and is now in the possession of the Sachsen-Attenburg House.

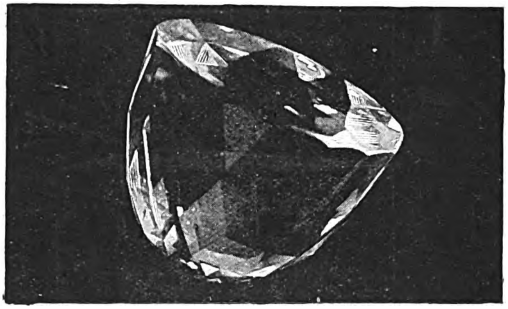
The Pitt or Regent is the most brilliant diamond in the world. It is the property of the French Government, and its estimated value is considerably over £100,000.

Though India boasts of the greatest number of diamonds of historic interest, Brazil has produced some wonderful specimens, amongst which may be mentioned the celebrated Star of the South. This stone is of a very delicate rose tint, and in the rough uncut state scaled two hundred and fifty-four carats. After being exhibited in London and Paris it was purchased by the Mahratta ruler of Baroda, for over eighty thousand pounds.

But for perfect form, purity, and brilliance, France can boast of the best specimen. The Duke of Orleans acquired the Regent whilst he was ruling during the minority of the young



The Austrian Yellow, lost, with the Sanci, at Marot, when found was presented by Pope Julius II. to Maria Theresa.



The Great Mogul, one of the largest diamonds in the world. It is worth £420,000.

Louis XV. It will be remembered that this jewel was pledged to the Dutch by the Government for money to carry on the Napoleonic wars, and afterwards redeemed. In 1792, with the celebrated blue Hope diamond, it was stolen, but eventually found its way back to the Parisian treasuries.

Two diamonds have been handed down to us, which were lost by Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, at the Battle of Marot in 1476, when the Duke lost all his luggage and valuable jewels. One, the Austrian Yellow, was, later on, presented to Marie Theresa by Pope Julius II. The other has a greater history.

This stone was picked up by a Swiss soldier and sold for a trifling sum to a French gentleman, Monsieur Sanci, from whom it takes its name. We have no record, of any authenticity, as to its former wanderings, but it is evident that the Sanci has glittered in many cities and at many courts.

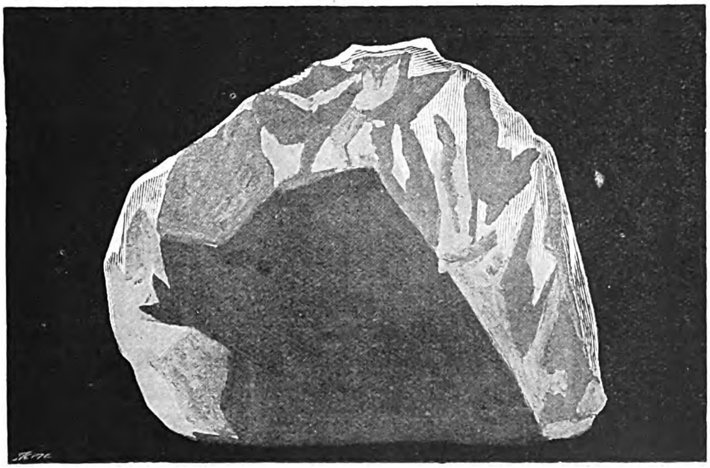
In 1685 James II. sold it to Louis XIV., and the last we hear of it is that it was worn by Princess Mary of Sachsen Gottenberg at her marriage in Berlin.

The Nassak, an Indian gem from the Temple of Shiva. Its value is about £50,000

Of the Great Mogul comparatively little is known now. Its original weight was seven hundred and eighty-seven carats, but owing to flaws and faulty cuttings it has been reduced to two hundred and eighty-nine carats.

The Nassak is a smaller stone than the Mogul, its weight being only seventy-eight odd carats. A prize from the Temple of Shiva, in Nassak, it was handed over to the Marquis of Hastings, and eventually was worn by the Marquis of Westminster at a drawing-room on Queen Victoria's birthday.

From the African mines has come the largest authentic diamond ever discovered, measuring two and a half inches in length, and weighing nine hundred and sixty-nine carats. This gem, however, has been broken up into smaller specimens, and so has not gained any abnormal fame.



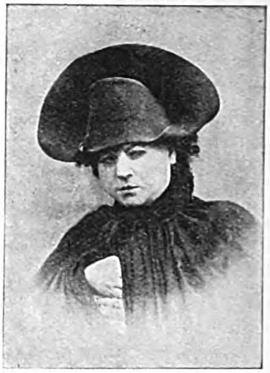
This was the largest diamond ever discovered. It has been broken up into smaller specimens. It came from the De Beers Mines.

CHAPEAUGRAPHY FOR LADIES

A new and original entertainment for which a ring of felt, a dark cloak, and a little ingenuity are all that is necessary.

By C. Lang Neil.

Photographs posed by Mlle. Patrice.



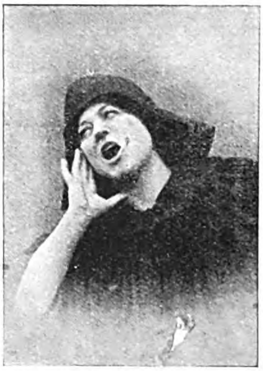
Napoleon.

To make the Napoleon hat, take hold of the outer edge of the felt and draw it through the centre opening as far as it will go. Place the hat upon the head with the inner edge of the drawn through part across the forehead, and then bend up the back of felt until it stands up at the back of the drawn through part.

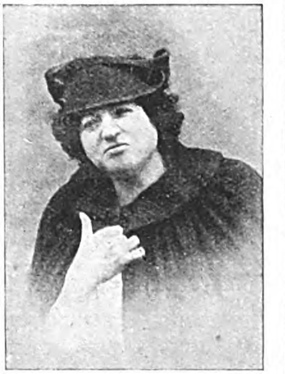
In these days of competition and rush and scurry, every hostess, with the cares of the coming season heavy on her, is eagerly seeking some new form of amusement to spring on her guests, something original, something no one else has tried, newer even than ping-pong.

Here, then, is quite a new and really very interesting form of entertainment, requiring little preparation and no stage, or special room, and all so simple that it can be learned in a short time by anybody.

A ring of soft felt and a dark cloak supply the necessary costume, dress, and make-up, while a little ingenuity on the part of the performer will do the rest.

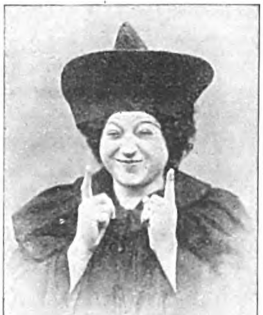


A dustman yelling his business along the London streets.



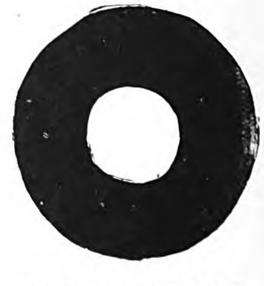
A coster exchanging pleasantries (?) in Billingsgate market.

In beginning, a few ordinary subjects should be studied, simple ones which will teach the tyro the proper use and manipulation of that mysterious piece of felt which forms the "chapeau." These will also afford ample practice in facial expressions and attitudes to be adopted. When these early ones have been mastered others will come; in fact, a vast field of study will open itself out to the performer, each twist and turn of the "chapeau" suggesting another subject.



This makes one think of "Chinaman no money makee allee lifee long," doesn't it?

It is the most entrancing pursuit imaginable, adding to its charms simplicity and lack of troublesome and cumbrous paraphernalia. For will not the whole "plant," to use a colloquial term, fit itself neatly into an ordinary music case? The hat, being of a soft, pliable felt, can easily be twisted and manipulated, so as to take any form or shape



The "chapeau" is made of felt, the diameter of the outer edge being about 17 inches, of the hole in the centre 6½.

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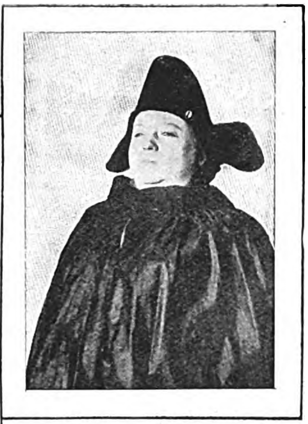
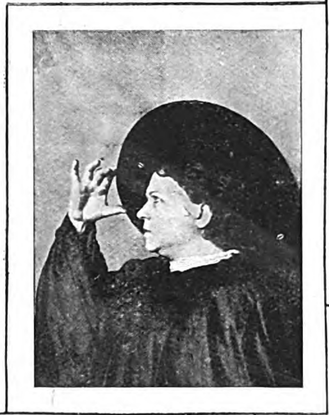
desirable—a nun's hood, or the stiff cocked hat of the portly beadle, a sombrero, and dustman's hat. The cloak will give little or no trouble. Of a dark colour and loose fit, it will readily adapt itself to the various studies, now resembling the workmen's frock, now the toreador's cloak, or again a military cape.



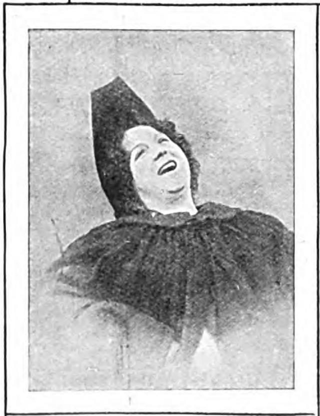
"Look out, you naughty little boys, the Beadle is coming!"



A wide-brimmed sombrero from the prairies out West.

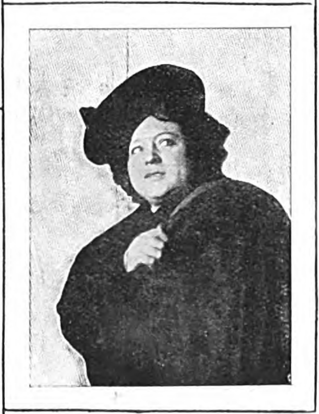
But the success of chapeaugraphic entertainments lies not only in the correctness of the portrait, but, in a very great measure, in the smartness with which each character is dealt with. Now, when the amateur has got the expression of the character to her satisfaction, she should practise both making the "hat" and the "face" as quickly as possible. Practise in this manner until quite half-a-dozen subjects have been mastered.

It is only natural that an amateur will, at a first trial, be nervous, and as nervousness is always disastrous to entertainments of any kind, it is just as well to postpone the *début* until proficiency is assured, and nervousness banished by repeated rehearsals, with one's own family for audience. Then, when all the subjects chosen have been perfectly learnt, an essay before friends may be attempted.

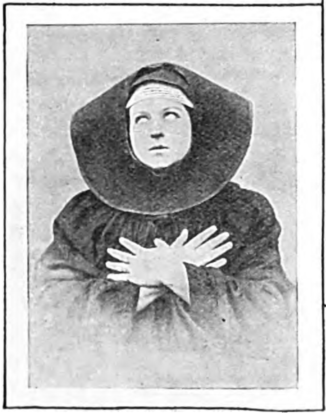


"A jovial monk am I," laughs this jolly French priest.

In introducing the entertainment it is a good plan to hand round the chapeau for general inspection "to show there is no deception," and then explain that you will endeavour with the aid of this simple little piece of felt and the assistance of your own features, to give the audience a few impersonations of people and characters they are familiar with.



With a twist of the felt we have a toreador.



This nun hardly approves of the ribald laughter of her colleague above.

Next give the title of your first subject, turn round, manipulating the felt to the required shape as you do so, pull the correct facial expression and adjust your headgear, turning sharply round again to face the audience, and striking an attitude emblematic of the character impersonated. Stand perfectly rigid in this attitude, without altering the features in the slightest degree for at least twelve seconds, then suddenly let the assumed expression and attitude vanish, pull off the chapeau, and commence the next impersonation, proceeding as quickly as before.

It must be remembered that a quick, sharp entertainment is twice as effective and commands twice as much respect as a slow, dragged-out one.

A PRESENT

BY

RALPH HAROLD BRETHERTON.

I WAS busy, but the children demanded an audience.

"Well," I said, "I suppose our relationship gives you a right to disturb me. Come in and tell me what you want."

Bene, though the younger of the twain, was the leader of the deputation. From that I learnt that it was not a serious matter that was about to be laid before me. Bene takes after me, and is philosophical. Gerry takes after his mother and worries over things. If Gerry had led this deputation, ten to one I should have been called upon to set a trouble right; but, as Bene was the leader, I suspected that I was to be dragged into some happy-go-lucky scheme. I put on an official air, and received the deputation with courtesy.

The deputation scarcely understood the etiquette that exists between humble petitioners and higher powers. One half sat on one side of my desk, and the other half on the other end. I drew some crumpled papers from under Gerry, and moved the inkpot away from Bene. "You don't want to spoil your pretty frock, do you, Bene?" I asked.

She drew her little skirts daintily about her, and looked at the surface of the desk. "No," she said. "But it's all quite clean."

"Well," I asked, "what do you want?"

"We want to give muvvie a Kissmuss present," Bene said.

"That's very kind of you."

"And we want it to be a s'prise," Gerry added.

"I suppose you're afraid of being hugged to death," I said.

"No, but it'll be so nice for muvvie not to know who it comes from," Bene said.

"How do you propose to give it to her, then?"

Bene had laid her plans, and she unfolded them.

"We're going to play Father Kissmuss."

"But Father Christmas won't like that at all."

"There isn't any Father Kissmuss," Gerry said.

"My dear children, you don't know what you're talking about. Who do you imagine fills your stockings—or rather, would fill your stockings if the things he brought were not too large to go into them—every Christmas eve?"

"You and muvvie," Bene said.

"I deny it most emphatically."

"But we've seen you."

"Well, you know, Father Christmas always takes the form or forms of the parents of the children he visits."

"We've thought it over," Gerry said, "and

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we don't believe there is any Father Kissmus."

"You little irreligious heretics! For goodness sake don't tell mother you don't believe in Father Christmas. She believes in him, and you're very naughty not to follow her example."

"I'm glad muvvie believes," Bene said, "'cause she'll think the present came from him, and not from us."

"Then you are going to put something in your mother's stocking?"

"Yes."

"But I'm not sure that she hangs a stocking up."

"You must make her."

"Have you thought of anything?" I asked.

Bene had thought of a ring and Gerry of a watch.

"You mustn't ruin yourselves, children," I said.

"Oh, no," Bene answered. "If we haven't got enough, you'll let us have some more, won't you?"

I elicited that the children were possessed of five shillings and sixpence.

"A ring," Bene said, "might cost a little more, mightn't it?"

"A watch might be more 'spensive than five and six," Gerry supposed.

"It's quite possible," I said. "But which shall it be, a watch or a ring?"

We decided on a ring.

"Shall it have diamonds, rubies, pearls, or what?" I asked.

"Oh, dymons, big, luvvy, sparkling dymons," Bene said. "And you'll get it for us, won't you, father? You'll know what to get better than us."

"And we want to give you a present," Gerry added. "You can get it when you get muvvie's."

"Thanks. Are you going to play Father Christmas to me?"

"No, 'cos you don't believe in him," Bene said.

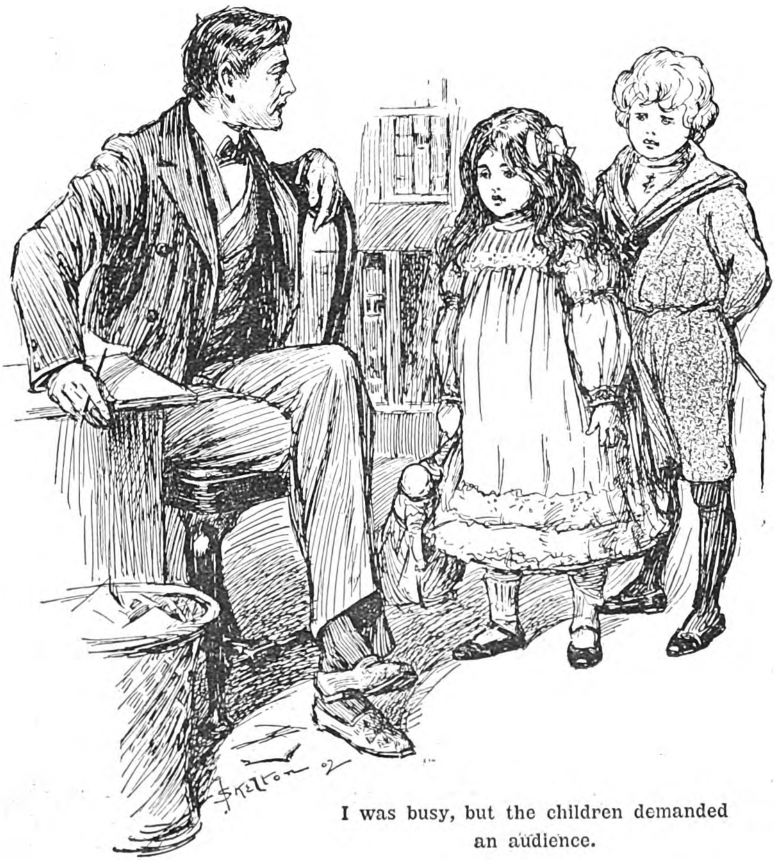
"Well, what are you going to give me?"

"Anything you like," Bene said generously.

"Do you know those boxes of real, live, clay bricks—dear little red bricks? I'm just longing for one of those boxes—one of the biggest of those boxes, containing I don't know how many bricks. Will you give me one? May I get one?"

The children assented, and I tried to appear thoughtful. I scratched my head and puckered my brows.

"It has occurred to me, kiddies," I said, "that it would be rather awkward if muvvie knew that you'd given me the bricks. You see, she'll think you've given me a present, and haven't given her one, because she'll think her present came from Father Christmas. Do you mind if I put your present to me in your stocking—metaphorically speaking, of



I was busy, but the children demanded an audience.

course, because it won't go in? It'll be the best way, I think."

The children demurred, and then agreed.

"You won't tell muvvie we're going to give her a ring?" Bene said.

"But why not give it to her straight out?" I asked.

"Oh," said Gerry, "we don't want her to know where it comes from."

The mystery was the thing; the children revelled in it; and I made solemn promises to keep their secret.

"We'll be ever so angry if you don't," Bene threatened.

"The audience is at an end," I said. "The deputation will retire."

The deputation retired as informally as it had come. It took away with it the usual promises and assurances which officials in high places give, and, in addition, some kisses which, perhaps, were unnecessary.

In the next few day I bought the bricks and the ring. I forgot to ask the children for their five and sixpence, and they forgot to give it to me; but that was a matter of little importance. I showed the ring to the children, and they were delighted with it. I felt sure that Beatrice would be delighted, too; she is very fond of jewellery.

Beatrice asked the children what they would like for Christmas, so that she might tell Father Christmas. They detailed their wants, and she told them to wish, and they would get everything. Beatrice, you see, still believed that Father Christmas was real —to her children. And, whether the children believed in Father Christmas or not, they knew that whoever personified him would be infallible.

I hung up Beatrice's stocking myself, when we went to bed after filling the children's stockings.

"Why on earth do you do that?" Beatrice asked.

"Oh! just for fun," I said.

"You silly old goose!" she cried, but she was too sleepy and happy to trouble to take it down.

Beatrice was soon asleep, but I lay awake, waiting to hear the children come. They came towards midnight, and I snored loudly to reassure them. They crept in with a rustle of unaccustomed stealth, and listened at the foot of the bed.

"They're boff 'sleep," Bene whispered to Gerry.

They knew where to find the stocking in the dark, for they had arranged with me where to put it. They fumbled the box containing the ring down to the bottom of the stocking, which was tied to the foot of the bed. The children tugged so at the stocking that the bed shook a little, but Beatrice did not wake up, and my snoring increased.

"I want to kiss muvvie," Bene said.

"No," Gerry said sternly.

They crept back to the door.

Beatrice slept, and I snored, and the children pattered back to the nursery.

Beatrice woke early, and, rousing me, got out and struck a light.

"Oh! there's that silly old stocking," she cried, looking at the foot of the bed.

I smiled under closed eyes, and Beatrice snatched the stocking down.

"Oh!" she said wonderingly, "there's something in it."

Half a minute passed in silence, and then a darkness fell across my face. Beatrice was kissing me rapturously.

"You darling boy," she cried.

I sat up.

"What does all this affection mean?" I asked.

Beatrice held up the ring.

"I know why you hung up the stocking," she said. "You wanted to give me this ring."

"What ring?"

"This ring, of course." She displayed the ring upon her finger. I knew by the light in her eyes that the children had made their mother a present which pleased her greatly. "It is good of you to give me such a ducky ring."

I was bewildered. I had not expected to be thanked for the children's present to Beatrice.

"Father Christmas gave you that ring," I said, "not I."

"Nonsense! He doesn't put rings in stockings. He can't have done it."

"It's not impossible, I assure you. He's put a Noah's Ark in before now."

Beatrice kissed me again, and said that I was the best husband in the world; her gratitude made me uncomfortable. I was tempted to break my promise to the children, but I decided to wait until I had consulted with them. I had no chance, however, before breakfast, of private conversation with them. Beatrice rushed off to wish the children "A Merry Christmas" directly she was dressed.

"Oh, do come and look at the lovely things the darlings have got," she called to me.

Of course neither Beatrice nor I had seen the things before. We looked upon them for the first time, and expressed amaze at their magnificence. The bricks puzzled Beatrice. She wondered how they came to be among the presents. She looked at me inquiringly, but said nothing.

Beatrice wore the ring at breakfast. She held out her hand over the teapot.

"Look, children, at the lovely ring father has given me," she cried.

"Father Christmas has given you," I corrected.

The children lifted up from their porridge two startled faces. They had not foreseen that I should be thought the donor of the ring, and they were taken aback. The delightful mystery they had planned was not working quite as they had expected. Tears blinked in Bene's eyes, and the corners of Gerry's mouth turned down. But the little hypocrites still pretended to know nothing of the present.

"Oh, muvvie, it is nice," Bene said.

"Aw'fy nice," Gerry added.

"Wasn't father good to give it to me?" Beatrice said.

The children murmured that I was very good.

"Kiss him for being so good to mother," said Beatrice.

The children did as they were bid. As they kissed me, I whispered to them: "Hadn't I better tell mother that it is your present?"

"No," said Bene resolutely, "not just yet."

"We want to keep the secret a bit longer," Gerry said,

It was foolish of them, but I suppose they still hugged the mystery dearly to them. though, for the life of me, I could not see what good it did them.

"It's very nice to receive all these kisses," I said, "but you have no reason, Beatrice, for supposing that the ring came from me."

"But I know it does," Beatrice said.

"Did you find it in your stocking?' Bene asked.

"Yes."

"Then it was Father Kissmuss."

"But he wouldn't come to me."

"Don't you believe in him, muvvie?"

"Of course I do," Beatrice said hurriedly.

"It may have been him," Bene persisted. I could see that it did not please her that I was mistaken for the donor, although she was not, as yet, ready to confess herself, with Gerry, the author of the gift. She saw what gratitude went out from Beatrice to me, and regretted that she had made the present in such a way that she missed that gratitude.

It is pleasant to dream of making a present in secrecy, but disappointing to see some unworthy person thanked as the kind giver. Bene was hurt. She knew now that the most pleasant part of generosity was the thanks that one received. She was not one of those haughty persons who scornfully wave away thanks. Besides which, the whole world fought for Beatrice's gratitude, always so genuinely given. Bene knew that a share of it was due to her, and, when she saw that share going to me, she was sorry that she had forsworn it, and she wished to divert it from me to some impersonal being, such as Father Christmas, who might be (and, indeed, had been, on this occasion) herself. So Bene was sad and silent, and Gerald took an interest in distant things which he mournfully observed beyond the breakfast table.

The children, lest their gloom should be observed, affected gaiety. Bene hummed, and Gerry ate ravenously and talked. rapidly at the same time.

"I'm ever so happy," he declared, but he still gazed mournfully at distant things. Bene's humming stopped abruptly, and she looked at her plate.

"Have some more porridge?" Beatrice asked.

Bene shook her head. "I will," Gerry said in a shaky voice, and he held out his plate.

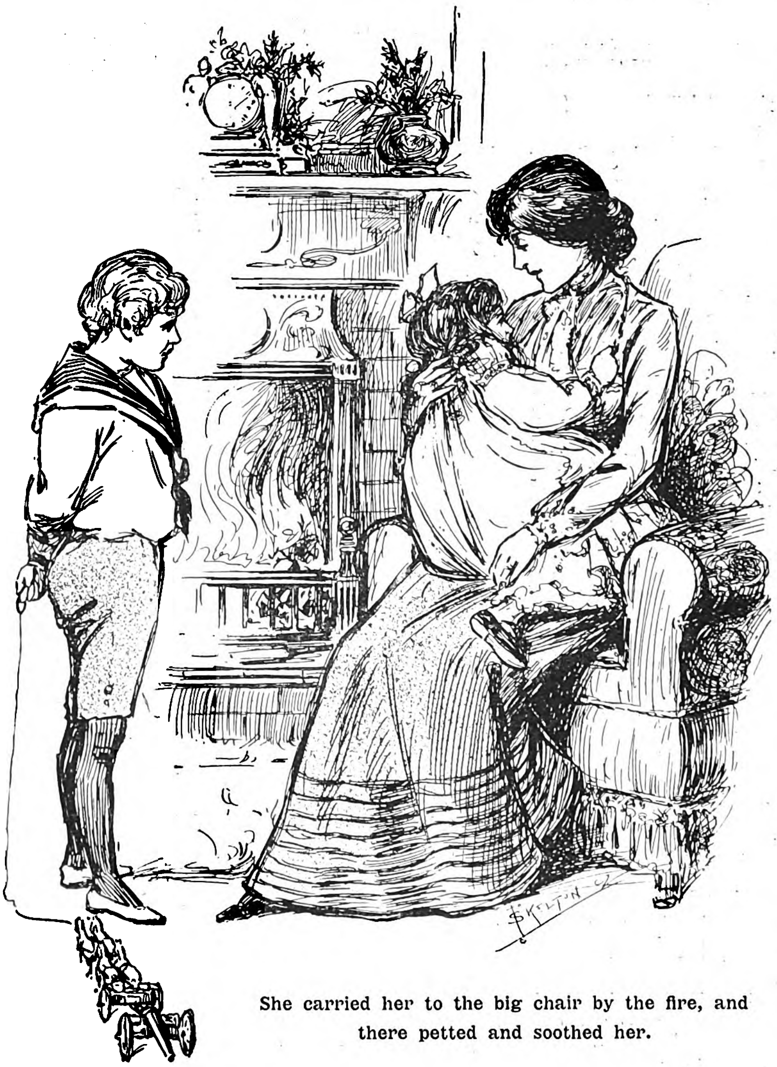
Beatrice could talk only of the ring. It was far better, she declared, than any ring she had ever had, and she hoped I had not ruined myself to get it. She continued to thank me, and I grew very uncomfortable. At the end of breakfast she came round and kissed me. She leaned over my shoulders, and, with her arm round my neck, rocked me to and fro in my chair.

"You're a dear old thing," she said.

A spasm passed through Bene's little frame. She looked at us through quivering eyelids, and the horror on her face would have been laughable, had it not been so real. It was impossible to bear stoically, even to keep up a mystery, or to help on a "s'prise," the sight of Beatrice hugging me for favours of which, unhappily, I was not the giver, and for which all thanks were due to Bene and her brother; and the child, realising how much she had lost, laid her head on the tablecloth and howled; Gerry was somewhat braver.

"Oh, don't cry yet, Bene," he said.

Beatrice left me, and went to comfort Bene. She carried her to the big chair by the fire, and there petted and soothed her.



She carried her to the big chair by the fire, and there petted and soothed her.

"You mustn't cry on Christmas morning," Beatrice said.

"I can't help it," Bene sobbed.

"But what makes you cry?"

"The ring."

"The ring! Why, don't you like it?"

"Father didn't give it to you."

"What do you mean?"

"It was me and Gerry—and—and—you've been—be-en kissing father."

"Yes; me and Bene," Gerry said, and he suddenly took a very affectionate interest in his sister, with the result that he insinuated himself with her into the maternal embrace which was primarily to soothe Bene's tears.

I explained everything to Beatrice.

"What dear little stupids you are!" she cried, when she heard the story. "Why didn't you give me the ring in some other way? What made you put it in my stocking?"

"We wanted it to be a s'prise," Gerry said.

"You got the s'prise, kiddies," I remarked, "when you found me getting all the kisses."

"Yes," said Bene; but she was happy now, and her tears were gone.

"You might have told me, Hal," said Beatrice reproachfully.

"I longed to, but I had promised the children to keep it secret."

Beatrice remembered how she had thanked and kissed me.

"You were well paid for your trouble," she said.

"Yes," I answered, "but it hurt my tender conscience to receive the thanks which, by rights, should have gone to the children. If you had looked, you would have seen me writhing under unjust suspicion."

We all laughed, and then Beatrice's face clouded.

"But haven't you given father anything, children?" she asked.

"Yes," I said, "the bricks."

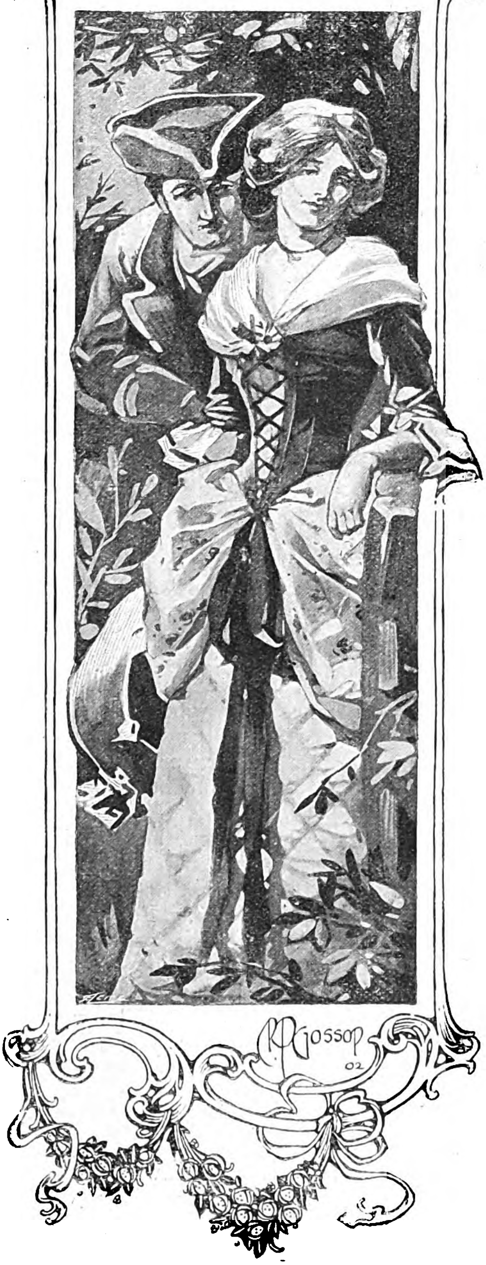
"But I thought——" Beatrice began.

"Shut up," I said.

"But——," she began again. I clapped my hand over her mouth.

"I'll tell you all about it later," I whispered, "but do be quiet now."

LOVE IS KING



I.

What does the blackbird sing so
clear?
Why does the primrose smile?
What is the tale told in the ear
Of the maid by the stile?
Why does she blush, why does
she pale?
Trying her face to shade,
Love is the song and love the tale
Told to the flow'r and maid.

II.

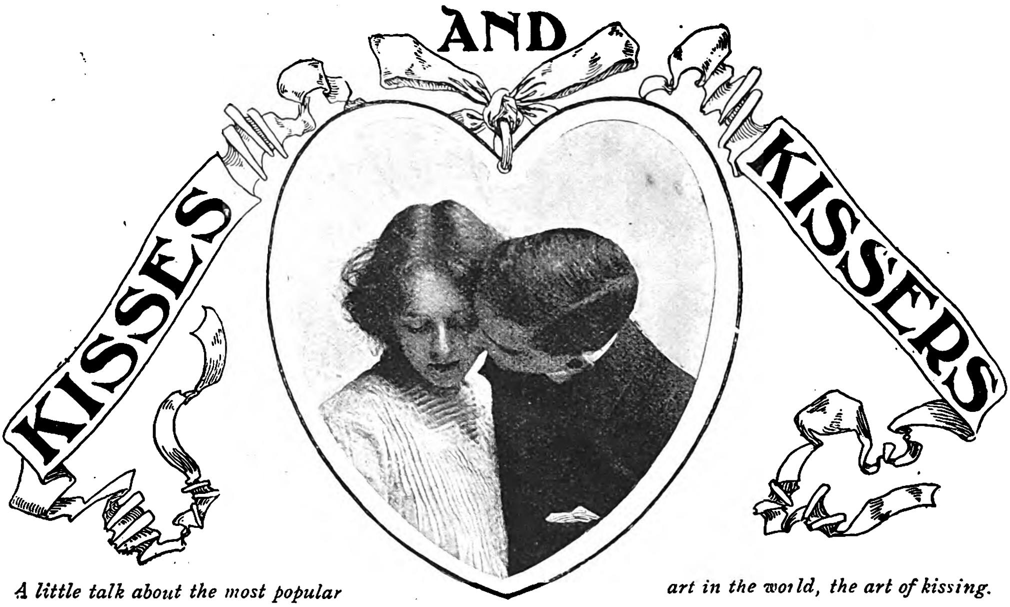
What makes the sky seem dull
and grey?
Why does the ocean moan?
Why does the maiden wend her
way
Sorrowing all alone?
Why does she sigh, why are the
tears
Streaming from her blue eyes?
Love is the cause of grief and fears
That in her heart arise.

III.

Why does the sun shine warm and
bright?
Why do the church bells ring?
Why is the maiden robed in white?
What do the children sing?
Why do they shout? Why do
they cast
Flowers before her feet?
It is because the storm is past—
Love is the King they greet.

G. D. Lynch.

KISSES AND KISSERS



A little talk about the most popular art in the world, the art of kissing.

By Simon Gregory.

This is a very large subject, and should be treated exhaustively, in a dozen large folio volumes at least. It should be treated historically, practically, as an art, and as a science. However, here, where I am only allowed a few pages to expatiate on a subject covering such a vast field, all these various ways must be, so to speak, boiled down into a very short space.

The historical heading can be dismissed at once. Of the origin of kissing we know little and, as it is essentially an up-to-date science, we care less. It is really interesting to note that kissing seems to stay. It does not grow out of fashion like other things, but is always new, always fresh, always, we are informed by the British Museum authorities, delightful.

Of course, the most important kiss is the "Kiss of Love"—so important that it must be treated very seriously indeed. So do not let me see you laughing behind your fan, my dear young lady of barely eighteen summers. I am, I admit, a fusty old bachelor, but I have consulted all sorts of great authorities, from the Domesday Book to the *Times'* leader page, and, really, I think I know something about it by now. So listen carefully, brown-haired Miss. I am weighty and serious.

The first kiss of love is delightful and unique. The lady is perhaps coy. She looks down, your arm is round her waist, you only want one, just one—won't she be nice and kind? A moment of suspense and— Well, you take your one kiss. After that first kiss it is plain sailing. The experiment is tried and repeated several times. The pleasure never wears away, even when you and the young lady of your choice are married, when you both have grown grey, and you yourself are bald in patches and ugly. A lady is never ugly and never old.

Sometimes your wife will come and sit on the arm of your chair when you are reading your morning paper, smoking your matutinal cigarette. This affection is very curious indeed. You wonder why. Your wife kisses you and—what can she be up to? Does she want you to take her to a classical concert? Surely not! Or a theatre? Anyhow, it's time you were off. For the first time in your life you bless your morning train. There is one more big kiss, and you escape.

But at what a cost? The worst of it is, your wife will expect you to take her to church next Sunday morning to show off the lovely new hat.

Take care of such kisses. They are the kisses of Delilah.

But besides the above mentioned kisses there are others, in their way equally important.

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There is the kiss of the father for his daughter—parental in the extreme, administered usually on the forehead, bearing with it a world of advice and good counsel, with a dash of genial blessing thrown in.

There is a certain heartiness in the way a brother kisses his sister, an honesty in it which cannot be hidden. It is not effusive and cannot be called affectionate, but it really means a good deal. In most cases it is not often exhibited, perhaps because a boy is always afraid of, what he calls, "making an ass of himself" before strangers.

A goodbye kiss.

The kiss of an average sister for an average brother is, on the contrary, quite different. There is always a certain amount of admiration for a brother in the sister's heart, which is seldom concealed. A brother's opinion on general subjects is usually looked upon with respect. At any rate, this is the case with all properly-minded sisters, as the sister's opinion on her brother's lady friends is not without its value in the brother's mind.

A perfect kiss.

Very tempting!

A sister does not seem to be ashamed of having a brother and loving him. I have known brothers who will present their heads to their sisters to be kissed, just as a monarch might graciously extend his hand to a courtier. The curious part is that the sister always acceeds to the brother's request—or rather command—and kisses him quite tenderly, which shows that she knows her duty, and has been properly brought up!

Apart from a court ceremonial, hand kissing is one of the arts of the age of courtesy now passed. To kiss a lady's hand now is considered pedantic and sentimental. But should you ever be tempted to revive this very courteous mode of greeting, this is how it should be performed:

The lady's hand must not be raised to the lips; it must be held, not firmly, but lightly. In fact, the lady's hand must only rest on that of the man, while he bends over it, touching it lightly with his lips. However, to be done gracefully and with effect, a costume of the cavalier, or, at any rate, of the early Victorian period is necessary.

'What does she want? A gown or a new hat?

The parental kiss has a touch of blessing about it.

It is really most amusing to see the effusive and affectionate kiss between two ladies. They rush into each other's arms and call each other "dear girls," and all sorts of nice things, to show how well they love each other; and yet, as likely as not, each will say all sorts of nasty things about the other behind their backs. To the male mind this is somewhat perplexing. No doubt if one were to argue out the thing with a lady friend, she would prove, quite indisputably and to her own satisfaction, that these strange vagaries were quite as they should be, and if you ventured a mild criticism, would say "Oh! it is all so obvious." Ladies are, as some one once said, "rum beggars."

The old maiden aunt always kisses her nieces and nephews when she meets them. It is not exactly a pleasant experience to go through; there is little warmth in the kiss; in fact it more resembles a peck than anything else. But no doubt the dear maiden aunt enjoys it a good deal more than you do, so there is no more to be said.

Kissing in public is always excessively awkward,

The brother accepts the sister's kiss, but is not very enthusiastic about it.

Kissing of hands is ceremonial or a sign of very great devotion.

Look how affectionate these two sweet creatures are. I wonder what they will say about each other afterwards.

for a man at any rate. I remember, in my green and callow youth, before I had numbered seventeen summers, being kissed publicly, before a whole drawing-room full of people, by an American lady about to leave England to cross to New York.

My horror may be imagined, especially when some heartless person in the room accused me of blushing. Needless to say, this accusation being unrefutable, I fled precipitously.

Children, too, are sometimes told to "kiss and make friends"—a performance which invariably goes against the grain. It is quite delightful to see them carefully wiping the kisses away on their sleeves or pinafores. They never have handkerchiefs, by the way.

I was a child once, and a very autocratic one. Hence, imagine my disgust when one day I was told that my little girl cousin was to ride in my particular and private perambulator. The "pram." was a big three-wheeled affair with room for two. But I was what may be called a "Mellin's food baby," and so filled up most of it. Added to the above insult, the nurse said to me, "Now, Simon, kiss cousin Sylvia." The police talked about causing an obstruction in the public streets after that.

THE GALLANT BANTAM

PLEASE HANDLE WITH CARE
Edith Fuller Ows.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN

By Clara Morris.

You must have often heard the expression: "He looks as though he had just come out of a band-box." Well, when Banty arrived at his present home, he literally stepped out of a band-box, in which he had travelled from Manchester, in company with Antoinette and Susan, his two charming wives. When the box was brought into the house it had tied over its top for a cover a piece of wire netting, and just as the mistress pulled it off the gardener cried:

"Take care, mum—they'll dash out and be breaking everything!"

But the little fellow said quickly: "Keep still, my dears, there's nothing to be afraid of! That fellow must take us for a lot of wild rabbits — confound him!" while all the time the mistress was crying: "Oh, you lovely things! Oh! isn't he a little gem?" and she softly laid her fingers on his head, and stroked him, at which he drew a thin white film across his bright garnet eyes, lifted up his feathers after the fashion of a parrot, and said: "K—r—kret!"

And everyone laughed aloud, for though he spoke in his own language, even the men and women understood that he wanted the mistress to go on rubbing his head and stroking his feathers, which she smilingly did, until Antoinette's jealousy showed itself in a sharp peck at the mistress's hand.

And then the gardener lifted the box, and carried the entire family down to that portion of the chicken-house yard that had been wired off especially for their use, and put the box down and withdrew.

The quality that was to make Banty popular in the neighbourhood—a self-sacrificing devotion to his wives, as lasting as it was delicate—showed itself the very next day after his arrival. Whenever, during the routine of domestic duties, one of the ladies found it was time to deposit a pretty, toy-like egg in one of the nests, she assumed a nonchalant, even an absent-minded expression, and, under cover of this indifference, separated herself from the rest of the family and discreetly retired to the privacy of the nest.

Now, other cocks at such times are apt to be found bandying compliments with pert young hens, or foraging selfishly for themselves, or picking fights. But not so Banty. When he missed his tiny wife he smiled knowingly, scratched up a few worms or slugs, and, under cover of No. 2's enjoyment of them, he slipped after No. 1, and with a friendly "K-r—kret!" cuddled his handsome little body as close to her as he could possibly get, where, as egg-laying seems to be a somnolent occupation, they dozed and nodded socially together, until the sudden opening of her clear red eyes and a choking "cluck-cluck!" in her throat told him the séance was over, when, in a perfect whirlpool of triumphant joy, they issued forth, and cackling and strutting they made the circuit of their inclosure.

It seems strange that the pleasure of laying an egg never palls. An experienced old hen will, at her thousandth egg, show the same hilarious joy that the sight of her first egg produced in her. But, then, a perfectly shaped white or ivory-tinted egg is a very beautiful thing, especially when you find it in a sweet-scented nest of hay, instead of the wooden box of the grocer, and it is a wonderful and valuable thing, perhaps; and, after all, the hen is to be excused for showing that she knows a good thing when she sees it.

Now the peculiar conduct of Banty was very soon noticed by the men on the farm, and they would leave their work to go and stare mockingly at his delicate attention to his wives, and by-and-by it was spoken of in the neighbourhood, and ladies came sometimes to peep into the house and see for themselves the tiny little white cock, sitting close to the nest side, keeping his wife company during the egg-séance, and they bubbled over with delight and admiration; nor can it be doubted that Banty enjoyed their praise, for he was a little *beau* to the ends of his small spurs.

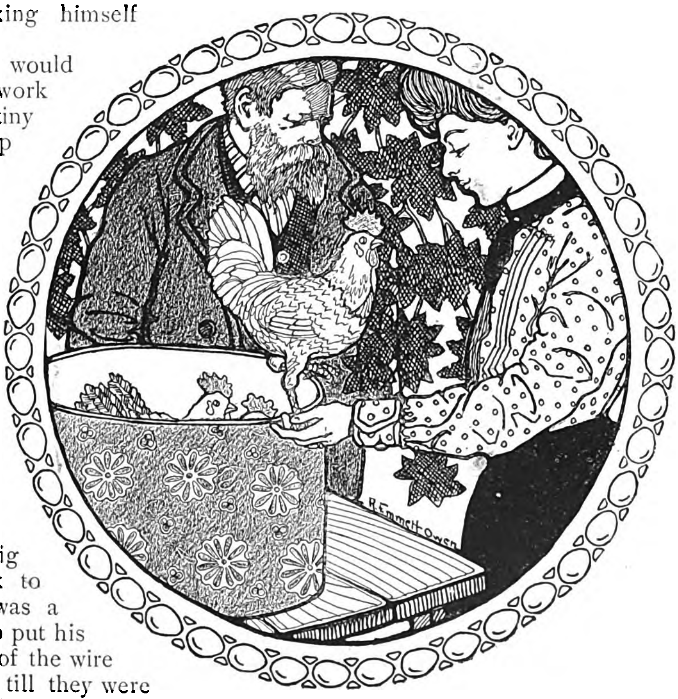
In another way, too, he differed from most cocks. The immense Plymouth-Rock cock known as "Plym," would, for instance, solemnly dig up some fat slug or grub, and would call loudly, "Chook chook!" and his string of wives would come rushing, all out of breath, eager to enjoy their expected treat, and when they had all had a good look at it, he would say, "Now just see me eat it!" and down he would gobble it himself and then strut about thinking himself a magnificent creature.

But the gallant little bantam would set his strong little claws to work and tear the earth up like a tiny plough, and when *he* turned up some delicate morsels, he would "chook-chook!" and the little ladies would come running, whereupon Banty would draw back and watch them while they ate delightedly these fruits of his toil—but Banty was then, as he is now, a gentleman!

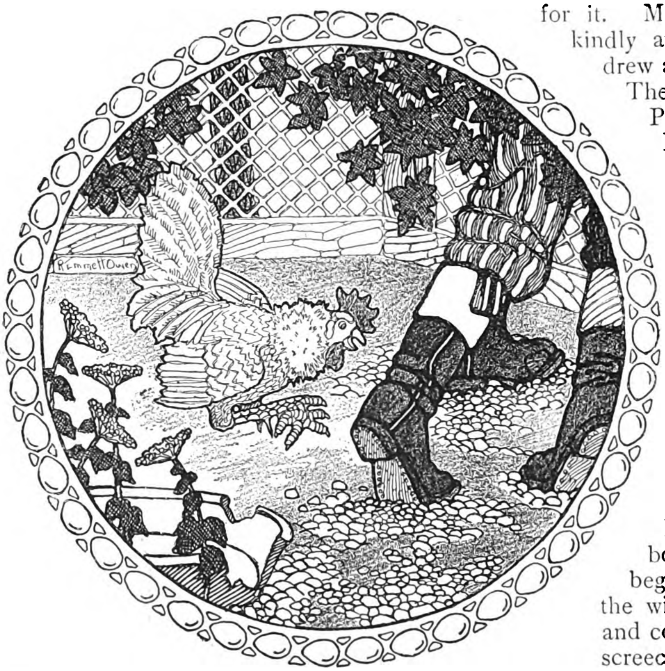
They lived very happily. Antoinette, to be sure, had no diamonds for her gizzard, but crushed oyster-shell and some clean pebbles seemed to answer as substitutes. Big Plym was the one drawback to their peace of mind. He was a coarse fellow, and he used to put his big yellow eye to the meshes of the wire net, and stare at the ladies till they were quite upset, and Banty told him more than once that he'd give him a sound thrashing some day, if they both lived long enough; and they did live long enough, and Banty kept his word, too!

Yet, right in the midst of their contentment, disaster came. Poor Susan! a cruel accident took her out of the world, the only comfort being that it was so swift a stroke that she had no time even to feel pain. After that Banty was never away from Antoinette's side. The men said he fed that laying hen as if she had been a cheeping little downy chick; and so, sweetly and lovingly, they were passing through life, when Antoinette began to droop, to sicken. All that the mistress could do was done. Medicine was given, artificial heat was applied, but nothing availed, Antoinette was dying, and Banty knew it!

Poor little man! She could not stand on her feeble legs, so he would not stand on his. He, from sitting behind her, finally squeezed himself into the nest with her, and there he stayed. He would not come away to feed, to exercise, or take a dust bath. He left his feathers undressed, unpreened. They began to look dull; his bright comb was fading, and then one day he "K-r-kretted" in vain. Poor Antoinette's little head lay sidewise toward him, but she was quite dead; and when they went to take her out of the nest to



He literally stepped out of a band-box.



Banty fought like a small fiend and tried to spur the men's legs as they walked.

bury her by Susan, Banty, in a very fury of outraged grief, flew at the men's hands and fought like a small fiend, and followed them to the opening of the netting and tried to spur their legs as they walked.

With tearful eyes his mistress lifted him and stroked his head, but he was silent. No pleased "K—r—kret" answered her, and soon she saw there was but one small chance of saving the life of the grieving little creature—she resolved to turn him free and let him go with the other fowls.

"Oh, mum!" cried the gardener, "them big cocks will lick the life out of him!"

But the mistress put her head on one side and said thoughtfully: "Do you think so? well I don't!" and there suddenly came to her memory the chorus of a song an old woman used to sing at her work, and, to herself she repeated:

"Oh, put your *little* chicken
In the middle of the ring,
And *never* bet your money
On a Shanghai!"

and added, aloud: "I have faith to believe that little fellow is game; but even if another cock should be too much for him, he'd better far die fighting than die of grief!"

And so poor, lonely, drooping, little Banty received his liberty, when he no longer cared for it. Most of the fowls treated him kindly and spoke to him fairly, but he drew aside and walked sadly alone.

Then up stalked the immense Plym, and, looking down on Banty, made a coarse remark about his size; and Banty stopped, and looking Plym up and down, said:

"Oh, I believe you are the rascal who used to annoy the late ladies Bantam. I told you I'd thrash you, and——"

Oh, it was a beautiful fight! Big Plym did his best, but that little fiend was as quick as lightning—he was everywhere, except where Plym struck. He seemed to have turned himself into a bounding ball of feathers. Blood began to show on both of them; the wildest confusion reigned—hens and cocks cackling and crowing and screeching; and at last little Banty succeeded in what he had been trying for from the first—the strain of game blood in him making him fiercely indifferent to the punishment he received himself. He fought on, till at last he bounded on to Plym's back, and vindictively attacked his eyes, and his mistress had the satisfaction of seeing the men running to save big Plymouth-Rock Plym from her lion-hearted Bantam!

She took him into her lap, and as she sponged his bloody little face, he cheerfully remarked, "K-r-kret! k-r-r-kret!" and at those welcome words his mistress burst out singing:

"Oh, put your *little* chicken
In the middle of the ring,
And *never* bet your money
On a Shanghai!"

For that fight had done more to stimulate the small widower than had all the iron-loaded water, the peppered food, and the ale-soaked bread offered him in the past two weeks. It had increased the circulation of his blood, and had given him a distinct pleasure—for there are few pleasanter sensations than that of knocking spots out of a wretch who had insulted one held dear.

So the mistress felt greatly encouraged about Banty, and herself fed him with ale-soaked bread and minced meat, while she gave orders for the care of big Plym, who, standing principally on one foot, rumpled and discouraged, took with his one eye a very gloomy view of life, which was probably intensified by his knowledge that, just behind him, two half-grown young cocks were imitating the late scrap, to the hysterical delight of a group of Plymouth-Rock chickens, before whom he had been in the habit of posing as a very god of strength and beauty.

Banty was all right in a day or two, and in less than a fortnight he was established in the position which he fills to this day—a position requiring a watchful eye, quick decision, and plenty of nerve. In fact, he polices the chicken yard. Whenever there is a disturbance, Banty appears, stepping very, very high, and generally his passing between the belligerents two or three times is enough, and they walk off in different directions; but if things have gone too far for that, and the lie has been passed or spurs struck, he turns in and licks them both, and so keeps his own end up while preventing promiscuous quarrelling and rowdy fighting.

The thing that tries him most is having to stop a hen fight. Of course, one angry old hen can out-talk the finest cock that ever lived, and two of them talking at once—well, "that way madness lies!"

But it is here his fine breeding comes in. He will soothe them and smooth them, offering compliments to the oldest and ugliest, and to the youngest and happiest, his sympathy for the sadness of her life, and at last leaves them, still talking nineteen to the dozen, but not quarrelling—only joining in praising him.

One bright autumn day his mistress heard the low, pleased "Kr—r—r—kret!" of Banty, and she said to herself:

"Why, that sounds like old times, when he attended his egg-séances! I wonder where he is?"

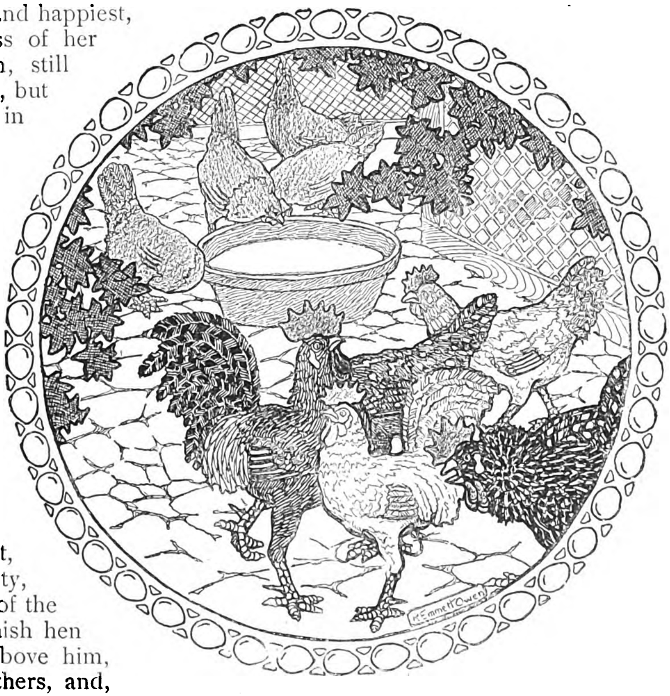
She looked into the green-house, under the potting shelf—he was not in either place. Again she heard "K—r—r—kret! K—r—r—kret!" She entered the orchard, and there, under an upturned cart, sat the glistening white Banty, cuddled close to the lee side of the blackest and the biggest Spanish hen on the place. She loomed above him, a veritable hill of black feathers, and, while he addressed her in the tenderest tones, she looked down at him and gently pecked at two or three grass seeds that had fallen on his white shoulders, with just the coy air of possession with which a young wife will pick a bit of fluff from the coat sleeve of her husband.

And at that sight the mistress looked about for a good dry place on the grass, and sat down there and laughed until she cried. And when she had heard a wild cackling, and saw Banty stepping highly and joyously by his big wife's side, she went and looked under the cart, and there lay an immense milk-white egg.

It was probably her inky clothing—don't you think?—that first attracted the attention of the little widower.

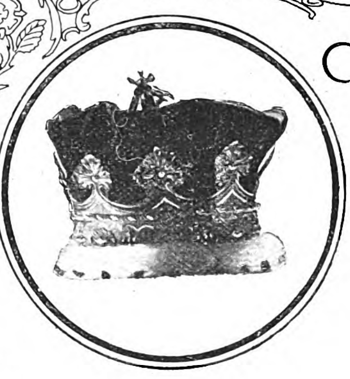
Then he found her a simple, kindly, domestic creature, of excellent family, and—and—winter was coming on, and he could not recall his little ladies, so he made up his mind to make the best of things, and took to wife the big, black, gentle thing.

She has more slugs and worms provided for her than she ever saw in her whole life before, and they perch in the little corner that has been a home for them so long; and he polices all day, when not at the egg-séance, and rises at twelve and three o'clock to crow; and he remains still, in his mistress's eye, a very gallant little bantam.

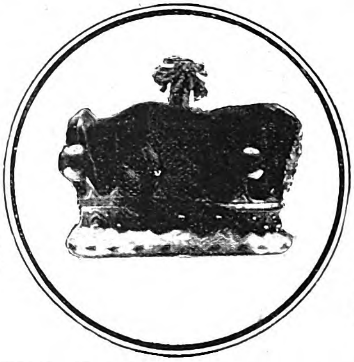


Banty polices the chicken yard.

CROWNS AND ROBES TO ORDER.



The Peers' coronets are made of silver gilt mounted on ermine. The cap is of velvet. They cost about £20. A Duke's coronet has eight strawberry leaves and no beads

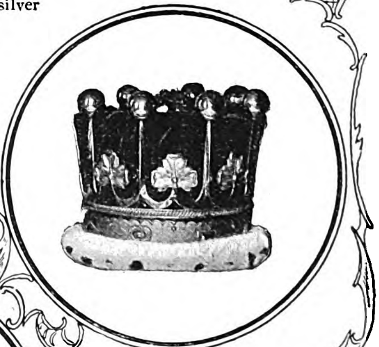


A Marquis's coronet has four leaves and four silver beads.

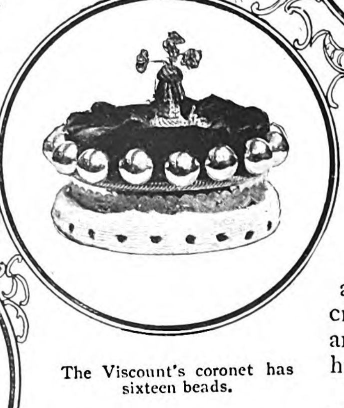
An interesting article describing how the robes to be worn at the Coronation by our Peers are made.

BY A. WALLIS MYERS.

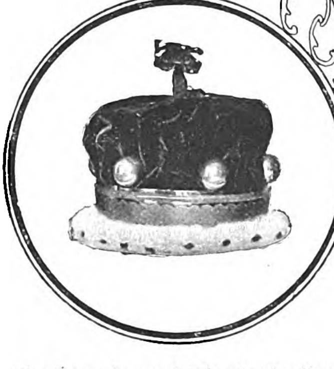
Illustrated with Photographs.



An Earl is allowed eight leaves and eight beads.



The Viscount's coronet has sixteen beads.



The Baron is permitted only six silver beads.

MAN is only human after all, and therefore it is not very surprising to learn that very soon after Queen Victoria died, several nobles visited their robe-makers and discussed prospective dresses for a coronation. Happily, sixty-three years had passed since the necessity for acquiring a suitable attire in which to attend the crowning of a sovereign had arisen; but the lapse of time had its disadvantages.

Lavender and camphor will not preserve a crimson velvet mantle for ever, though it be encased in a tin box placed on the shelf of a strong room. Nor can ancestors be expected in all cases not to require that their robe and coronet shall be buried with them. Both of these considerations have naturally tended to increase the demands for brand new apparel for the Coronation of King Edward VII. Further, it must be borne in mind that many

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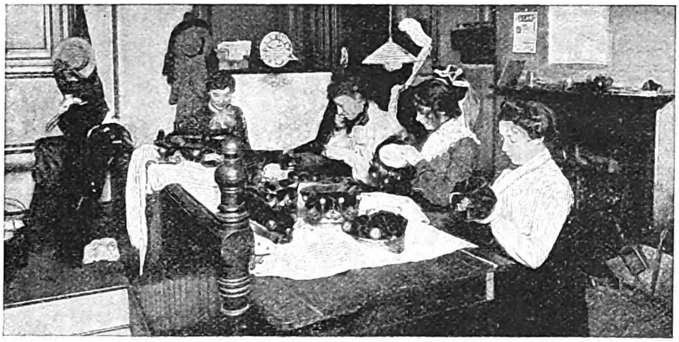


The caps for the coronets are made of velvet and ermine

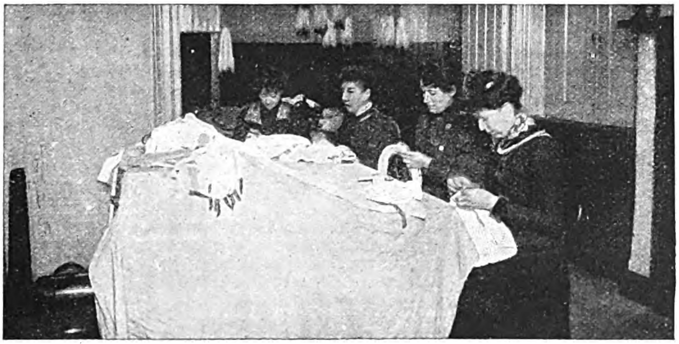
of the present day peers cannot boast ancestors who ever left coronation robes behind them—they date their creation after the auspicious event which marked the year 1838.

Probably both peer and robe-maker are grateful to the Earl Marshal for giving them "cut and dried" instructions relative to the style and material of the coronation attire. It became only necessary for the peer to step in at the front door of the robe-maker and be measured; and for the latter to visit Norfolk House, where models are on view, and with great precision and care obtain a paper pattern of the same, in addition to taking home copious notes with regard to such essential *minutiæ* as differentiate a duke's apparel from that of a baron.

In any quest after historical information it is lucky to secure the ear of a man whose memory carries him, so to speak, as far back as the reign of Queen Anne; whose ancestors in fact actually made the coronation robes for that monarch, and who have since held the Royal robe-maker's warrant right up to the present time.

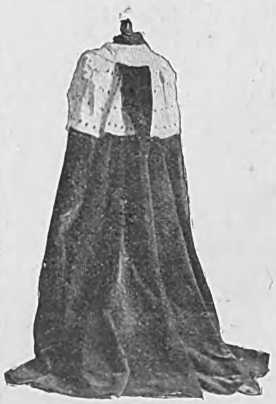
In one of Messrs. Ede & Son's safes in their Chancery Lane establishment is a crumbling old ledger, moth-eaten, but with writing still perfectly legible, containing the identical entry chronicling George III.'s own coronation robes. It is too long (and mis-spelt) to reproduce in entirety here, but the entry, dated September 14, 1761, concludes with the satisfactory notification that the bill was "payed in full" six weeks after the goods had been delivered.

But it was the coronation of the fourth



Each circlet of ermine is adorned with little black spots, made from the tails of foxes.

The Peers' robes are of English-made velvet only, by order of Queen Alexandra.



For a Duke's cape of minever four rows of fox skin spots are ordered.

George that brought *kudos* to Messrs. Ede's. The pageant was magnificently dressed—indeed, the King had set his mind on creating a stir throughout Europe. His own gorgeous robe of crimson velvet and ermine, which is now at Madame Tussaud's, cost £2000 alone, and all the officers of State, peers and peeresses and knights of the various orders were equipped magnificently, the Duke of Wellington, as Lord High Constable of England, perhaps eclipsing all.

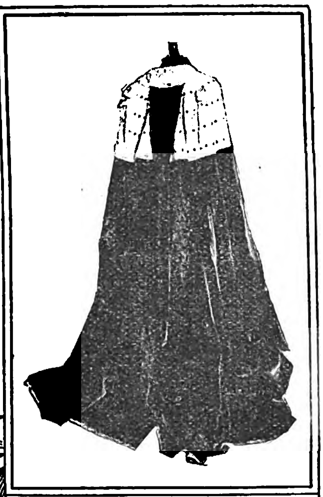
By comparison, the Coronations of William IV. and Queen Victoria were far less pretentious, the most noticeable change in regard to the peers' costumes being the substitution of uniform or Court dress beneath the crimson robe for the trunk hose and doublet of slashed satin. The late Queen's Coronation, as contrasted with that of her magnificent uncle, cost the country the mere trifle of £300,000. It remains to be seen what that of his great-nephew will involve, but it is tolerably certain that His Majesty will do nothing by "halves."

By the official decree of the Earl Marshal the peer's robe or mantle for use in Westminster Abbey must consist of crimson velvet, edged with minever fur; the cape must be furred with pure minever, and powdered with bars or rows of fox's fur, according to the degree of the wearer—thus a Baron has two rows, a Viscount two and a half, an Earl three, a Marquis three and a half and a Duke four rows.

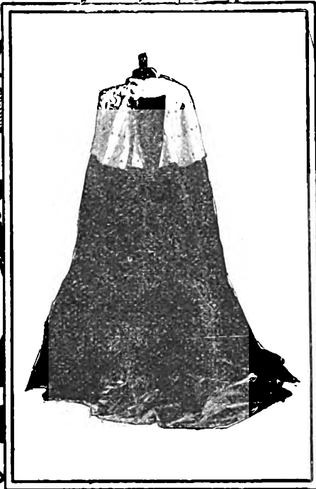
Their coronets must be of silver gilt; the caps of crimson velvet, edged with ermine and with a gold tassel on the top; no pearls or precious stones may be set in the circlet, but according to the rank of the wearer, it is adorned with small silver balls with or without the accompaniment of strawberry leaves. With regard to the coronets, by the way, exactly the same rule of design applies to those worn by the peeresses, though these are of course much smaller and are worn at the back of the head behind a tiara.

It was gratifying, in view of Queen Alexandra's express desire, to find that the men employed in the cutting room at Messrs. Ede's were mostly bringing their scissors and tape to ply upon English velvet, needless to say of the richest kind. As a peer of good stature requires a robe nearly three yards long and the smallest one of two, it follows that the piece of crimson velvet which is sent down to the tailors to hem and border is of goodly size; indeed, one could easily be spread over the crossed legs of the busy circle of tailors, like an undulated table-cloth.

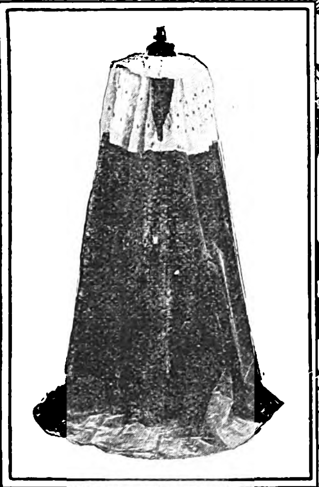
In another room at Messrs. Ede's a crowd of girls were at work on the ermine bases of the coronets and on the crimson velvet caps which cover them. Each ermine circle is adorned with the same number of little black spots made from the tails of foxes—by official decree the black tails of the ermine must not be used for this purpose, nor for adorning the minever capes.



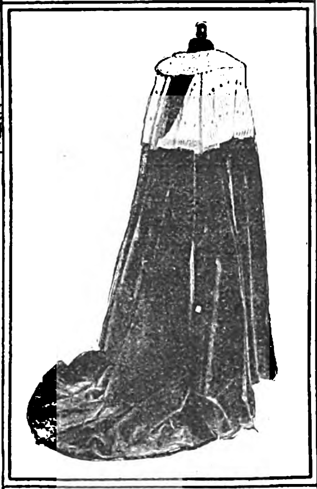
Three and a half rows of spots is the number allowed to the Marquis.



The Earl may adorn his cape with three rows of spots.



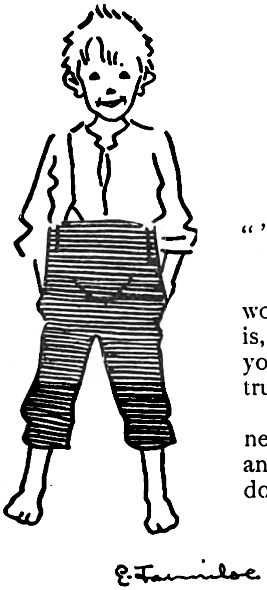
The Viscount is allowed two and a half rows.



A Baron's cloak. Only two rows of spots are permitted.

Upon visiting the furrier's department below, where bales of spotless ermine skins, fresh from the Siberian trappers, were stocked in a great white heap, the enormous extra trade done in ermine and the cost it involved became immediately evident. Though the indispensable stoat which supplies the peerage with its coronation capes is found in the northern parts of both hemispheres and may be discovered in Scotland, its chief resort is Siberia, which produces examples of ermine of widely divergent sizes and characteristics.

In England the stoat is brown on the back and white underneath, and rarely assumes its winter coat; but in Siberia, as in Scotland, it invariably changes in winter to a pure white, with the exception of the tip of the tail which is always black. The breed most in demand at the present day hails from the province of Irschim, where the ermine stoats are larger and whiter, producing richer fur than those to be found, perhaps, in any other district. The animals, easily caught in long box traps, are almost immediately skinned by the trappers



GEORGE.

By Erroll Stanhope.

“ ’O ses so ? ”

“ I does.”

“ Yus, no doubt, but wot I wants ter know is, ’ow can we tell you’re speaking the truth ? ”

“ I dunno, don’t care neither — I’ve been and seen ’em and done it.”

“ ’Ow did yer git ? ”

“ The young gent, ’im with the sandy ’air, give so much money and a ’undred of us went.”

“ Why weren’t I took then——”

“ Yah ! ”

“ I’ll teach yer to say yah ter me, my fine kid—Take that, and that, and that. Naw then, ’op it. I’m agoin’ inter the country too, an’ when I comes ’ome, if you’ve bin tellin’ lies———I’ll burn yer, straight ! ”

The last speaker was a small and very ragged boy of about eleven years. He was very small, very ragged, and extremely dirty. His frayed knickerbockers looked suspiciously like a pair of men’s trousers that had been cut off at the knees, as they were many sizes too big in the waist. His little legs were thin and guiltless of stockings or boots, and he was sitting on a stone wall by the river close to Charing Cross.

There were several other boys with him, and it was to one of these he had addressed the above conversation. They were obviously part of the Great Unwashed, members of a rising generation, homeless and uncared for—living how they could, sleeping where they could, and spending their lives in avoiding the policeman.

After the others had gone, George came off his stone and meditatively took his way to the Strand. He was turning over in his mind what he had heard. That somewhere close to London there was a wild river, not a tame one like the one that flowed under Waterloo Bridge, but a wild one, with fish in it, and Hyde Park on both sides. In these Hyde Parks were flowers, growing, and not tied in penny bunches, and sheep’s heads alive and with their bodies on stood in them and ran, if you threw stones.

Could it be true, he wondered—no, assuredly not. *He’d* never seen such things, and the other boy must (from long practice) have been unable to speak the truth.

However, still turning the matter over, he arrived at a picture shop close to the National Gallery. In the centre window was a large oil painting. It represented a landscape with cattle grazing and a peaceful grey river winding through the meadows.

George stopped. Here was the realisation of the other boy’s narrative.

He stood on one foot and rubbed the calf of his leg with the other for a long time, while he studied every line in the picture.

“ Yus, I might ’a’ guessed it. ’E’s bin ’ere and seen this, an’ then comes a-crowdin’ it dawn our necks. That’s it ! ”

A tall young lady in black had been watching the small boy for some time. When he passed this remark to himself she said—

“ What’s that ? ”

George looked up quickly from under the brim of his crownless hat and said nothing.

“ What were you saying, little boy ? ” she asked again.

“ Nuthin’,” rather sulkily.

To George every stranger was an enemy.

“ I thought I heard you say something about the picture.”

The boy took another look at the girl’s face. It was very pretty, and the brown eyes were kind.

So he burst out :

“ Well, it is like this ’ere. Tom an’ Harry Sykes an’ Pete, wot’s father’s in quod, ’ev bin sayin’ as ’ow they ’ev seen that picter, only real. Some cove took ’em ter see it, an’ I don’t believe ’em, thet’s all.”

“ Have you never seen anything like it, then ? ”

“ No ; there ain’t no sich places.”

“ Oh, yes, there are ; plenty of them.”

The quiet tone of the lady seemed to impress George. He opened his mouth and looked at her.

“ Would you care to go ? ”

“ Wot, O ! ” he replied.

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"Well, if I gave you the money and told you where to go, could you find the place?"

"Yus, laidy." At the mention of money George instinctively classed the stranger as a lady.

"Well, here you are. What is your name?"

"George."

"George what?"

"George nuthin'."

"Where's your mother?"

"Ain't got one."

"Or father?"

"Never 'ad neither."

"Dear me, and no home?"

"No 'm."

"Poor little child. Here is ninepence. Here is the place I have written on my card for you to take it to. Give the gentleman the money and then he'll do the rest."

"An' shell I see these 'ere things wot's painted? It ain't a do, is it?"

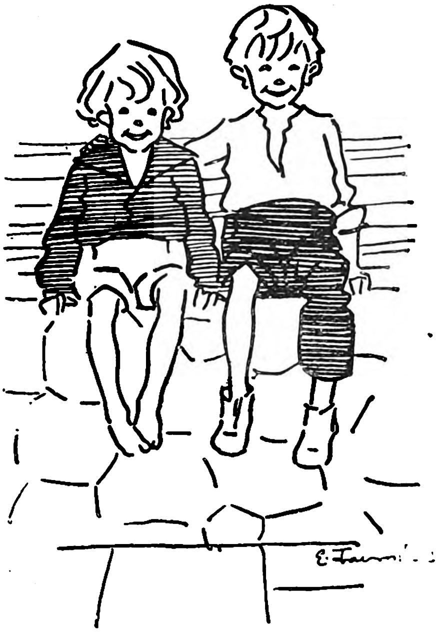
"No," she said smiling. "You'll see just what the other boys saw. Good-bye, George," and the lady walked away.

George stood for a moment and surveyed himself tentatively in a piece of plate glass that ran down the side of the shop window.

"W'o ses yer don't 'ob nob with dooks, my boy? I'm tellin' yer, there always *was* a bit o' class abaht yer, George. When ladies takes their 'ats off to yer, it's time, I don't think. An' they gives yer money too, and don't yer forgit it. Wot O! an' I never thanked 'er."

He said this last aloud. In the distance he saw his benefactress. In half a minute more he was beside her.

"Thank yer, laidy, for the money," he said. "Yer a real toff, an' if I ken do yer a good turn, s'w'elp me, I'll do it, straight!" and without waiting for any more he dashed across the road and made his way east to the address on the card.



Sitting on a stone wall by the river close to Charing Cross.

Mabel was the lady's name. At least, that was all he could read. The other name was too long and hard for him to decipher.

Anyway, her name was Mabel, and she had given him ninepence to go into the country with, and that was enough for George.

Some days later a small boy stood up to his knees in a meadow. The grass was long and feathery, and large white daisies and yellow flowery mustard grew round him.

Larks sang in the blue heavens above, and the cool, pure air fanned his face.

It was George, with his eyes and mouth wide open. Beyond his wildest dreams was the realisation of the lady's ninepence.

Here he was out in the real country, together with dozens of his fellow waifs and strays.

Here was food for meditation and occupation also. He had been in the country four hours, and had had five glorious fights already.

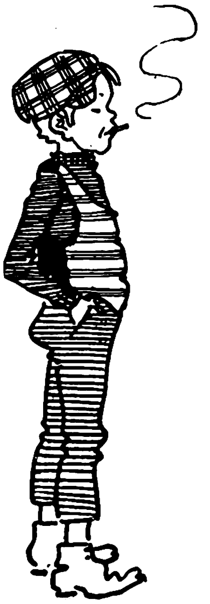
There was nothing left to desire in the world! He even confided to his friend—one of the toffs of the party, dressed in coat and trousers, but devoid of underclothing or boots, that "it was better than a dog fight any day."

His astonishment was unbounded when he found a rose bush covered with red flowers growing on it, and not wired. But when he espied ripe plums hanging to a branch on the top of a high wall, everything else faded from his mind. He had stolen away from the others, and the vigilant eyes of the gentleman who had brought him were off him at present.

Sticking his little bare toes in the crevices, he crawled like a cat up the wall.

Reaching the top he put his hand out to take the much coveted fruit.

Voices arrested his hand midway. He dared not move to take the plum, and he had not the strength of mind to leave it. He sat there, hidden in the foliage, and awaited events.



He haunted the vicinity of the picture shop.

"Yes, it is sad. I call it rather absurd myself."

"Oh, I don't know. You see he is very proud, and nothing can be done."

"Couldn't some outsider help them?"

"I'm afraid not. You see, it is this way. Young George was in a bank. You know that. Well, when he asked Mabel to marry him, she, poor girl, had nothing, and he had only £150 a year."

"Well, how *could* a girl marry on that?"

"Some do."

"Oh, some do, of course. She wouldn't, anyhow. He went away and she never saw him again. But it is a strange thing. She never seemed the same girl after. They were very fond of each other, you know."

"Well, I can't understand her not risking it, if she loved the fellow."

"No, she said she did not feel capable of managing on £3 a week, and there it was. Besides, she was very young."

"Well, what has happened now?"

"That's the worst of it. About a year ago Mabel came into all that money, and there she is. Disappointed and rich. It is very sad."

"Why doesn't she marry him now?"

"Don't be so stupid. How can she? She is not a sort of girl to ask *any* man to marry her; and besides, now she is rich George could not ask her again because he, poor fellow, has lost his berth."

"You don't say so?"

"It's true. He met with an accident, and has been in St. Thomas's Hospital ever since. The McConnell's found him there. Poor boy, I wish we could help him. He is so fond of the girl, and she so fond of him, that it does seem a shame. Mrs. McConnell goes to see him, and although he never mentions Mabel, she knows the thought of losing his situation and her, is on his mind continually, and prevents him from getting well."

"It would naturally. What a pity something can't be done. And what does she do?"

"Oh, turned philanthropist like lots of people. Goes about slumming and raking up waifs and strays. You know Mr. Morton? Well, he says she is one of his biggest helpers, and if ever she comes across a child named George she *always* helps him. Hark! There is the gong; let us go in to tea."

The boy on the wall heard all this. Some of it he did not understand, but he comprehended enough to make sure they were speaking of the lady who had befriended him.

When the speakers had gone he took the plum and descended from the wall to rejoin his comrades, his mind fully made up to find Mabel and tell her what he had heard.

The question was—how?

He did not know her other name, and he did not know where she lived.

For several days he haunted the vicinity of the picture shop, and smoked endless fag ends of cigars, but the tall figure in black did not appear. At last he gave up hope.

Then Providence helped him.

Crossing the road one day a carriage came swiftly round the corner and almost knocked him down. Having reached the kerb he turned to look at the retreating equipage.

One lady sat in it, alone, and dressed in black. It was Mabel! With a shrill whistle he darted after the carriage. It took him some time to reach it, and then naturally no one took any notice of a small, ragged boy shouting behind a carriage.

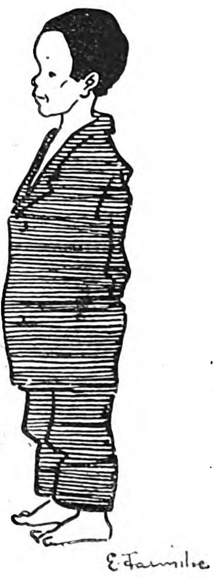
But the girl caught the sound of her name and turned. In another moment the horses were pulled up and the magnificent footman descended to open the door.

George, panting, came to the step.

The footman warned him off.

"W'o are yer shovin'? I've got somethin' to arst the laidy."

Mabel leant forward and recognised the child. "I'm George,



A chap 'oo's father's a plasterer.

please, and I've got somethin' to say," he panted.

"Get in, George."

With an impertinent leer at the horrified manservant, George stepped gingerly into the carriage and sat at the extreme edge of the seat.

"What have you got to say?" asked the lady kindly.

He leant forward and whispered.

"Yer see, I've bin, and it's quite true. I 'aven't punched the boy's 'ead because it wasn't no lies, an' when I was there I 'eard as 'ow your George is very ill and wanting yer bad."

The young lady started back and the colour rushed to her face.

"Yus, it's like this. I said as 'ow I'd do yer a turn if I got the charnst, an', bli me, I'm adoin' it. If yer takes my advice you'll drive to the haccident part of St. Thomas's 'orspital, and say to him as is there with a haccident, as 'ow 'e needn't worry about gettin' work because your bit is enough fer both. 'E can't get well without yer 'cause I 'eard a cove wot said so, an' arter all, a bit of oof comes in 'andy sometimes. I knows a chap 'oo's father's a plasterer. Good trade, but there ain't always work 'andy, an' when 'e's out, she does a bit o' washin' like, an' it 'elps things a lot."

The lady smiled. "It is very interesting, but I can't see how your friend the plasterer has anything to do with me."

"Well, yer see, your George ain't in graft jus' now, and don't like to arst yer to 'ave 'im (I 'eard the saime cove say so), but I carn't see myself why yer shouldn't go an' arst 'im. You're mashed on 'im an' 'e's mashed on you, an' as you've got a bit yer wouldn't 'ave to do no charin' or washin' when 'e was slack—d'yer see?"

He spoke very earnestly, his little old-young face quite intent and watching her.

She had a smile on her face while he was speaking, and he thought he saw tears in her eyes once.

"And you advise me to go to George, then?" she said gently.

"Yus, thet's it. Jes' go to 'im an' say, I wants yer, an' yer wants me, an' it don't matter if yer ain't got a job, 'cos my bit's enough fer both! That's *my* advice."

For a moment the girl seemed pondering, and then she gave a sigh.

"All right, George, your idea isn't bad. Mind how you get down, and here is sixpence to buy a cake with. I wonder if Heaven had anything to do with my meeting you. Were you an angel in disguise?" George, not knowing how to answer, replied:

"Wot O! I don't think!"

But he heard the direction given to the coachman: "St. Thomas's Hospital, Accident Ward." And he turned a catherine wheel on the pavement as Mabel drove away, still with that sweet smile on her face.

Then he opened his hand to gloat on the sixpence she had given him.

It was a gold one!

THE MORAL OF IT.

THE FRESH AIR FUND is an organisation which exists to brighten, so far as may be, the dull, joyless lives of the children in the slums of our great cities.

The F.A.F. devotes the whole of the moneys subscribed to the purpose for which their donors intend them. There are no deductions for rent or salaries or postage, or the thousand and one expenses which make so big a hole in many other excellent charities. The whole of the expenses are paid by Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., and by the Ragged School Union, which places its great organisation at the disposal of the Fund.

There is no charity in the case of which so little buys so much. Ninepence pays for a day's delight for a child. Eight pounds two shillings provides all that is necessary for the enjoyment of a complete party of 200 children, with the needful complement of attendants.

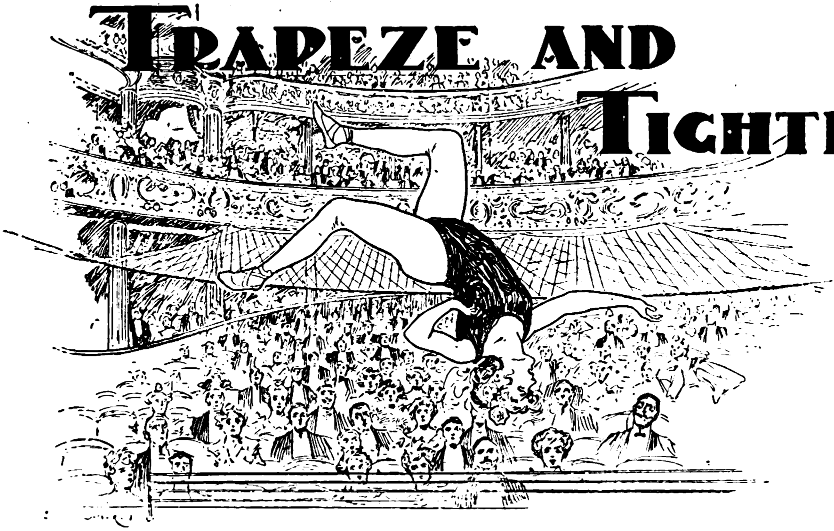
As a broad rule, threepence pays for a child's fare, and sixpence more buys it food enough for two good meals.

Every penny subscribed is spent on those two wonder-workers—food and fares. God's green country and the kindly help of willing friends do what else is needed to make a day's real happiness for a little prisoner of the great, gloomy city.

There are no distinctions of creed. Need and the improbability of any other holiday are the only qualifications.

Subscriptions should be sent to the Hon. Sec. FRESH AIR FUND, 17 and 18, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and will be acknowledged in *Pearson's Weekly*.

TRAPEZE AND TIGHTROPE



Lola, the well-known trapezist, fell from a trapeze into the net and rebounded to the stage, fatally injuring her spine.

A Thrilling Article dealing with the Difficulties and Dangers Faced by Acrobats and Tight-rope Performers.

By

H. J. Holmes.

Amongst the cheerily optimistic class of people who are satisfied to pass a certain portion of their daily lives in a voluntary juggle with death, the professional gymnast holds an important place. Trapeze acrobatics, wire and rope-walking, pole-climbing, and all other aerial performances, are full of danger to those who take part in them. No matter how expert a gymnast may be in his particular line of business, a slight slip, the most trivial error of judgment, may have disastrous consequences.

The professional gymnast, whilst performing, may be said literally to carry his life in his hands, for on the tenacity of his grip his life depends. One of the most famous aerial athletes in the world recently observed to me: "At one moment you are absolutely full of confidence in your own infallibility, the next moment you find yourself plunging head downwards through space, perhaps towards death!" He spoke from his own painful experience. And it is often in the simplest trick that a fatal error is made.

It is now more than twenty years since the writer saw a daring gymnast named Artois killed whilst performing at a popular house of entertainment in Dublin. As a flying trapezist Artois was said to have no superior. His name alone was sufficient to fill any variety house in the United Kingdom. Sensational in the extreme his performance certainly was. Yet one slight error of judgment changed him, in a moment, from being one of the finest specimens of manhood in Great Britain into a human wreck.

One of his most daring feats was that of flying, blindfolded, through the air from one trapeze to another. But his fingers failed to reach the bar of the second trapeze by scarcely more than an inch. Like a log of wood the unfortunate fellow crashed down to his doom upon the hard, unprotected stage. That horrible scene was photographed indelibly in the memory of at least one spectator.

"If there had been a net, the man would not have been killed!" said the wiseacres. But Artois had scorned the idea of such a superfluous—as he thought—accessory to his performance.

He did not believe in the net as a lifesaver. And it is a certainty that if a man who has made a miss actually falls into a net he may be killed just the same, as in the case of Uno the "Human Fly" at Stockton, and Lola, a trapezist, in New York, some years ago.

In the first named instance, the victim was performing the feat of travelling head downwards, sixty feet above the spectator's heads, along a series of rings through which he passed his feet alternately, hanging from a ring at each step.

The accident happened so suddenly that no one knew how it occurred until afterwards. One of the rings had snapped, and the poor fellow who had put so much faith in its strength shot downwards on to the net in an awkward position, breaking his neck. In a somewhat similar way Lola, a young and charming acrobat, met her death. She fell

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from a trapeze into the net, and, landing heavily in the net, rebounded to the stage, with fatal results.

Just as most people think there is little or no danger when a net is spread to catch a falling gymnast, so in many minds exists the false impression that an aerial performer has the power, or agility, to turn during his fall so as to land squarely upon the soles of his feet. Which is absurd.

It is part of an acrobatic gymnast's training to know how to fall should anything so undesirable interrupt the even tenour of his performance. For instance, when a man feels himself falling from any height, a net being spread below for him, he knows that the safest thing for him to do is to keep up a rotatory movement or continuous somersault, *if he can*.

Thus the tremendous shock with which even a large springy net greets a falling body will be reduced to the great advantage of the said body. But absurdly ridiculous is the theory that a falling man can so calculate matters during his thunderbolt flight downwards as to render it certain that the soles of his feet will touch the first obstruction that he meets. It sometimes happens, and further on I shall describe some such instances, that a man, after falling from a considerable height, lands on his feet. It is then that his training and instinct will tell him what to do to reduce the shock.

A gymnast with his wits about him in all emergencies—and woe betide the performer who is not so equipped—will succeed in minimising, by the elastic yielding of knees and body, the effects of an unexpected fall, and he may emerge from such a terrible experience unscathed. But, as a general rule, the man who falls from a great height, with no intervening net to catch him, has very little chance of escaping with his life—if he does so escape, as likely as not he will be terribly maimed, and may become a hopeless cripple to the end of the chapter.

"I never perform without a net, and never shall!" declared Mr. Cee-Mee, whose wonderful aerial act, in conjunction with his two charming daughters and his son, took London by storm.

"I believe in the net. If it hadn't been for one I should undoubtedly have been killed in 1884.

"I was engaged for the season 1884-85 at the old Hippodrome in Paris, and, my 'show' being of a rather novel character in sensationalism, I was getting on very well in the favour of the Parisians, who did not fail to show their approval in the usual manner.

"But it happened that my English assistant who had been with me for years, left me at a very short notice, and I had to depend on a Frenchman who knew very little about my business.

"On the night he started with me I got on very well until my concluding feat, and it was jolly nearly turning out my last feat in reality. This was a long jump from a flying trapeze through a paper-covered hoop to a second trapeze.

"Well, the hoop was a little out of its customary position when I jumped through it. The toes of my right foot touched the frame and knocked me out of my swing. I just touched the bar of the second trapeze and fell. . . .

"The old hippodrome was built high.

"The drop was close on sixty feet!

"Now, the touch of the hoop on my toes, slight as it was, gave me a revolving movement as I descended, and I assure you I turned more somersaults on that occasion than ever I had done at once in all my gymnastic experience. I simply whizzed round!

"I struck the net, 45ft. below. Upwards I rebounded like an indiarubber ball, still whizzing off involuntary somersaults. The audience rose to a man and woman, and applauded and cheered like maniacs. They thought it was 'all in the bill.'

"Next time, falling after the rebound, I landed upright on my feet, and had presence of mind enough to take the cue. I bowed and retired amidst thunders of applause.

"I met old Leonard Houck, the director, as I hurried to my room. He was all smiles.

"That's a magnificent new *coup* of yours. Cee-Mee!" he exclaimed, "we must have it every night!"

"I'll be hanged if you will!" was my emphatic response.

"So much for a net," went on Mr. Cee-Mee; "if it hadn't been there I should have been dashed to pieces.

"Only on one occasion has a net failed me. That was in 1880 at the Cirque Fernando in Paris. I used to dive nightly from my trapeze 40ft. into a net below. At that time," continued Mr. Cee-Mee smilingly, "big salaries were not overwhelming me, and my net was not made of the very best material procurable. Well, one night something happened. I dived clean through that net!

"Marvellous to relate, I landed on my feet. I don't know to this day how it was done, and nobody was more amazed than myself to find I was without so much as a scratch!"

Mr. Cee-Mee, although, by the way, a grandfather, is still supple and plucky enough to continue his work on the flying trapeze.

An American gymnast named Fenton once had an experience which he is never likely to forget. His "big act" was of a most sensational nature. A half-inch wire rope was fixed from the highest point of the roof of the circus tent in which he performed, and dropped at an angle of about forty-five degrees downwards to a six-foot pole in the ring.

A small platform hung a few feet below the canvas roof, beside the upper end of the rope. The platform was just large enough to hold Fenton and his assistant, who were raised to it by means of a pulley and rope. The duty of the assistant was to bind the gymnast hand and foot, the hands being strapped behind the performer's back.

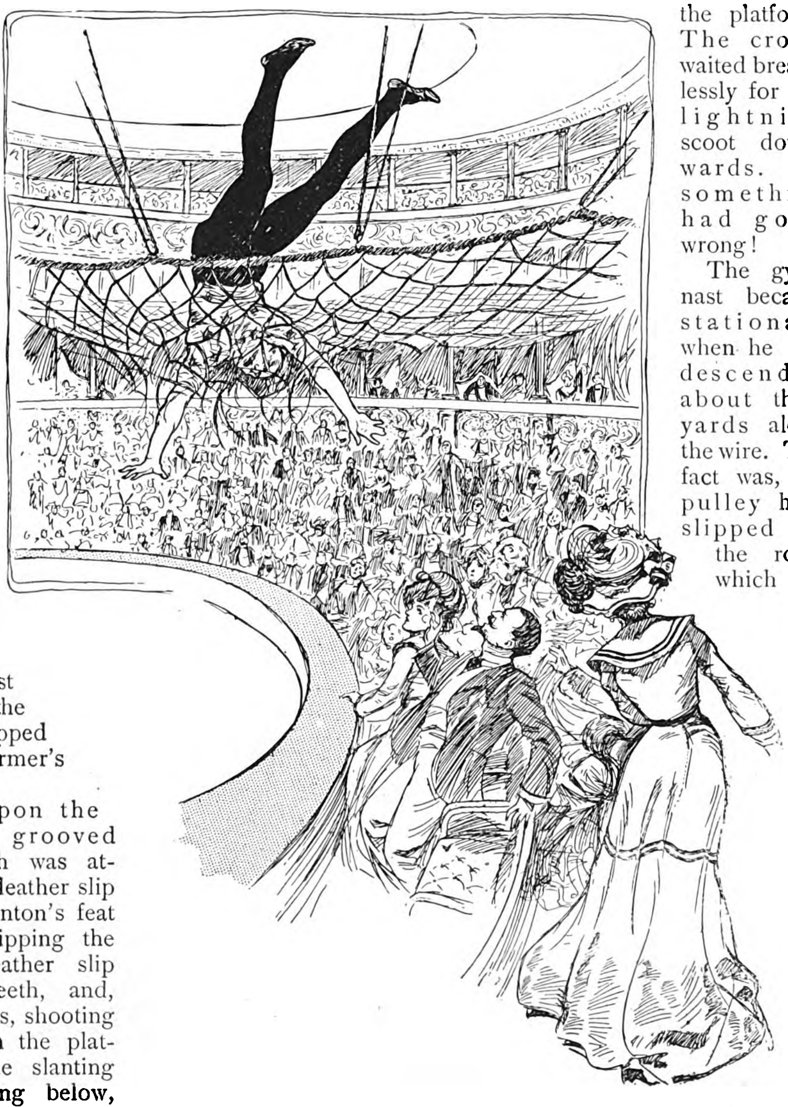
Running upon the cable was a grooved pulley, to which was attached a strong leather slip a foot long. Fenton's feat consisted of gripping the end of the leather slip between his teeth, and, bound as he was, shooting downwards from the platform, under the slanting wire, to the ring below, where he was caught in the arms of the ringmaster. No net was used, such an accessory being regarded as a superfluous luxury by the proprietor of this particular circus!

Pluck and dash, with a good pair of muscular jaws made the feat the "big thing" of the night's programme. It was regarded as a safe and sensational attraction.

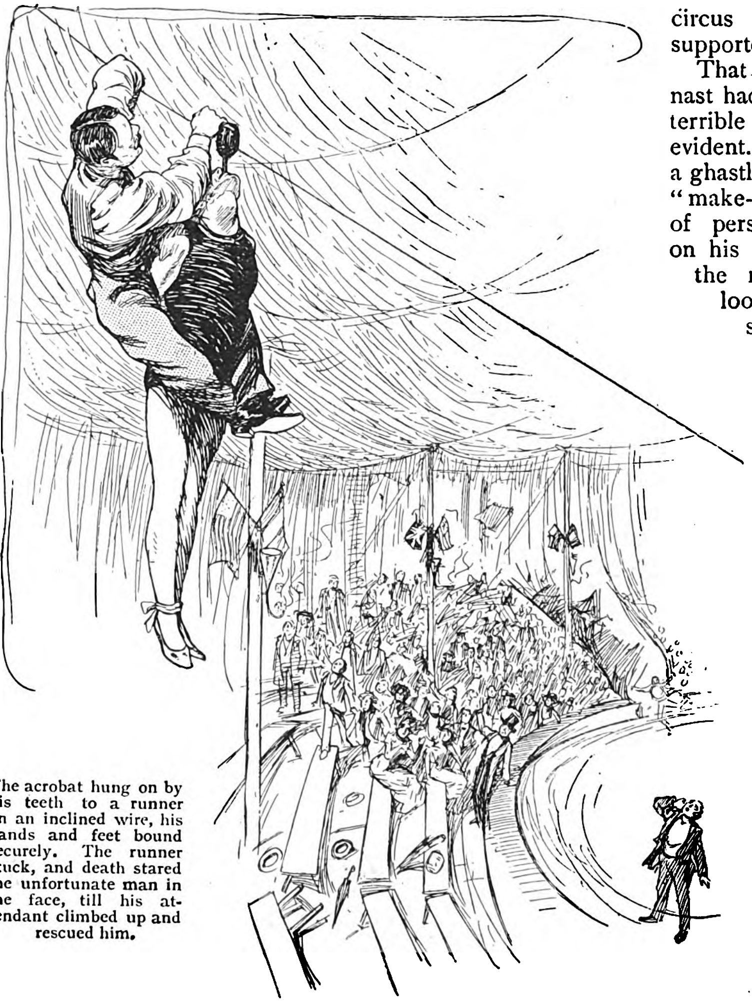
The feat was accomplished successfully night after night in different towns.

But it is seldom that a performance of such a nature continues to run smoothly for all time. One night it was noticed that Fenton moved much slower than usual after swinging himself off the platform. The crowd waited breathlessly for his lightning scoot downwards. But something had gone wrong!

The gymnast became stationary when he had descended about three yards along the wire. The fact was, the pulley had slipped off the rope, which had



The net was of poor quality, and gave way to the acrobat, who dived from the roof straight through the net, landing, marvellous to relate, on his feet.



The acrobat hung on by his teeth to a runner on an inclined wire, his hands and feet bound securely. The runner stuck, and death stared the unfortunate man in the face, till his attendant climbed up and rescued him.

squeezed itself between the wheel and the "box," effectually jamming further progress!

Fenton was suspended in mid-air, 40ft. above the ground, bound hand and foot, entirely helpless, hanging from a slip of leather gripped between his teeth!

The duration of his nightly journey downwards was only a few seconds. How long it was possible for him to hold on by his teeth nobody, of course, could tell.

It was plain that somebody must either descend or ascend the wire cable to his assistance. The spectators immediately below him had judiciously cleared out of the way when they realised that at any moment Fenton might be forced to let go and drop on their heads. Immediately below him was now an ugly-looking lot of bare wooden circus seats — rough planks supported on trestles.

That the unfortunate gymnast had begun to realise his terrible position was now evident. His face had turned a ghastly white in spite of his "make-up," and great beads of perspiration were visible on his brow in the glare of the naphtha lamps. His looks were those of a strong man in intense agony.

Hurried shouts rang from all sides. Advice, wise and otherwise, was hurled from a hundred throats.

Fenton had hung now for half a minute. He afterwards declared it seemed like hours. It was seen that his strength was giving out.

Suddenly a hoarse voice was heard above the clamour of many tongues.

"Hold on a bit longer, boss; I'm coming down."

It was the assistant on the platform. For a few moments he, too, had been paralysed; but he was soon seen swinging himself hand over hand along the sloping wire. At last he reached the almost exhausted gymnast.

Could he save him?

The plucky man, throwing his left arm over the rope, hung on and entwined his legs round Fenton's body to give as much support as possible. He then endeavoured with his right hand to get the wire cable into the groove of the pulley. He failed. The wire had been forced by the great weight upon it so far between the pulley and the box that his efforts were futile. He was powerless to move it.

"Cut the hand straps," came a yell from the ring.

Out flashed a knife from the brave rescuer's pocket. He opened it with his teeth. In another moment Fenton's hands were free. He instantly threw his arms over the wire cable.

Both men were now almost in a state of collapse. They rested for a minute, the assistant still keeping his legs around Fenton's body. Then both descended the slanting rope hand over hand, and reached the ring amidst a scene of the wildest excitement.

The most astounding cycling performance in the world is undoubtedly that of Mr. Minting, who rides, on a single wheel, saddleless, up a slender spiral wooden path only fourteen inches wide, until he reaches a height of sixty feet from the floor, when he continues his amazing journey across a platform of the same width, descending at the other end by a second spiral path.

One would scarcely think such a feat possible, but Minting accomplishes it most days and nights of his life with the greatest ease. Yet the risks attending such a display are terrible. Accidents will happen.

By a rather curious coincidence on the very night that I went to see Mr. Minting to gather some information on the subject from him, the unexpected happened. He fell off the spiral half-way up!

The wheel had wobbled, and to save himself from tumbling over to perhaps strike the lower part of the spiral, Minting sprang clear. Fortunately he landed in a friendly net, and sustained no injury.

"I'm not always so lucky," he afterwards remarked to me. "A few years ago, being engaged to give a series of performances at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, I started practising on the Saturday morning previous to the opening Monday. No net had been fixed, but that was nothing as I had often before practised without it.

"I rode up the spiral, on the wheel, to a height of fifty feet above the floor of the hall. In stepping off the pedals to return, I overbalanced myself, and for the first time in my life experienced the unpleasant sensation of the certain knowledge that I had to do a dead drop of fifty feet to a hard floor.

"As I fell, I made a clutch at the edge of the spiral with my right hand, and hung there for an instant, still holding the handle of my wheel in the left hand. Before I had time to drop it and grip the spiral with both hands I was falling!

"I felt I was done for. What could save me? Down I plunged—one travels pretty fast under such circumstances!

"I fell thirty-five feet without meeting with any obstruction. I was, of course, inside the spiral, as I had fallen from the upper and narrower portion. Thirty-five feet! Then I struck one of the wire guy ropes supporting the apparatus. To that I undoubtedly owed my life. I rebounded, my fall partly broken, and dropped an additional fifteen feet into some ornamental stuff at the foot of the spiral.

"I was picked up unconscious and carried in a cab to the hospital. Everybody in the hall thought, of course, that I was done for, but the surgeons soon declared that no bones were broken. As a matter of fact I was able to fulfil my engagement on the Monday evening!

"In January 1890, at Cook's Circus, Edinburgh, I fell from the spiral a distance of twenty-five feet. I was unconscious for five days but in three week's time I performed again at the Folies Bergere, Paris.

"A very extraordinary accident happened to me whilst performing during stormy weather in a tent circus in Ireland in 1898. I had ridden safely almost to the top of the spiral when the roof of the tent was suddenly blown in upon me! I was, of course, borne to the ground together with all my paraphernalia upon the heads of the people below, but was so 'wrapped up' in the canvas that I was unhurt. The tent had been well soaked with the torrents of rain, otherwise the flaring lights would have set the canvas on fire and added to the horror of the situation. But, somehow, everybody managed to scramble out of the *débris* without serious injury."

Perhaps a still more remarkable accident wherein the elements figured conspicuously, was that which happened in a corrugated iron-roofed circus on the outskirts of Buda Pesth a year or two ago.

An aerial fixed bar performance was in progress, when a flash of lightning struck the iron roof, the electric current was conveyed along the steel bars—which were screwed to the roof—and the hands of the performer received such a shock that the unfortunate man inadvertently let go his hold and fell a distance of thirty-five feet, alighting on the shoulders of an astonished spectator, who was seriously injured. The gymnast escaped with some slight burns on the hand.

There is a touch of humour in the incident related in connection with a well-known English travelling circus, when the "Cannon King" was shot out of a gun, by an under-rated steel spring, with such force as to carry him, not into the waiting net, but clean through the space always left for ventilating purposes, between the roof and the side of the tent. The astonished king finally alighted on a handy hayrick in the next field! The presence of that hayrick made a somewhat humorous incident of what might have been a very grim tragedy.

De Witt and Burns, the clever pole-climbing gymnasts who were recently at the Alhambra, relate an experience of theirs whilst catering to the public taste for sensational performances in Louisville, Kentucky, a little while back.

The entertainment of the pair of gymnasts I name consists in part of one man performing astonishing acrobatic feats whilst poised on the top of a long slender ash pole, balanced on the strong chest of the other.

"My partner," said Mr. De Witt to the writer, "was just in the middle of one of his most difficult feats on a thirty foot pole, when I heard a sharp 'crack'!"

"The pole had broken in the centre!

"Almost instinctively I put out my arms to save my falling chum. I did not catch him, but my touch, as he passed through my arms with a rush, helped to break the effect of the fall, and, doubtless, saved his life. A few big bruises resulted, but he soon got rid of them with careful treatment.

"The pole on examination showed plain signs of having been tampered with, but, although a rival was, and still is, under suspicion, the culprit has never been brought to book. Now the pole is always carefully scrutinised before use."

Amongst the many perils that a professional gymnast must guard against is that of treachery. He has to be very careful not to incur the ill-will of any evil-disposed person connected with the place in which the performance is given.

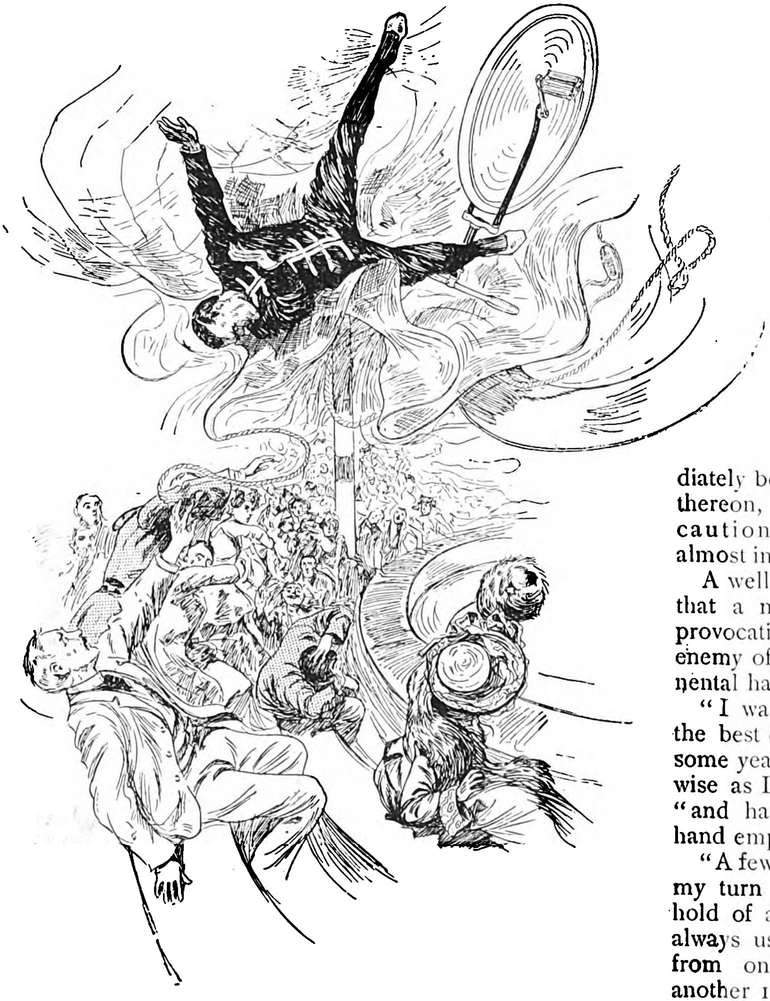
English artistes who take up engagements in Continental cities are, from past experience, particular in examining their apparatus immediately before trusting their bodies thereon, and, as a further precautionary measure, tips are almost invariably paid in advance!

A well-known trapezist told me that a man dare not under any provocation whatever make an enemy of a subordinate in a Continental hall or circus.

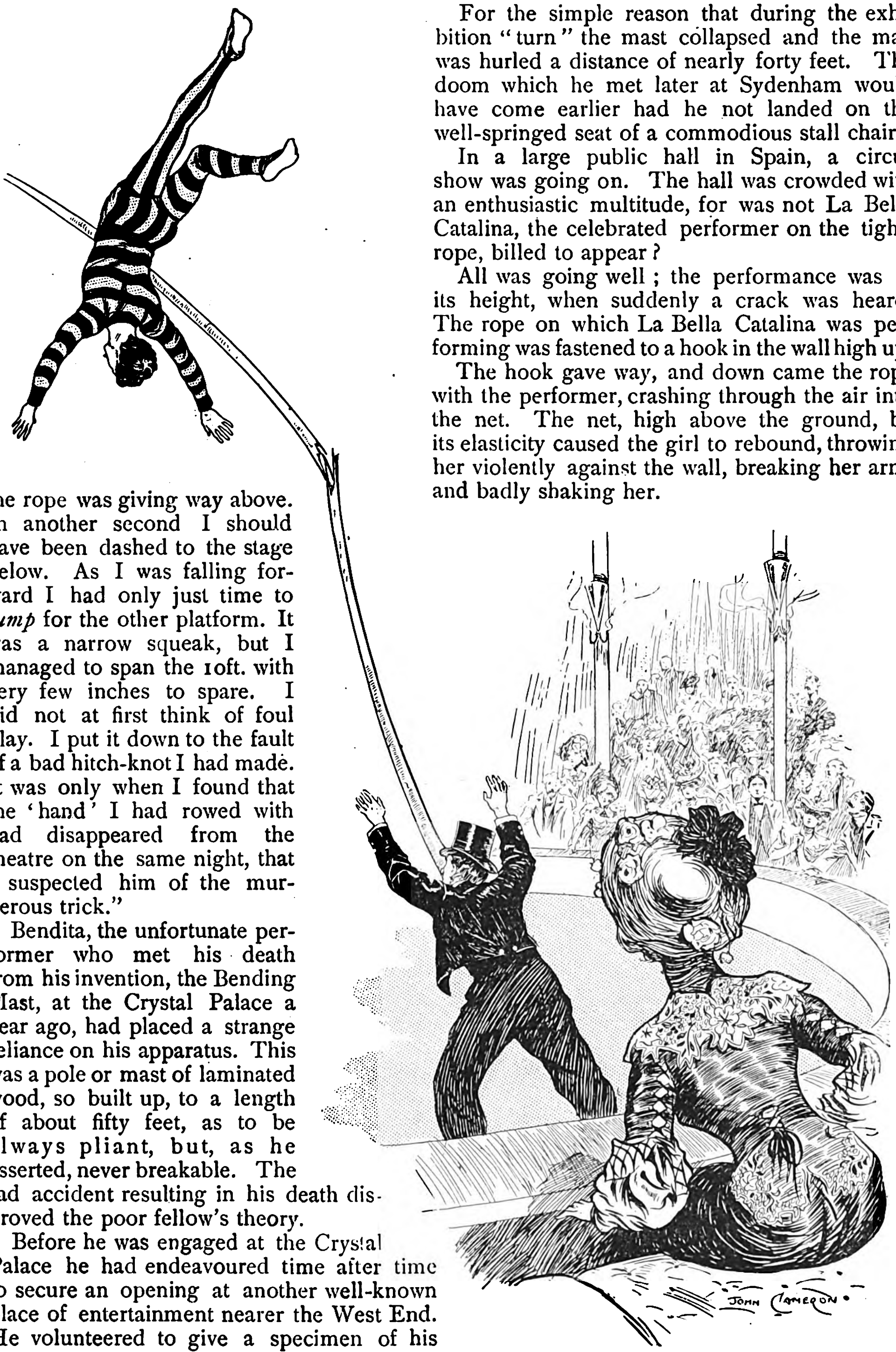
"I was performing in one of the best establishments in Vienna some years ago when I was not so wise as I am now," he continued, "and had a bit of a row with a hand employed behind.

"A few nights afterwards during my turn on the stage, I caught hold of a length of rope which I always used for swinging myself from one of my platforms to another 10ft. apart.

"Just as I had put a bit of my weight upon it, to my horror I felt



The one-wheel cyclist rode up a steep incline, and suddenly the roof of the tent was blown in by the wind. The cyclist, his wheel, and the canvas roof were hurled to the ground.



the rope was giving way above. In another second I should have been dashed to the stage below. As I was falling forward I had only just time to *jump* for the other platform. It was a narrow squeak, but I managed to span the 10ft. with very few inches to spare. I did not at first think of foul play. I put it down to the fault of a bad hitch-knot I had made. It was only when I found that the 'hand' I had rowed with had disappeared from the theatre on the same night, that I suspected him of the murderous trick."

Bendita, the unfortunate performer who met his death from his invention, the Bending Mast, at the Crystal Palace a year ago, had placed a strange reliance on his apparatus. This was a pole or mast of laminated wood, so built up, to a length of about fifty feet, as to be always pliant, but, as he asserted, never breakable. The sad accident resulting in his death disproved the poor fellow's theory.

Before he was engaged at the Crystal Palace he had endeavoured time after time to secure an opening at another well-known place of entertainment nearer the West End. He volunteered to give a specimen of his agility on his patent mast.

The opportunity was given. But no contract was ever signed. Why?

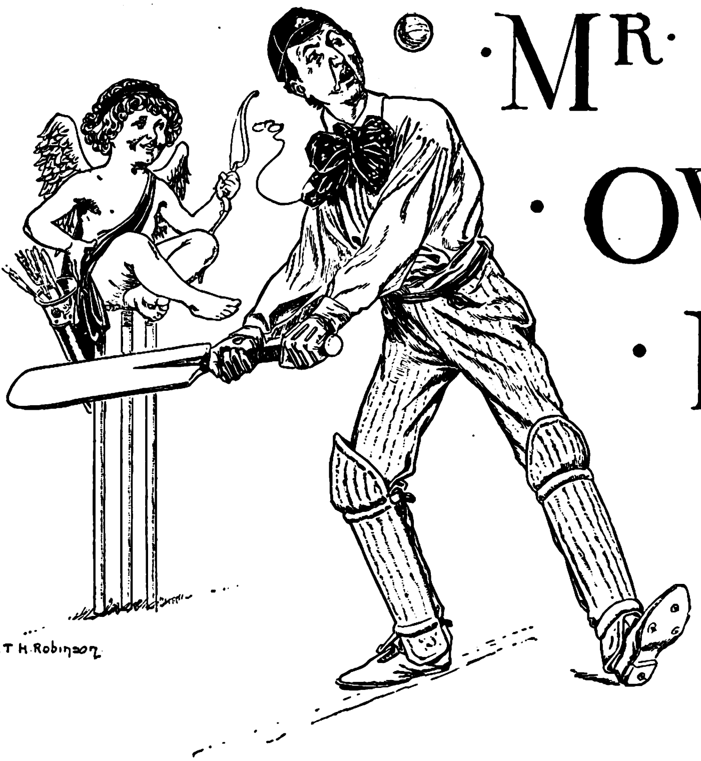
For the simple reason that during the exhibition "turn" the mast collapsed and the man was hurled a distance of nearly forty feet. The doom which he met later at Sydenham would have come earlier had he not landed on the well-springed seat of a commodious stall chair.

In a large public hall in Spain, a circus show was going on. The hall was crowded with an enthusiastic multitude, for was not La Bella Catalina, the celebrated performer on the tight-rope, billed to appear?

All was going well; the performance was at its height, when suddenly a crack was heard. The rope on which La Bella Catalina was performing was fastened to a hook in the wall high up.

The hook gave way, and down came the rope with the performer, crashing through the air into the net. The net, high above the ground, by its elasticity caused the girl to rebound, throwing her violently against the wall, breaking her arm, and badly shaking her.

One performer balanced a long mast, while his brother acrobat performed acrobatic feats at the top. The mast broke one day, and the performer was badly bruised, falling from a height of some thirty feet.



·MR· ·OWEN· ·FERE·

A Cricket Story

BY

HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE.

OWEN FERE is a terror. He wears his hair as long as a fiddle, and he parts it in the middle; he walks as if he was going half a mile and had all the day to get there; he writes stuff they call poetry, and Captain Carris says—I haven't read the beastly stuff myself—that any average man would be ill on the spot after a verse or two. He fancies himself a lot, does Fere, and doesn't seem to know when he comes to stay with my people that I'm head of the school and have a batting average of fifty-two point three. Treats me as if I was a kid—funny, isn't it, when I have to shave twice a week? Captain Carris says once a week would do, but he's only chaffing.

Owen Fere is sweet on Frances—that's my sister. And when Owen Fere is sweet on a girl, he kind of *crawls*. Ugh!

Frances is pretty, they say. I don't know, because a fellow's sister never seems much to a fellow, you know. Sees too much of 'em perhaps. Any way, she's lady tennis champion for Brookshire, and that's something. Frances is a bit soft, though; fancies she ought to go in for high art and culture. My hat, when she can be tennis champion, and good at hockey and ride as straight as a man after hounds!

But then a girl's a girl, just as a ferret is a ferret. She's made so from the start, and sometimes it seems funny. *I* wouldn't touch Owen Fere with a hockey-stick, but she didn't seem to mind his sickly style. She read up Browning and all those jokers who try to puzzle you with a lot of words just because they know you would be over them every time at cricket.

Well, we had a house party, and we were all as keen as nuts on cricket except Owen Fere. He used to smile with a sort of "bless you, my children" air when we went out to practise at the nets; but then he overheard Frances saying one day that she would like every man to be a cricketer; and he thought it over, and we had fun.

Fere was an awfully rummy chap when he took an idea into his head. He didn't go at it as you or I would have done—he *rushed*. The very next morning he came to me, as I was fixing a rat-trap down by the stables, and he smiled like ginger-nuts, sweet and sticky.

"I have an idea," says he.

"Oh," says I, setting the trap without looking at him.

"Cricket is so graceful, so poetic. The long ripples of the turf——"

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"No ripples when the mower's been over it," I mumbled.

Fere went on as if he hadn't noticed me. It's a trick he has.

"The white figures of the players against the further green—the swift, compelling motion of the bat—all is so beautiful. Do you know, I have a fancy to learn this king of games."

I stood up and looked at him, and I grinned a bit. "I'll teach you," I said.

He looked stickier than ever, and waved his hands about. "How kind the world is!" said he. "Even the growing youths are eager to teach one——"

"I've grown," said I.

He smiled again—Jove how he smiled! "To be sure," he said. "And you will come with me to urge the leathern sphere?"

"Don't know," I said doubtfully. "What is 'urging the leathern sphere'?"

"Plying the ball with yielding willow."

"Oh, you mean practising at the nets. Come on, I'm your man!"

We went down together. Mr. Fere said he'd bat first. I tossed down a rotter, and it spread his bails.

"The very poetry of motion!" he cried.

"Try another," I said, after he'd put his wickets up again.

I sent a yorker. He turned again to fix his stumps. I laughed, and so did he. "I shall learn this king of games!" said he.

I wondered, and bowled him a long hop. He shoved his bat in the way of it, somehow, and it trickled back to me. "That, surely, is what you call a drive?" said he.

"Yes," says I; "a young 'un."

Frances had come down by this time. She seemed a bit doubtful. Mr Fere gave her a bow, like one of those Jugginses in flimsy waistcoats who fool about in operas.

"Your young brother is making a cricketer of me," he said.

Young brother! I snorted and bowled him a hot one that hit him on the leg.

"Ah!" said he, dancing about a bit, "no poetry is without its pain! Exquisite, soul-strengthening pain."

And then he got ready again, and he hit the ball over my head, and smiled as if it wouldn't have been caught every time.

"I—I thought you had never played, Mr. Fere?" says Frances, soft as a peach. She is that way when she wants to kid a chap into believing himself what he isn't.

"I am learning fast," says he, and swipes at a shooter, and gets his wickets spread.

Captain Carris had strolled down by this time. He was smiling. So was I. I bowled old Fere twelve times in fourteen balls, and then he said he would "welcome a little leisure after toil."

Captain Carris was still smiling. "I say, Fere, you must join us in our match on Thursday," he said.

"Eh? Play in a match?" stammered Fere. And then he looked at Frances, and plucked up courage—silly ass!—and asked if we would coach him up during the next three days.

"Rather!" said Carris.

Frances looked a bit annoyed, and tried to say something, and stopped. But Mr. Owen Fere began to fancy himself, I could see, and looked across at Frances and sort of melted, as usual.

"One can learn a great deal in three days," laughed he.

"Yes, by Jove, you can!" cried Captain Carris.

"The kingly game attracts me, I confess—the perfect rhythm of willow and of leathern ball—the cool, green sweep of lawn—the swallows envying the round ball's flight."

"You've hit it!" cried Carris cordially. I fancied, by the look in his eye, he meant to show up Mr. Owen Fere.

"Perhaps, with my young friend's help, and yours, I may—what is your phrase—knock up a score on Thursday?"

"You will," said Carris. "You have the making of a batsman in you."

"Captain Carris——" began Frances, and stopped, and looked as if lunch had disagreed with her. She didn't seem to care to see Fere make a fool of himself.

But Carris pretended not to hear. He'd been queer with Frances lately; and I was sorry, because girls have got to marry sometime, and I think a chap has a right to a decent brother-in-law.

Owen Fere was a first-class fool. There was no denying it, unless one happened to be a girl. My hat! It makes me cold all over to think of it. Suppose one *had* been a girl? It was all a chance either way, like being shot in a battle. But I'm jolly glad I wasn't shot!

Well, we played our fish all we knew. We bowled at him, and sometimes missed his stumps by accident; we let him bowl at us, and hit as hard as we could for laughing. We chucked catches to him, and watched the gradual skinning of his thumbs and fingers.

And we laughed.

Frances didn't. She grew horrider and horrider to Captain Carris, and softer to the poet.

"Look here," I said to her one night—it was the night before the match with the village eleven—"what's up, Frances?"

"I don't understand," says she, drawing herself up.

But I'd seen Frances draw herself up about a hundred and seventy times, and I'd stopped bothering about it.

"Rot!" says I. "What's Captain Carris done?"

"Nothing, that I can see," says she, like an ice on a wafer biscuit. "I wish he had."

"He's made five centuries this year for Deepshire," I put in.

"James has made seven, if it comes to that," says she, cool as a cucumber sandwich.

"James knows his wicket—Carris made *his* hundreds anywhere you like."

"Well, Dick? This is very interesting, doubtless, for Lillywhite and Wisden, but I can't see that it affects me particularly."

"Owen Fere is such a bally ass!" I put in.

"Because he can't make centuries?"

"Yes, and because—because—he's such a *jolly* ass—you ask Carris."

"Captain Carris may have his own opinion. I have mine," says she.

"Opinions!" says I, with a sniff. "Centuries are what I go by."

"Yes, boys do," she said, with her cool, aggravating way.

"Any way, Carris doesn't go printing twaddle. You bet! He had enough lines to do at school without fagging about 'em now. Poetry! I'd rather trade in tin-ware."

"You're seventeen, aren't you, Dick?" says she quietly, like a cat before she sticks her claws out.

"I'm nearly eighteen."

"Wait till you're thirty, and then you'll *know*."

She left me with that, and followed the gleam of Owen Fere's cigarette through the dusk. Cheek, I called it. Frances wasn't more than twenty herself, and she was a girl, too.

Fere, I fancy, talked a lot of rot to her as they strolled about together in the garden. Any way, she had her queer, mushy look on when they came in and pretended they'd been studying the motions of the stars. Stars! They're all right, but Frances doesn't do much looking up at 'em as a rule.

Captain Carris was standing by the piano when they came in. Miss Fossdyke was singing something about her heart being "like a frozen mere, because love's meaning was not clear," and Carris was yawning as he turned over the leaves. Frances looked at him as they came in, and drew herself up—the way I told you of a bit since—and wondered, in a hard sort of voice, what it must feel like to have one's heart like a frozen mere.

"I can guess fairly well," says Carris, with a knifey look at her.

"Indeed? Then you have the better of me. Drawing-room songs are such nonsense, Mr. Fere"—turning to the poet-Johnnie—"unless—unless *you* write the words."

Preen himself? I guess he did—like a scraggy turkey-cock when the hens are all cluck-clucking round him.

"Have you heard my last song?" says he softly. He thought no one was listening, but I happened to be on the other side of the sofa they'd sat down on.

"No," says she. "*Do* tell me what the words are."

"I wrote them with your face before me," he began, then smoothed his hair a bit more, grinned, and started off like ninety.

The red rose witnesses my pain,
  The nightingale my woe.
I see thee through a tear-dimmed rain,
  My love of long ago.

I see thee, beautiful and pure
  As dewdrops in the dawn,
And thou dost bid me still endure
  The world's unheeding scorn.

Oh, love, whose voice is sweeter far,
  Than nightingale's lament,
Thou art to me a guiding star
  From heaven's own gateway sent.

Fere regularly hugged himself when he had done, and Frances looked a bit mooney. As for me, I did my best to keep from laughing. Fancy Frances being a dewdrop in the dawn! I'd seen her eat teas after tennis-matches, and I knew!

"So you are going to play against the village team to-morrow?" says she, after a while.

"Yes. But never mind that—I—I wished to ask you to-night—will you—will you be the star and moon and sun of all my life?"

Didn't know what he meant myself; but Frances did, it seemed, for she went white and pink, and: "This is very sudden, Mr. Fere," says she.

"Not if you understand the weariness of loving, as I understand it! Night after night to watch the stars, and think of all that may and may not be—Frances, tell me, am I to hope?"

I sat snug as midsummer in my chair. It

was pretty cool, this, with all the others at the far end of the room.

"I—I do not know," says Frances, holding down her head in a silly sort of way

"Ah, but you must tell me! I can't bear the tense and hopeless questionings — the soul that longs for, and the merit that does not deserve."

I'd heard of proposals, and wondered now if they were all like this. If so, there were more Jugginses in the world than I'd guessed. I nearly jumped up and told Frances to say "No"; and the next minute I was glad I hadn't, for she turns to him, and, "Mr. Fere," says she, "I will—will give you your answer after to-morrow's match. If you score fifty——"

His face dropped for a minute; then he seemed to pull himself together. "If I score fifty, you will marry me?" says he.

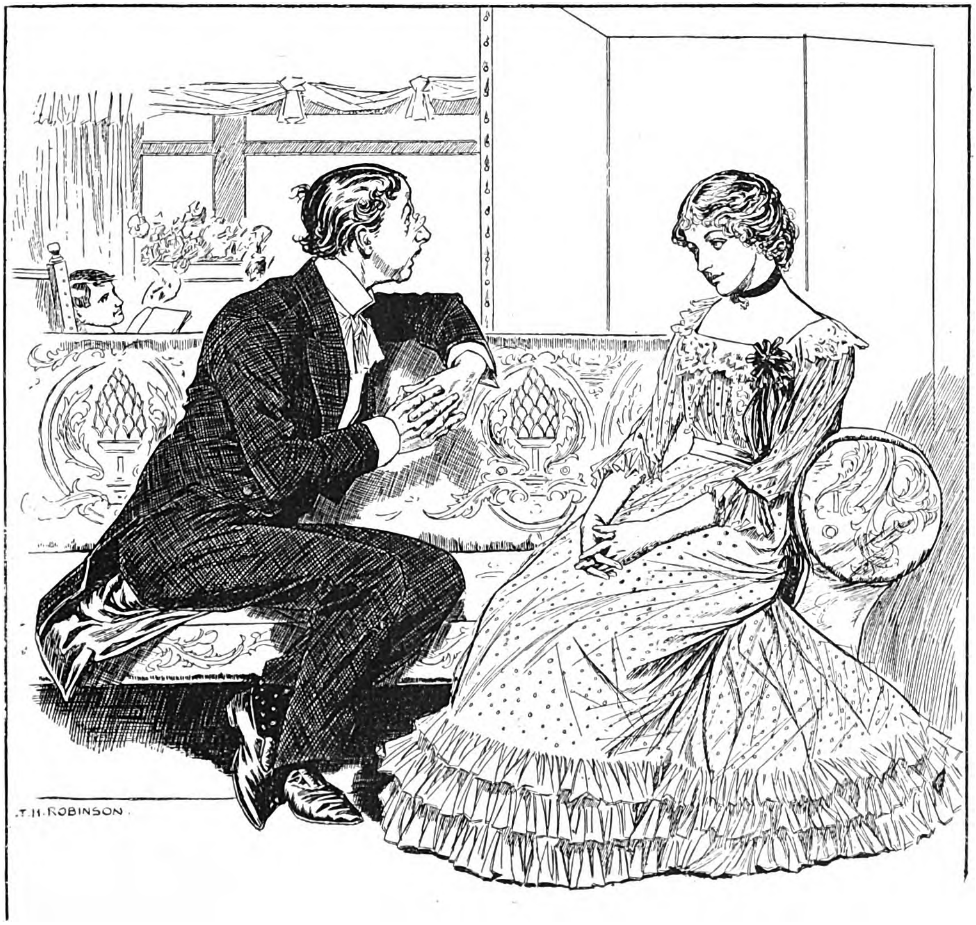
"Yes," says Frances.

And I grinned. It was easy to see she was only putting the poor beggar off. The village bowling happened to be pretty good of its sort, and Owen Fere had as much chance of scoring fifty to-morrow as the man in the moon. Only, why couldn't she say "No" to him, fair and square, like a man? It came of being born a girl, I supposed, and thanked my stars again that trousers had been my destiny.

Captain Carris was pretty down on his luck that evening, and went off by-and-bye to play billiards. I caught him as he went out, and told him what Frances had said she'd do if the poet-Johnnie scored fifty in to-morrow's match. His face lit up like fireworks, and he slapped me on the back.

"That's good luck, Dick," he said. "If Mr. Fere makes fifty to-morrow, I'll—I'll swallow the bat he makes them with."

I wondered, as I went upstairs, how much



"I—I—wished to ask you to-night—will you—will you be the star and moon and sun of all my life?"

they paid the poet-Johnnie to make an ass of himself like that. A good lot, I fancied, to make it worth his while. And then I wondered what sort of an ass he would make of himself to-morrow; and I went to sleep with a sort of hazy picture of Mr. Owen Fere playing "leathern spheres" and getting his wickets spread.

He was practising at the nets all next morning, and seemed to be getting the hang of the thing a bit better. I only bowled him twice out of every three balls, that is, and once or twice—when I took the bat—he managed to get my stumps. How he did it I don't know—perhaps by the law of chances that our mathematical master talks about at school; it does seem likely, if you come to think of it, that one ball out of fifty should be a decent one.

Fere was all in a glow, I could see. He saw that fifty score coming nearer. Captain Carris was very solemn all the time—egged the poor beggar on, you know, and made him fancy himself twice as much, which wasn't a bit necessary.

"You'll make the score of the afternoon!" he cried as we went up to lunch.

"Do you think so?" murmured the poet. And then he smiled—I knew why. "I would rather make fifty this afternoon," says he, "than write the finest poem in the language."

"So would I," grunted Carris, in a dry kind of way.

Well, we set off for the village after lunch. We'd made a team up, you know, out of the fellows staying with us and the grooms and the gardener and the gardener's boy, and we fancied we were going to lick the village eleven all to pieces.

Carris—he captained our side—lost the toss, and the village chaps batted.

"Where would you like to field?" Carris asked the poet-Johnnie as we went out.

"Oh, anywhere," says he, with a lofty air as if he was better than G. H. Hirst in any part of the field.

"What do you say to mid-on, then?"

"Delighted, if—ah—you will tell me where mid-on is."

He hadn't learnt this from Lillywhite, evidently. Carris grinned, and showed him where he ought to stand.

"You'll have to cross after the over, you know," he said.

"What—what is over?" says the poet.

"End of every six balls—you'll see the field moving—cross over to the corresponding side of the wickets."

"Do you think they will send me any catches?" He seemed to be a bit sick, now he was in it all, with Frances and the rest of of them looking on from the pavilion.

"Hope so, old man! Don't miss 'em if they come, that's all!"

Play began. Nothing came to Owen Fere for half-an-hour, and then he got a beauty. It would have hit him, so he shoved his hands down nervously, and held the ball somehow. We clapped him all we knew—and he stood there, and smiled at it, and reckoned he had meant to catch it.

The village fellows scored eighty-eight for nine wickets, and they took so long about it that the sun was getting down hill a bit when the last man came in. First ball he had he drove to mid-on, and it struck Owen Fere in the chest. He sort of doubled up, and gasped, and looked about him.

"Oh, you ass!" cried Captain Carris—he was always keen as nuts whatever the match was—"Why didn't you hold it?"

The poet gasped again. "I—I was watching the shadows lengthen on the velvet turf," said he.

"They'll keep," growled Carris. "You watch the ball instead."

Well, as it happened, the very next ball was driven hard to the poet; and he chucked his hands at it anyhow; and it stuck somehow. Never saw a chap with such luck!

He went up to Frances as soon as we reached the pavilion, and fancied himself, and kidded them all over again about the two catches. Then Carris came to him, with a quiet look I knew, and, "Fere," says he, "will you open the innings with me?"

I laughed out—couldn't help it—but Owen Fere didn't see it. He put on his pads, and he put on his gloves; and he went out with Carris as if he'd opened innings all his life.

"The willow, the supple, pliant willow!" he was saying as they passed us. "How many stories has it listened to, as it grew beside the sedge-lined mere!"

"You keep a straight bat, and never mind the sedge-lined mere and whispered stories," says Carris.

Carris took the first over, and hit a couple of boundaries. Then it was Fere's turn. I looked at Frances, and noticed that she seemed jumpy—a bit inclined to laugh, and a bit inclined to frown, and a lot of other things only a girl knows about.

You wouldn't believe it, but the poet-Johnnie's luck kept up. He couldn't bat for nuts, and yet the first ball he had he lashed out at—drove it past mid-off—and scored a boundary. The ball came in on the on-side, but that didn't matter to a poet. The next ball missed his stumps by a shaver, and the next he tried to block, and managed to get it away for another boundary through short-slip's hands. I grinned like fifty, and Frances began to clap. Another coat of varnish would have settled Fere's innings for the rest of the over, but somehow he pulled through. It wasn't cricket, but he seemed to have the luck.

Captain Carris was out in the next over, and I followed in. I looked across the pitch at Fere, and I didn't smile as I'd expected to. What had come to the beggar, I don't know —*he'd* have said love, or bosh of that sort—but something had. He looked as cool as could be, and he held his bat with a clumsy sort of easiness, as if he had known it all his life. Carris had been out to the last ball of the over, and I watched—my mouth wide open—as Fere stood up to the bowler. He didn't play the ball—*I* can swear to that—but he pushed his bat out at it, and touched it by mistake, and blessed if it didn't go past short-slip again to the boundary. He sat tight after that for three balls—fuddled them, you know, and stopped them anyhow, and then he took a blind swipe and landed another boundary.

I was so surprised that I mulled the very first ball I had, and spooned it up, and trotted back the way I had come with the half of a pair of spectacles to my credit. The gardener went in next, and scored a few, and then he left; and, if you'll believe it, that beggar Owen Fere still kept his end up!

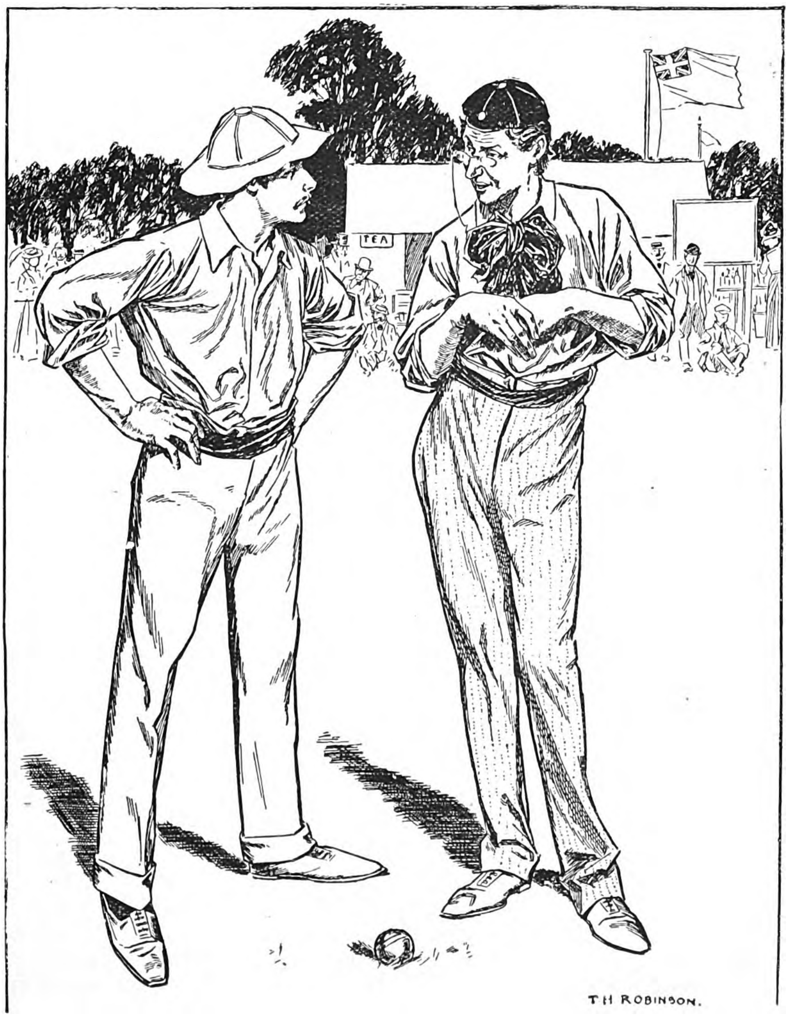
I was sitting beside Frances in the pavilion. "Rummy, isn't it," I said, as Fere played blind-hookey again with a yorker and swiped a boundary.

Frances seemed jumpy—very. She was watching the scoring-board. "He has made twenty-five," she said faintly.

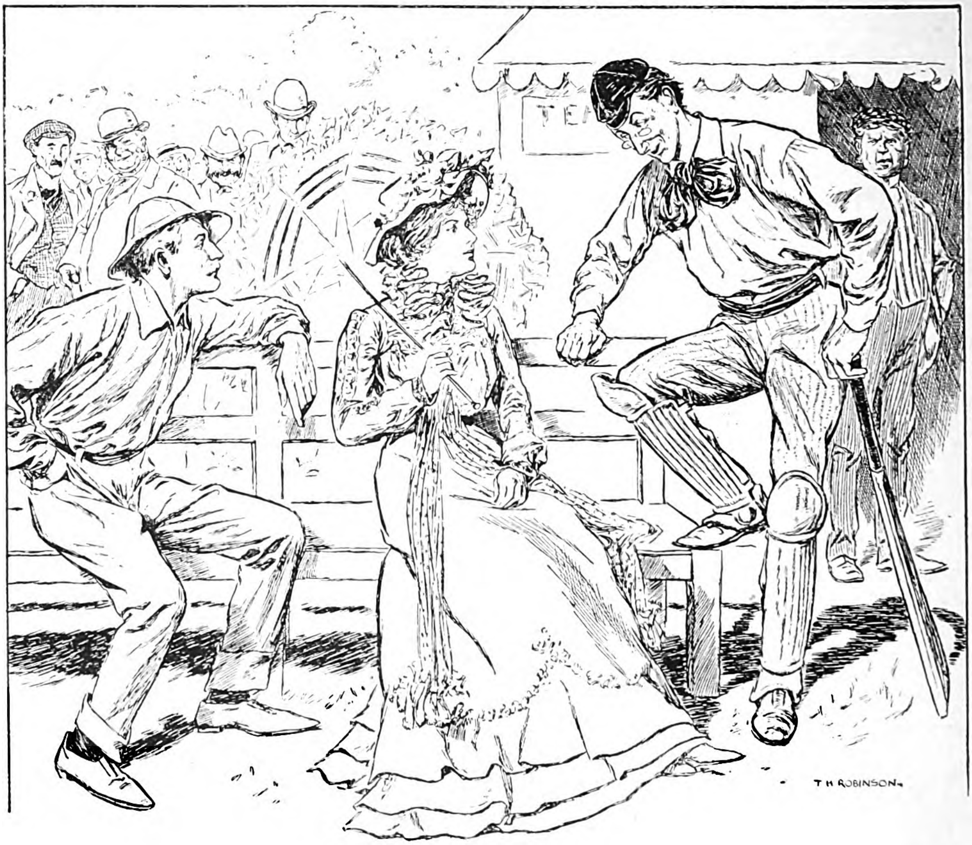
I grinned.

"And if he doubles it, he'll—eh, Frances?"

She turned to me, her face the colour of the governor's last prize dahlia.



"I—I was watching the shadows lengthen on the velvet turf," said he.



He leaned like a lily over Frances.

"What do you mean, Dick?" says she.

"Oh, nothing," says I. "Only I happened to be behind the sofa last night, and I heard——"

"Dick, Dick. He *can't* make fifty!" she cried.

"Shouldn't wonder. There! That's another boundary. Something's come to the chap. It isn't poetry this time, and it isn't cricket; but he's scoring!"

Frances went quiet of a sudden, and Carris, too, looked a bit sick as he came and sat down beside her. I edged off then, because a fellow's no business to listen to a particular chum when the chum's talking to a sister he wants him to marry. But I couldn't help hearing, for all that.

"What the mischief is happening?" said Captain Carris. "I thought all this was a bit of fun, and this poet-chap is going to win the match for us."

"Oh, don't," says Frances.

She hadn't been ordinarily civil to Carris lately, but she seemed all out of gear this afternoon.

"Why?" says he, sharp like the click of a maxim-gun.

"Because I made a foolish—a very foolish promise to Mr. Fere."

"What was it?" he said with another click.

I could never stand up against Carris when he put on that tone, so it wasn't to be expected Frances would. She looked shivery, too.

"I—I promised—oh, how shall I tell you?"

Click from the Captain. "You've got to," says he, firing another cartridge from the magazine.

"Well—I—he was so bothersome, you know—and I—I think I must have been bewitched—I promised to—to marry him if he scored fifty this afternoon."

Carris whistled. "It is nonsense!" says he, glancing at the scoring-board.

I thought Frances was going to blub. "It—it isn't nonsense," says she looking at the board too—"He—he's made thirty-seven, Captain Carris, and—and I never broke a promise yet."

Mr. Owen Fere was glaring at the pavilion with a big look of "Up guards and at 'em," after swiping another four. He was rotten as could be, as a bat, and yet he fluked 'em somehow.

Captain Carris *click-clicked*—Maxim working strong—and Frances looked ready to faint. Girls do faint when they don't see any other way out of it, and I pitied Captain Carris. He'd have to go and fetch water in his hat by-and-by, if Fere scored any more—and what a jolly ass a fellow must feel when he's out of a book and *in* a mess of that sort.

"It's absurd," says Carris. "Do you mean to say that you will keep to a foolish promise of that kind?"

Frances pulled herself together. Comes of a plucky family, you know. "I shall," says she, stiff as Wellington at Waterloo. "I never broke a promise yet, Captain Carris."

Another footling hit from Owen Fere, and his score was up to forty-five. Frances gave a sort of sob. Captain Carris swore—at least he meant it that way. Then Carris got hold of his curb-chain, and jerked it, and, "Frances," says he, "I wish to heaven I had never tried to play a silly trick on this Owen Fere; but it's done. Suppose he is out under fifty, will you ——"

"Look!" cried Frances, and Captain Carris swore again—or meant it—as that flukey beggar scored another four.

It was "over" then, and Carris looked as if he was in battle.

"If he's out under fifty, will you—will you marry *me?*" he cried.

Frances just turned to him, as if she'd been thirsty for a week and he offered her a drink. "Yes—oh, yes!" she cried.

They both sighed like fits when the field changed over, and the gardener hit a single, and Fere stood up to hit the single needed to make his fifty. I felt rummy myself, I own; for no fellow likes to see his sister make an ass of herself.

Dickson, the village blacksmith, bowled a beauty to Fere, a nice long-hop, that he ought to have hit for four any day of the week. He tried to, and it went racketing up and up and up.

Frances began to laugh and cry all in a breath. "Oh! he has done it ——"

"Wait a bit," says Captain Carris.

And she waited, 'cos she'd got to. Girls never wait unless they've got to, and not always then. Up, and up, and up went that beastly ball, and the long-field was Smiggles, who couldn't catch a ball at two yards. Smiggles boshed it, of course, at the first try—and Frances called out "Oh!" and Captain Carris said "Hang it!" so plain you couldn't miss it—and then that old idiot Smiggles collared it at the third attempt, and Owen Fere was out for forty-nine.

He came up smiling, and crossed to where we were, and leaned like a lily over Frances. I thought it was rough that a lily should have luck like that at a game it hadn't learnt.

"Your promise!" says he, cool as could be.

Captain Carris glowered at him, but he didn't seem to mind.

"What promise, Mr Fere?" says Frances.

"Why, that if I made fifty——"

Frances seemed to be somebody else. I fancy she had looked at Fere, and looked at Captain Carris, and was jolly glad for what she had escaped. "But you only made forty-nine," says she, demure as a field-mouse; "and so—and so——"

"You've won the match for us, at any rate, old fellow," says Carris.

So I've got a decent brother-in-law, after all. But it was a near squeak!

The Photographer said, "Cats!"

This amusing Picture appears in the

JULY NUMBER OF "PEARSON'S MAGAZINE,"

illustrating a screamingly funny story, called

"ROGER'S DAY."

The July Number is the CORONATION NUMBER, and will contain 16 pages beautifully printed in colour.

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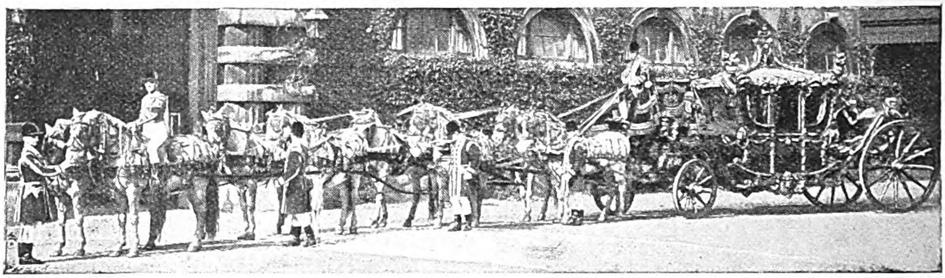
ROYALTY ON WHEELS



The Full State Coach with driver and postillions. It weighs four tons, and cost £7500 to build.

An interesting article about the chief carriages used by King Edward and the Royal Family.

By Stephen Bunn.

In a list of the carriages belonging to our Royal House, one must give first place to what, through historic associations, splendour, and acknowledged precedence, is *the* Royal State Coach of these realms. George III. drove in it to open his first parliament, and the successive sovereigns, including King Edward, have used it on similar occasions. Queen Victoria used it twice: for her coronation, and when she first opened parliament in person. In fact, it has probably been used only a score of times during the last hundred years. At the moment it is of particular interest, as it is to be used by the King at the Coronation ceremony, though its cumbersome bulk and antique discomfort will be exchanged for the ease of the New Full State Coach during the lengthy procession through the streets of London on June 27th.

A description of this elaborate chariot may not be out of place. Its weight is four tons; its length, 24 feet; its width, 8 feet 3 inches; its height, 12 feet; and its cost, including accessories, was something over £7500. In front, the driver's seat is supported by two figures in the attitude of drawing the body of the coach by means of cables over their shoulders. Images behind bear the Imperial fasces, with two tridents above. A huge escallop shell, luxuriant with sea growths, supports the driver's feet; the attachment of the bar is hidden under a smaller shell, itself terminating in dolphins' heads; the pole represents a bundle of lances, while the wheels are of the so-called Chariot of Triumph pattern. Palm trees support the heavy, richly ornate roof, where the Imperial Crown is borne by three boys, the genii of the three kingdoms, adorned with festooned laurel, holding emblems of Royalty and Nobility in their hands. In this magnificent

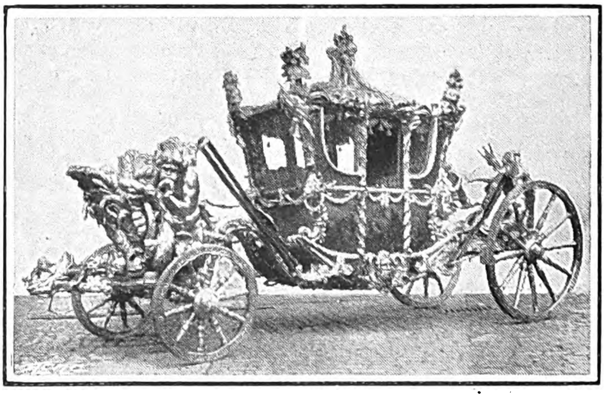


Photo by L. W. Green.

The Full State Coach renovated and altered for the Coronation of King Edward VII.

equipage the designer, Sir William Chambers, availed himself of every opportunity for decorative construction, and the result is a carriage elaborately ornate.

Another regally appointed coach, which is of particular interest in connection with the memory of Queen Victoria, is the semi-state coach, generally known as the Dublin glass coach. It was built on the occasion of the royal visit to Ireland in 1852, and was chiefly used for state functions by her late Majesty.

In the Coronation procession and at the ceremony at Westminster Abbey it will be used by the Prince and Princess of Wales, and on that account has been further decorated with his crest and motto and also the badge of Wales. The body, front, and foot of this carriage are painted lake and vermilion picked out in gold; the wheels and frame are vermilion and gold.

The ornamentation is lighter than on the Full State Coach—the large crown on the top is supported by gilt scroll work of graceful design; there are smaller crowns on the corners, and along the edges, in gilt work, are the rose, the shamrock, the thistle, and the pine—emblems of the Empire.

There are, besides, in the Royal mews, some twenty more or less elaborate carriages, among which are eleven landaus, in colour, scheme, and general design resembling the Dublin coach. But their external decoration is more scanty, being reduced to a crown at each corner. These, and a number that have been recently built after the same pattern, will be used in the Coronation procession by foreign representatives and other distinguished visitors.

During the Coronation procession through the London streets their Majesties will drive in the new state landau lately built, which is far less unwieldy and ornate than the Full State Coach that is to convey them to Westminster Abbey.

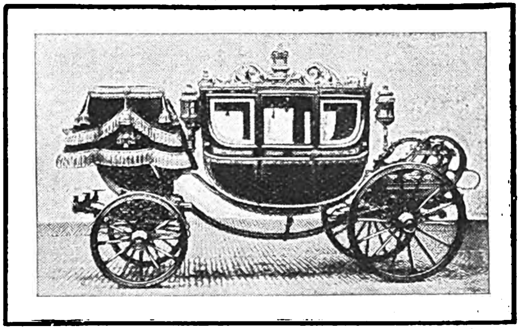
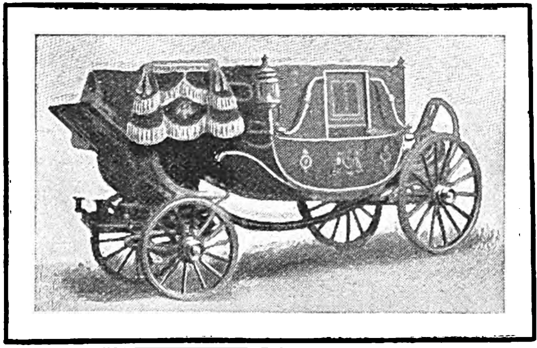
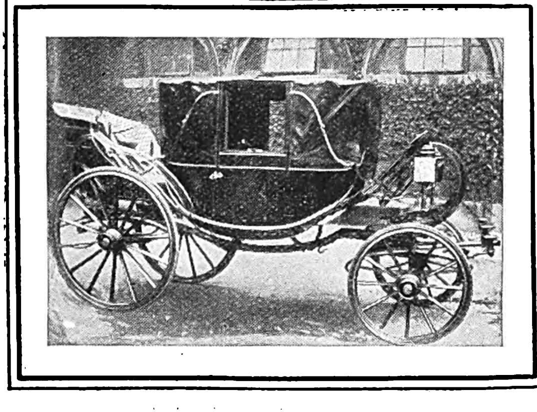


Photo by Edgar Scamell.

The Dublin glass coach, which will be used at the Coronation by the Prince and Princess of Wales.



Dress landau to be used by the Indian Princes at the Coronation.



The so-called Jubilee carriage used in the two Jubilees by Queen Victoria and on every notable occasion since.

This new addition to the Royal equipages is something like the state landau which Queen Victoria used at the Diamond Jubilee ceremonies; but it is somewhat higher and roomier. The body is claret colour, richly ornamented with the royal arms. It is lined with crimson satin, in place of blue tints usually employed in Royal carriages, and fitted with special springs and rubber tyres, so that their Majesties will have not only a handsome but also a very comfortable carriage during that wearying procession. It will be drawn by eight of the King's well-known cream ponies harnessed in red Morocco and gilt metal work.

uses when visiting his personal friends, is a smart one-horse brougham with rubber-tyred wheels. Within it is fitted with modern carriage comforts, the usual smoker's conveniences, a carriage clock, and an electric reading lamp.

When the King and Queen drive together in their private capacity, paying calls on friends, etc., their favourite carriage is a pair-horse single brougham. In driving to and from railway stations, or going out in the evening to entertainments, their Majesties usually employ a so-called "Clarence" brougham, three of which are in the coach-houses at Buckingham Palace.

A "Sociable" is Queen

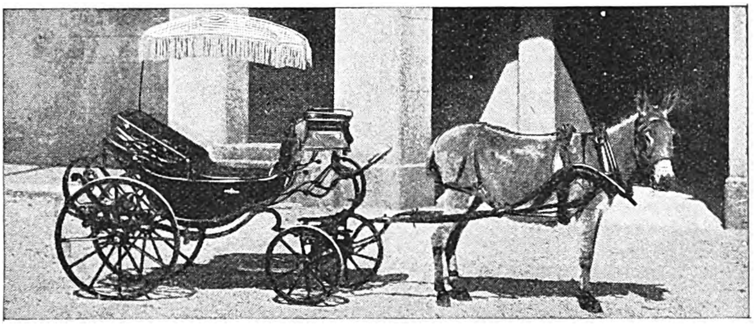


Photo by Hughes & Mullins.

A miniature barouche at one time used largely by Queen Victoria, but more lately by her great grandchildren.

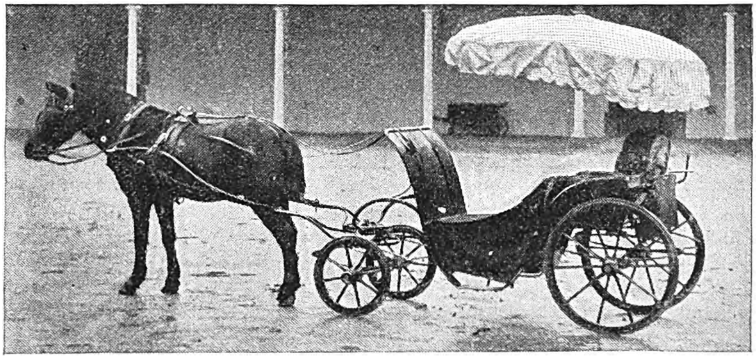


Photo by Russell & Sons.

"Sam" and the late Queen's favourite garden chair.

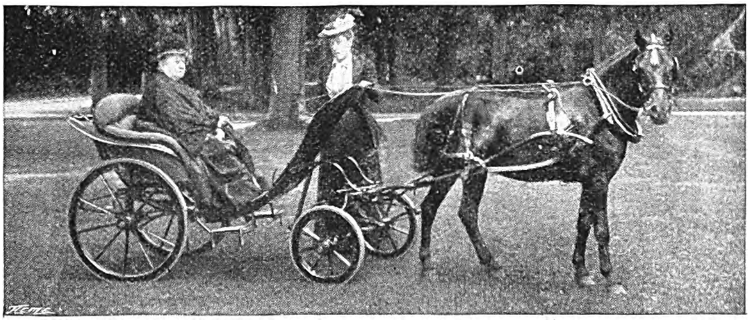
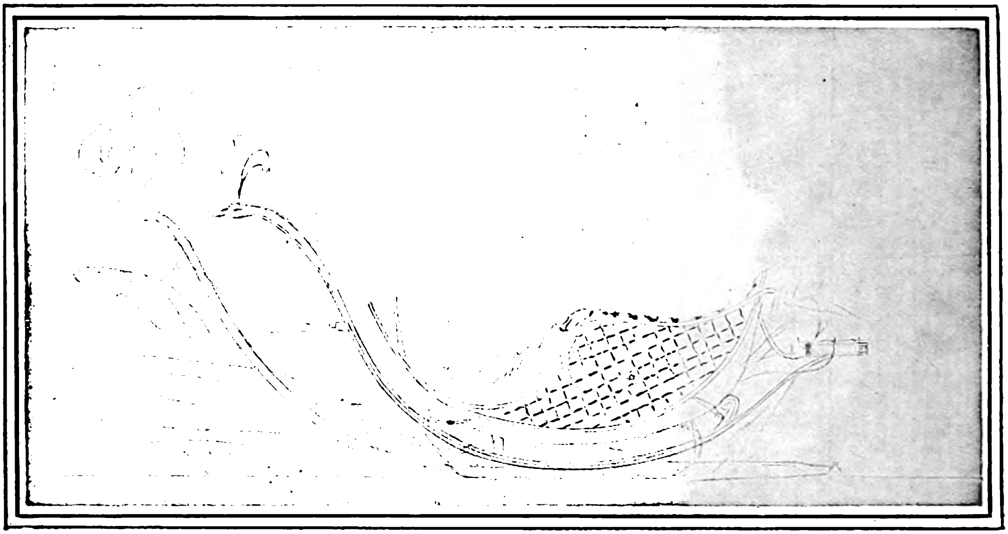


Photo by Hughes & Mullins.

Her late Majesty Queen Victoria in her favourite cane garden chair with Princess Beatrice of Schleswig-Holstein.



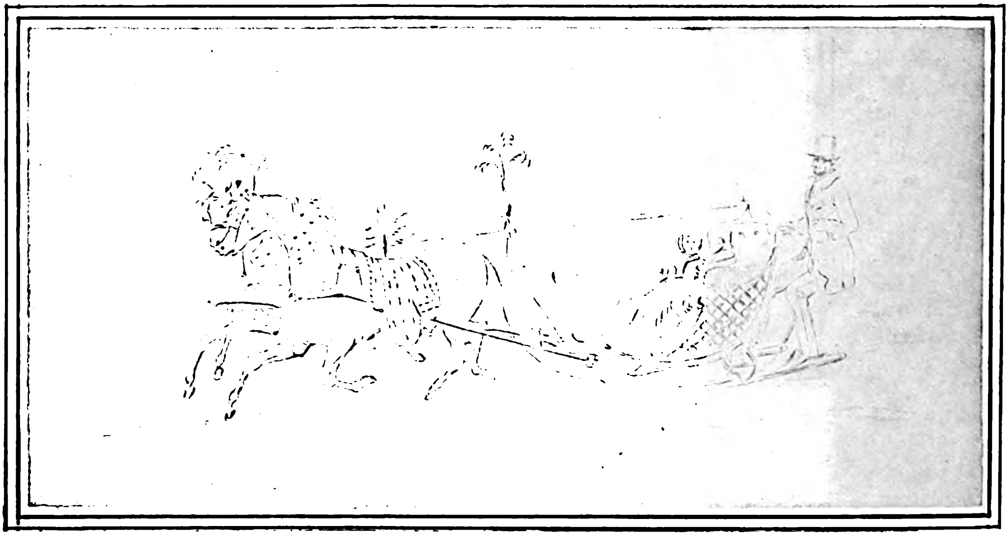
A one-horse sleigh designed by Prince Consort, and frequently used by Queen Victoria. This illustration is taken from an original drawing by the late Prince Consort, and is reproduced by permission of Messrs. Hooper.

Alexandra's favourite open carriage, particularly one known as "The Russian Sociable," which was presented to her by the Tsarina some years ago. Last summer this carriage was very frequently employed in London, their Majesties often riding in it to Richmond and East Sheen on Sundays.

At Sandringham most of the carriages are open, barouches and landaus. The Queen may often be seen taking a drive in a smart Victoria.

At his Norfolk home, the King is simply a country gentleman and recognised as such by the country folk. There he no longer needs the seclusion of a brougham to avoid the well-intentioned, though at times trying, demonstrations of enthusiastic subjects.

He drives to races in a brake or a drag, and through the country in various kinds of open

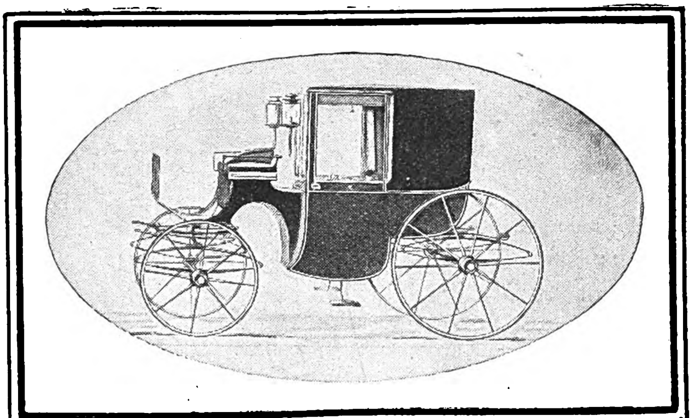


This sleigh was built from the designs and drawings of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert. Her Majesty used frequently to drive about in the winter in this sleigh. (Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Hooper.)

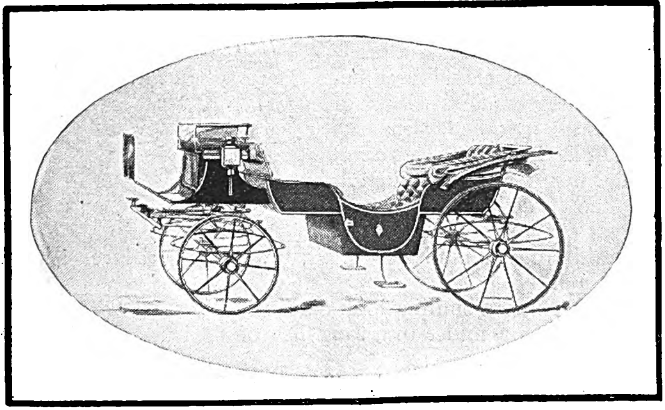
vehicles; but only in one case does he drive himself, when, with his agent, he makes a round of his estates in a four wheel dog-cart known as the Suffield Cart.

His taste for motoring is now well known.

His first drive in a motor car occurred some years ago when Chevalier Réné de Knyff piloted him about in Paris. In 1899 he gave an order to the Daimler Co., of Coventry, for a 6 horse-power phaeton, and this carriage pleased him so much that he ordered two large 12 horse-power cars for use on his Sandringham estate, one of which is constantly used by himself and his consort, and the other for conveying gamekeepers and various estate officials from place to place in the conduct of their duties.



King Edward's favourite single brougham for private calls in town.



Queen Alexandra's favourite sociable for town use.

When visiting his Norfolk estate, King Edward is now invariably met at the station by a motor car, in which he is driven to Sandringham.

For a long time there was a very foolish prejudice in many people's minds against motor cars, but now, happily, the King's well-known taste for that very swift method of travelling has conquered this prejudice, and society is now to be seen enjoying a spin on its automobile.

It seems quite right that His Majesty should show the way in motoring, as in all others, and we may be assured that King Edward will never use his car in any save its proper element.

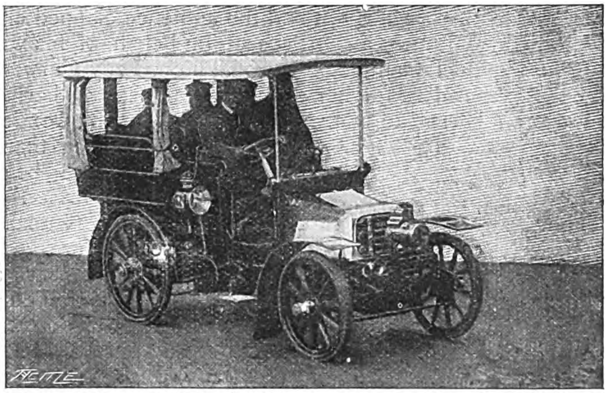


Photo by Charles Knight.

King Edward VII.'s Daimler motor car used by His Majesty at Sandringham.

The Countess's Stratagem

by
Rita
Ey

The Mayor's speech had already lasted an unconscionable time, and even the Countess's look of interest was very forced. She was so tired of having her virtues dwelt upon and her graciousness in fulfilling the function of opening this great exhibition discussed.

"I say, Mum," whispered Gerald from behind her chair, "when this palaver is over you've promised to come round with me."

Lady Curwen nodded slightly, still keeping a smiling look on the speaker.

The Mayor continued. He was in the midst of a long list of statistics showing the city's great progress during the last half century.

"Mater," the insistent voice from behind whispered, "they say there are some quite decent things to see. Don't forget your promise."

When that list of statistics was over and another begun, showing the city's decrease of crime, again came the whisper:

"Tom Lascelles says there is a huge room full of mirrors of all sorts. We'll go there as soon as you can get away from this crowd."

At last the Mayor sat down and the audience clapped enthusiastically in their relief.

Lord Curwen made a short speech on behalf of his wife, and after being formally shown a few of the chief features of the exhibition, Lady Curwen felt she was at liberty to escape and explore the place for herself in the company of her son. Her husband continued to do his duty and listened to many explanations of many wonderful things.

"There are lots of interesting things, far nicer than this part," Gerald informed his mother. "Tom Lascelles saw through the place beforehand; his father is something on the Committee. I want to see the Indian part rather."

They wandered about for a little time, but were unable to find the Indian department or anything else interesting that they had not seen before.

"I'll just ask this workman, he'll know the way about," said Gerald. "You go straight on through that door to the right and I'll join you in a minute."

Lady Curwen obediently walked through the doorway and then another and suddenly found herself in the Hall of Mirrors.

She saw someone walking in the same direction as she was. For a moment she was startled in her surprise at seeing a duplicate of herself, identical in every way as far as she could see. Then she laughed, and, hearing footsteps close to her, she said:

"Such a joke, Gerry. I saw my reflection, and thought it was someone else. I was quite startled."

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Gerald did not answer. His mother turned round, and, to her surprise, could not see him. There was no one near, and the footsteps had ceased. Then she turned to look at her reflection again. It was not there, and, going nearer to inspect, she found that there was no glass there, as she had supposed—only a very wide corridor.

"How odd!" she thought. "I don't quite like it. I will wait for Gerald."

In a minute he joined her, with Tom Lascelles for a guide.

They explored different departments of the exhibition together, the Indian among others, and finally found themselves back in the Hall of Mirrors.

It was a large place and most bewildering. It seemed impossible to tell what was hall and what was mere reflection. One was for ever walking into a looking glass by mistake. Lady Curwen got separated from her companions during their rambles in it. Remembering her previous uncanny experience, she decided to wait for them by the main door.

It was some time before she saw them again and then they came up to her in quite a breathless condition.

"We followed you all round, Mum," explained Gerald, "and you kept disappearing, and now you have turned up here. I can't see how you got here before us, or why you wouldn't wait when we called to you."

"My dear boy, I've been here all the time, ever since I missed you. Quite a quarter of an hour."

"Then it was your ghost we were following. It is so bewildering with all these mirrors about. You hardly know which is your reflection and which is yourself. It was very queer."

"It is funny for a reflection to go about alone," added Tom Lascelles. "Do you know, I think there is something fishy about it? Perhaps we should tell someone."

"It is strange, but if we report it there will be such a fuss," said Lady Curwen. "After all, it may be just a coincidence that someone is wearing the same coloured dress." But even while she tried to reassure the boys she felt very puzzled herself and knew there was more in it than she confessed.

"Now, I'm sure we have earned some tea," she said. "You must join us, Tom."

And so they went to one of the many delightful refreshment places, and ordered tea and ices.

"Have you seen the jewels, Lady Curwen?" Tom asked, presently.

"I've seen some. I didn't think there was anything very special among them."

"Not the diamonds?"

"What diamonds?"

"There are some wonderful ones. They are so big! Quite as big as—as those things in the buckle on your belt. They aren't real, I suppose."

"Oh, no; they are only crystals."

"Well, there are some of the first water—I believe that is the proper term. I heard my father talking about them. They have a special detective to keep an eye on them. They say they are fabulously valuable."

"How interesting!" murmured Lady Curwen. "Where did you say they were?"

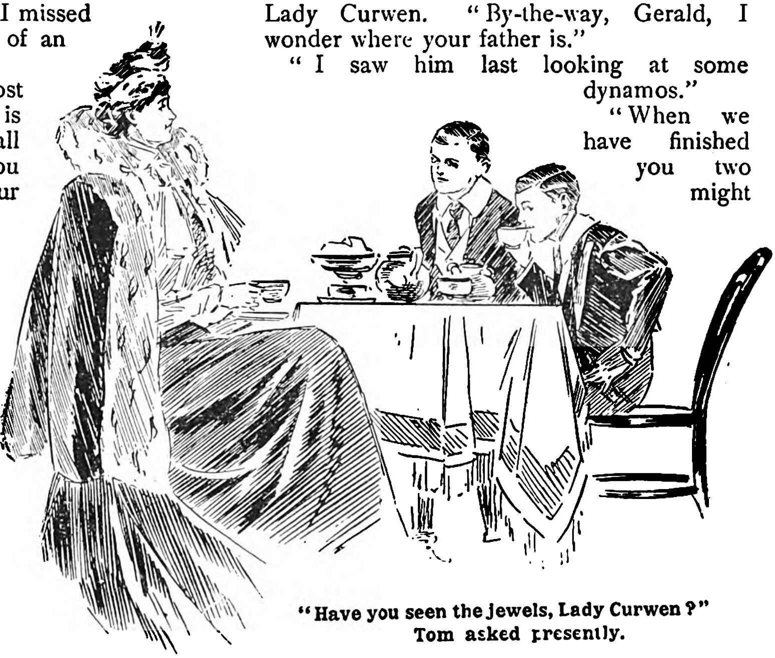
"In the South African department. I don't see much in diamonds myself."

"I guess you would if you were digging for them," interposed Gerald.

"They are very lovely, I think; quite the most beautiful of all stones," added Lady Curwen. "By-the-way, Gerald, I wonder where your father is."

"I saw him last looking at some dynamos."

"When we have finished you two might



"Have you seen the Jewels, Lady Curwen?" Tom asked presently.

go and look for him for me. Tell him to go to the big organ that is quite near the entrance. I will join him there. It really is time we left."

Tea finished, the two boys departed, and the Countess wended her way towards the South African department.

* * * * *

The Exhibition was quite a success the papers declared. The next morning they were full of the details of the opening ceremony, the well chosen words of the Countess as she performed it, the able speech of the Mayor, and, finally, the Earl's.

And then came the latest Exhibition news, evidently rushed in at the last moment. *The diamonds had been stolen!*

The Earl read his paper as usual while he was walking up and down the terrace in front of the house. On seeing this news he immediately sought his wife in her boudoir as he knew she would be interested.

"Tell me all it says about it," she said, looking up from her letters.

"It seems most strange. It appears that you went and asked to see the diamonds. You happened to ask the detective who was watching them and he showed them himself, though it was no part of his duty. You didn't say you were going to see them. I didn't know you had heard anything about them; I didn't myself until just before I got your message. I thought we could go in to see them another time."

"Tom Lascelles told me about them. Well, what else does the paper say?"

"It says how impressed you were with their beauty and how you admired them. You even took them in your hand. After your visit no one took any particular notice of them until quite late, then they were found to be false stones. The detective swears no one had been near them. I think we should go in and see about it. It is rather unpleasant that you were the last person to handle them."

"I think so too. Order the carriage and I will be ready in a few minutes."

An hour later Lord and Lady Curwen drove up to the Exhibition. They went straight to the South African department to hear all the details of the robbery from the detective in charge.

"We have come to hear your account of the diamond mystery," the Earl began.

The detective looked past him at Lady Curwen.

"I noticed no one about either before or after your ladyship's visit," the man answered. "You were the only person who had them out to look at, of course, and very few had asked to see them at all."

"Wasn't that rather extraordinary?"

"It was not generally known that they were here. It was only a day or two ago that they decided to send them."

The detective gazed at Lady Curwen all the time he was speaking in a puzzled way.

"I didn't know about them myself," continued the Earl, "until just before we left at five."

"It would be after five when you looked at them, my lady."

"Oh, no," interrupted the Earl, "Lady Curwen was with me before five and we drove away quite by five. We were at the Priory at six."

The detective looked disconcerted.

"We would like the matter cleared up," said the Earl. "At present we feel that as Lady Curwen was the last person to see the stones except, of course, the custodian of them, we have a personal interest in them. I suppose their loss will be covered by insurance."

"Where are the spurious diamonds?" asked Lady Curwen, "and who discovered the mistake?"

"The man who was showing them," explained the detective, "had to leave before the discovery was made. He knew most about them. After he left another took charge of this department."

"And you, of course, were only to watch from a distance?"

"To watch anyone whom I did not know who approached the diamonds or showed any special interest in them."

"Where are the false ones?" again asked Lady Curwen.

The detective called a man from a little distance, explained who the visitors were, and their wish to see the false stones.

"They are in the case just as they were found waiting for the insurance people's inspection. We are expecting them any minute," the man answered, and handed the case to them.

It was a small Russian leather case with a dark velvet lining. Lady Curwen opened it. Then she examined it carefully, and, touching a small spring, she took the false bottom of the case out.

"See!" she exclaimed. "There are the real diamonds!"

The diamonds lay sparkling and glittering as the light fell upon them in the bottom of the case.

The men looked at the Countess in amazement.

"Yes," she laughed, "when you hear from the man who had charge of them about twenty minutes to five"—here she looked at the detective—"he will tell you how he explained the double box to me."

"But who put the diamonds on the lower tray and the paste above?" asked the detective in surprise.

"That you should know," continued Lady Curwen. "But both the original keeper of the jewels and my husband know that I looked at them before ten minutes to five."

"And I——"

"You were not there at the time. Now the diamonds are safe, we need not trouble you any further. Good-morning."

Lord and Lady Curwen drove away at once.

"And the explanation?" the Earl asked when they were again alone.

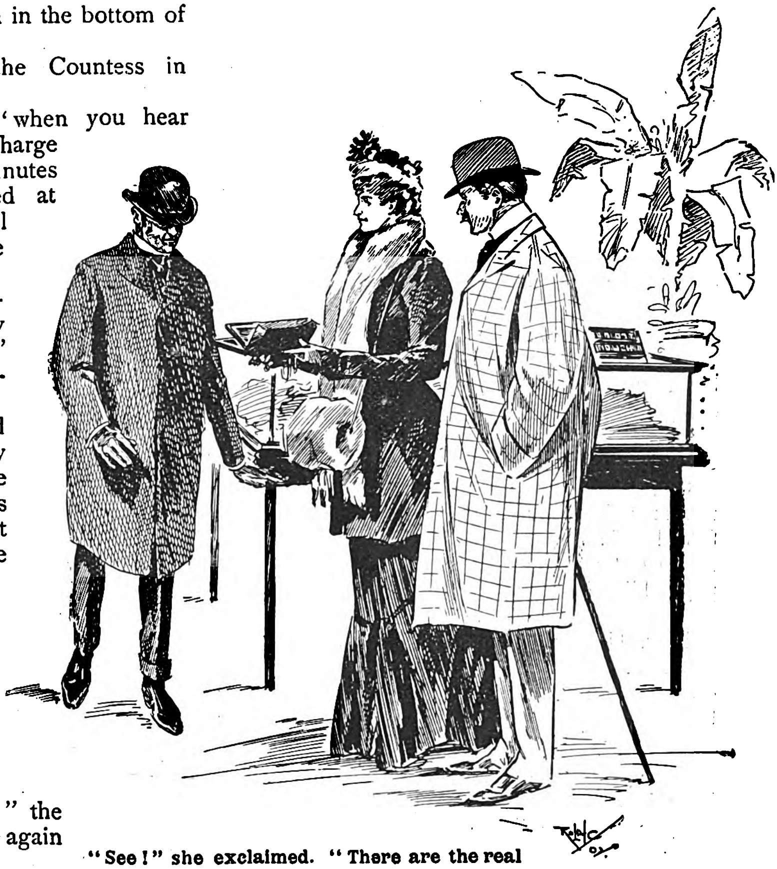
"Weren't they a good imitation?" Lady Curwen answered irrelevantly. "They must have been specially made. My mysterious double, who looked at the diamonds in the presence of the detective, was seen both by me and the boys. Of course I had guessed who she was, because who but an accomplice of Thérese, my maid, could know what I intended to wear?"

Her husband joined in her laugh.

"To continue my story, when I heard about the diamonds I imagined they must be her quarry and guessed her plan.

"I tried to find her, but it was impossible in the few minutes I had, and I was afraid that any moment she might perpetrate her crime. In desperation I went to the man in charge with the intention of communicating my suspicions to him.

"He, of course, knew who I was, and when I entered the department he showed me round with great avidity. The diamonds he specially pointed out, and explained the working of the double tray. I chatted with him a little longer, until he was called away to the other side of his department. I then carried out my plan, and rapidly put the real diamonds below, and the crystals, which I had taken out of my buckle (it was Tom Lascelles who gave me that idea), I put on the top tray.



"See!" she exclaimed. "There are the real diamonds!"

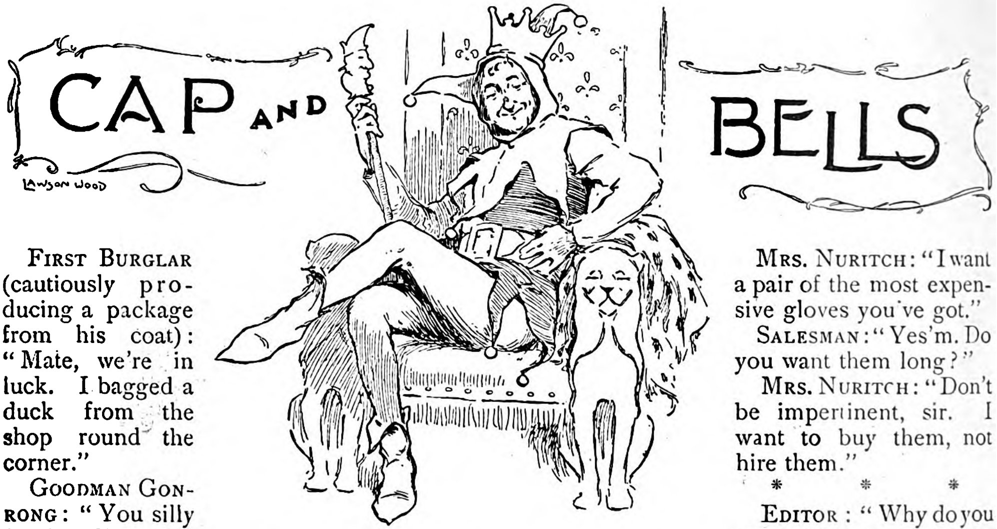
"The rest of the story you will have already guessed. Charlotte, my former maid, you know, had prepared a false set of stones with the intention of substituting them for the real ones. But what happened after all was that she took my crystals instead, and left her false set on the top tray, the real stones being safely out of sight."

"I admit it was most ingenious," said the Earl; "but was it worth the risk to yourself?"

"There was little risk. I could not ruin the woman, Charles. Her boy and Gerald were babies together."

The Earl smiled as he kissed her. He understood.

CAP AND BELLS



First Burglar (cautiously producing a package from his coat): “Mate, we’re in luck. I bagged a duck from the shop round the corner.”

Goodman Gonrong: “You silly fool! I’ve got to go out now an’ pinch a bottle o’ champagne!”

* * * * *

Mrs. Uppish: “Just think, it’s only six months ago since we moved away from next door to you. We’re in a much better neighbourhood now.”

Mrs. Sharpe: “So are we.”

Mrs. Uppish: “Why, where did you move?”

Mrs. Sharpe: “Oh, we haven’t moved at all.”

* * * * *

Her Father: “No, young man, I shall never consent to your marriage with my daughter.”

Young Man: “Ah, how can I live without the dear girl?”

Her Father: “Well, if it is absolutely necessary that your existence be prolonged you might hunt up a job and go to work.”

Mrs. Nuritch: “I want a pair of the most expensive gloves you’ve got.”

Salesman: “Yes’m. Do you want them long?”

Mrs. Nuritch: “Don’t be impertinent, sir. I want to buy them, not hire them.”

* * *

Editor: “Why do you say: ‘He ran into the police station, puffing and blowing?’ ‘Puffing’ and ‘blowing’ are synonymous.”

Reporter: “Not at all. There’s a vast difference, for instance, between puffing a man up and blowing him up.”

* * * * *

Too Easy.

“Does your father have to pay much for coal?”

“Not a penny. He lives near the railway lines and makes faces at the engine drivers of all trains that pass.”

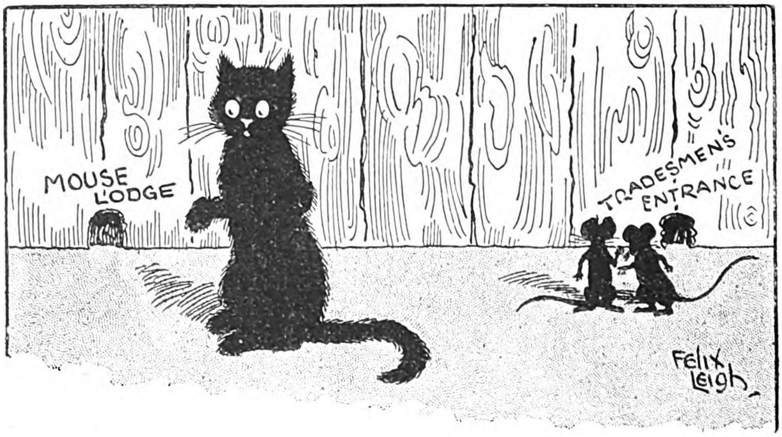
* * * * *

“John,” said the doctor’s wife, “my tongue looks very bad this morning.”

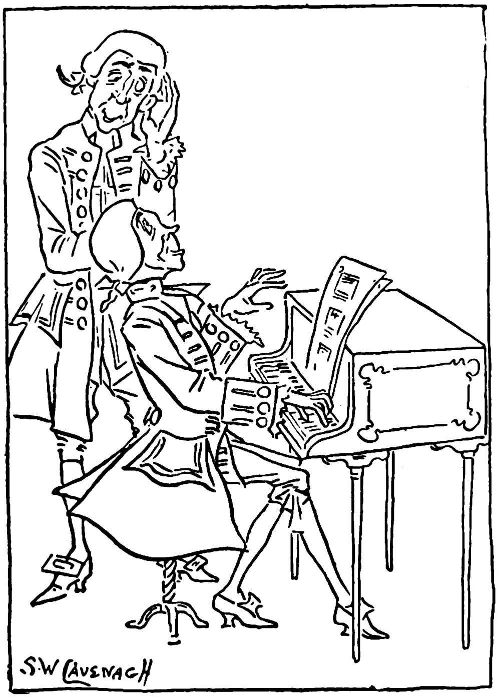
“Ah!” exclaimed the doctor, “overwork, no doubt.”

“But, really, I am not overworked. You know that ——”

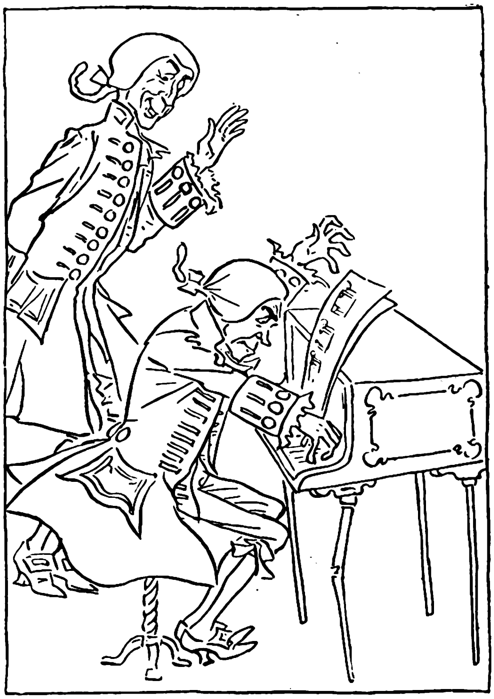
“I was not referring to you, but your tongue.”



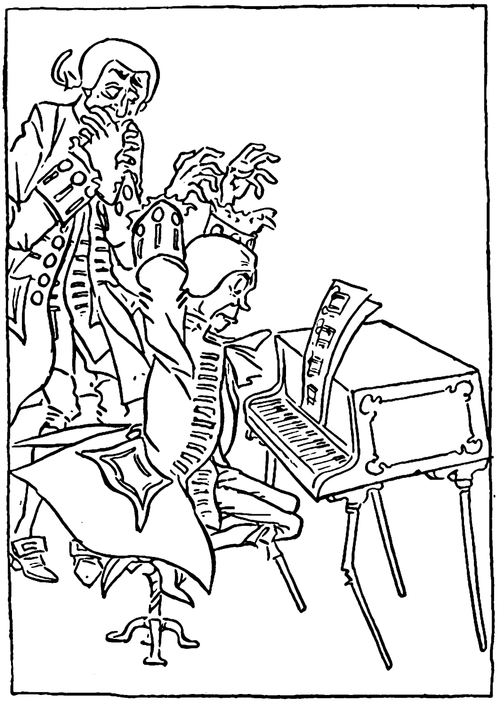
Mr. Nibbles: “Of course, it’s rather annoying, my dear, but as that stupid cat persists in watching the front door, I suppose we’ll have to go in by the tradesmen’s entrance.”


S.W CAVENAGH

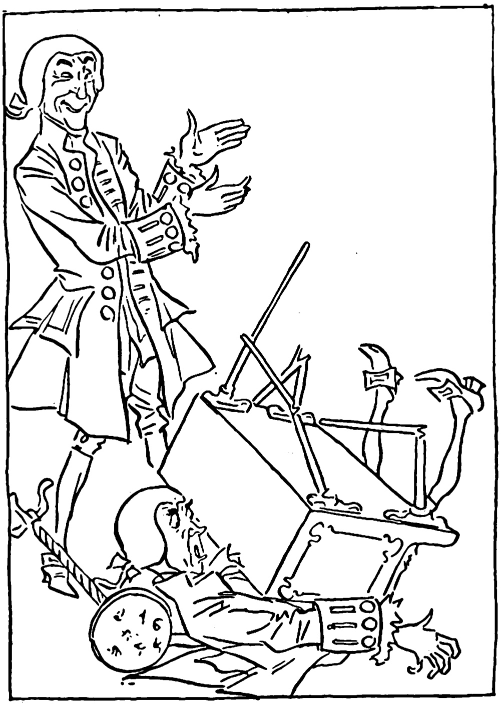
1. Piano.



2 Forte.



3. Fortissimo.



4. Smashissimo.

SUCH FORETHOUGHT.

HEWITT: "Is your life insured for the benefit of your wife?"

JEWETT: "No, I don't believe in doing business in a roundabout way, and so I had the policy made payable to her second husband."

* *

AT THE NOVEL PLAY.

HE: "I suppose, before seeing one of these plays one should read the book."

SHE: "Yes. Then, in some cases, one might avoid the play."

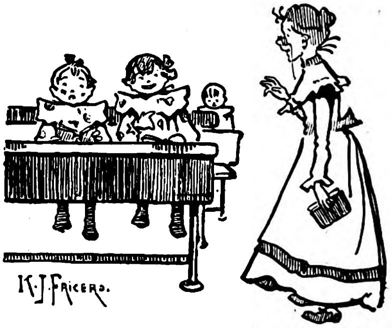
* * * * *

YOUNG LADY: "A friend of mine is engaged to a man, and now he refuses to marry her. What would you advise her to do?"

OLD LAWYER: "Is the man wealthy?"

YOUNG LADY: "No. He hasn't a penny."

OLD LAWYER: "Then I'd advise her to write him a nice letter of thanks."



A little girl was discovered whispering in school, and the teacher asked sharply:

"What were you saying to the girl next to you when I caught you whispering?"

The little culprit hung her head for a moment, and then replied:

"I was only telling her how nice you looked in your new dress."

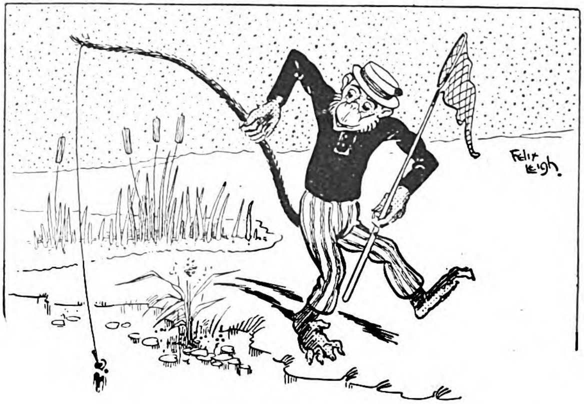
"Well, that—yes—I know—the class in spelling will please stand up."

* * * * *

TACKLED THE WRONG BOY.

MOTHER: "What! Have you been fighting again, Johnnie? Good little boys don't fight."

JOHNNIE: "Yes, I know that. I thought he was a good little boy, but after I hit him once, I found he wasn't."


Felix Leigh.

A SENSITIVE ROD.

Jacko: "Hooray! I can *feel* a bite!"

COURTSHIP TOO EXPENSIVE.

TESS: "You don't mean to say that they have broken off their engagement?"

JESS: "Yes."

TESS: "Why, I thought they were perfectly devoted to each other."

JESS: "So they are. You see, they have broken off the engagement so that he may save enough money to enable them to get married."

* * * * *

LITTLE TEDDY (to mamma, who is cutting papa's hair): "Mamma, may I take one of papa's curls?"

MAMMA: "Yes, darling." (To papa): "See what an affectionate angel that little fellow is. Even at his tender age he knows enough to prize the mere curl on his dear papa's head."

LITTLE TEDDY (as he sees mamma trying to pick him a good specimen): "Hurry mamma, I want it for a new tail for my horse."

* * * * *

ALAS!

Among a heap of odds and ends
Within my study cupboard lying—
Reminders of forgotten friends
And days when life was not so trying—

I found a little crumpled mass
Of kid, long-wristed, slender-fingered,
Whereon, as though it could not pass,
A fragrance like a mem'ry lingered.

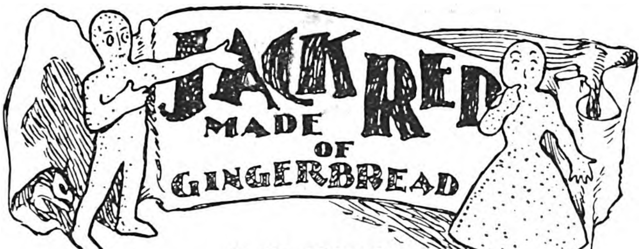
And somehow I forgot my age
And all the worries incidental
To married life, and turned love's page
Back to a chapter sentimental.

"Ah, glove!" I sighed, "the dainty hand
That you for one gay night did cover
Might still with tender touch command
The homage of an ardent lover!

"I'll give you back to her, and watch
Her eyes light up, her cheeks grow ruddy;
And she'll forget to darn and patch,
And I'll make love within my study!"

And then she came! . . . I'm wondering
What Tommy made this awful hole with. . . .
What's that? An old glove! . . . Just the thing
For Jane to lift the lumps of coal with!

J. J. Bell.



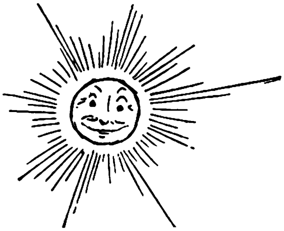
JACK RED MADE OF GINGERBREAD

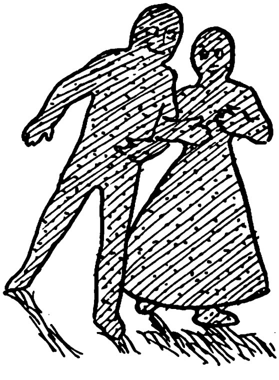
By Hy. LEONARD.

JACK RED was made of gingerbread,
So was Jane Pop herself;
Jane Pop lived in a lolly shop,
Beside Jack on the shelf.

Said Jack, "I love you, Jane, I do,
Don't question that I'm true;
Because, Jane Pop, the question, dear,
I fain would pop to you."

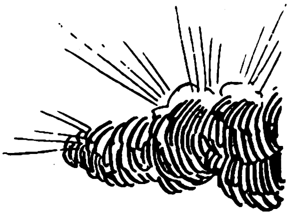
Said Jane, "Now Jack! what have you said,
Oh, can this really be!

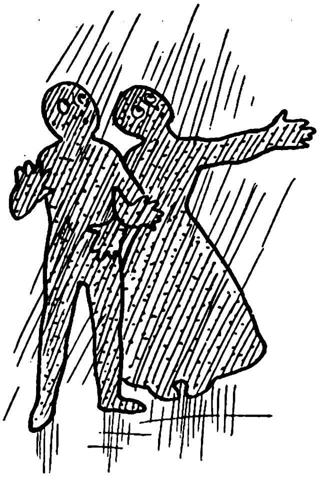




Your gallant heart of gingerbread
Is beating all for me?"

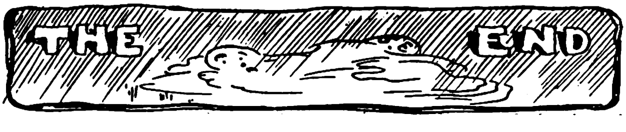
Said Jack, "Though many girls are sweet,
Aye, sweet as honey dew,





There's not another in this shop,
That's half so sweet as you."

So out they went on marriage bent,
And, very sad to say,
The twain were both caught in the rain
And melted quite away.

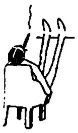


TO MY RIVAL.

Before we met he loved you well, I know,
But we were wed,
With vows that he was wholly mine,
'Twas lightly said.

Last night I watched you. Back into his life
You dared to creep:
He gazed upon you, and his eyes bespoke
Affection deep.

I stood apart, but from the shadow dim,
I saw him press
His lips upon you—lips that had touched mine
In fond caress.



Though I'm forgotten, brief as passing clouds
Your triumphs are—
Each moment draws you nearer to your end,
Cheeky cigar.

* * * * *

MISTRESS: "Bridget, did you hear me call?"

BRIDGET: "Yis, mum; but ye towld me the ither day not to answer ye back, and I didn't."

* * * * *

CAUGHT ON THE FLY.

"I'll marry whom I please," said she,
And tossed her little head.
"Hurrah! You're mine! For certainly
You do please me," he said.

PAT: "Oi was born in '68, an' a lucky t'ing it was fur me."

BRYAN: "Was it so? Phwhy?"

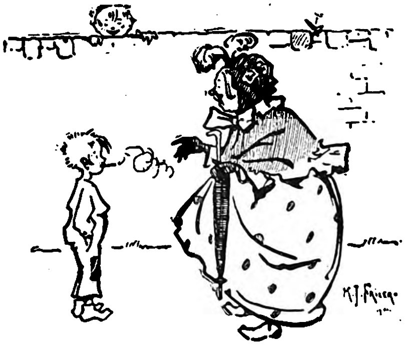
PAT: "Well, ye see the twinty-ninth av February is me birthday, an' so if '68 hadn't been a lape year Oi wudn't a' been born at aal, at all."

* * * * *

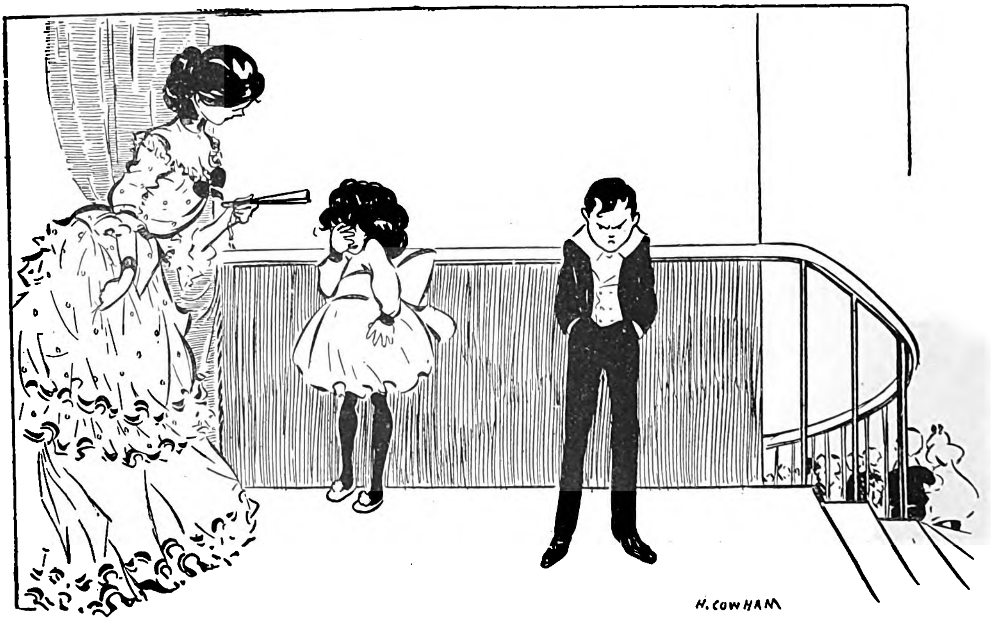
Said a little lawyer the other day: "There is a little restaurant in Fleet Street where I can get twenty-four kinds of meat and vegetables for eightpence."

"How do you do that?" asked a friend.

"I order hash."



Old Lady: "Dear, dear! I don't like to see a little boy smoking a cigarette."
The Boy: "Don't y', ma'am? Well, if y'll come round this way at the same time t'morrer I'll try to be smokin' a cigar 'r a pipe."



Mother: "Quarrelling with cousin Jane? Jack, how can you?"
Jack (who has just been vaccinated): "I was told to take her down to dinner. But I don't consider she's safe. She tells me she has only been vaccinated once—years ago, when she was young."

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BAKING POWDER

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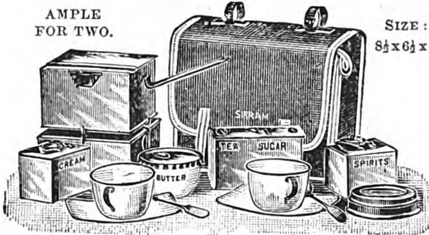

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which has the fragrance, strength and refreshing qualities of the best selected beans in a time and labour-saving form.

IN PERMANENT CONDITION,

only boiling water is required, and the result is always the same—fragrant coffee, whether you make it yourself, relegate it to a domestic, or allow your little child to do it.

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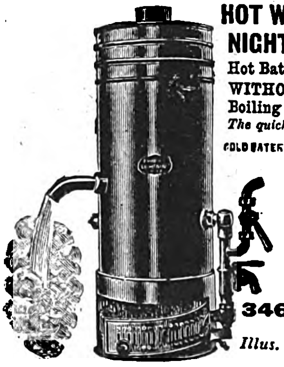

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HOW TO GET ENGAGED.

It would be my delight if you to-night,
Would come to dance and pleasure,
Said Jones to May.
Said May to Jones, I have no leisure
For any pleasure
To-day!
Jones was hurt by refusal so curt.
He went to Mary, the dear little fairy,
Who accepted his invitation without hesitation;
I am ready in an hour by "Dalli's" power:
I can finish the work with marvellous speed,
With "Dalli's" intense, continuous heat,
Together they went, on pleasure bent,
She came back as his bride, to her great delight:
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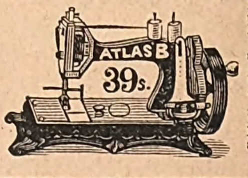

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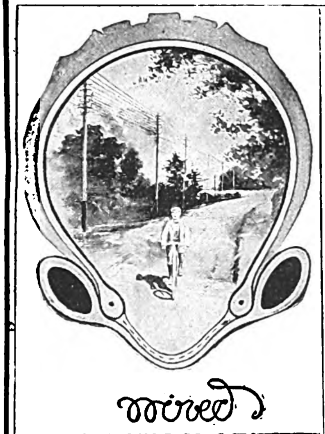

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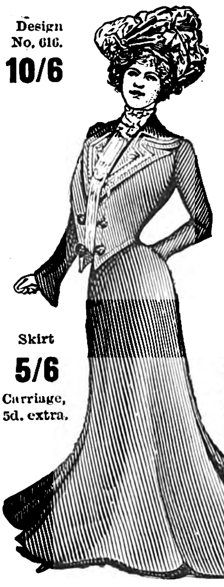

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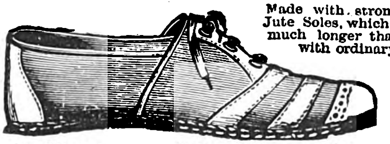

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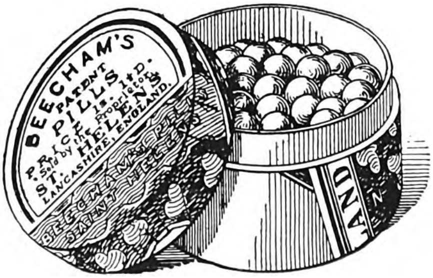
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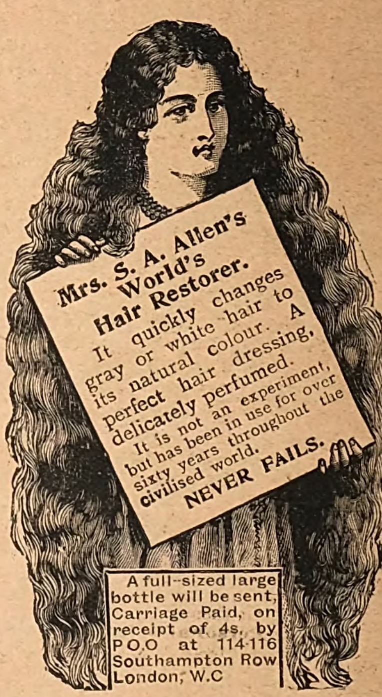
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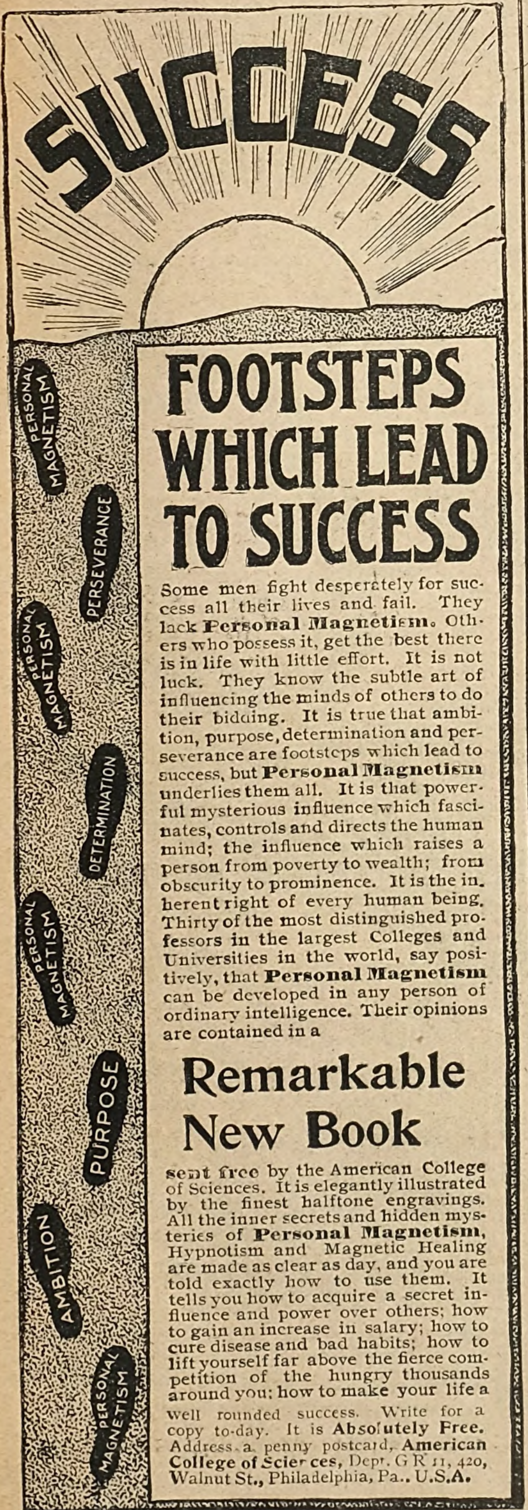

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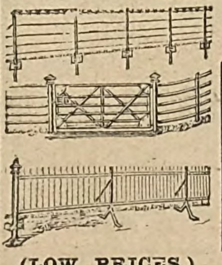

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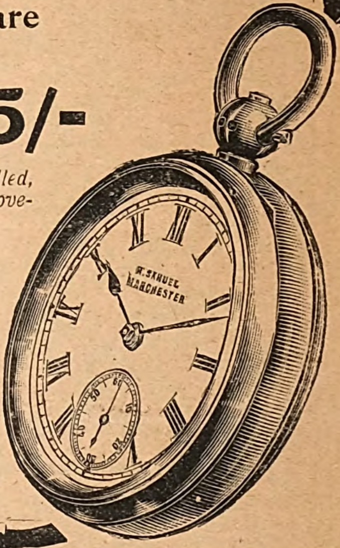

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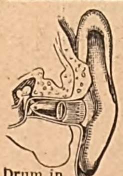

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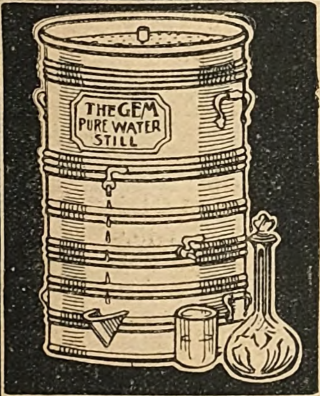
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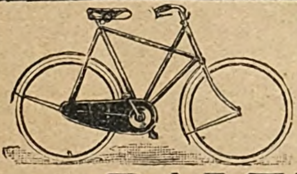

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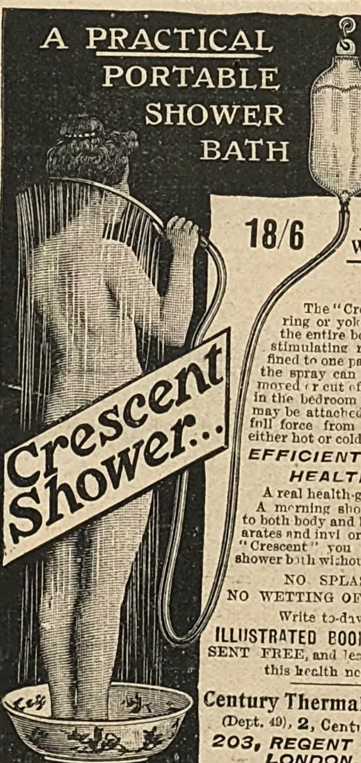
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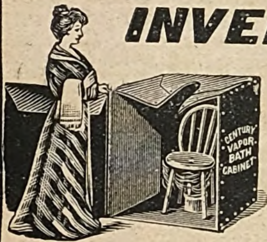

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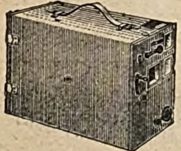

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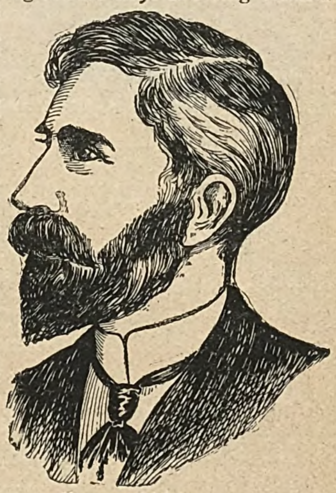

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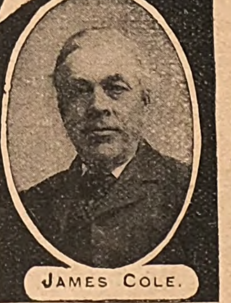

JAMES COLE.

HOLDICH STREET,
MIDLAND ROAD,
PETERBOROUGH,
December 16th, 1901.

DR. RICE.

Dear Sir,

It gives me great pleasure to bear testimony as to the efficacy of your treatment for your cure of Rupture. Mine was a bad rupture, and when I saw your advertisement in the paper I felt rather doubtful as to a permanent cure; but I am thankful that I tried it, and am glad to say that I do not feel anything of it now. It was just the treatment I wanted, and I have not been disappointed, as it has quite cured me. I shall be glad if I can be helpful to any of my fellow sufferers by telling them of your remedy for Rupture, and you are at liberty to use this letter in any way you think best to induce others afflicted with rupture to avail themselves of your valuable remedy.

Very gratefully yours—JAMES COLE.

I publish this letter, with Mr. Cole's permission, to show that Rupture can be cured. To more fully introduce this method, I will send, in a plain sealed package, a sample of the treatment, a book explaining the method, and a list of cures. Address all letters to

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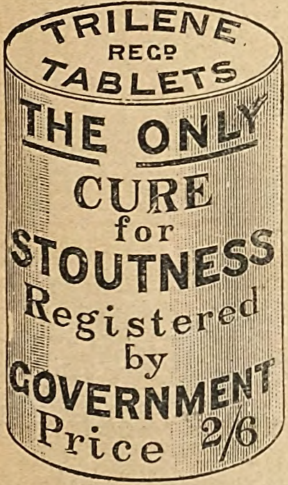

for a few weeks. They will safely REDUCE WEIGHT and CURE CORPULENCY PERMANENTLY, whether Abdominal or General. They are small, agreeable, harmless, sent privately, and never fail to improve both Health and Figure without change of Diet.

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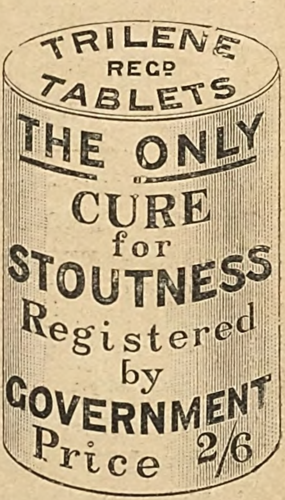
An Interesting Book on Obesity accompanies each Box.



SAMPLES OF TESTIMONIALS.

Mrs. C. Sharp, of Grange Farm Cottage, Wellingborough, says: "Your Tablets have made me very much thinner. All my friends notice the great reduction in weight."

Countess Seckendorff, of Berlin, writes: "I have taken Tablets with success, and am recommending them to friends."

Colour-Sergeant Whittle, of East Lancashire Regiment, Burnley, Lancs., says: "A man in our regiment in 1891 lost several stone from taking your Tablets."

Mrs. Rollit, of North Farm, Letwell, says: "Tablets have done a world of good—reduced 14lb. already without altering diet."

Mr. Gibbs, 147, Richmond Park, Kimberworth, writes: "Pleased to say Tablets reduced me 31lb."

"87, Alexandra Road, Norwich, 19th Oct, 1896.

"GENTLEMEN,—In reference to Trilene Tablets, I may say that my wife found the greatest possible benefit from the use of them, and their action was rapid, as my wife was for many years growing too stout, but the Tablets soon reduced the same completely.

"Yours faithfully, **J. R. Canham.**"

Princess Liechtenstein of Landsberg, Austria, writes: "Pray send me your Tablets directly."

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Countess Furstenberg writes: "The Tablets act speedily and well."

Extract from "The Lady," 3rd Sept., 1896: "Many stout persons have suffered untold agonies in unavailing efforts to reduce their bulk, either by means of severe dieting or by taking more or less deleterious drugs; but all these pains would have been saved if they had only invested in a case of the wonderful Trilene Tablets, which are an unfailing Cure for Obesity."

Mrs. T. Boston, Cambridge Villas, Clifford Street, South Wigston, says: "I congratulate you on your wonderful Tablets. My weight at first starting them was 11st. 7lb., and I now weigh 9st. 11lb."

Mrs. Fenton, 11, Wood Street, Tyldesley, writes: "Been fat all my life, but now your Tablets tell a tale. I have lost 17lb. already, and am delighted. Suffered untold trouble previously, but now do my work with pleasure."

Mrs O'Connor, 2, Kensington Square Mansions, London, writes: "I am much less stout for taking them."

Mrs. Pearce, of Armstrong Road, Benwell, writes: "I am reduced from 12st. to 9½st., and do not get any heavier."

Count Ehrenwaud, of Liatorp, Sweden, writes, 9th Oct., 1899: "The person who took Tablets lost 18lb. during the cure."

Mrs. Kay, of "The Cross Keys," Upwood, writes: "Great benefit from Tablets. To my surprise they reduced me 8lb. the first week."

Mrs. Weaver, of Greenpits Villa, Station Road, Ross, Hereford, says: "I wish to say I have been reduced from 13st. 8lb. to 11st. by your Tablets, and can recommend them highly. You can use this publicly if you wish."

G. A. Gale, Esq., of Bothenhampton, Bridport, says: "Tablets most beneficial, and greatly reduced my weight. I feel better generally."

Father T. M. Byrne, of Holy Cross Abbey, Sligo, writes: "When I began your Tablets I was 12st. 5lb.; I now scale at 10st. 11lb.—my case, too, is hereditary."

Mrs. Mary Williams, of Old Yard, near Bedol, Bagillt, Wales, writes: "I have lost 28lb., and will do my best to make them known."

Miss Patient, of Woodberry, Theydon Bois: 'Feel great benefit from Tablets. I have lost 2st., and am sufficiently reduced."

Mrs. Crossley, of Rose Hill, Torver, near Coniston, says: "There is a very decided diminution of fat. I am delighted. I cannot praise Tablets too highly. My heart is better, and I can breathe so much easier. You may refer to me as often as you like."

Mrs. W. A. Radford, High Street, New Brinsley, Eastwood, says: "Before taking your Tablets, I was 46in. round waist. I am now 32in., and can get about in comfort, and hope soon to be 24in. You may use this as you please."

Miss Jane Carter, of Forthampton House, Tewkesbury, says: "The Tablets are of the greatest value. I am reduced many stone, and shall be pleased to recommend them."

Mr. Thos. Blakely, of 37, The Grove, Bedford, writes: "I have lost a little over 42lb. since taking your Tablets, and my case causes much local interest."

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions whether literary or pictorial, and, where stamps are enclosed, will make every endeavour to ensure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he cannot hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

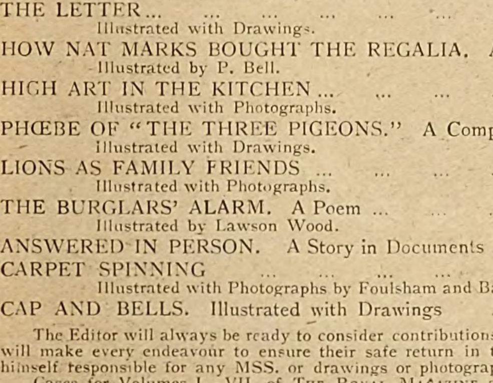
Cases for Volumes I.—VII. of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE are now ready, and can be obtained at the Publishing Office, price 1/- each, or post free, 1/2.

Bound Volumes 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 may also be had, price 4/- each, post free, 4/6.

The original drawings in this Number are on sale on application to the Editor.

We desire to express our indebtedness to Mlle. Genée, of the Empire, for her valuable assistance in preparing the article entitled "The Art and Agony of Toe-Dancing" in the June Number of the ROYAL.

Printed by HORACE COX, Windsor House, Bream's Buildings, E.C.



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FROM THE STALLS

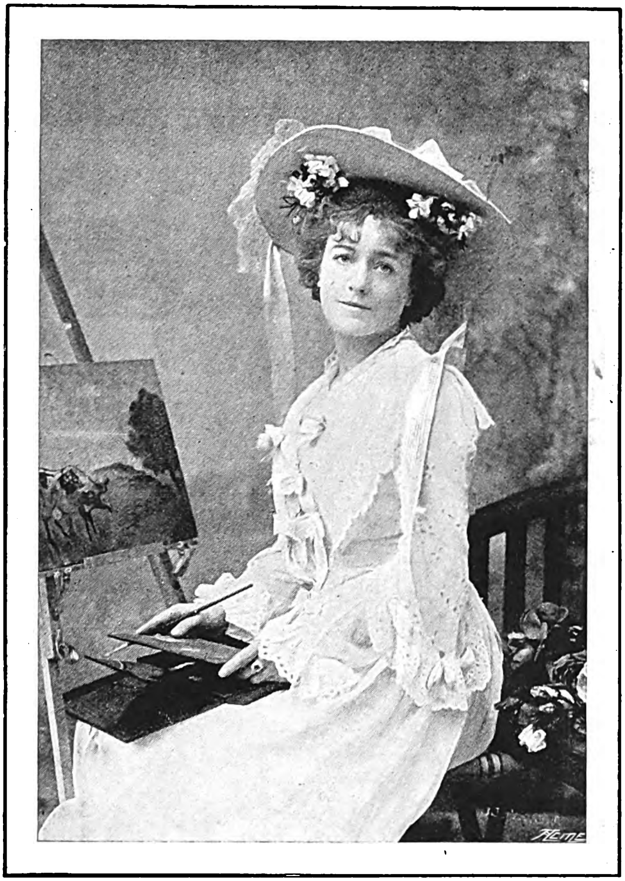
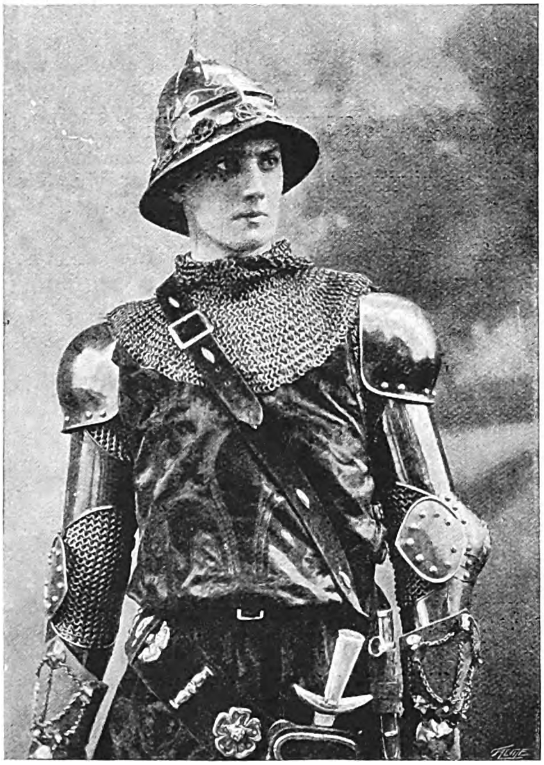


Photo by Ellis & Walery.

ETHEL IRVING.

Delicate, pretty, naïve, *chic*, and any amount of other adjectives belong to this young lady, whom everybody should see in "The Country Girl." "I am never so happy as when at the theatre, and always look forward to the evening simply because I am keenly fond of my profession. Otherwise, gardening is my favourite hobby; I love riding, and last, but not least, fishing. I am proud to say that many a fat trout has fallen to my rod." All this is very charming, and completes the picture of a really delightful girl.

Vol. VIII.—August, 1902.—No. 46.



Photo, Ellis and Walery.

HENRY AINLEY.

It is said that on the first night of "Paolo and Francesca," Mr. Stephen Phillips's beautiful play, when Mr. Ainley stepped on the stage, a faint sigh of admiration greeted him from all the fairer members of the audience. And if, instead of being brilliant as it was, his performance had been bad, he would certainly have been forgiven—by the ladies at least. Such is the power of a handsome face and superb presence. Mr. Ainley is very young—only twenty-one—and very lucky to have been cast for such a magnificent *rôle* as Paolo so early in his career.

GERTRUDE ELLIOTT (Mrs. Forbes-Robertson).

The spare moments of this charming lady, and they are few, for there is no harder worker on the stage than Gertrude Elliott, are given to out-of-door amusements — gardening, golfing (she is a most enthusiastic devotee), and riding. An accomplished actress, she is also an accomplished musician and singer and takes a weird delight in whistling solos in the privacy of her garden.

J. FORBES-ROBERTSON. . . . .

The photograph shows him as Mark Embury in the delightful comedy "Mice and Men." Don't you think the costume suits him wonderfully? But he looks well in every costume. Mr. Forbes-Robertson was not originally meant for the stage. He started life as a painter, but threw it up—to the joy of all lovers of the theatre—for acting many years ago. Like his charming wife, "Miss Gertrude Elliott," he is a zealous patron of the golf links.

Photos by Downey,

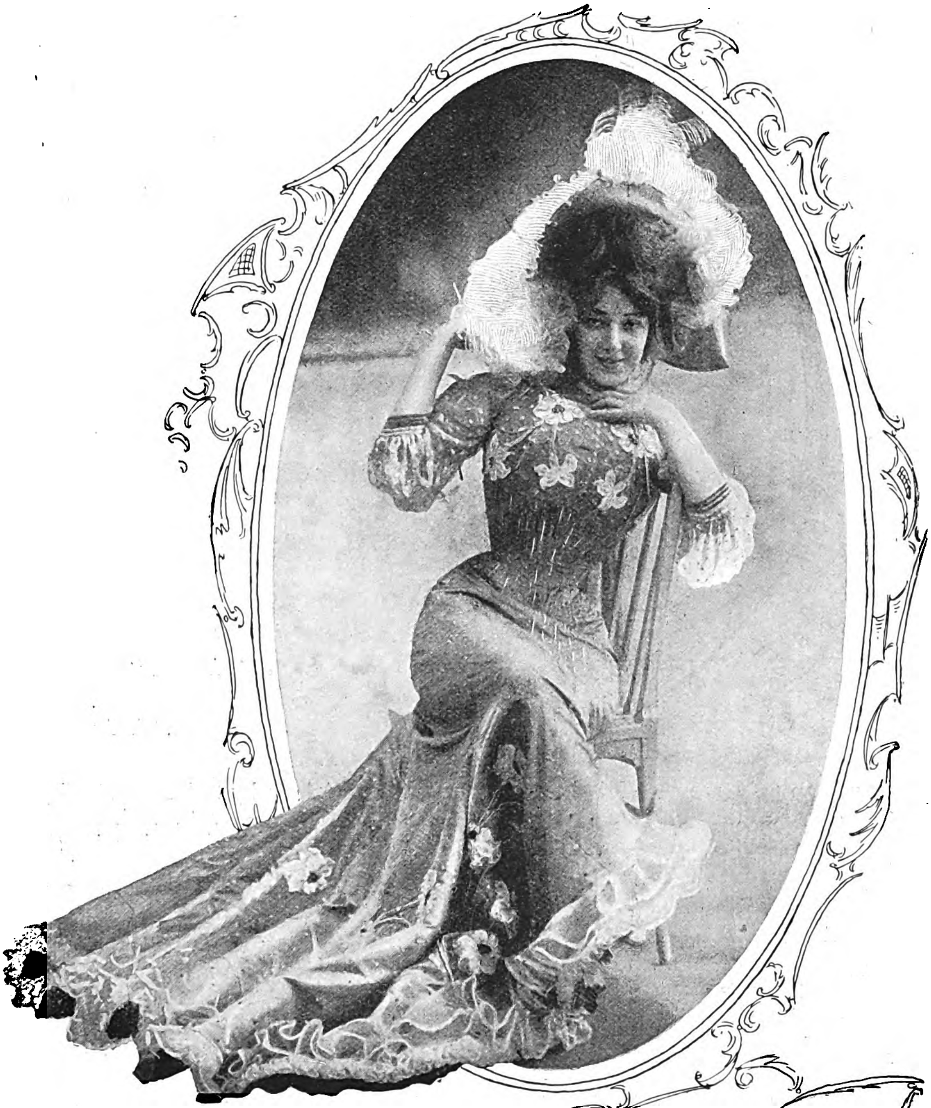
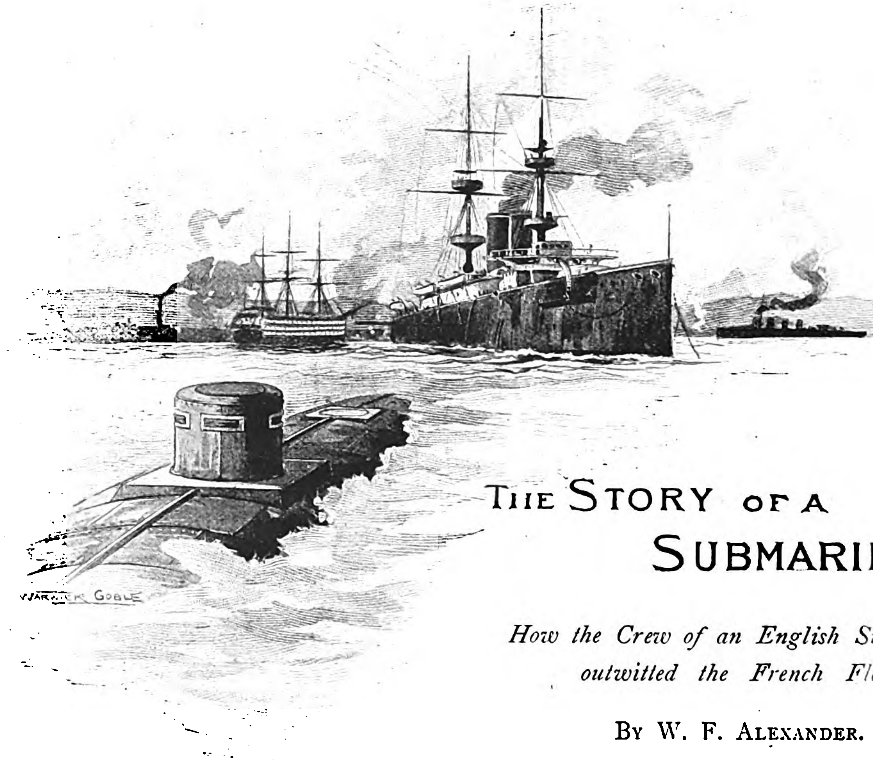


Photo by Reutlinger.

ANNA HELD.

She has the reputation of having played and sung in more towns and cities than any living actress, and of dressing with even more daring magnificence than Liane de Pougy and the celebrated Otero. She is Parisian to her finger tips—very Parisian; but she hails originally from the United States, which may account for the wonderful beauty of her complexion—a beauty French women cannot be said to possess, although they are experts at acquiring it. And Anna Held nurses this complexion of hers with daily milk baths. She has, moreover, beautiful eyes.



THE STORY OF A SUBMARINE

How the Crew of an English Submarine outwitted the French Fleet.

By W. F. Alexander.

It was an ugly moment for the watchers on the deck of the big cruiser when H.M.S. *Intrepid* disappeared from sight. Her queer, porpoise-shaped hull went down without a sound, leaving the little round conning-tower sticking out of the waves like an exaggerated oil-cask; then, in the time a man took to rub his eyes, that had gone too, not leaving so much as a ripple on the wintry sea.

War had broken out a couple of months before, but in spite of the feverish expectations of the world at large, nothing decisive had yet happened. There had been captures of merchant vessels, running fights between small craft; but the great battles that had flamed on evening posters, shaking the Stock Exchange and terrifying the suburbs, had none of them occurred. The most striking event hitherto had been the blowing up of an English first-class cruiser in the Channel. Many people were positive that this sudden and murderous catastrophe was the work of one of the enemy's submarine boats; others said the unlucky ship had blundered on to a mine.

But the British public at large leapt at the former view, and roared with all its might to the Admiralty to let our side have a turn with a submarine or two. Then the Admiralty, though visibly shrugging its shoulders at the whole thing, hastily commissioned a craft, not by any means of the most modern construction, which they had christened H.M.S. *Intrepid.* Well they might, for it was this vessel that was now engaged in the dark and desperate attempt to creep into Brest harbour and there inflict what damage she might.

The men on board her, all volunteers for this particular service, called her H.M.S. *Dead-an'-done-with.* The name seemed to the point, when those who had time to spare took their last look at a grey sea and lowering sky, and Lieutenant Cust, in command, took his stand by the lever connections and started the submersion. The actual sinking was nothing, it was rather like the motion of a lift in an hotel, but the moral sensation was indescribable. All the more so perhaps, because, to a casual glance, the between decks of the *Dead-an'-done-with* presented a very ordinary spectacle.

It was a small iron-walled space, half of it full of cylinders and electrical apparatus; near the centre stood the wheel with Quartermaster Binns handling the spokes, in front

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under a white-hot circle of light the compass and table with charts spread out. The men were mostly forward by the torpedo tubes; some of the officers, Harding, the second lieutenant, and Devine, a midshipman awaiting his step, were not in evidence just now. Bending over the chart stood the Commander, rigid as the iron fittings round him, his eyes following the ship's course and never lifted for a second except when he shot a word over his shoulder at the equally rigid quartermaster.

The exact nature of their mission was well known to every man on board. *The Dead-an'-done-with* was to creep along in that strange underworld of sea, with no lights, with not even the sight of rocks or the white splash of breakers to help her shape her course through the network of shoals where tides and currents played in a devil's maze, nothing but compass bearings and the dead reckoning to be held with an iron grasp of the brain, to take her through.

She would rise again then, strike her blow, and Hell would open round her. A wild dance of searchlights, the crash of shells, the tearing of maxims, and as her torpedoes flew to their aim the *Dead-an'-done-with* was to sink once more—with a whole skin if she could—and the problem of rising again was a thing it was better to keep one's mind away from. "Day o' Judgment most likely," said the seamen, at least those who said anything.

The silence in that brightly lighted cabin, the hollow steel cylinder in which they were imprisoned, was a rare and terrible one. As the submarine crept steadily on, the throb of the electrical engine could scarcely be heard, and the sound of the sub-lieutenant's feet as he paced the length of the vessel began to grow monotonous.

* * * *

The vessel was now barely half a mile from the enemy's mines.

"We're in thirteen fathoms here, we go down nine," Cust explained in an aside to his sub.—then his eyes fixed themselves on the pulsating needles of the instruments ranged in front of him. For about ninety seconds not a sound, but now and then a man's breath drawn in a quick hiss, then the order "Stop," and the bell rang sharply once.

"Well under them, I think," Cust remarked.

He laid the emphasis on "think"; the fifty odd feet of water over their head, sufficiently dreadful before, seemed slight protection against the mines charged with high explosives that must be floating and bobbing with the tide a few yards away. The ship forged ahead again, or at least the needle said so; and just then young Devine came aft to report "tackle all right, sir," seemingly quite unaware of their interesting position. And so they continued for about four minutes, or time to cover half a sea mile.

Suddenly there was a faint, dull shock, as though the *Dead-an'-done-with* was rubbing shoulders with somebody, and for a second panic came to those on board her. The eyes of the men at the levers looked wild in the glare of the electric light, young Devine went pale; perhaps no one but Cust was not visibly shaken.

"That's not a rock or a shoal; it didn't grind, it gave a bit, eh?" the Commander said to Harding, the second lieutenant.

"Can't make it out," said the latter.

"Beg pardon, sir, p'rhaps a ship sunk there," put in the quartermaster from the wheel.

"Hm'm," the sub-lieutenant whispered to Cust, "I was thinking it might be one of their submarines, eh?" and for a moment the two men looked haggardly at each other.

"They can't find us any more than we can find them, d'ye suppose?" the sub. concluded.

Cust changed the conversation.

"We are about two miles up the harbour now, Mr. Harding. I shall rise slowly at an angle of about one in forty. Of course, we can't count on the currents at this depth, so she may come up a bit off her course. When a submersion of only ten feet is indicated will you kindly go to the conning-tower and report to me as soon as any of her is clear?"

Harding first went forward and had a good look at the torpedo tubes, which were thoroughly ready for business. Then a glance at the indicator, and he swung himself up the little steel ladder and glued his face to the glazed porthole. All he had to do was to watch that dank, self-crusted dead-light, till the darkness of the water gave place to the darkness of the night, when the *Dead-an'-done-with* put her head out into it.

Minutes passed; then a whistle from the engine-room tube. Half involuntarily he bent over the companion-ladder to listen, and heard a voice reporting: "Engineer says, sir, the propeller's running stiff. He thinks it's fouled something!" Harding whistled on his own account, and turned back to his watch at the dead-light. The propeller, thank goodness, was no business of his.

More minutes went by, and the silence of the dark little conning-tower got decidedly unpleasant. Harding pressed his ear against the glass, listening for that first wash of the sea; but not a sound, for the deadly quiet of the water round and above him, the ship might as well have been at the bottom of the Atlantic.

At last he bent down to the light on the stairway, and looked at his chronometer. It was 12.40—twenty minutes later than the time when they should have got to the surface, allowing ample margin for unforeseen delay.

The *Dead-an'-done-with* would want a long spell of night to escape in, supposing she got the chance; but the probability of this spell being shortened was not so bad as the startling question of what it was that delayed her.

Harding's mind revolved ugly possibilities—failure of the generators, or of the pressure gauges, or any of those immensely delicate machines with which the *Dead-an'-done-with* was crammed. They were not good to think about, these chances; yet they forced themselves on one's contemplation in that grimly silent spell of waiting. And still not a sign of the ship emerging; no change at all that a man's senses could observe. At last a whistle, and the speaking-tube summoned him below.

* * * *

In descending he missed the second rung of the ladder, which struck him as odd, and somehow shook his nerve. Cust still stood over the chart, as outwardly imperturbable as ever.

"It's a rum thing," he said. "The engineer says the propellers are working worse all the time. He can hardly get four knots out of her now; but look at the gauge. Only two feet submersion, and twenty minutes ago there were over five. Seems she is moving slower and rising faster. Now, what in thunder does that mean?"

"Tide?" said Harding doubtfully.

"The tide's stronger against her," answered the Commander. "I can't figure it out, can you?"

For a moment Harding said nothing. He was looking along the deck with a glance that travelled several times over the same space.

"Isn't she canted up rather queerly?" he said at last in a voice not like his own.

"You notice it too? I thought it was fancy. Then we're stuck!"

The sick look that passed between the two men said measureless things. A moment after Cust had rung up the engines and given the order for full speed astern.

"We'll see if that moves her," he said coolly. "Heaven knows how long she has been pounding into it."

It was the indicator's turn to speak now. If it showed an increasing depth of water above, the *Dead-an'-done-with* would be moving back from the shoal that held her in its slimy clutch; if not—well, then, her name just told the truth. Minutes passed while they watched the oscillating needles, and very slowly they spelled out their final message. Inch by inch the submersion grew less, till from two feet it had gone down to eighteen inches, and the situation grew clear beyond doubt. It was the ebbing tide overhead creeping down to them, and the *Dead-an'-done-with* was stuck fast.

"Three hours to ebb yet," said Harding at last. "We can get the hands ashore all right."

"Yes, that's right enough," Cust answered in a curiously dead voice. "But the ship's lost——" and he turned sharply away, for it was his first command.

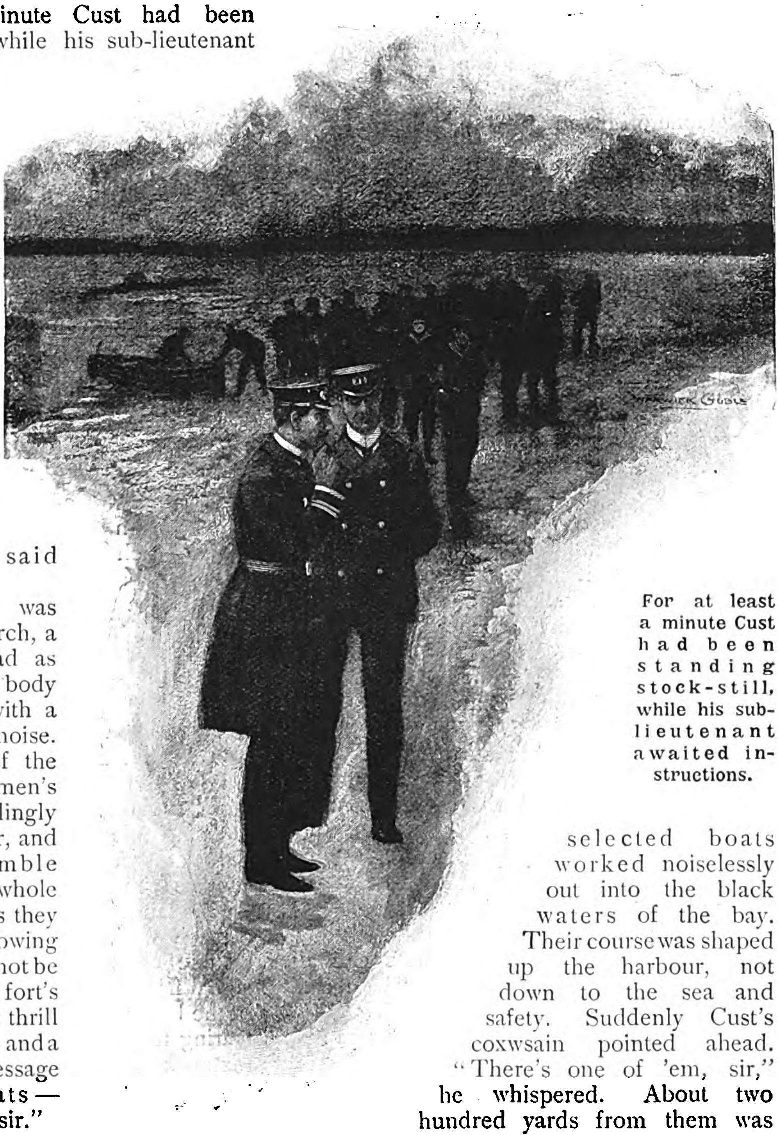
* * * *

Very slowly the water sank away from the deadlight in the conning-tower, till at last the thing could be opened, and Harding had his chance of a look round. The clear night air rushed against his face with an immense refreshment, but outside everything was pitch black, not a star to be seen and no lights visible, of course, on the ships or shore. After a time his seaman's eye could make out the curve of the great land-locked bay, then a few dim shapes, where the grey of the nearer water merged in the general murkiness, and these probably were some of the enemy's torpedo craft. The *Dead-an'-done-with* was lying close to the shore, and nearly a mile out of her course.

"The confounded under current," Cust said briefly when the sub. reported. "Get out that collapsible boat; we shall want it soon."

The first boat load—the little craft only carried eight—rowed ashore with muffled oars, and so the mournful procession went on, two men working the boat each journey till all had landed.

As Cust stepped off the dripping deck he looked like a man whose spring had gone, a man simply and stoically accepting disaster. There was a miserable, hang-dog look about the little crowd when mustered on the beach, and for a minute or two the Commander did and said nothing to check the depression.



For at least a minute Cust had been standing stock-still, while his sub-lieutenant awaited instructions.

For at least a minute Cust had been standing stock-still, while his sub-lieutenant awaited instructions.

"There's one thing," he said at last, in a pondering way, "we didn't expect to be here, and they don't expect us here, either."

"No more idea than the dead," said Harding with a hollow cheerfulness.

"Then we may do something. We must find boats," the Commander said calmly.

The little crowd was soon got on the march, a few men going ahead as scouts, the main body spread out loosely with a view to minimise noise. But the crackling of the shingle under the men's feet sounded appallingly loud on the night air, and an occasional stumble seemed to set the whole bay echoing. Then as they plodded on, not knowing if the next step would not be into the radius of some fort's quick firers, a sort of thrill ran through the crowd and a rapidly whispered message came back. "Boats—they've found boats, sir."

The boats, four or five of them, were drawn far up on the beach. The officers hastily took stock of them, then consulted together, while the late *Dead-an'-done-with's* stood by with reawakening interest.

"They think the entrance is guarded—not expecting anything here," they heard the Commander say in his unagitated voice; then short phrases, caught on the wing: "Best try it," "we must do something," and—"Run out in her afterwards." And the last phrase, without explanation or comment, sent an electric shock among the *Dead-an'-done-with's* that made them alive again. The three selected boats worked noiselessly out into the black waters of the bay. Their course was shaped up the harbour, not down to the sea and safety. Suddenly Cust's coxwsain pointed ahead. "There's one of 'em, sir," he whispered. About two hundred yards from them was the long rakish hull of a torpedo boat, lying at her moorings and showing no light, and at a sign from Cust's hand the men easied.

"Not a shot to be fired," he said sharply, as men began to feel after their revolvers. "They don't expect us in row-boats; we may surprise 'em—no noise!" The men kept still as mummies, but at that moment the sentry on the torpedo boat challenged and the click of his rifle followed. The answer he got was a peculiar one. Young Devine standing up in the stern of his boat began to sing, rollicking out a song in French, or a colourable imitation of it, with a kind of gusto and a certain quaver that lent an admirable effect of intoxication.

Madame Thomas
Est ma voisine——

"Gone off his chump, ought to be knocked on the head," growled one of the hands.

"Give way, men, slow stroke, and splash your oars," Cust ordered. The sentry seemed struck by the jovial air of his visitors, he was talking now, his voice plainly indicating perplexed inquiry and remonstrance. To fire on intoxicated fellow-countrymen would be doubly harsh, yet the accent of his next sentence was menacing.

Cust raised himself in the stern sheets holding something in his hand, while young Devine sang on with mad gaiety.

Elle est plate devant,
Elle est plate derr——

Whizz!—the boat-hook flew like an assegai from Cust's hand straight for the unlucky sentry whom it felled, his rifle clanging loudly on the deck. In another moment the boats were alongside, the men climbing like cats over the low freeboard, and in a very few minutes the Frenchmen were prisoners and the vessel was in the hands of the British crew.

The *Hirondelle*—that was her name—was a fair prize. But a moment or two later the engineer of the *Dead-an'done-with* emerged from below with a singularly blank face.

"There's no steam on her, sir; fires all cold, sir," he said, with a voice that implied utter irresponsibility.

"Well, get it up now," Cust ordered.

"I don't fairly understand these engines, sir," the man said apologetically; "but it can't be done, anyways, not before morning."

"Very well, get it up then," Cust replied with entire calm. "That will suit us very well," he added, turning to Harding.

The latter stared, as perhaps was excusable. The prize was as incapable of motion as any log till day lit up the hostile port, where she lay surrounded by big ships and forts that could crush her as easily as a man crushes a fly.

Harding permitted himself the liberty of advising his superior officer.

"If you try running out of this by daylight they'll sink us as easy as sneezing," he observed, waving a hand at large towards the still invisible enemy.

"Just so; but I don't propose to run out till to-morrow evening," the Commander said blandly.

Harding stared again.

"D'ye think we can keep it up all that time?"

"I don't know. We must get hold of their signal book," said the Commander.

Day dawned upon two officers of the British Navy engaged with drawn faces and haggard eyes in studying a quite infernal complication of unfamiliar flags comprising the enemy's secret code of signals. Deep as they were in it, they were roused to look at the enemy himself, visible at last in the sharp light of the winter morning. In the inner harbour some half mile away lay the big fleet, the dark heavy hulls of the battleships seeming to loom up close and threatening, and beyond them black wreaths of smoke and a distant clang of hammers marked the dockyard. Much nearer was a long row of torpedo boats, of which the *Hirondelle* was No. 1, but with a gap of two places in the line between her and her nearest neighbour, a gap which explained a good deal. And as they gazed at it all, what caught men's eyes most was a flag, the enemy's flag, flying on ships and forts, with its three colours flaunting the light with a gay air of being at home.

"We won't be showing our colours at present," the sub-lieutenant remarked.

Presently a steam launch came puffing out of the inner harbour, threading her way, as was judged by her course, through a network of sunken defence.

She came nearer, heading straight on, then, at about a quarter of a mile's distance, she was seen to intend passing them just ahead.

The launch went about her business, but scarcely were they quit of her when a new trouble was upon them. A long row of signal flags fluttered from the rigging of one of the big battleships, and set the two Britons tearing feverishly through the pages of the (extra-private) code. "That's the flagship, anyway," Cust said, pausing. "Now, who the blazes is she talking to?"

He turned more pages and swore softly, for the signal was still gibberish to him.

Harding swept the harbour with his glass. "It's all right," he said; "they're answering from over there."

"Yes, but I'd give three months' pay to know what our dashed number is," Cust complained. For that vital fact was just what they did not know.

The first hours of the morning passed slowly, punctuated by little incidents like these. At any moment the flagship might address herself to the *Hirondelle*, and, if the answer was unsatisfactory, investigation would follow. And then?

"Cut, and run; but no chance," the commander snapped, when the question was put to him.

It was about noon when the admiral hung out a whole screed of signals, which was promptly answered by one of the torpedo craft astern. Then a second screed, and the sense of an awful pause, while the leaves of the secret code were fluttered rapidly.

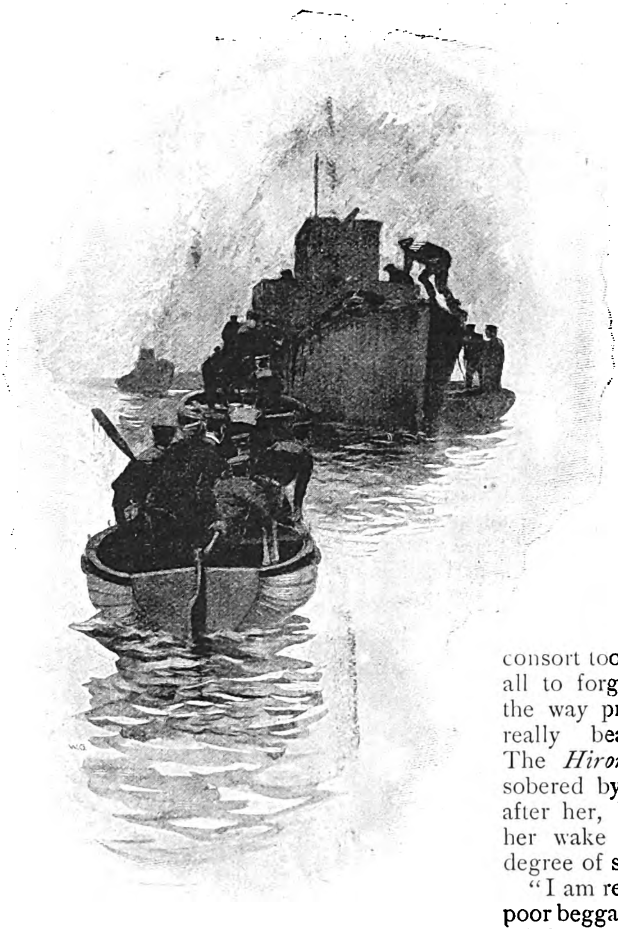
"Can't quite make it out. I say," Harding suggested, "how would it be to take one of those beggars below and make him signal—with a revolver, you know?"

"No go—might be a good man and give us away," Cust said tersely. "We must spell it out ourselves somehow."

"Someone is to go to sea," Harding remarked, spelling it out. "Reconnoitre about ten miles out. By Gad, Cust, it's us, we are to go to sea. They are sending us out; that's what that other signal means. And no one else is answering it," he concluded irresistibly.

"H-m-m," Cust said, thoughtfully; "you are not to engage the enemy," he went on, reading the signal. "Well, I must say, that's thoughtful of him. Now, I suppose, we must repeat it."

As the news spread among the crew, a large guffaw went round, and young Devine, who had been soundly asleep for some hours, was only restrained by his superior officers' presence from dancing a triumphant breakdown on deck.



In another moment the boats were alongside, the men climbing like cats over the low freeboard.

"There is one thing that bothers me," Harding was saying, presently. "Suppose they expect us to go out first; we don't know the channel, you see—we might knock up against mines and things."

"Ah! but there's another fellow getting up steam too. She must give us a lead," Cust said, with a sort of chuckle.

When the critical moment came, the seamanship displayed by the *Hirondelle* was positively abject. She failed to answer her helm, grotesquely started at a tangent across the harbour, pulled herself up, backed, snorted, till spectators anxious about the efficiency of the French navy must have felt bilious, and the flagship hung out whole volleys of censuring signals. The consort took advantage of it all to forge ahead and lead the way proudly, shaping a really beautiful course. The *Hirondelle*, apparently sobered by reflection, stood after her, bowling along in her wake with a very fair degree of steadiness.

"I am really sorry for that poor beggar below," said the sub-lieutenant softly, as they slipped down the harbour.

It was only a matter of keeping in the consort's wake, to dodge through the mines slumbering under water at the entrance. The grim forts on either side of the narrow channel had nothing to say to them, though they involuntarily held their breath going through and looked at the water ahead with a curious blinking of the eyes. Outside it was misty weather with a drizzle of snow over a lead-coloured sea, and as the *Hirondelle* edged away from her consort—a natural proceeding for two vessels on scouting service—the little handful of *Dead-an'-done-with's* began to think of themselves as saved men. The land astern dropped back into the mist, and presently the *Hirondelle's* speed slackened. She was almost motionless now, just keeping steerage way on and marking time in the same dull circle of wintry sea.

To all but one man aboard the thing was unintelligible. Queer glances turned towards Cust, as he stood motionless near the wheel. "Why in thunder," the men muttered, "didn't he take his chance now he had it?" It was telling on their nerves, when at last Harding with all deference ventured on a hint—might he ask what the commander thought of doing next? "Waiting for that beggar to pilot us back," said Cust with the blandest intonation he was capable of.

"Oh, I see." Harding was entirely staggered. "You didn't think of smashing them up out here, I suppose?"

"No, couldn't get back then, you know," Cust answered, much as though he was expected home at Brest.

The men looked blank, when the consort's grey hull showed through the fog again, and the *Hirondelle* once more shaped to follow her. The thing looked too insane—but the traditions of the service insured absolute obedience, of course; but there was a badly strained feeling on board, and some men laughed with a curious rickety note as the vessel glided between the silent forts.

The *Hirondelle* was in no hurry to get back, and she mooned up the harbour with a quite funereal slowness. When she reached her moorings again the afternoon of the luckily short day was nearly gone.

"Do you see that—he says, 'Commander of *Hirondelle* to report himself aboard me at once.'"

"Look here," Cust said, reviewing the situation, "if we can keep them amused till dark, we may cut and run, and just possibly we may get out. But anything we do now will be suspicious. What we want is to be able to signal this ship's number; that's at the bottom of most of the trouble, d'ye see. Well, you must go to that beggar below, the skipper, and put it to him. We're going to run out, say—don't mention about doing anything first—but tell him we expect to be sunk if we don't make the number, and he'll be sunk too. Take young Devine with you, he knows the lingo more or less."

Harding and Devine went down together to the after-cabin, where the ex-skipper was still confined. He seemed sunk in the profoundest depression, and received his visitors with a rigid politeness.

When young Devine intimated the nature of his errand the Frenchman spoke with calm assurance.

"What's he saying?" asked Harding, to whom French was a jargon.

"He says he won't have any truck with the enemy."

"Well, tell him that if we sink he goes with us."

"Oh, I have. But I'll have another shot," Devine said, and plunged into French anew. The point of the Frenchman's response was given by the magnificent gesture with which he folded his arms on his chest and stood a picture of heroism.

"He says he prefers to sink," Devine translated desperately.

"Tell him his men are in the same boat," said Harding; and it was told him, apparently in vain.

"He says he knows that and doesn't care, and a lot of stuff about his duty," said Devine.

There was nothing for the pair but to return on deck and report to Cust the failure of their mission.

"Thought so," that gentleman remarked. "But look here; I've fobbed them off a bit. When you went below I signalled, 'Commander indisposed, but coming at once.' Dragging himself from a bed of sickness, you know, and just now I had a boat lowered. They've seen that, and it's keeping them quiet, I think. And it's not long to dark now."

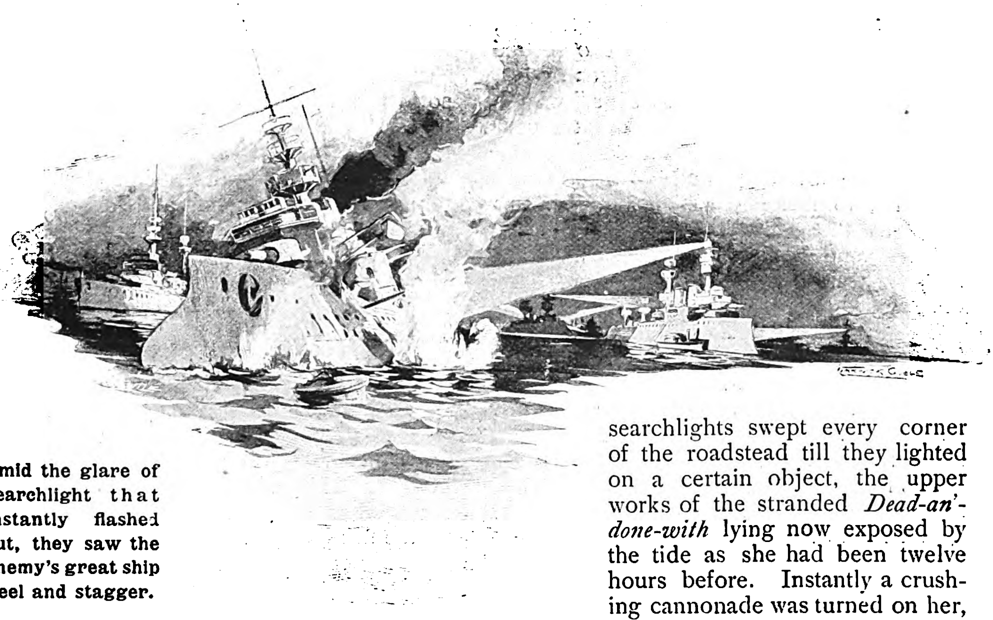
* * * *

The minutes passed with leaden slowness, as evening fell upon the harbour. Still no further signal came from the flagship, either because the people there supposed that the *Hirondelle's* boat, which they had seen launched, was now making its way through the twilight, or else simply because the admiral proposed to nurse his wrath till the following morning. The twilight steadily deepened, and every degree of shadow was an added chance for the *Hirondelle*.

"I say, Harding," the Commander said suddenly; "could you steer her out of this place?"

"I could make a shot at it if there was any light," the sub. said without marked enthusiasm.

Now, with a thousand guns round them ready to open fire, escape seemed hopeless,



Amid the glare of searchlight that instantly flashed out, they saw the enemy's great ship reel and stagger.

and they looked at each other as men might going to the scaffold. But what seemed principally to interest Cust was his watch. He consulted it repeatedly, compared it with the others', and finally shut it with a click.

"Now, Harding," he said; "we will train two torpedoes on that ship if you please."

The torpedoes were pointed in silence, while men's eyes strained through the darkness towards the invisible enemy. A sharp low word of command, and the long slim missiles sped away with a faint swishing sound as they took the water.

Then a silence that was somehow not like the silence of the living world. It was broken by a rending, crashing explosion, and amid the glare of searchlight that instantly flashed out, they saw the enemy's great ship reel and stagger and then lurch fatally, sliding with all her mighty weight of armament into her grave.

"Slip moorings there," Cust shouted and ran to the wheel. But in that second's space the whole harbour was alive with light, the great comet-like beams swirled this way and that, illuminating every yard of water, crossing each other in weird sword-like patterns in brilliant, maddening confusion. Yet for the moment not a gun spoke. The enemy saw nothing but his vessels lying in their regular positions, and as yet Cust had given no order for the desperate rush.

* * * *

And then the critical thing happened. The searchlights swept every corner of the roadstead till they lighted on a certain object, the upper works of the stranded *Dead-an'-done-with* lying now exposed by the tide as she had been twelve hours before. Instantly a crushing cannonade was turned on her, every gun that could be trained that way roaring out a torrent of steel that burst and blazed around her till the water she lay in was whipped into a whirlpool of foam.

And as the old submarine crumbled away under this furious attack, the *Hirondelle* began to steal slowly down the harbour, dodging under as many of the searchlights as she could.

But, for all the precautions in the world, she was bound to attract notice, and the telephone would be beforehand with them. What it was saying to the forts at the entrance at that very moment was matter for speculation; there remained one small card to play, and that a poor one, useless, in fact, unless, as was likely enough, confusion prevailed at headquarters.

As the *Hirondelle* cleared the area swept by the searchlights she began to race, her engines straining to their utmost power. Cust stood at the helm like a man of bronze, his eye fixed on a luminous zone ahead, the lights thrown from the forts on the narrow channel. The water flew like smoke from the bow as she rushed on, then, like a crash, the blinding glare of the searchlight fell full across the deck.

The forts on either side were within shot now; the pale faces on deck, lit up by that unearthly illumination, seemed to be looking down the muzzles of the guns. Only Cust was unaware of them—nothing but the mines and the channel between them existed for him.

Suddenly, it might have been two seconds later, one of the forts began to signal.

"They see we're one of their's," was the curious sentence that passed along the deck. Then a light was hoisted on the *Hirondelle's* mast and moved up and down at quick intervals, to make a pretence at answering. Thin as the stratagem was, it gained a moment, and every moment was a chance of life. The little *Hirondelle* rushed quivering on. Still the guns were quiet.

The telephone must be talking again; a few seconds more and it would be the end. But the seconds passed, and the open sea was just ahead, the shores widening out, receding, and hope beginning to be real. Then a flash from the shore, followed by a score of others lighting up the headlands, and a howling and crashing of shell that seemed to fill the air round the creeping vessel. But it was the water that suffered, not the *Hirondelle*, for the attenuated stern of a torpedo boat when fast receding from you is not an easy mark.

"*Bon soir, messieurs*," Harding murmured softly, as the shots splashed further and further behind them.

* * * *

They were well in the open sea when Cust relinquished the helm and circumstances allowed of conversation.

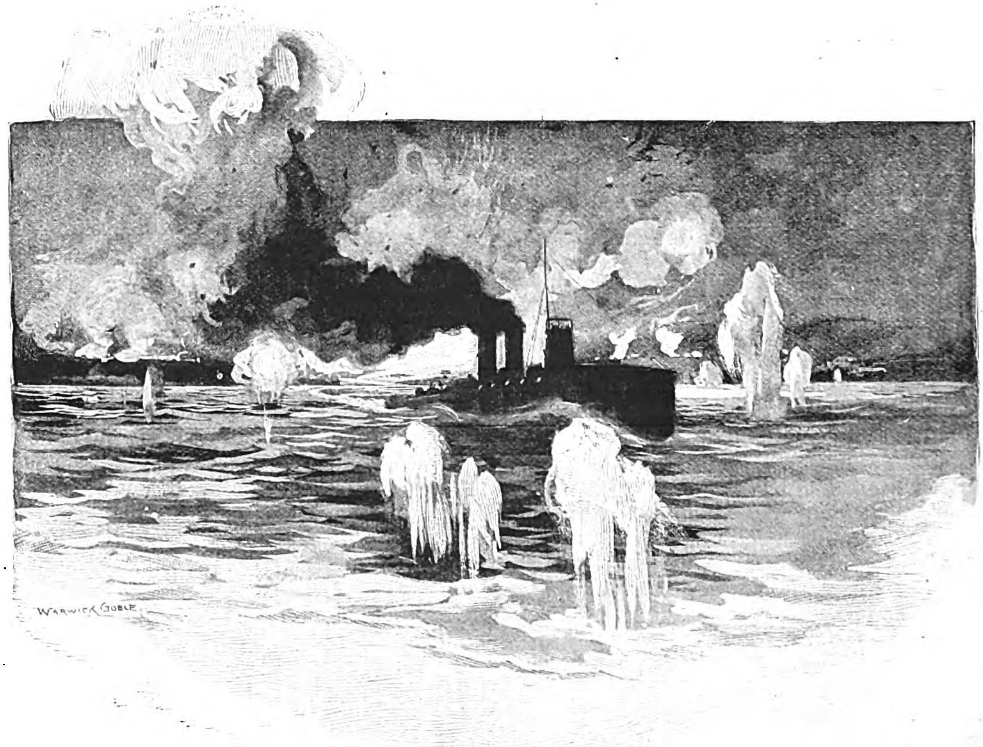
"It was ripping, old man, simply ripping," Harding said. "But there was just one thing."

"What's that?" inquired Cust, gruffer than ever.

"You might have dropped a hint about the old hulk drawing their fire. It would have eased the men's minds a bit."

For the first time Cust seemed embarrassed. He cleared his throat once or twice.

"Well-er—the fact is, it didn't occur to me till the firing began."

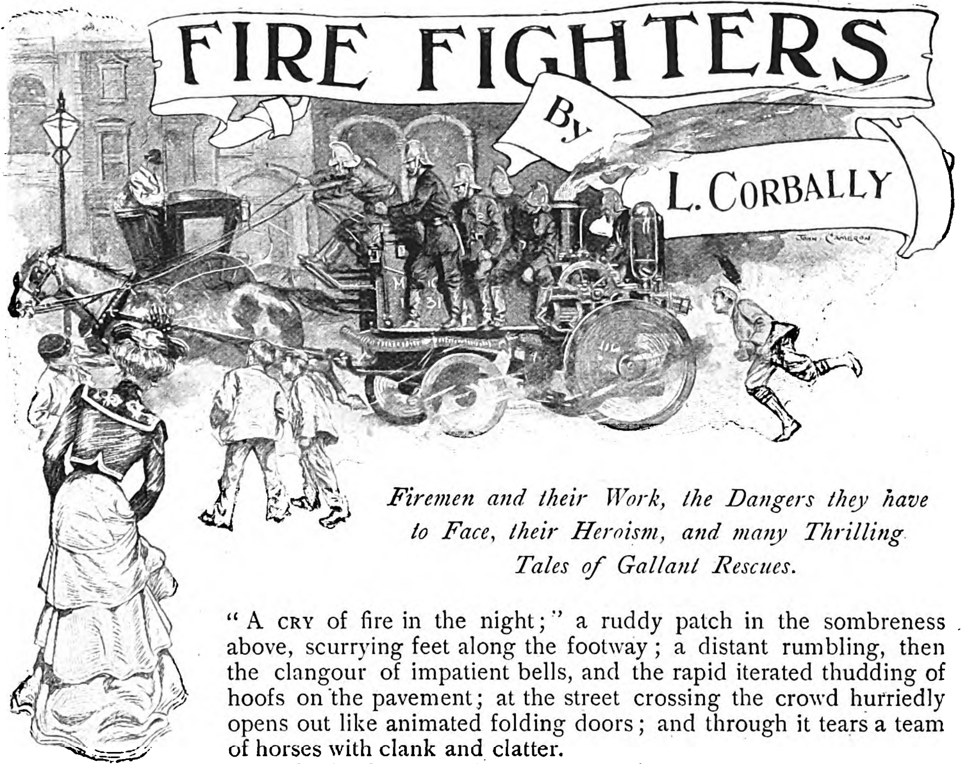


But it was the water that suffered, not the *Hirondelle*.

FIRE FIGHTERS

By

L. CORBALLY



Firemen and their Work, the Dangers they have to Face, their Heroism, and many Thrilling Tales of Gallant Rescues.

"A cry of fire in the night;" a ruddy patch in the sombreness above, scurrying feet along the footway; a distant rumbling, then the clangour of impatient bells, and the rapid iterated thudding of hoofs on the pavement; at the street crossing the crowd hurriedly opens out like animated folding doors; and through it tears a team of horses with clank and clatter.

The jostling crowd presses on; there is a murmur of pent up feelings, now and then the sharp question—"Where is it?"—cries of—"Prince's Street"—"Portland Street." The heated repetition and angrily—"It is so, I tell you," for tempers are also nigh fever heat. Progress becomes slower, here a van stops the way, here a string of 'busses; women and children draw back on the pavement fearfully, as the thundering engine tears by, heralded by the shouts of the populace. The sky becomes more lurid; at length on turning a street corner the conflagration bursts into view; flames playing over a large block of buildings, leaping and racing, flaring up to subside again like a huge wave; above a great rolling canopy of smoke, below the reflection of the flames on a field of hats and faces, a floor of black and white mosaic. And in your ears are the crackling and roaring of fire, the thudding of engines, the swish of water and baying of the crowd.

"There is a man on the roof."

Everyone simultaneously becomes aware of it; but he cannot be still alive—the firemen are going to make sure. Many slender waterspouts are directed towards one part of the building where they break, hissing. A fire-escape is run up there; it is too short, a good yard or so below the iron gutter of the roof; there is a groan of disappointment; word flashes round that a longer escape has been sent for from headquarters. Then suddenly two firemen quickly swarm up the insufficient ladder placed at its utmost extent, almost flat against the wall.

The two firemen, Lawrence and Clayton, had tried to go up through the burning house, but smoke and flame met them on the stairs, driving them back. Now they were attempting to get on to the roof, where they believed the man to be—unconscious, too, as he had not appeared. Up the perpendicular ladder they climbed, which sways terribly with every step, threatening to topple sideways, past smoke-belching windows, along the burning wall. Then they got to the top. Their climb seemed futile; the gutter of the roof was still beyond reach. Clayton gripped the top rung with one hand, pressing his other to the wall, straining his arm.

Using this as a step, Lawrence just managed to catch the gutter, by which he hauled himself on to the roof. After a few minutes he again appeared, bearing a helpless form. This he lowered to his comrade, poised on the dizzy ladder top. Clayton slowly descended with

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the rescued man, soon followed by Lawrence, who had dropped from the roof on to the ladder, a hazardous feat at that height. Then the feelings of the crowd burst into unrestrained cheering.

It was a fine example of the indomitable pluck of our firemen. In Manchester the occasion is still fresh in many memories, when a large block of warehouses at Prince's Street and Portland Street corner took fire in May, 1894.

Such deeds are not necessarily the bravest: every battle with fire teems with event and incident; almost every fireman present performs not one, but many acts which testify to his valour, his coolness, his ingenuity, his resource. It is easy to recognise the existence of the fine qualities that direct his every action, but difficult to realise his heroism unless it be displayed in some very striking way.

Dangerous work is a fireman's business in life, imminent risk is to be expected, and the performance of great feats is merely his duty. See him at drill and you will begin to appreciate this.

The Fireman's Drill and its Perils.

There is a tall building in the yard; smoke is rolling out from the top windows. "That house is supposed to be on fire; there are people in the upper floors held prisoners by the flames below!" is explained to you.

A man strolls into the yard reading a paper. He is the passer-by. A cry attracts his notice; he looks up and sees the smoke. He hesitates a moment, then rushes to the street alarm close by, yelling involuntarily: "Fire! Fire!" He rouses the fireman in charge of the escape.

A glance at the house tells the trained eye what is happening; a telephone message is sent, everything done at the run; the escapes and ladders arrive; next manual engines, then more clanging of bells and the shouting of a crowd; galloping horses dash into the yard with hissing steamers; all is quick movement, and trained promptitude, without fussing or confusion.

Before you realise what is being done, streams of water are playing on the house, ladders and escapes are run up, and firemen swarm up them, in through windows, up on roofs to every point of vantage. Presently helpless forms are being carried down from housetops and upper windows.

It is only practice—that limp form, as of a woman being borne gently down the escape, is really a strong fireman masquerading in a dressing-gown; the smoke is artificially contrived from fire deliberately kindled by its make-believe victims. But there is something serious in the display which convinces; there is danger, too; carrying heavy deadweights down a high ladder is not child's play, neither is that running along parapets sixty or more feet above the paved yard. Lives depend on speed in actual combat with the flames; speed can only be acquired by practice; the only fatal accident that has occurred in the London Fire Brigade for some years happened at such a drill.

The Heroism of Fireman Cragg.

Deeds of valour are frequently done through ignorance or blind excitement. Repetition puts their quality to the test. The case of Fireman Cragg (a name to conjure with still in the North, and indeed wherever fires or firemen are discussed) is illustrative. Fire broke out in a shop in Rochdale, Lancashire; it quickly assumed mastery; a number of girls, a lady and some children occupied the upper storeys, which were soon filled with smoke.

Some threw themselves from the windows and were caught below in blankets stretched by willing hands. Some faced the dense smoke rolling up the stairway and escaped through the lower windows.

Two little boys, terrorised to inertness, were abandoned in the confusion; hearing of their peril, Fireman Cragg struggled up the stairs through the stifling vapour; a low moaning sound called him; he entered a room to find a boy unconscious on a bed, while a dog, whose appealing note had guided the rescuer, lay half suffocated beside his little master. Cragg seized the helpless form and carried it as quickly as possible, feeling his way and fighting for breath, down the stairs when he gave it over to a comrade.

For a few moments he snatched breaths of fresh air, reviving his overtaxed strength; then he returned to seek the other child. The heat increased. The smoke grew heavier, but Cragg persevered. The second child was found and saved, and then a third time the indomitable man faced the danger and the more dreaded ordeal, now to save the dog that by this time was almost overcome by the smoke.

Success was this gallant fireman's greatest reward; public recognition and many tributes of appreciation and gratitude speedily followed.

A Life Offered for a Mere Chance.

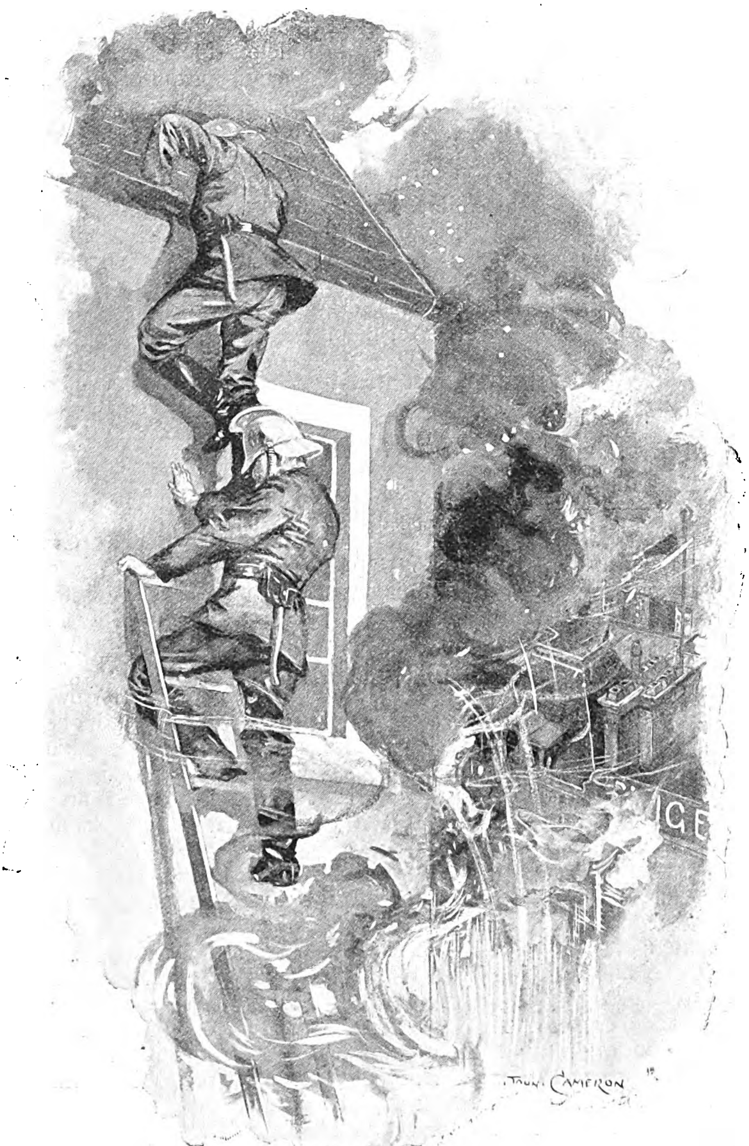
Firemen never avail themselves of the many excuses offered to deter them from attempting deeds of rescue in face of overwhelming odds, a striking tribute to the thoroughness of their courage. It was at a fire in Old Street, St. Luke's. When the escapes and engines arrived the flames had already invested the building. With great difficulty, and by the concentration of their attack on one point, the firemen under Engineer Dane brought a man and woman down the escape from a second-floor window. Then it was said that a child was still in the burning house.

It was almost inconceivable that she could be alive; the fire had taken complete possession of the upper storeys, where it was raging uncontrolled. It seemed sheer recklessness to enter the building on the slender chance of saving a life, when probably the attempt would but result in another life being fruitlessly thrown away; but Engineer Dane scorned such ready excuses; he would make sure that no life was lost through chance-work or unwillingness on his part.

So he determined to enter the building. Two firemen directed streams of water on the window, itself ablaze, from which volumes of smoke were rolling. A ladder was run up, and Dane hastily crossed the threshold, and disappeared on what seemed a hopeless mission.

Within, the heat and smoke immediately threatened repulse, but he intrepidly persevered, dropping on his hands and knees to crawl along the floor, where, if at all, he might find a current of air. He wriggled along, his face to the boards, feeling his way through the suffocating darkness, and scorched by the heat. At length his hand touched something soft huddled in a big chair. Seizing up the bundle, he hastily scrambled towards the window, guided by the dim light and the splashing of water.

When he reached the ground he found that the child, though badly burned was still



Lawrence just managed to catch the gutter, by which he hauled himself on to the roof.

alive; this was his magnificent reward. His action points to a noteworthy order of things in fire fighting—the man in command leads his men in encouraging them by his example, not cheering them by word from the rear. James Braidwood, the great fireman who early last century "made" the Edinburgh Brigade, and subsequently came to London, where he became superintendent, and now may well be called the Father of the London Fire Brigade, throughout his career magnificently exemplified this method.

The complete fireman must be an athlete of no mean calibre. At any moment he may be called upon to attempt a feat requiring great strength and activity. At a fire in Seventh Avenue, New York, some years ago, a lady ventured back up the stairway to rescue a parrot. The flames followed her, cutting off her retreat. She appeared at a top-floor window, calling the attention of the firemen below—who, unaware of her return, were satisfied that the building was cleared of human beings—by her cries for help.

Swinging from Death to Life.

Some people on the roof lowered a rope, but the woman was too distracted to avail herself of it. So Fireman Dennis Ryer hitched it round his waist and had himself lowered over the projecting cornice. He reached the window and grasped the woman, still holding her precious pet in her arms. Those above were now straining to support the double weight on the rope, to haul up the burden was out of the question; even if they had managed to do it they could never have got them over the cornice.

For a moment Ryer and his heavy burden hung helplessly; no ladder could reach them from below, those above seemed powerless to assist him in any way. If anything was to be done he must himself do it. Then he noticed that the next window—of an adjoining house—was free from the signs of fire; how to reach it was the question—and that immediately for the heavy weight and strained position were telling on his strength.

By kicking the wall he set himself in motion, swinging to and fro, getting nearer safety at every turn. At last he swung as far as the window; with a shout in the terrified woman's ear to let go, and a herculean effort, he thrust her through, sash and glass giving way to the weight and force; on his next return he caught the frame and scrambled through himself. Nerves, daring, muscle, and resource were put to a severe test; none but an athlete could have come through with success.

It would be merely invidious to draw comparisons between the English and American fire brigades, particularly so were the *personnel* included. Different exigencies must be coped with in the two countries, and so different methods must be employed. Though filled with admiration at the smartness and efficiency of the American brigade, at first sight one is inclined to think that an eye for dramatic effect occasionally influences their proceedings: in America we look for the sensational, and deem it in part purposely contrived.

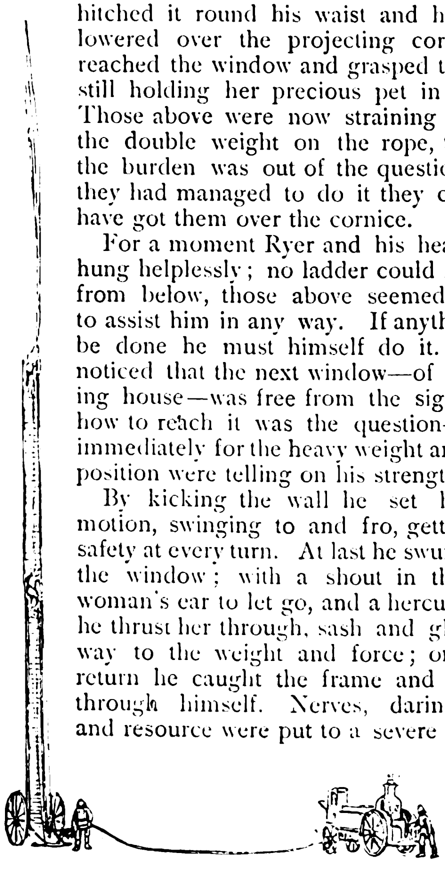
How the Yankees Fight Fire.

As regards their fire-fighting, this is absurdly wrong; the nature of their work shapes their methods. For instance, in New York, as in most great cities in the States, the buildings run much higher than in Great Britain; there are many sky-scrapers, as the immensely tall, tower-like edifices are aptly named, so the ordinary pattern of fire escape becomes inadequate. To fill the want the scaling ladder has been adopted. This ingenious contrivance consists of a single pole some twelve feet long, with cross sticks for steps, and armed at the top with a big toothed hook.

In using it, the spectacular is quite unavoidable. The fireman who is to climb to the upper floor of a mammoth pile to succour someone cut off by the flames, which are working up through the elevator shaft and stairway (the fireman's bogie in such houses, supplying the flames with passage and draught), begins by lifting his scaling ladder by the narrow end and driving the hook through a higher window; there it grips by its hook, and is so shaped that the fireman's weight on it pulls in exactly the right direction to insure a firm hold.

Up the ladder he swarms carrying another one. To the top of the first he clips the big hook on his belt, thus having both hands free to fix the second ladder in position in the window above. In this hand over hand fashion he swarms up the face of a perpendicular wall with ease and security to himself, though to the onlooker it seems an extraordinary feat of reckless daring.

Up and still upwards he climbs; right under the cornice ledge of the roof he stops and scrambles through a window; presently he appears with a limp clumsy load; with some difficulty he gets on to his ladder again, then steadily and confidently he begins his descent, while intent eyes make out that he is



carrying a human form; at length without mishap he reaches the ground; while you look up at the sheer height of wall and can scarce believe you have seen what you have seen.

It tightens nerves to watch scaling ladder work, even at practice, but in reality it is not nearly the most difficult or dangerous part of the American fireman's duties. His most trying work, and that which he with good reason dreads most, is in connection with cellar fires.

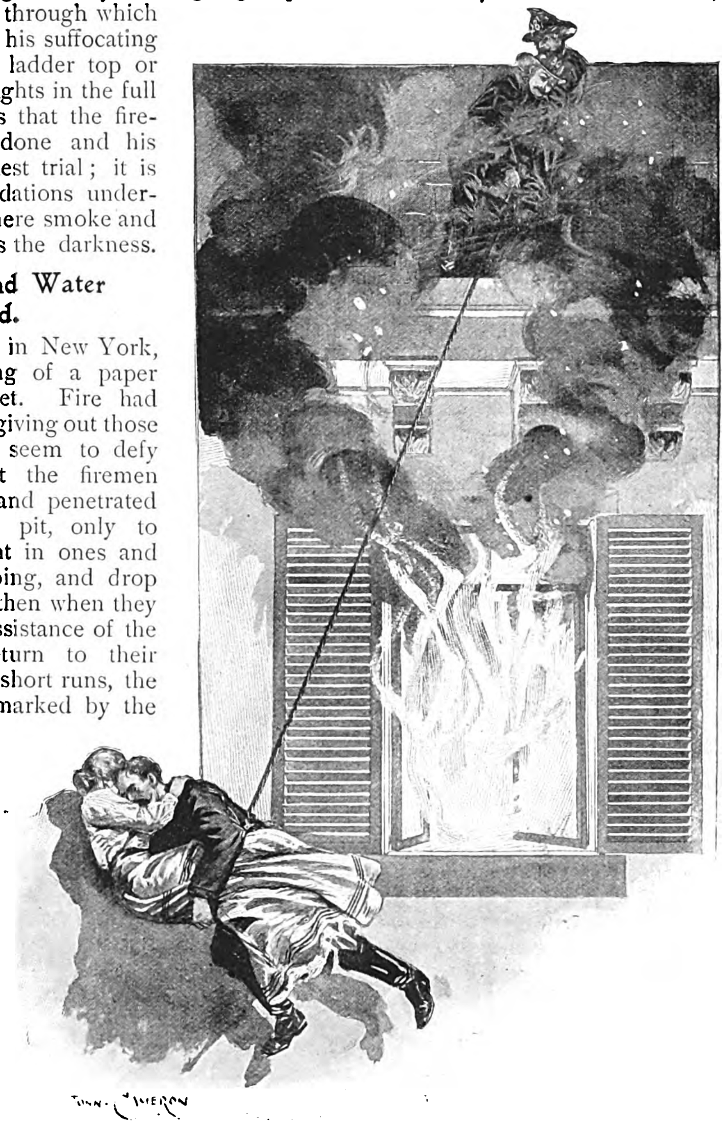
There is the thick choking smoke to contend with, which hangs heavily, having no vent or outlet save that through which the fireman must crawl to his suffocating labours. It is not on the ladder top or the parapet or at great heights in the full view of breathless crowds that the fireman's finest deeds are done and his heroism put to the sternest trial; it is rather down among foundations underground away from view where smoke and poisonous vapours possess the darkness.

Fighting Smoke and Water Underground.

There was such a fight in New York, May, 1897, at the burning of a paper shop in Chambers Street. Fire had broken out in the cellars, giving out those heavy rank fumes which seem to defy human opposition. But the firemen dauntlessly faced them and penetrated the underground smoke pit, only to stagger back in a moment in ones and twos, begrimed and gasping, and drop helplessly to the ground; then when they had come to, with the assistance of the ambulance corps, to return to their choking work, doing it in short runs, the periods of which were marked by the limits of human endurance.

One of the firemen had got out of touch with his comrades, and, overpowered by the smoke, had fallen into the water that now swirled about the floor. The others missed him, and knew that he must be lying helpless somewhere near, in immediate danger of either suffocation or drowning. They couldn't find him, though they redoubled their efforts, returning time after time to their hopeless quest, maintaining the stifling fight to the last moment of consciousness, or falling at their work, to be dragged in a state of collapse back to the air for the interval of recovery.

At last the missing man was found. A rope was tied round him and he was hauled to the street, but to die. Even his death was worthy the struggle; it points a finger to the magnificent example of intrepid courage and grit proved on that day. Had he lived,



By kicking the wall he set himself in motion, swinging to and fro, getting nearer safety at every turn.

it might have been forgotten as an incident; his dying indelibly confirms its high place in the annals of heroism.

Saved by a Human Bridge.

A day of giant feats—the burning of the Hotel Royal, New York, with its awful roll of fatality and accident, is still fresh in our memory; it was a fitting occasion for such heroic deeds as Sergeant Vaughan accomplished. When the brigade arrived, the fire had established itself throughout the building.

The elevator shaft and stairway were again to blame. The terrified inhabitants were leaping from windows in despair or hanging on or waiting hopelessly expectant. Sergeant Vaughan rushed up through the next building to a window on the top storey. One of his men held one leg within, the other he jammed inside some electric wires attached to the wall. By stretching out he could just reach the nearest window of the burning hotel; there were four people in the room who had almost abandoned hope; they seemed beyond all chance of rescue; but Sergeant Vaughan made a human bridge of his body along which they crawled back to life.

Next—he went up on the roof. Looking over the courtyard of the hotel, he saw a man on the opposite side on a top storey window sill. Rushing down through the house, followed by a few of his men, he went up through another which formed the angle with the hotel wing. Arriving on the roof he saw the blackened form standing in the window wrapt in smoke calmly awaiting the end.

He was out of reach by only a few feet; a rope, a bit of wood or piping—anything would do to save him, but there was nothing about of any use.

Vaughan's resource was taxed and found ready. He ordered his men to hold his legs, sitting on them and straining against the ledge. Then, leaning over the parapet, he reached towards the man, but failed by a few inches. Vaughan called to him to jump towards him, which he promptly did, and, gripping each other, they hung swaying, sixty feet above the courtyard.

The men above tried to haul him up; they strained and tugged as if their comrade were a rope, racking joint and muscle; but they could not even get him and his burden to move. Head to head, with arms interlaced, the two swung, gasping impotently. Their motion suggested the idea to Vaughan—he would swing his load on to the roof. His comrades above watched breathlessly. To and fro he swung with increasing impetus, his joints creaking horridly.

At last he came within reach; they seized the rescued man, hauling him on the roof, and then the rescuer. Both men lay exhausted by their efforts. The sergeant first recovered, brought to by the cold spray from the engines below; he carried the man he had saved, who was still unconscious, safe to the ground, and then went on with his work; but the superhuman strain and labour of that day told on his strength when the fever of work abated. Months passed before he had completely recovered.

At the headquarters of the London Fire Brigade there is a museum where are kept the curious relics connected with the fireman's calling. At the end of this room there is a large glass-fronted case, on the shelves of which stand rows of battered and broken helmets, mute records of heroism, of injury and death suffered in a noble cause.

One moment we are being told that this helmet, crushed and torn as it is, saved a man's life from the blow of a falling beam, by deflecting it and breaking the shock; next, the fireman's triumphant appreciation of the brazen headpiece as a trusty friend changes abruptly as he points to a few bits of blackened and twisted metal, and remnants of burnt cloth and leather: "That's all was found of Jacobs' kit, who was killed in '89."

"All that was Found of Jacobs' Kit."

It was at a fire in a chemical factory—a high, three-storeyed building in Bell Lane, Wandsworth. Two firemen, Jacobs and Ashby, took the hose up through the house to deal with the fire, which then was raging in the second floor. As the staircase was clear as yet, being at the other end of the building, they used it to get to the top floor, from which they could direct the water-nozzle from above.

They were calmly at work, when the crash of an explosion shivered the air. The staircase had collapsed; its supports were blown away, leaving a great flue, through which the red flames chased the thick smoke into the room. The two men rushed to the window. Baffled! The frame was of iron, bedded in masonry, with a swinging ventilator, through which it seemed impossible that a man could pass.

The flames, now unrestrained, fed by a draught from below, darted into the room, lapping eagerly. The men strove desperately to break the iron bars; the stout metal mocked their efforts; they were prisoners awaiting an inevitable death and the torture of fire.

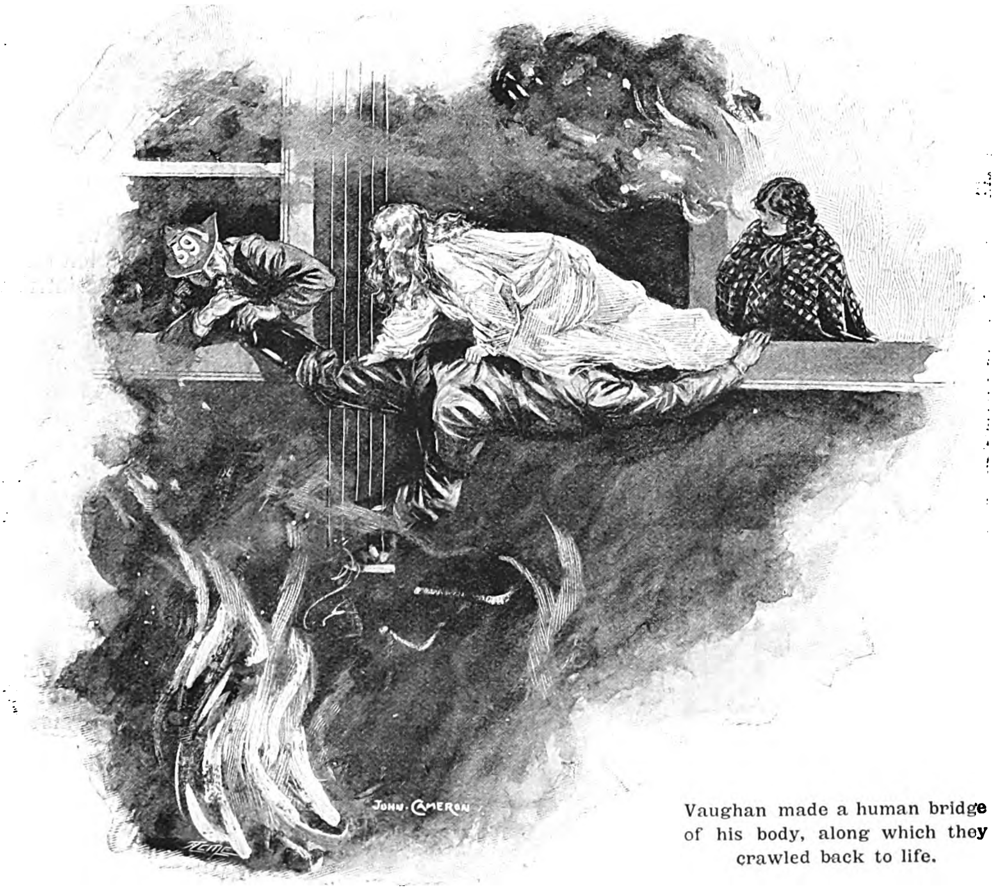
Jacobs was a large man, physically and in heart; the ventilator offered no chance to his bulk, but Ashby's slighter frame might be squeezed through. He unhesitatingly directed all his energies towards this object—to save his comrade. With his sturdy help the other was forced through the small aperture; a ladder had been run up, but it did not quite reach the window; Ashby dropped on to it, and, clinging, slid to the ground, saved.

The great crowd, numbed by hopeless anxiety and impotence, watched the figure framed in the window, silhouetted against the hungry glare beyond; there was a deep groaning when his efforts became visibly more feeble, to the helpless horror of the crowd.

Then he disappeared—overcome by the heat and smoke, he had fallen back among the burning wreckage—"and these are all was found of his kit."

In the terrible fire which broke out last June in Queen Victoria Street, London, Fireman J. H. West, of the Salvage Corps, was undoubtedly the hero. The fire-escapes had been found over six feet too short, and the terror-stricken victims stood shrieking for help in the upper storey windows. It was then that Major Fox, armed with a coil of wire rope and accompanied by West and other firemen, climbed on to the roof. The rope was wound round West's waist, and he was lowered until he could reach the window at which the victims stood. He seized a girl, and was lowered with her in his arms until the men on the escape could take hold of her. This gallant operation he managed twice, rescuing two girls.

"I have only done my duty," is a saying frequently put into the mouth of a popular hero. Sometimes, no doubt, it is modest hypocrisy, but it is nearly always the honest



Vaughan made a human bridge of his body, along which they crawled back to life.

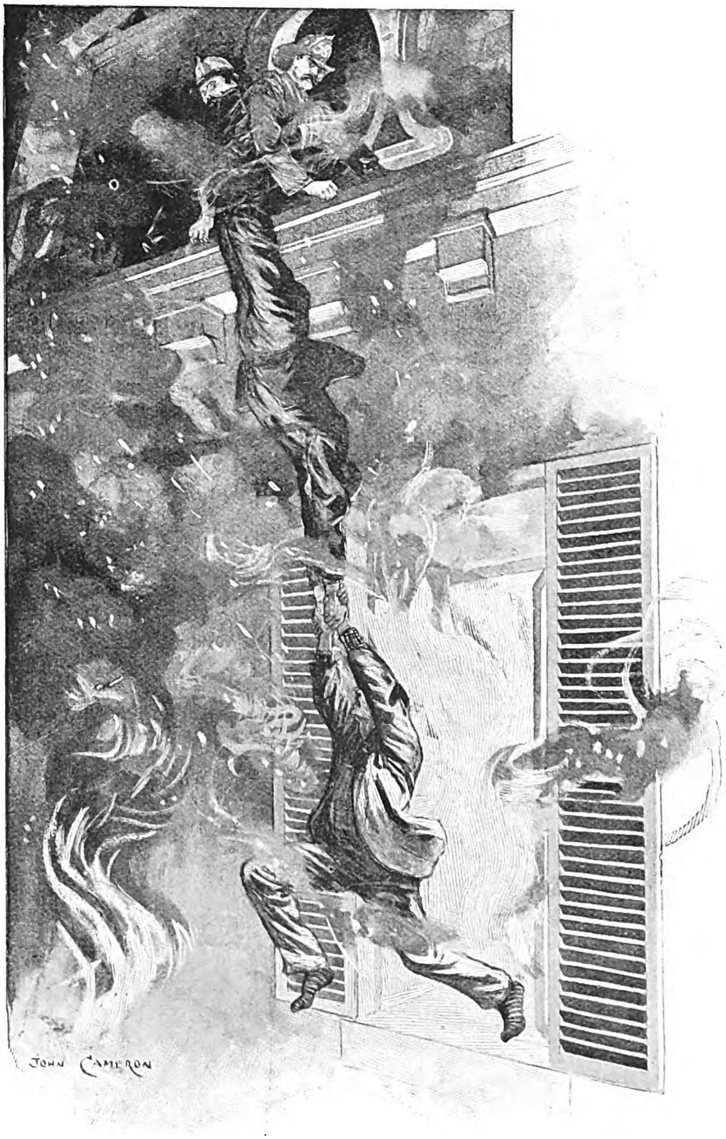
conviction of the fireman—heroism, the readiness to risk his life, and, if necessary to lay it down in the saving of others, to him seems merely his duty.

Enter the engine shed at a fire brigade station. There is the engine, scarlet, brass, and polished steel; handsome, a trifle gaudy, perhaps; ingenious, no doubt, and admirably constructed, but as yet not appealing to you with any peculiar interest. But listen! There is a faint hissing sound; a glance at the indicator explains: there is pressure of steam in the boiler.

Instantly the engine is changed: it is no longer the machine of your first impression; it is now a thing of life, and even its surroundings, the atmosphere in the shed, the helmets and belts hanging on the wall seem altered. The fireman in charge explains, "She is kept under steam night and day. You see if that bell there rang, in a couple of minutes she'd be out of this, and while galloping along we'd get her under full pressure." He pats the polished tubes while speaking, and the warm metal seems to glow responsively.

As he dilates on the details of construction, your thoughts slip away, your imagination works, and you hear the bell going, outside the cry of fire, in the distance the dull roar of alarmed multitudes; while within are the clatter of horses, the expectant whistle of the engine, and then the place is empty, while you are still wondering why the man left off so suddenly in his interesting discourse.

Like engine, like fireman. The fireman is, if anything, the more passive and yet the readier; for him as for it the fire alarm is always to be expected; he also is always under steam, ready for instant emergency. The fire bell strikes the note of his existence. There it is on the wall with striker poised ready. A button pressed at one of the many street alarms may set it going at any moment, and almost before it has ceased striking our hero will be on his way to the scene of action.



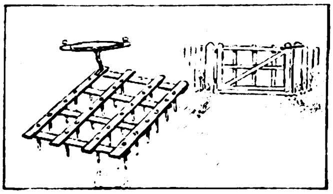
They hung . . . sixty feet above the courtyard.

4th Set of Pictures.

5s. a Day for Life!

A UNIQUE PRIZE OFFERED TO MAGAZINE READERS.

Those competitors who were unable to obtain copies of the *Royal* containing the first three sets of pictures, now have an opportunity of securing them by purchasing a copy of the *Lady's Magazine* for July (on sale July 10th), price 6d.



CORRECT SOLUTION: HARROGATE.

INCORRECT SOLUTIONS: (1) HARROW: Because it comprises fewer letters than Harrogate. (2) GATE (for same reason).

NOTE THAT

The prize of 5s. a Day for Life will *not* be divided—it will be won outright by *one* person (perhaps *you*).

The sum of £100 will be divided amongst those who come next.

No attempts should be sent in until the closing date is announced in the *Royal*.

All competitors should carefully read the conditions.

What you have to do - - - -

ON THE NEXT PAGE you will find twelve pictures. Each of these pictures consists of a certain number of objects. These objects, either singly or collectively, represent the name of a town or place in the United Kingdom.

What you have to do is to find the town or place with the longest name entirely from the names of objects depicted in each picture (or from their phonetic equivalents).

An "object" does not include sky or shading necessary for correct drawing.

Before you begin, examine the example shown above, which will make the matter clear.

Taking this as a guide, you have now to examine the twelve pictures on the next page, and discover the name of the town or place which each of them represents. When you have done this, write the name down in the space provided, and keep the pages by you.

Another set of pictures will appear in the September number of the *Royal*.

CONDITIONS.

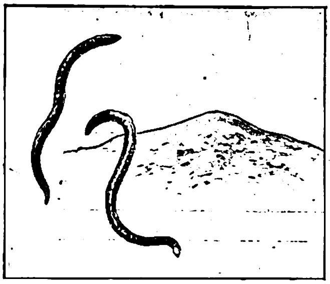
1. The names must be clearly written in ink. (*Use a fine pen*).
2. Only one name is allowed under each picture.
3. No alterations are to be allowed in the words. If you have made a mistake in the spelling, cross the word out and write it again.
4. When you have filled up your list, cut it out and keep it by you until the closing date is announced in the *Royal.*
5. You may forward as many sets of pages as you like. Each set will be accepted independently, and the pages composing it must be pinned together.
6. The name of the place with the greatest number of letters depicted in each picture is the correct solution, but if there are two or more such names of places depicted in one picture with an equal number of letters, then each will be counted correct.
7. No competitor may receive the assistance of professional competition solvers who send out circulars, or whose advertisements appear in the Press. Every person who enters for this competition must do so only on this understanding, and winners will be asked to satisfy us that they have not contravened this condition.
8. In the event of a tie a further, or, if necessary, several further, sets of pictures will be submitted to the tieing competitors, until one shall win the prize outright.
9. The first prize—that is, 5s. per day for life—will be payable monthly to the winner, who shall not be entitled to require that it be capitalised.

- - THE PRIZE OF 5s. A DAY FOR LIFE - -

Will be given to the competitor from whom the Editor of the *Royal Magazine* receives a set of pages containing the greatest number of correct solutions.

The sum of **£100** will be divided, at the discretion of the Editor, amongst those who come next.

All the names depicted in the sketches will be found as printed in the list of Provincial Post Offices in the Post Office Guide, which may be consulted at any Post Office, or may be purchased for 6d.



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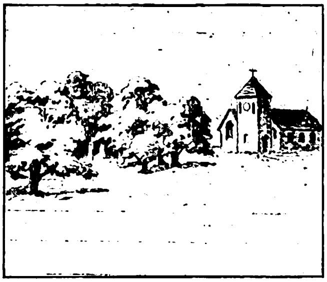

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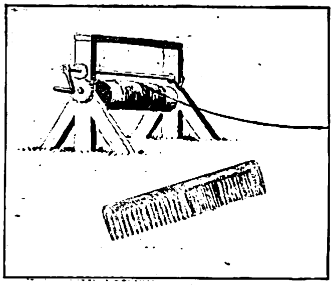

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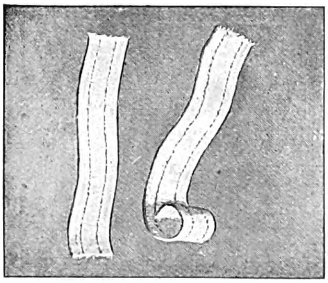

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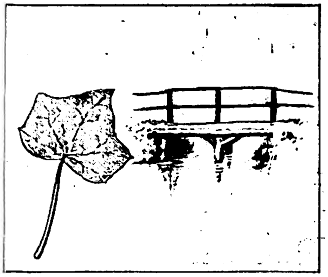

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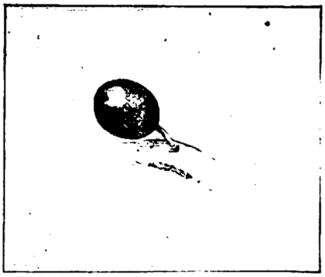

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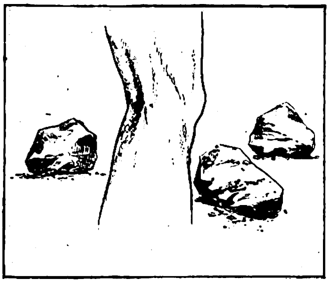

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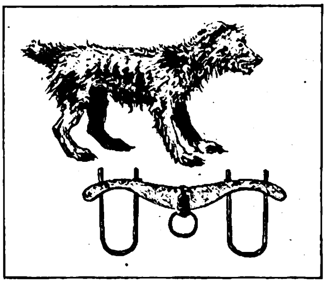

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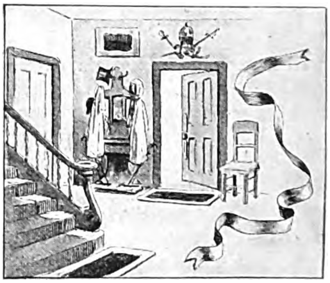

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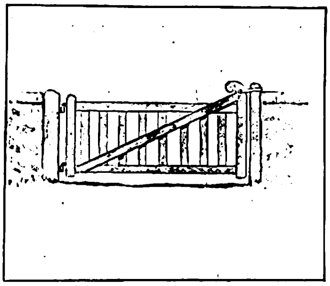

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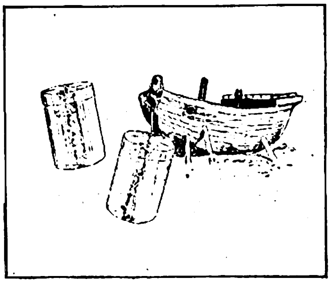

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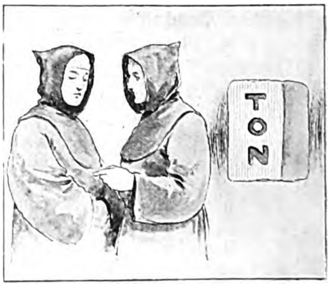

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Name... *Address*...

Keep all your sets of pictures by you until the competition is finished.

THE TEMERITY OF THEODORE

By John Tompkins.

"Till to-morrow," I called to Ethel, as the train pulled out of the station; she waved her handkerchief to me, and—when a man is engaged what does it matter if people stare?—as the train pulled off I threw frantic kisses to her. Then, noticing with contempt the curious glances of the various loiterers at the railway station, I hurried back to my office.

The fact is, I had a little scheme of my own. I would finish all my work that afternoon and take the 5.18 train to Lakewood, and so have an extra evening with Ethel. An engaged man is magnificent as a strategist. As I hurried along, musing about the week we were to have together—the golf, the rides, the multitudinous unimportant yet fascinating occupations of engaged and foolish persons—I determined that nothing should hold me back.

When I arrived at the office I found my brother Theodore waiting for me. There were some family difficulties—a matter only I could attend to. He had come specially for me, and it was imperative that I should go to London at once. I fumed for a while, but it was no use. I saw that I had to go—even an engaged man has engagements. Still, I figured that I could get to Lakewood by Wednesday evening, and that would leave half a week. But think of Ethel with only her mother and her aunt. Ah! there was Theodore.

Theodore is a nice boy. He is a great satisfaction to me. I've had a great deal to do with his bringing up. It was I who decided what school he was to go to; it was I who insisted he should not waste his time taking piano lessons (though the lad has undeniable talent), but steered him straight to the tinkling mandolin, which is so good an accompaniment to a hammock. But apart from all this, there is another reason why he is a great source of comfort to me; for when I ask people whether I do not look like Teddy (our pet name for Theodore), they admit a certain resemblance, and Teddy is unquestionably a very well set up sort of lad.

It was, I think, a good idea to send Teddy; for he could entertain Ethel; and, besides, I wanted my people to know her. But as I consider the matter now, I must confess—though in the end no harm was done—that it was perhaps a mistake in me not to mention the engagement.

"Ted," said I, "I was intending to run down to Lakewood for a couple of days; if you'd like to act as my substitute, I think you'll pass the time pleasantly."

Of course he would do anything to oblige his brother—Theodore is the soul of amiability—but who was the particular girl? For there is always some particular girl, he said.

"There is no particular girl," I replied; "but here's a note to Miss Hastings, who, I believe, happens to be at Lakewood."

"What! Ethel?" exclaimed Ted.

"That is her Christian name, I am informed," said I.

"They say she's a daisy," said Ted (I am greatly averse to slang, but he insists on using it). "I'll do my best as your substitute, Jack. I've heard a lot about her. In fact, I've a great curiosity to meet her."

"You needn't do too well," I answered somewhat gruffly.

"It will only be as a substitute," said he conciliatingly.

"You'd better remember that, youngster."

"But," ventured Teddy, "isn't she rather—rather——"

"Nothing of the sort," I snapped.

"Lively?" Ted concluded.

"Ethel is one of my best friends, Teddy," said I, "and the finest girl in the world."

"Come now, old man, you always say that. Do you remember Daisy — Daisy Martin?" And the boy poked me unfeelingly in the ribs. Unfortunately I did remember Daisy.

"Seriously, Theodore," said I, "I want you to go down there and behave; take her mother driving, play patience with her aunt"—Teddy groaned— "and look after Ethel!"

When he had gone I felt some misgivings. Perhaps I ought to have told him. But somehow a man loses his nerve when he wants to tell his family that he has become engaged to the loveliest girl in all the world.

So Teddy went to Lakewood, and I went to London.

* * * * *

On Monday evening I received a letter from Ethel.

There was a good deal about Teddy, and all in the same strain.

I replied that I should in all probability be with her by Thursday noon; and that she had better not say anything about our engagement just yet. I reassured her about Teddy, and told her he always behaved so to a pretty girl, so she, of all girls, must expect it; and that it was no harm.

On Wednesday morning I received another communication from Ethel. It was considerably shorter. It was, in fact, a telegram. These were its contents: "Ted proposed. Please come at once." The words "at once" were underlined. It is the only time I ever knew a telegraph office to do that. But no doubt Ethel had asked the postmaster at Lakewood. Ethel has a way with her.

Much amused (for Ted had certainly not loitered) I sent a telegram to say I was coming, and, having finished my business at noon, returned to my hotel. Another telegram awaited me. 'Twas from Ted. "Proposed to Ethel. I am sure she will accept me. Wish me luck, Jack. You are right; she is the finest that walks." Ted certainly did not try to get his message down to twelve words.

* * * * *

When I arrived at the hotel the porter told me that Ted and Ethel had gone to the links. I met them at the fifteenth tee. Teddy was earnestly imploring Ethel to get her left shoulder into the drive. His two hands were on her shoulders.

"Hullo!" said I.

"Just a minute, Jack," said Ted; "Ethel's just getting the idea."

I stepped towards Ethel. She saw my intention—there are conventions which an engaged man ought to follow—and she gave a little nod or shrug. Call it what you will, I saw that she didn't want me to kiss her, so I refrained. Instead, I played out the last four holes with Jack, using Ethel's clubs, at that. Nobody said anything about the telegrams. When we were seated on the verandah of the club-house (there was nobody else about):

"Well, Ted," said I, "am I to congratulate you?"

Ted looked at Ethel.

"It all depends on you, Jack," he replied. "Ethel says she will do whatever you decide."

"I have put my heart wholly in your hands, Jack," said Ethel to me, with a twinkle in her eyes.

"Ethel is a year—let me see—a year and a half older than you, Theodore. Have you considered that?" I replied gravely. "It will make a great difference when you are thirty-four. I had, in fact, been thinking of somebody else for you, Ted — Dorothy Wilton. She's a charming girl—just nineteen years old—and, you see, when you are twenty-nine——"

"Give it up, Jack," Theodore hotly interrupted. "This is no joking matter. I love Ethel."

Ethel's eyes met mine, and it was hard not to smile.

Irrelevantly I fished about in my inside coat pocket, and after some time drew forth a lavender-tinted envelope.

"I have a letter for you, Ted," said I, "it's from London. Perhaps you recognise the writing—Helen gave it to me for you last night. Be careful, don't drop the forget-me-not."

Theodore took the letter, and flushed guiltily.

"What?" cried Ethel, putting her handkerchief over her eyes. "Theodore, you are deceiving me, you don't love me," and she shook with ill-suppressed sobs.

Theodore looked at her helplessly, then he turned toward me.

"Why couldn't you keep that letter for another time, you confounded ass?" said he.

"You deceived me," wailed Ethel.

Teddy placed his hand lovingly upon her head.

"Dear, sweet Ethel," he began.

She jumped from the chair. Ethel is not a bad actress.

"How dare you 'dear' me!" she exclaimed.

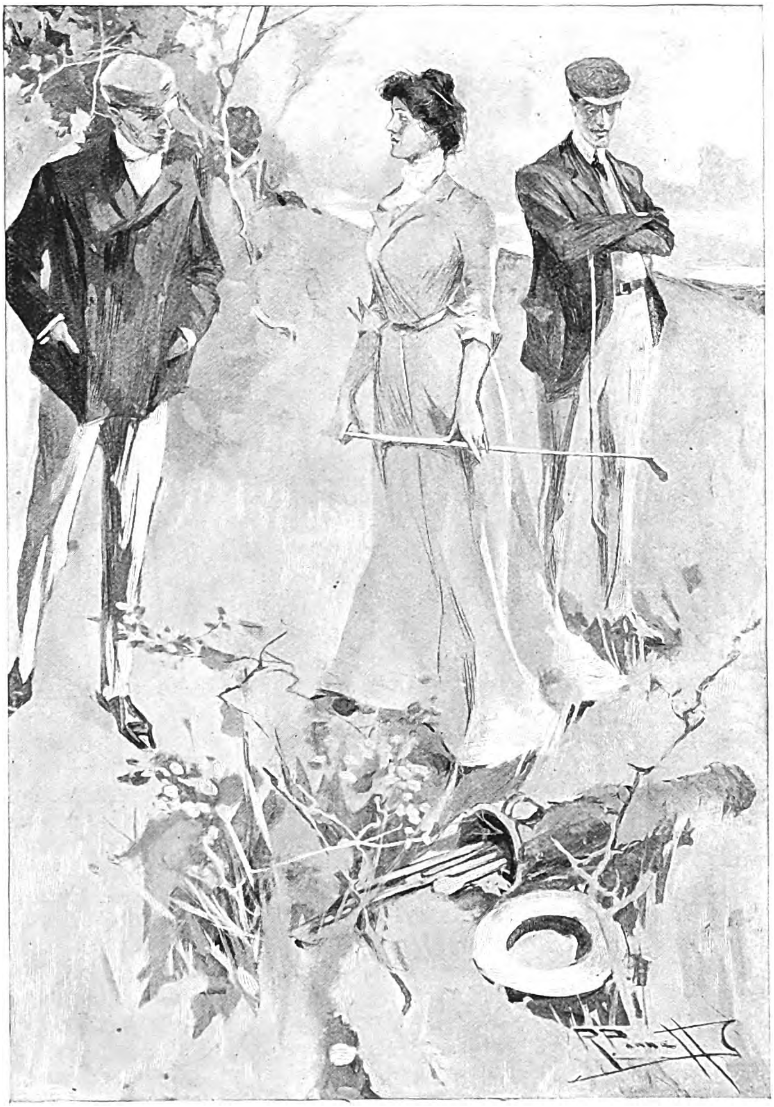
I wondered whether Teddy would notice that her eyes were dry.

"Ethel," said he, "don't be jealous." (At that, for the life of me, I could not help bursting into laughter.) "Helen is a mere child — only sixteen."

"Then," said Ethel, "let me see the letter," and she had it in her hand before Ted knew what had happened.

"A mere child!" repeated Ethel. "Listen to this." And she read:

> MY OWN DARLING TED,—How I have missed you, Ted, dear, these last three days, though I got your dear, sweet letter this morning. I've begged mamma to bring me to Lakewood, and I think she will. I do hope to come to Lakewood. I send you a thousand kisses to return yours. I am so jealous of that girl Ethel you wrote to me about, though you always said before you didn't like blue eyes. So, darling——



I met them at the fifteenth tee.

Ethel gave him a withering glance. "Here, take your letter," she exclaimed melodramatically; "and you would break the heart of two defenceless girls!" And she fell back into her chair.

Ted could stand it no longer. He flung his golf bag over his shoulder and stalked off. Then—for there was no reason for further delay—I kissed Ethel.

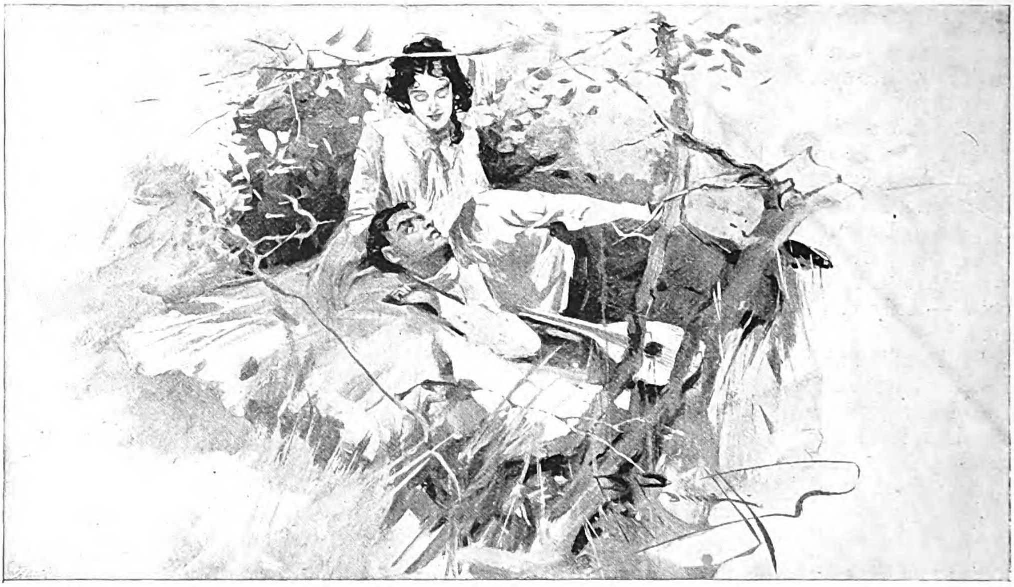
"Don't you think that touch about the defenceless girls was lovely?" Ethel asked. "It will teach Teddy a lesson."

"I didn't suppose Theodore could be such an ass," I laughed.

"He's a dear boy," said Ethel; "and so much like you."

* * * * *

Teddy came in late to dinner, and though Ethel greeted him with her very pleasantest smile and bravely hid her sorrow, and though I was in great form and kept the entire table laughing, and though Ethel's mamma sympathetically asked him what she could do for his headache, yes, and even though Aunt Maria slyly hinted at patience, Teddy remained silent and morose. I suppose it was



There lay Ted sprawling on the pine needles; his head was on Helen's lap; he was looking up into her eyes.

his conscience pricking him. And well it might—the young heart-breaker.

And if that was his condition at dinner, how shall I describe him when the fair Helen of the letter came tripping towards us at the breakfast table the next morning? Poor Ted! I was really sorry for him.

* * * * *

It was one of those lovely, mild September evenings when one can still sit outdoors. The breath of the summer was fragrant, and a light breeze stirred the pines. The stars shone brightly overhead. Ethel and I had been sitting together for a while. By-and-by we strolled out under the trees. A little way off we could hear the faint, sweet tinkle, tinkle, of a mandolin.

"It's Ted," said I. "Let's be nasty and take a peep."

"It would really be mean," said Ethel; so we started in the direction of the mandolin. Suddenly the mandolin stopped playing. We took a few more steps. There lay Ted sprawling on the pine-needles; his head was on Helen's lap; she was stroking his hair; he was looking up into her eyes.

"Isn't it sweet?" whispered Ethel, and we tip-toed off.

* * * * *

"We want to see you, Theodore, Ethel and I," I said solemnly.

Teddy looked at me doubtfully a moment, and followed me to the writing-room, where Ethel was sitting, her hands in her lap, and a serious, abstracted expression in her eyes.

I cleared my throat. "As you know, Theodore," I began formally, "Miss Hastings left the matter of the acceptance of your proposal with me. I have been considering the matter with the utmost care, and have indeed discussed it fully with her."

Teddy looked from one to the other.

"At first," I went on, "Miss Hastings stated to me that in view of your—your—conduct—she would positively refuse you. But I have urged the sincerity, the depth, the steadfastness of your love"—Ethel's lips trembled—"and she has consented to forgive and forget what is past. That leaves the matter wholly for my decision. As I have considered it further, I have come to share your view that the slight disparity of years should not stand in the way of a deep and sincere love, such as is undoubtedly yours, Theodore, and while I realise, Theodore ——"

The expression on my brother's countenance was curious to behold.

"And while I fully realise that you are not quite ready to marry for many reasons, including, among others, the matter of your allowance of two hundred pounds a year, which, I think, perhaps slightly insufficient to properly support Miss Hastings and yourself, still"—

and I waved my hand to brush such trifles aside—" still, having before me the qualities both of mind and person of Miss Hastings, considering the sobering effect upon your character that the seriousness of her nature will have, considering "—I could not resist adding—" her deeply religious nature.

" Weighing all these things, my dear brother, I have come to the conclusion, provided Miss Hastings is still of the same mind (and of her feelings towards you I can have no doubt, else she had refused at the very first), that such an alliance, especially in view of the deep feelings each entertains for the other, would, from every point of view, be——"

" Stop, Jack," cried Ted, " stop. You don't understand."

" Such an alliance would—" I continued imperturbably.

" Don't you see, Jack? Don't you see it's all a mistake? In Heaven's name——"

Ethel's emotions mastered her. She walked to the window, and turned her back to us.

" What?" I shouted. " Does a Tompkins withdraw such a proposal and to such a girl as Miss Hastings? See her there? Would you break her heart? Shame, Theodore," and I hid my face in my hands lest he might see me. " Shame," I repeated in a muffled voice.

Ted, mopping the drops of perspiration from his forehead, turned to Ethel. He caught her hand. " Miss Hastings," said he, " how can you forgive me? I have broken your poor heart; I see it all. How can you ever forgive me? Never again will I trifle with a young girl's affections. Believe me, I thought I loved you. But when Helen came —my Helen—I learned how things were. Oh, Ethel, look at me; say you will forgive me. So that some day you may forget and be happy once again." The self conceit of the young jackanapes!

" Oh, Theodore," murmured Ethel.

" Say you will forgive me, please," Ted implored.

It had gone far enough, I suppose. What was the use of rubbing it in?

Ethel wheeled suddenly round.

" It's all right, dear boy, I do forgive you," and she laid her hand on his arm, " especially, dear boy, because——" and she flashed the engagement ring before his eyes.

" It's a fair lesson, Ted," I said. " You must never be too good a substitute."

Theodore looked wonderingly, first at Ethel, then at me. Then he looked at the ring. Then a wide grin gradually o'erspread his face.

" Oh, oh," said he, " and it has just happened. I see."

" Two weeks ago yesterday, dear boy," I replied.

Teddy ran his hand through his hair a moment. From the expression of his face, it appeared that he was learning a great many things quite suddenly.

" Pshaw! " the rascal said after a minute, " I knew it all along."

" Of course you did," Ethel rejoined, " no doubt of it. And oh! oh! Theodore, my broken heart! "

Theodore looked sheepish.

" And now, don't you think Helen is waiting for you? "

" You're all right, Jack," said Ted, gripping my hand, " and if it wasn't for Helen, I'd cut you out yet." Then he put his arm round Ethel's waist and kissed her full on the lips.

Just then Helen happened to step into the room. Her eyes popped open like saucers.

" It's all right, Helen," said I.

" My new sister," Ted explained.

" There! I knew it was coming," said Helen.

But as Ted's arm still lurked round Ethel's waist, I hastened to occupy myself as well.

" Oh! oh! " was Helen's smothered exclamation.

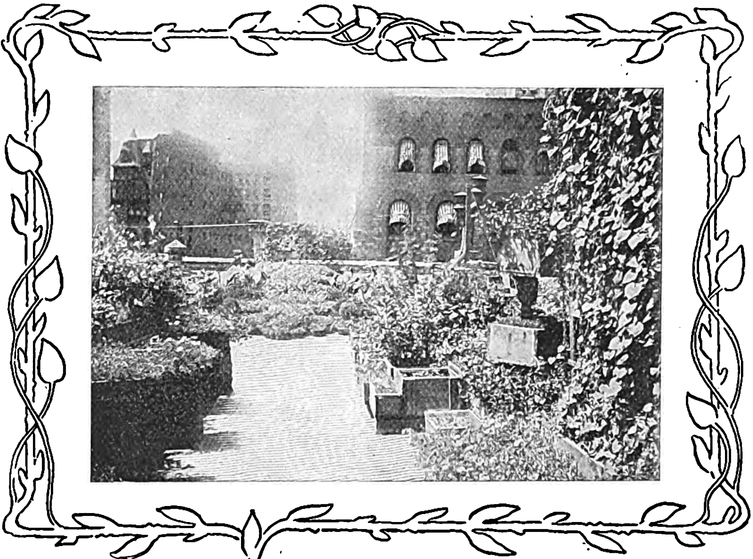
" It's all right, Helen," I repeated, " we are all brothers and sisters."

" Kind of kith and kin," lisped Helen, which was assuredly rather pat for a girl who still wears her hair in a braid.

. . . TO NEW READERS . . .

who wish to enter for the 5s. A DAY PRIZE.

THE LADY'S MAGAZINE for July, now on sale, price sixpence, contains on pages 82, 83, & 84 the first three sets of pictures. The fourth set will be found on page 330 of this issue of the ROYAL.



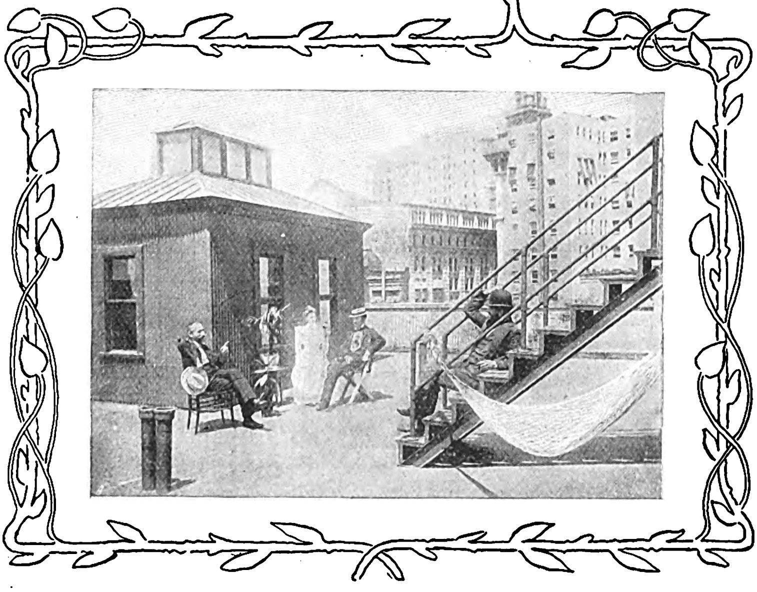
In spite of its fifteen storeys, there is a veritable flower paradise on the top of this house.

in the great stone desert that constitutes the business section of New York.

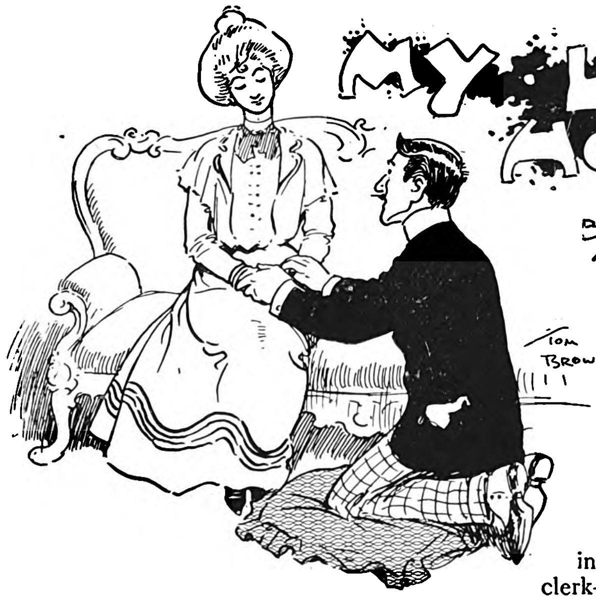
But, you may well ask, who is this roof dweller? He is the caretaker of the buildings. In this country he would probably live in the basement, in close, unhealthy quarters, seldom seeing the sun and blue sky, always breathing the same air, the contaminated air of the great city. His children, too, born and brought up in these lower storeys, would never be really healthy. At first thought it might seem that the life of the roof-dweller must be a lonely one, but he has his own diversions, and enjoys many advantages not to be obtained by other residents of the city, not even by the wealthy householders of the fashionable quarters. Sunlight and fresh air are enjoyed by the resident of the roof in unstinted quantities. He is not crowded by his neighbours, he enjoys a delightful seclusion, while at his very feet is spread the vast and ever-changing panorama of the city and its glorious harbour.

From his aerial home the new cliff man can look down upon the streets below with their crowding swarms of what, from his lofty perch, look like scurrying ants. He can see the "elevated" trains puffing along, looking almost like toys. The great metropolis stretches away to the northward between its confining rivers as far as eye can reach.

Southward the harbour's broad expanse, alive with craft of every sort, invites his eye. Here pass the gigantic ocean greyhounds—the ferries of the Atlantic; here, too, are tramp steamers from the ports of



A roof dwelling is always cool, however hot the street below may be.



MY LITTLE HOLIDAY

BY FOX RUSSELL

I HAD never looked forward so keenly to a holiday before, for I had only just become engaged to Editha, and her parents had invited me to spend a week with them and their somewhat numerous family at Shrimpton-super-Mare.

Editha Biggins was the eldest of eight. Mr. Biggins was something in the city—I also was something—a clerk—in the city. And it was in the city that I first met Papa Biggins; he was short, stout, very bald, and obliged to wear extremely roomy waistcoats. He was very civil to young men, and always liked to ask the apparently prosperous ones to his house at Clapham. He asked me. I went, I saw, and was conquered.

Editha was charming, though she looked a little worried at times with the incessant noise of the four younger children—such little bea—uties, I mean. And although I tried to spread my great love for Editha over the rest of the family, the project didn't seem to work, somehow. Papa Biggins was rather an old bo—rather pros—I should say, rather fond of detail, and always repeating stories of his own preternatural acumen. The stories usually ended in "So you see, my dear young friend, if I wasn't pretty sharp, why where should I be now?"

I often felt that I knew where I *wished* him.

Mamma Biggins was red-faced, sharp-tongued and snappish. Mr. Biggins had my sympathies as far as his wife went, and Mrs. Biggins "went" a very long way.

From the first I knew that Editha loved me—well, for the matter of that, so did Mabel, the second daughter—and if I'd wanted the third, I don't think there'd have been any difficulty. Editha actually couldn't refrain from paying me open compliments, and I—well, I was only twenty-three—I was so flattered that I fell hopelessly in love with her at once.

My prospects were pretty good—though I could hardly marry on my salary (ninety pounds a year), but my father was well off, having retired from the tea trade with a comfortable competence—and I was the only son. I ought to have waited, but something which Editha hinted, with a deep sigh, about her father forcing her into a hated marriage with a City millionaire, determined me to propose at once. True, the City millionaire never seemed to come to the house—and nobody but Editha ever mentioned him—nevertheless, this mystic personage evidently exercised a positive terror over my loved one, and I determined to win her, even out of the jaws of the bloated financier.

So one evening—when I had been to Clapham to high-tea and progressive whist—I followed Mr. Biggins so sharply into his "den" that I nearly trod on his heels.

"What can I do for you, my boy?" he asked, regarding me blandly through his *pince-nez*.

"Mr. Biggins," I said, "I will not beat about the bush—I love your eldest daughter—have I your consent to——"

"Certainly, my boy, certainly," he answered, with, I thought at the time, some unnecessary haste. Then he made a few inquiries about my salary and prospects, and finally said he supposed my father would "do something."

Knowing my revered progenitor's irascible temper, I was rather inclined to think that he

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would indeed "do something" directly I acquainted him with the facts. I went to the back dining-room where Editha sat alone. There was no need to ruin a pair of irreproachable shepherd's plaid trousers, so I deftly pushed a cushion down on the floor and flung myself thereon. I don't know what I said; but I poured out a wealth of impassioned words—I know they were impassioned, because Editha told me so next day—and then my loved one said "this is all so sudden" and, after that, she put her arms round my neck and observed that she was "mine till death."

Nothing could have been more satisfactory.

And so we were engaged and I gave her a forty-five shilling ring next day. My mother and sister sniffed, and exchanged cutting remarks anent young men who were "caught in the toils" and who "walked into traps with their eyes shut," speaking not *to* me, but *at* me; whilst even if I were inclined to pollute my pen by writing the words my father used, at the announcement of my coming happiness, I am sure that any self-respecting compositor would decline to set them up in type. It is beneath one's dignity to argue with an angry man—as well as being highly dangerous.

Shortly afterwards, Mrs. Biggins announced that the following week they were going to Shrimpton. Mrs. B., though quite a lady, of course, and, indeed, of very old family—she told me so herself—had a curious habit of drop — of — I mean she used aspirates in quite unconventional places; it was really rather interesting, though it sometimes made me feel a little hot when strangers—who didn't, perhaps, understand this idiosyncrasy—were present. On this occasion she said:

"Harthur, we shall expect you down to stay a week with us at Shrimpton; a breath o' the sea hair will do you 'eaps of good, and put some colour into those pasty cheeks of yours."

Which was really very kind, only that I wished she had not called my cheeks "pasty." I always try to get sunburnt, and go through all sorts of inconvenience, amounting sometimes to physical suffering, in sitting for hours in the back garden on Sunday mornings, and taking unpleasant journeys on penny steamers in order to obtain a weather-beaten appearance.

I had an hour's leave from the office to see the Bigginses off at the station. The place was crammed—being the Friday before Bank Holiday—and whilst Papa Biggins struggled with the luggage, I was requested to get the tickets. After waiting in an ever-lengthening queue I at last succeeded, and fortunately found just enough in my purse to pay—Mrs. B. having forgotten to give me the money. I fought my way back, handed her the tickets, and was about to have a quiet word with Editha, when Mrs. B. begged me to obtain an empty third-class carriage for them.

I shoved my way through the crowd, tripping over luggage of every description, and travelling the whole length of train. Of course there was no vacant carriage; this I knew before I started. Mrs. B. very annoyed and very warm. Quite evident that they must separate and go in different carriages.

Papa B. arrived, also very annoyed and very warm—inclined to quarrel with railway officials for not finding him empty carriage—Alexander and Reginald making no attempt to assist with the innumerable parcels. Billy—*aetat* eleven—whistling distractingly, with hands in pockets—Editha standing rather helplessly by.

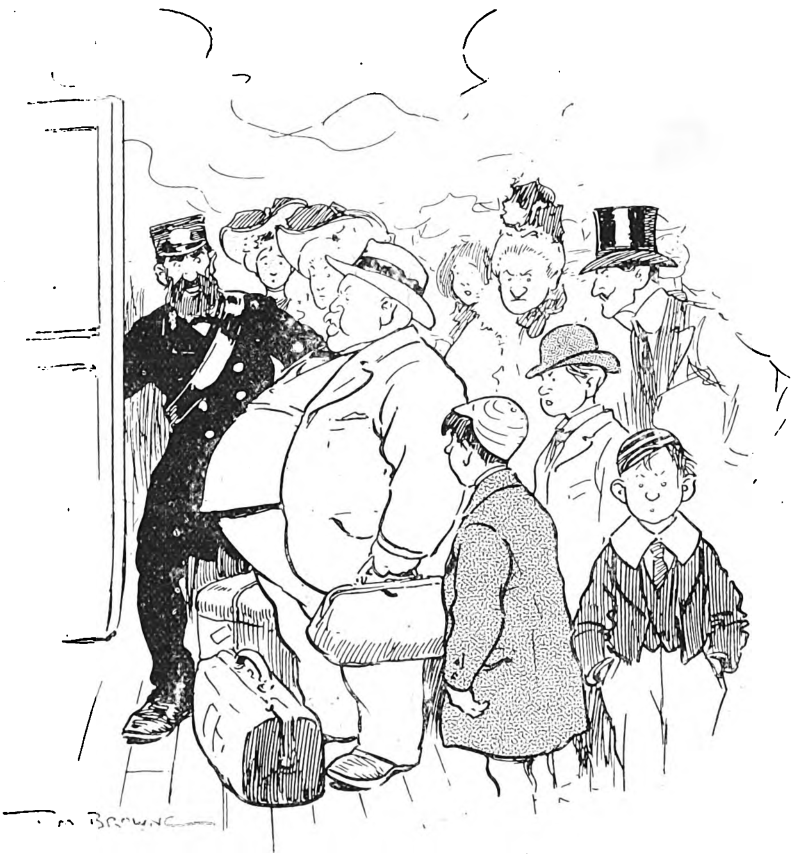
"Room for two in here!" cries a perspiring and much harassed guard. "Look sharp, take yer places if yer goin' on!"

Dismal groan from Mrs. B. "Oh, we shall all be left be'ind—here, jump in, nurse, you must stand, if you can't sit. Editha, don't stand starin' about you!—you and Mabel too, get in the next carriage. No, it isn't full—you just do as I tell you," and the two girls disappear. I was about to follow, in order to have a word with Editha, when Mr. B. exclaims: "Catch hold of this Gladstone, will you, Arthur, and shove it under the seat."

Do so, and again try to edge over to where Editha and Mabel sit. No good. Mrs. B. calls loudly from her window, "Harthur!" I pretended not to hear, as just then I caught sight of Mrs. and Miss Meldrum—wife and daughter of Admiral Meldrum, our most distinguished neighbour—bowing from the window of a carriage near. Was in act of raising my hat, when another even more imperative cry from Mrs. Biggins salutes my ear.

"Har—thur! Mr. 'Utchings!"—my name is Arthur Hutchings. I forgot to mention it before.

"Good-bye." Train begins to move. "We shall expect you, Thursday!" came the voice. Then the large, warm red face was withdrawn; Editha leant out of the window



"Room for two in here!" cries a perspiring and much harassed guard.

and waved me a pretty little farewell, and they were gone.

The train had started late, and I found that I had exceeded my office leave. So I had to take a hansom. When I arrived I was obliged to borrow a shilling from our junior clerk for the fare — rather humiliating—Mr. Biggins, in his hurry, had forgotten to reimburse me for the railway tickets.

Next morning I overheard my father describe Editha as "a commonplace young person with chubby cheeks and a vacant simper." And then he had the bad taste to add "Bah!"

I thought I had never heard anything so rude.

On the following Thursday I travelled down to Shrimpton, and Editha met me at the station. When she pinched my arm with a delicious air of proprietorship I could have embraced her on the crowded platform.

We drove in a cab to Beach Villa, and it felt so delightfully improper. Mr. B. welcomed me in the passage, whilst little Billy put a jammy hand, most cordially, on my trousers. And Mrs. Biggins called out from the sitting-room, where tea was going on:

"Come in 'ere, Mr. 'Utchings—there, why should I call you 'Utchings?" (why, indeed?) "we are all to be one fambly, soon! Come in, Harthur, and set down, and 'ave a cup o' tea and some srimps. It'll do yer good after that 'ot crowded journey. You'll 'ave to share a room with the boys."

I joined the famb—family—circle, and drank a cup of cold tea and ate shrimps—and teacake—the latter also cold—it was not an inspiriting meal after a long railway journey, but——

"Your train's late, you see; that's why everything's cold," explained my hostess genially.

It was a beautiful evening, and Editha and I were about to start for a ramble "on the front"—Shrimpton has a kind of wharf, which its inhabitants call the Grand Parade—when Reg. volunteered to accompany us.

I am afraid we didn't appreciate the advantage of Reg.'s proposition. We had hoped for a *tête-à-tête.*

Editha said feebly: "Oh, you don't want to come to-night, Reg."

"Why shouldn't 'e come if 'e likes? Leave the boy alone," cried Mrs. B. tartly.

I was just about to explain that that was precisely what we both desired to do, when Editha nudged me, and said hopelessly:

"Oh, it's no good. If mother says he may come he will." D—ear Reg.!

After an hour's walk, we sit and try a dozen ways of getting rid of Reginald. At last a bright thought struck me: "Reg.," I said, with well simulated indifference, "will you go up the street and get some peppermints (I had forgotten that I had to share the same room with him); if so, you can have half for yourself, and then——"

"Give us the oof," he said greedily, holding out a dirty paw.

I handed him a shilling, and he vanished. We rose and walked off hurriedly to the sands.

Bliss at last! we sat on a rock in the deep shadow cast by the moon, and I passed my arm round Editha's waist and kissed her.

"Oh, do look out! I'm sure they'll see us from the parade," she said fearfully. "Oh, Arthur!" she resumed. "I have so longed for——"

"Here you are!" broke in a puffing, panting voice. "here's the stuff! ain't I been quick?" (puff—pant)—"run all the way"—(puff)—"and here"—(puff) "am!"

We rose and walked slowly home.

"Supper'll be ready at half past eight," said Reginald. "We've got hash and the cold mutton."

I affected an interest in these details, by way of conciliation. He put two fingers into his capacious mouth—all the family are gifted in this respect—and emitted an ear-piercing, shrieking whistle.

"Oh, don't do that!" said Editha wearily.

"Shall!" was the only answer. How I did hate that boy.

I sat between Billy, on one side, and my hostess on the other at supper, rather an unfortunate arrangement, as Mrs. B. was continually leaning across me to supply Billy's wants, and handing him edibles, material portions of which never got as far as Billy. But I took it calmly, even when a thickly spread piece of bread and jam over-balanced and fell, jam side down, on to my lap. I only said "Jam!"—but I said it so hastily that Mrs. B. regarded me with a long stare of wonderment as to whether she had caught the word aright.

After supper, Mr. B. and I took a turn on the front. After telling me seven prosy stories, he suddenly said: "By the way, what assistance will your father give you, eh?"

I replied that the only assistance he was likely to afford would be down the front steps with the toe of his boot, and Papa Biggins looked glum. Then I began speaking casually of railway tickets, hoping Mr. B. might remember that I had not yet been paid—curiously enough, he seemed to have quite forgotten the circumstance.

At ten, my hostess asked me if I would mind going to bed, as otherwise I might keep the boys awake. Now, Editha and I had planned a few minutes to ourselves after the others had retired. However, there was no help for it, and with the best grace possible, I said goodnight, and went.

I crept upstairs and pushed open the bedroom door, quietly, so as not to disturb the boys. Immediately I was overwhelmed with a shower of books, pillows and sofa-cushions—a "booby trap" thoughtfully arranged for me. Smothered giggles from the two occupied beds greeted me, as I hastily struck a match. No use getting angry. Had to look pleasant and thought it politic to even say "Ha, ha!"

Undressed hurriedly and found my pyjamas had been sewn up at the ends. Second outburst of giggles. Began to feel rather mad; however, made the best of it, and go into bed at last.

Bed apparently stuffed with lumps of coal.

Room close—got out and opened window.

"You mustn't do that," observes Alexander, "I've got a sore throat."

Got out again, and shut window.

Reginald commences coughing. "Shut up," says Alexander.

"Shan't!" defiantly from Reginald—Alexander gets out of bed and bashes Reginald with pillow. Scuffle ensues, in midst of which Alexander hits his nose violently against bedpost, and emits dismal yell. Get out of bed (third time) and strike match. Then Mrs. Biggins, without knocking, hastily enters room and demands to know what is the matter. Explain. "Well, I should 'ave thought any man could keep these children from fightin'," she says reproachfully. Then, with great impartiality, she smacks both their heads, and retires.

With these trifling exceptions, I had quite a good night.

Seeing no bath when I woke next morning, dressed and went down to beach to bathe. Peculiar sea at Shrimpton: deep, rich, brown colour—shuddered, and chartered bathing-machine. Rushed into sea. Dirty, cold and shallow. Retired to machine again, shivering, got back to Beach Villa at eight—re-made toilet and waited for breakfast. Half-an-hour later Mrs. B. appeared, looking decidedly frowsy—still waiting for meal—then Mrs. B. takes charge of baby and sends nurse out to buy "something for breakfast."

Rest of family trickle down at intervals. Breakfast at last. I sit opposite Editha and cannot but admit that what my father said has substratum of truth in it; she has chubby cheeks, but not, oh *not* a vacant simper.

"Reg." came down to breakfast wearing my pyjamas over his own suit. This evidently looked upon as charming example of humour by most of family, though Editha blushed painfully. I tried to join in joke and said feebly, "Ha! Ha!"—but it was an even weaker effort than that of the previous night. My "Ha Ha's" lack spontaneity at Shrimpton, somehow.

During breakfast Reg. and Alexander make remarks, disclosing certain matters of my toilet arrangements which I would willingly have suppressed. So jovial of them. Not jovial myself—felt hot all over, and wondered what was coming next. My hostess frowned severely and said:

"'Ush!"

Felt even worse after that.

"I say, will you play leap-frog with us on the common?" asked Alexander, with his mouth full of bread and butter. I now notice, for the first time, Alexander, an absurd and vulgar caricature of Editha.

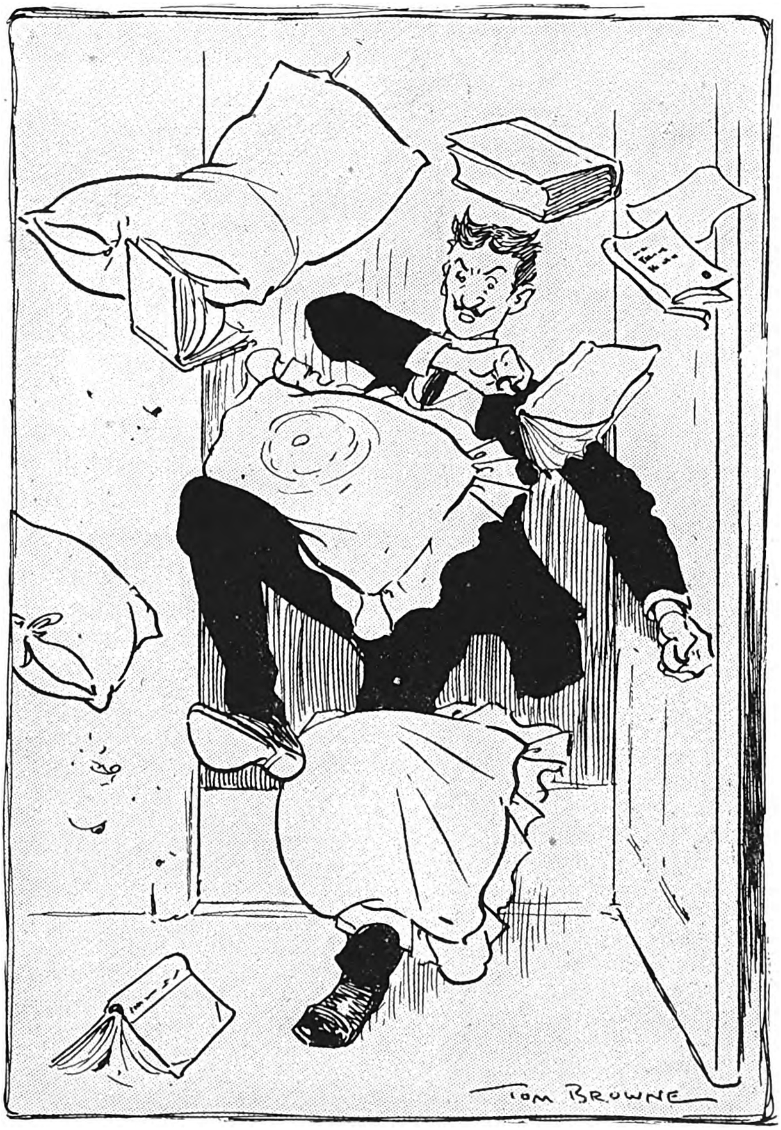
Profess my inefficiency at leap-frog. "Oh, Reg. and me'll soon teach you!" Say I would rather not learn.

"Let's start for the sands," suggests Mr. B., and, laden with pails, spades, apples, Robb's biscuits, crab nets, and ginger beer. we start away *en route* for the shore. With difficulty—for the place is crammed—we select a spot near large rock, and encamp.

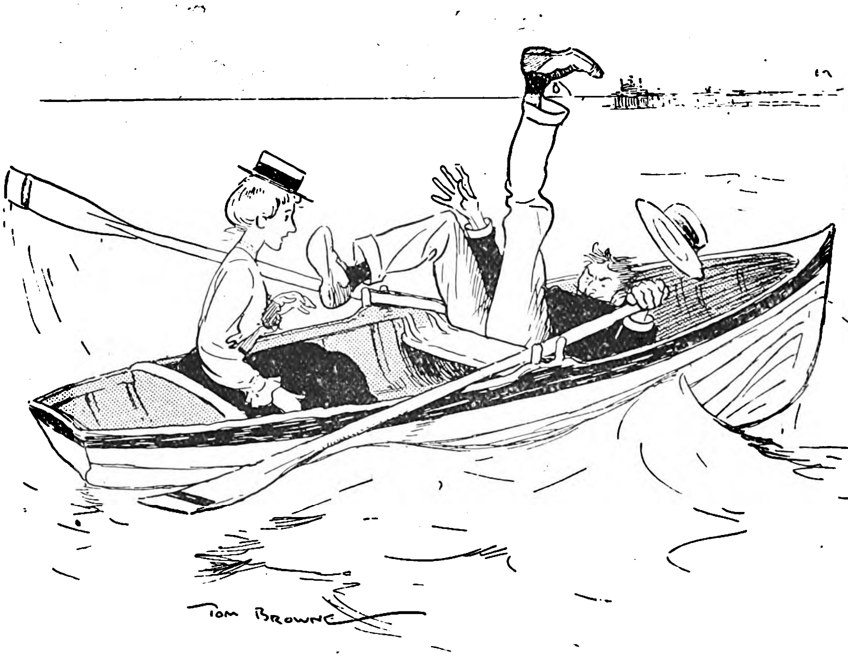
"Now this is what I call jolly, you know!" says Papa Biggins.

"So 'omely," chimes in Mrs. B.

I assent without any fervour, and watch for chance to escape with Editha. Boys insist upon my help in constructing sand castle. So I set to work, while Mrs. B. says playfully: "You can 'ave a stroll with your young lady" (rather grating, this) "soon as you've done the carstle."



Immediately I was overwhelmed with a shower of books, pillows, and sofa-cushions.



I fell backwards, my heels almost hitting Editha in the face, as I disappeared over the seat.

With this incentive I take off my coat and dig with desperate energy. I rush after big stones, delve channels to conduct sea water, and am generally getting hot and flushed when, happening to look up, I see Miss Meldrum and her mother passing along the whar—parade. They bowed—distantly, I thought—and Mary Meldrum indulged in a quiet, half-suppressed smile.

At that moment I could have scalped the baby, without compunction.

When, at last, I had finished my allotted task, and played an exhausting game at rounders with the three little bea—boys, I dragged on my coat, and suggested a row to Editha. Mamma inclined to interfere, but saw that I might, like the worm, "turn"; so she reluctantly consented.

"At last!" I said, as we walked down to the sea to hire a boat, "really, Editha—those boys are—are very high-spirited boys," I ended, rather lamely.

She sighed wearily and said: "They're awful."

"Never mind, darling. When we are married——"

"Yes—*when,*" she repeated in scornful tones. Papa had evidently told her of our overnight conversation. I felt annoyed. *I* couldn't help it that Baker, Bones & Co. only gave me ninety pounds a year.

We entered the boat in silence. Nor did we speak until I had rowed out some distance.

"Don't go so far away from land. Suppose we were to be upset?" she snapped.

I assumed a dignified air, as I replied: "I *am* upset, Editha. What you have just said implies that it is *my* fault I have not enough to marry on. I *am* upset." I gave a vicious tug at the oar and missed the water, with the inevitable result that I fell backwards, my heels almost hitting Editha in the face, as I disappeared over the seat.

I know no more unenviable position than this, and it struck me as rather brutal that Editha should laugh.

I righted myself and took the oars again; then I said, with fine sarcasm:

"I should not have laughed if you had had a similar misfortune, Editha."

Editha blushed ruby red, and called me a "nasty wretch." I—I turned red, too, then, feeling that my last remark had not been a happy one.

We relapsed into silence again, and I pulled savagely on, unheeding of the fact that the sea had become much rougher.

Editha drew out her handkerchief and wiped away a tear; but it did not move me—in fact, I soon began to feel a sort of indifference, not only to Editha, but to all mundane affairs. My strokes became slower as the boat pitched and tossed, until, at last, I ceased rowing altogether.

I was feeling far from well.

When, with dull, heavy eyes, I looked up, Editha, her face very white, was in the act of speaking:

"I think we'd better go back. I feel rather——"

She broke off there. But I understood, and with feeble strokes made for the shore.

We were met by the three boys standing on the beach, hands in pockets, and Alexander, grinning coarsely, shouted:

"'Ullo! You two bin sea-sick?"

Whereat the vulgar herd around laughed loud.

I tried to say "Ha! Ha!" again—but the effort ended in a groan.

We walked back to Beach Villa in silence, and parted on the door-mat.

After lying down for half-an-hour, trying vainly to ignore the smell of onions and boiling cabbage, I felt that I could stand the strain of the situation no longer. My infatuation was over. I weakly staggered to my feet, pencilled a note to my hostess saying I was suddenly recalled to town, hailed a passing cab and fled.

Next morning I wrote briefly to Editha releasing her from our engagement, and with withering irony I left her free to marry "the City millionaire," of whom I had heard so much and seen nothing.

Two days later I received a blustering letter from old Biggins, demanding to know what were my intentions?

To which I replied "Strictly honourable, but no longer matrimonial."

I thought that was "Check."

But at the end of a fortnight—most agreeably diversified by dallyings with Mary Meldrum—the following communication burst upon me like a bombshell.

203, Clutchcosts Buildings,
Lincoln's Inn.

SIR,

BIGGINS versus YOURSELF.

We are instructed by our client, MISS EDITHA MAUDE BIGGINS, to commence an action against you to recover damages for breach of a promise to marry.

Kindly send us address of your solicitor who will accept service on your behalf and oblige,

Yours faithfully,
HOLDON, TIGHT & CO.

A. HUTCHINGS, ESQ.

This was "Check-mate."

And that bald-headed old miscreant, Biggins, has not even mentioned those railway tickets! I fear I am likely to pay dearly for "my little holiday."

A WONDERFUL PAIR.

BY JESSIE CARR.

THERE'S a man and a maiden I know of,
Who love with a wonderful love;
This earth cannot match their devotion,
Nor even the heavens above.
Though others may love in a fashion,
It is but a second-rate bliss,
While theirs is the deepest and truest!
(They're perfectly certain of this).

Other girls, he declares with conviction,
May be charming enough to behold,
But they haven't such blue eyes as she has,
Nor hair of such wonderful gold.
And there isn't another girl living
So utterly tempting to kiss!
She's the sweetest and dearest and nicest!
(He's perfectly certain of this).

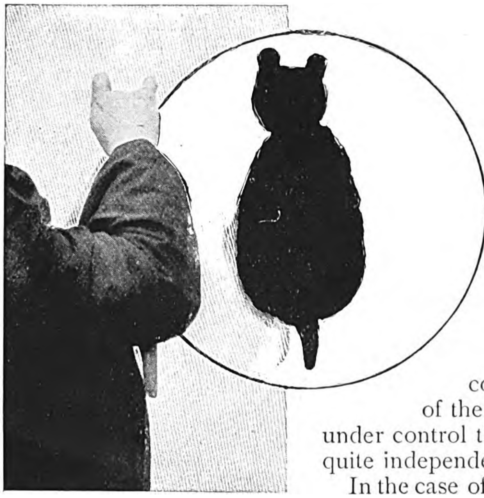
She admits other men may be pleasant
(A wondrous concession, indeed!)
That they all have some points in their favour
She is graciously pleased to concede.
But the others, she sees very clearly,
Perfection undoubtedly miss,
While he!—he's the one man who doesn't!
(She's perfectly certain of this).

Do you know of this man and this maiden?
Their names can you promptly supply?
Have you witnessed their matchless devotion,
And heard their superlatives fly?
Just listen while *any* young lovers
Enlarge on their newly found bliss,
And this wonderful pair you'll discover!
(I'm perfectly certain of this).

SHADOWS ON THE SCREEN

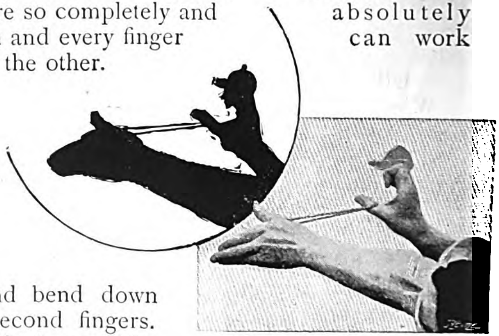
By C. Lang Neil.

A Bright Description of a Popular Entertainment illustrated with Photographs from the Hand of Mons. Trewy.

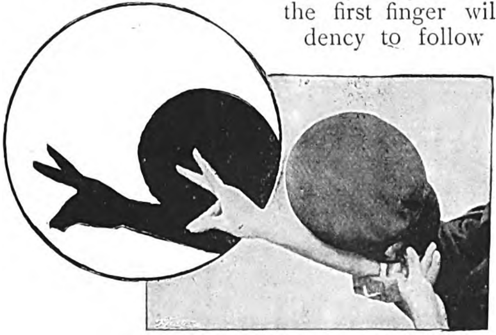


A very simple shadow. Raise the outside knuckles of the right hand and put a cloth over the arm to show pussy. Her tail can be made by the first finger of the left hand hanging down below the right elbow.

The art of producing shadows is simple and delightful, and with a little practice can be made really very attractive. A great deal depends on the manipulation of the muscles of the fingers and the hand. These should be carefully and continually exercised until the various muscles of the hand are so completely and absolutely under control that each and every finger can work quite independently of the other.



It is quite easy to make a capital jockey. Hold the fingers of the left hand close together, the thumb pointing upwards to form the ears of the horse. A piece of cardboard will form the jockey's cap.



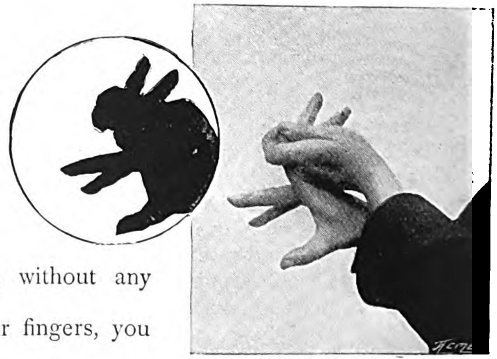
This represents a snail. A piece of cardboard may be used instead of a cap. The snail should be made to emerge from the shell.

In the case of most people's hands there seems to be a general agreement between the various fingers to the effect that if one be bidden to bend itself down, the others will follow. To illustrate this, hold your hand straight out, and bend down the little finger without moving the third and second fingers. You will find it hard, and, at first, well-nigh impossible. Similarly, if you bend down your thumb the first finger will show a slight tendency to follow in its wake. Would you succeed in making good shadows you must first overcome these tendencies, and so rule your hand that each and every finger can do just what you wish without any others interfering.

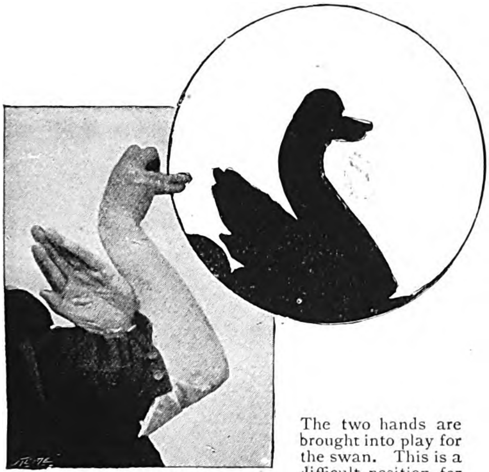
Having thus gained the upper hand over your fingers, you can set to work at making shadows.

Either you may take a few of the subjects given here and make a study of them ; or, which is really the better of the two, invent studies for yourself.

Put a strong light before a white wall or screen, place your hands between the two, and work your fingers together, until you see in the strong circle of light formed on your screen or wall a resemblance to something or other, an animal, a face, or



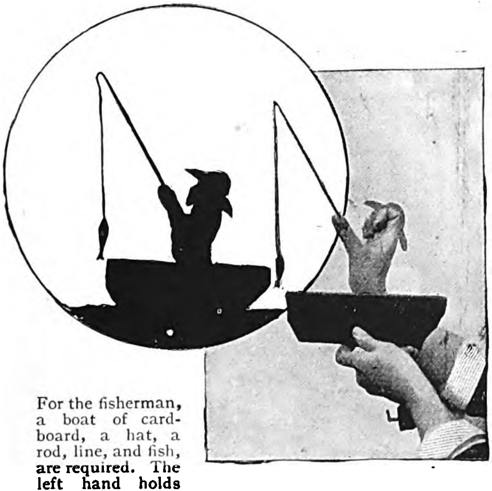
The rabbit is most realistic. The left hand is placed on the right, back to back, first finger and thumb of the left grasping the first and second of the right. The thumb should point downwards, and the third and fourth fingers of the right hand straight out. A little movement of the fingers will give life to the bunny.



The two hands are brought into play for the swan. This is a difficult position for the fingers of the right hand; the first two being bent and the others straight. The left hand forms the swan's wing.

whatever it may be. Then, with your eyes on the shadow, so work and shift your fingers until you have as perfect as possible a representation of your subject.

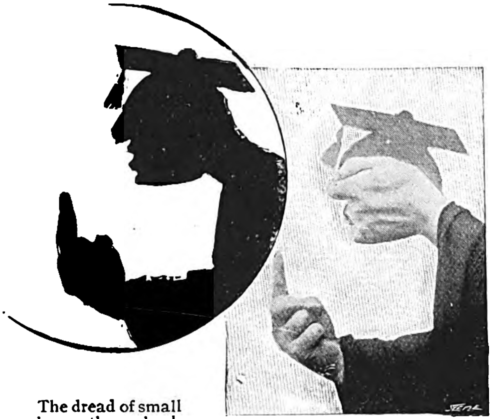
Then quickly release your hands, withdrawing them at once. Next try the same subject as before, practising with a view to arrive at your required shadow as quickly as possible. Continue practising it again and again, until you can immediately produce your shadow on the screen quite perfectly. The quicker you can do it the better.



For the fisherman, a boat of cardboard, a hat, a rod, line, and fish, are required. The left hand holds the cardboard boat, the rod being fastened on to the right thumb, while the hat is held between the first and second fingers.

You may try some other subjects, the number of which is as the sand of the sea. For the purpose of giving a "show" about fifteen or twenty subjects, at least, should be mastered.

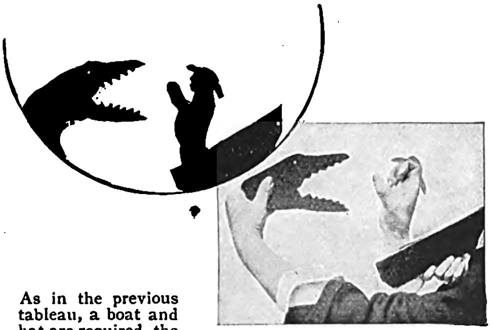
The majority of studies can be done by the hands and arms alone, which is a great boon. However, for a few of them a little outside help is required, such as in the shadow representing a man in a boat fishing, or a schoolmaster with his cap on his head.



The dread of small boys—the schoolmaster. The scholastic cap is made of simple cardboard, and, with a tassel, is very effective. The nose of the master is the joint of the first finger.

But in these cases the requisite outside help can be easily and quickly fashioned from a piece of ordinary cardboard, so should give little or no trouble.

But, of course, the best shadows are those in which the hands alone are involved. Of these, the prettiest examples are those of a rabbit, where the fingers are ingeniously entwined, and of a dog, in which the movement of the fingers will give the

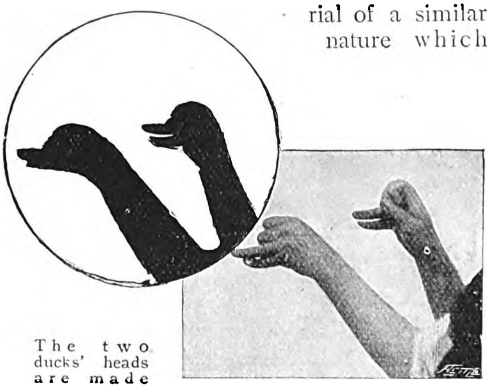


As in the previous tableau, a boat and hat are required, the alligator being supplied by pieces of cardboard. The boat must be tilted up to give it the impression of capsizing.

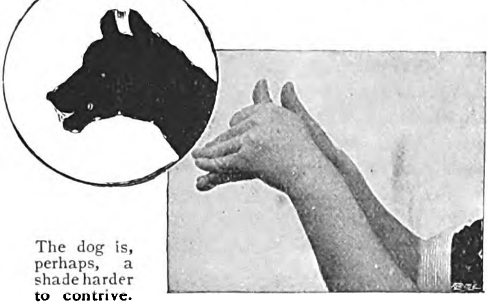
impression of the dog opening and shutting his mouth.

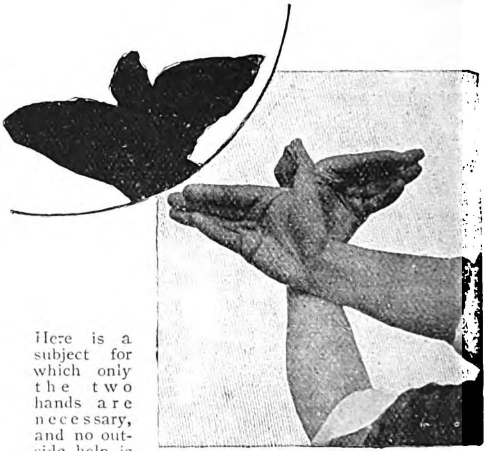
In a few cases, such as that of a dog, an imitation of a bark is a very useful addition to the entertainment. Similarly, when giving a cat in shadow and other animals, appropriate noises are always amusing, and in no way out of place.

Although for ordinary practice a wall will do perfectly well on which to throw the silhouettes, for a performance a screen must be used and the light behind, thus giving the audience a clear, uninterrupted view of the shadows. The screen should in this case be of a thin, white material, such as linen, or some other material of a similar nature which can be tightly stretched and fixed into a frame.

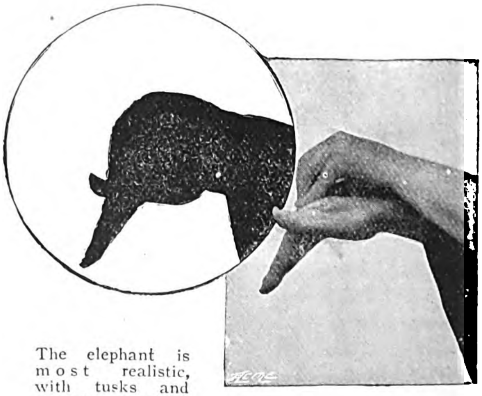

The two ducks' heads are made similarly to that of the swan, but without the bending of the wrist found there.

If the stuff be thoroughly wetted previously and then tacked on to the framework it will, when dry, have shrunk so as to stretch it to its full extent, thus giving excellent results. To give good and really sharp black shadows, the light should be as strong as possible, such as acetylene or, if possible, limelight, and the rays of the lamp should not be permitted to extend beyond the screen in any way.

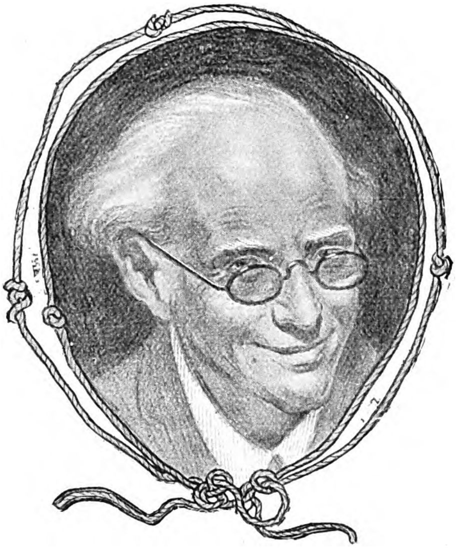

The dog is, perhaps, a shade harder to contrive. The two thumbs point upwards, while the fingers of the hands are slanting, the left hand over the right, the first finger of the latter hanging below the left hand, to form the dog's lower lip.


Here is a subject for which only the two hands are necessary, and no outside help is required. The flying bird is very easy. Draw the fingers together a little, and cross the thumbs. The bird can be made to flap its wings.

This form of entertainment is really ideal for young people, combining, in its other interesting faculties, a charming simplicity that will appeal to young and old. Children who have seen a good exhibition of shadowgraphy will want to try it themselves at home, and thus will have excellent opportunities of training the muscles of their fingers and keeping their time occupied in a perfectly harmless and pleasant way.


The elephant is most realistic, with tusks and trunk complete. Bend down the fingers of the right hand and hold the thumb straight out. This will give the tusks and trunk. Place the left hand over the right with the fingers easily bent to complete the shadow.

THE EDINBURGH MYSTERY.



Being the Fifth of a Series of Stories entitled "The Mysteries of Great Cities."

Illustrated by P. B. Hickling.

BY
BARONESS E. ORCZY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE MAN IN THE CORNER *who tells the story to the*
LADY JOURNALIST.
MR. GRAHAM.
DAVID GRAHAM.
LADY DONALDSON.
MISS CRAWFORD
TREMLETT (*maid*).
SIR JAMES FENWICK.

I.

THE man in the corner had not enjoyed his lunch. I could see that he had something on his mind, for, even before he began to talk that morning, he was fidgeting with his bit of string, and setting all my nerves on the jar.

"Have you ever felt real sympathy with a criminal or a thief?" he asked after a while.

"Only once, I think," I replied, "and then I am not quite sure that the unfortunate woman who did enlist my sympathies was the criminal you make her out to be."

"You mean the heroine of the York mystery?" he replied blandly. "I know that you tried very hard that time to discredit the only possible version of that mysterious murder, the version which is my own. Now, I am equally sure that you have at the present moment no more notion as to who killed and robbed poor Lady Donaldson in Charlotte Square, Edinburgh, than the police have themselves, and yet you are fully prepared to pooh-pooh my arguments, and to disbelieve my version of the mystery. Such is the lady journalist's mind."

"If you have some cock and bull story to explain that extraordinary case," I retorted, "of course I shall disbelieve it. Certainly, if you are going to try and enlist my sympathies on behalf of Edith Crawford, I can assure you you won't succeed."

"Well, I don't know that that is altogether my intention. I see you are interested in the case, but I dare say you don't remember all the circumstances. You must forgive me if I repeat that which you know already. If you have ever been to Edinburgh at all, you will have heard of Graham's bank, and Mr. Andrew Graham, the present head of the firm, is undoubtedly one of the most prominent notabilities of 'modern Athens.'"

The man in the corner took two or three photos from his pocket-book and placed them before me; then pointing at them with his long bony finger—

"That," he said, "is Mr. Elphinstone Graham, the eldest son, a typical young Scotchman, as you see, and this is David Graham, the second son."

I looked more closely at this last photo, and saw before me a young face, upon which some lasting sorrow seemed already to have left its mark. The face was delicate and thin, the features pinched, and the eyes seemed almost unnaturally large and prominent.

"He was deformed," commented the man in the corner in answer to my thoughts,

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"and, as such, an object of pity and even of repugnance to most of his friends. There was also a good deal of talk in Edinburgh society as to his mental condition, his mind, according to many intimate friends of the Grahams, being at times decidedly unhinged. Be that as it may, I fancy that his life must have been a very sad one; he had lost his mother when quite a baby, and his father seemed, strangely enough, to have an almost unconquerable dislike towards him.

"Everyone got to know presently of David Graham's sad position in his father's own house, and also of the great affection lavished upon him by his godmother, Lady Donaldson, who was a sister of Mr. Graham's.

"She was a lady of considerable wealth, being the widow of Sir George Donaldson, the great distiller, but she seems to have been decidedly eccentric. Latterly she had astonished all her family—who were rigid Presbyterians—by announcing her intention of embracing the Roman Catholic faith, and then retiring to the convent of St. Augustine's at Newton Abbot in Devonshire.

"She had sole and absolute control of the vast fortune a doting husband had bequeathed to her. Clearly, therefore, she was at liberty to bestow it upon a Devonshire convent if she chose. But this evidently was not altogether her intention.

"I told you how fond she was of her deformed godson, did I not? Being a bundle of eccentricities, she had many hobbies, none more pronounced than the fixed determination to see—before retiring from the world altogether—David Graham happily married.

"Now, it appears that David Graham, ugly, deformed, half-demented as he was, had fallen desperately in love with Miss Edith Crawford, daughter of the late Dr. Crawford of Prince's Gardens. The young lady, however—very naturally, perhaps—fought shy of David Graham, who, about this time, certainly seemed very queer and morose, but Lady Donaldson, with characteristic determination, seems to have made up her mind to melt Miss Crawford's heart towards her unfortunate nephew.

"On October the 2nd, at a family party given by Mr. Graham in his fine mansion in Charlotte Square, Lady Donaldson openly announced her intention of making over, by deed of gift, to her nephew, David Graham, certain property, money and shares, amounting in total value to the sum of £100,000, and also her magnificent diamonds, which were worth £50,000, for the use of the said David's wife. Keith Macfinlay, a lawyer of Prince's Street, received the next day instructions for drawing up the necessary deed of gift, which she pledged herself to sign the day of her godson's wedding.

"A week later *The Scotsman* contained the following paragraph:

> "A marriage is arranged and will shortly take place between David, younger son of Andrew Graham, Esq., of Charlotte Square, Edinburgh and Dochnakirk, Perthshire, and Edith Lillian, only surviving daughter of the late Dr. Kenneth Crawford, of Prince's Gardens.

"In Edinburgh society comments were loud and various upon the forthcoming marriage, and, on the whole, these comments were far from complimentary to the families concerned. I do not think that the Scotch are a particularly sentimental race, but there was such obvious buying, selling, and bargaining about this marriage that Scottish chivalry rose in revolt at the thought.

"Against that the three people most concerned seemed perfectly satisfied. David Graham was positively transformed; his moroseness was gone from him, he lost his queer ways and wild manners, and became gentle and affectionate in the midst of this great and unexpected happiness. Miss Edith Crawford ordered her trousseau, and talked of the diamonds to her friends, and Lady Donaldson was only waiting for the consummation of this marriage—her heart's desire—before she finally retired from the world, at peace with it and with herself.

"The deed of gift was ready for signature on the wedding day, which was fixed for November 7th, and Lady Donaldson took up her abode temporarily in her brother's house in Charlotte Square.

"Mr. Graham gave a large ball on October 23rd. Special interest is attached to this ball, from the fact that for this occasion Lady Donaldson insisted that David's future wife should wear the magnificent diamonds which were soon to be hers.

"They were, it seems, superb, and became Miss Crawford's stately beauty to perfection. The ball was a brilliant success, the last guest leaving at four a.m. The next day it was the universal topic of conversation, and the day after that, when Edinburgh unfolded the late editions of its morning papers, it learned with horror and dismay that Lady Donaldson had been found murdered in her room, and that the celebrated diamonds had been stolen.

"Hardly had the beautiful little city, however, recovered from this awful shock than its newspapers had another thrilling sensation ready for their readers.

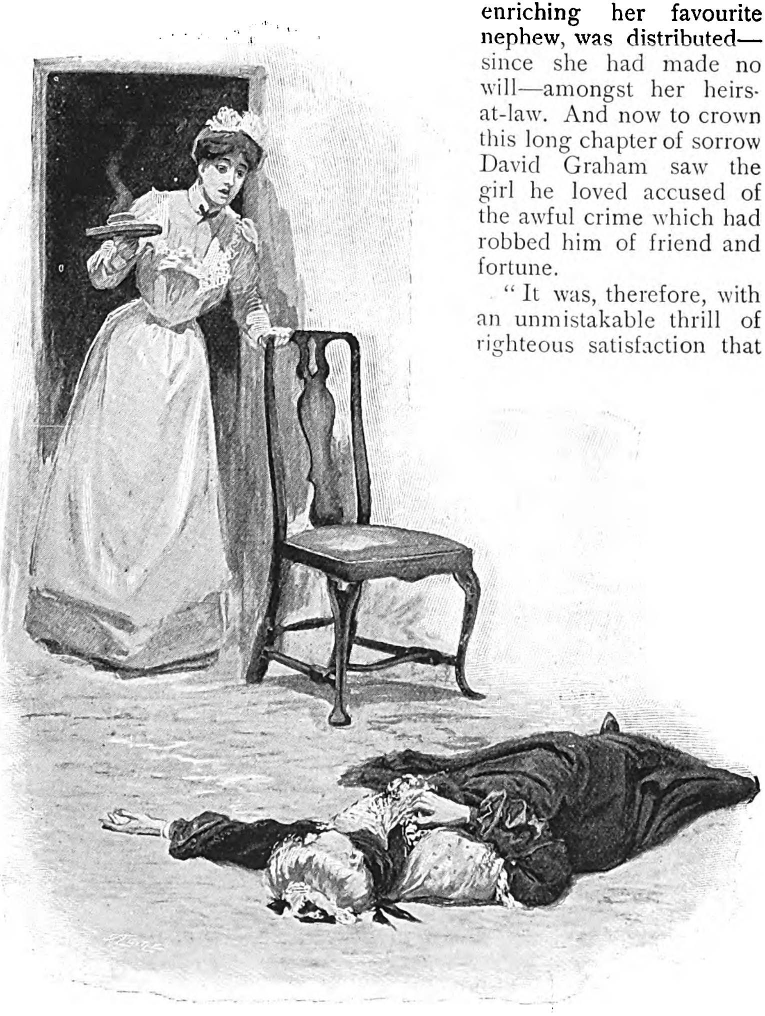
"Already all Scotch and English papers had mysteriously hinted at 'startling information' obtained by the Procurator Fiscal, and at an 'impending sensational arrest.'

"Then the announcement came, and everyone in Edinburgh read, horror-struck and aghast, that the 'sensational arrest' was none other than that of Miss Edith Crawford, for murder and robbery, both so daring and horrible that reason refused to believe that a young lady, born and bred in the best social circle, could have conceived, much less executed, so heinous a crime. She had been arrested in London at the Midland Hotel, and brought to Edinburgh, where she was judicially examined, bail being refused."

II.

"Little more than a fortnight after that, Edith Crawford was duly committed to stand her trial before the High Court of Justiciary. She had pleaded 'Not Guilty' at the pleading diet, and her defence was intrusted to Sir James Fenwick, one of the most eminent advocates at the Criminal Bar.

"Strange to say," continued the man in the corner after awhile, "public opinion from the first went dead against the accused. The public is absolutely like a child, perfectly irresponsible and wholly illogical; it argued that since Miss Crawford had been ready to contract a marriage with a half-demented, deformed creature for the sake of his £100,000, she must have been equally ready to murder and rob an old lady for the sake of £50,000 worth of jewellery, without the incumbrance of so undesirable a husband.



'Lady Donaldson had been found murdered in her room.

"Perhaps the great sympathy aroused in the popular mind for David Graham had much to do with this ill-feeling against the accused. David Graham had, by this cruel and dastardly murder, lost the best—if not the only—friend he possessed. He had also lost at one fell swoop the large fortune which Lady Donaldson had been about to assign to him.

"The deed of gift had never been signed, and the old lady's vast wealth, instead of enriching her favourite nephew, was distributed—since she had made no will—amongst her heirs-at-law. And now to crown this long chapter of sorrow David Graham saw the girl he loved accused of the awful crime which had robbed him of friend and fortune.

"It was, therefore, with an unmistakable thrill of righteous satisfaction that

Edinburgh society saw this 'mercenary girl' in so terrible a plight.

"I was immensely interested in the case, and journeyed down to Edinburgh in order to get a good view of the chief actors in the thrilling drama which was about to be unfolded there.

"I succeeded—I generally do—in securing one of the front seats among the audience, and was already comfortably installed in my place in court when through the trap door I saw the head of the prisoner emerge. She was very becomingly dressed in deep black, and, led by two policemen, she took her place in the dock. Sir James Fenwick shook hands with her very warmly, and I could almost hear him instilling words of comfort into her.

"The trial lasted six clear days, during which time more than forty persons were examined for the prosecution, and as many for the defence. But the most interesting witnesses were certainly the two doctors, the maid Tremlett, Campbell, the High Street jeweller, and David Graham.

"There was, of course, a great deal of medical evidence to go through. Poor Lady Donaldson had been found with a silk scarf tied tightly round her neck, her face showing even to the inexperienced eye every symptom of strangulation.

"Then Tremlett, Lady Donaldson's confidential maid was called. Closely examined by Crown Counsel she gave an account of the ball at Charlotte Square on the 23rd, and the wearing of the jewels by Miss Crawford on that occasion.

"'I helped Miss Crawford on with the tiara over her hair,' she said; 'and my lady put the two necklaces round Miss Crawford's neck herself. There were also some beautiful brooches, bracelets and earrings. At four o'clock in the morning when the ball was over, Miss Crawford brought the jewels back to my lady's room. My lady had already gone to bed, and I had put out the electric light, as I was going, too. There was only one candle left in the room, close to the bed.

"'Miss Crawford took all the jewels off, and asked Lady Donaldson for the key of the safe, so that she might put them away. My lady gave her the key, and said to me: "You can go to bed, Tremlett, you must be dead tired." I was glad to go, for I could hardly stand up—I was so tired. I said "Good-night!" to my lady and also to Miss Crawford, who was busy putting the jewels away. As I was going out of the room, I heard Lady Donaldson saying: "Have you managed it, my dear?" Miss Crawford said: "I have put everything away very nicely."'

"In answer to Sir James Fenwick, Tremlett said that Lady Donaldson always carried the key of her jewel safe on a ribbon round her neck, and had done so the whole day preceding her death.

"'On the night of the 24th,' she continued, 'Lady Donaldson still seemed rather tired, and went up to her room directly after dinner, and while the family were still sitting in the dining room. She made me dress her hair, then she slipped on her dressing gown, and sat in the armchair with a book. She told me then that she felt strangely uncomfortable and nervous and could not account for it.

"'However, she did not want me to sit with her, so I thought that the best thing I could do was to tell Mr. David Graham that her Ladyship did not seem very cheerful. Her Ladyship was so fond of Mr. David; it always made her happy to have him with her. I then went to my room, and at half-past eight Mr. David called me. He said: "Your mistress does seem a little restless to-night. If I were you I would just go and listen at her door in about an hour's time, and if she has not gone to bed I would go in and stay with her until she has." At about ten o'clock I did as Mr. David suggested, and listened at her Ladyship's door. However, all was quiet in the room, and, thinking her Ladyship had gone to sleep, I went back to bed.

"'The next morning at eight o'clock, when I took in my mistress's cup of tea, I saw her lying on the floor, her poor dear face all purple and distorted. I screamed, and the other servants came rushing along. Then Mr. Graham had the door locked and sent for the doctor and the police.'

"The poor woman seemed to find it very difficult not to break down. She was closely questioned by Sir James Fenwick, but had nothing further to say. She had last seen her mistress alive at eight o'clock on the evening of the 24th.

"'And when you listened at her door at ten o'clock,' asked Sir James, 'did you try to open it?'

"'I did, but it was locked,' she replied.

"'Did Lady Donaldson usually lock her bedroom at night?'

"'Nearly always.'

"'And in the morning when you took in the tea?'

"'The door was open. I walked straight in.'

"'You are quite sure?' insisted Sir James.

"'I swear it,' solemnly asserted the woman.

"After that we were informed by several members of Mr. Graham's establishment that Miss Crawford had been in to tea at Charlotte Square in the afternoon of the 24th, that she told everyone she was going to London by the night mail, as she had some special shopping she wished to do there. It appears that Mr. Graham and David both tried to persuade her to stay to dinner, and then to go by the 9.10 p.m. from the Caledonian Station. Miss Crawford, however, had refused, saying she always preferred to go from the Waverley Station. It was nearer to her own rooms, and she still had a good deal of writing to do.

"In spite of this, two witnesses saw the accused in Charlotte Square later on in the evening. She was carrying a bag which seemed heavy, and was walking towards the Caledonian Railway Station.

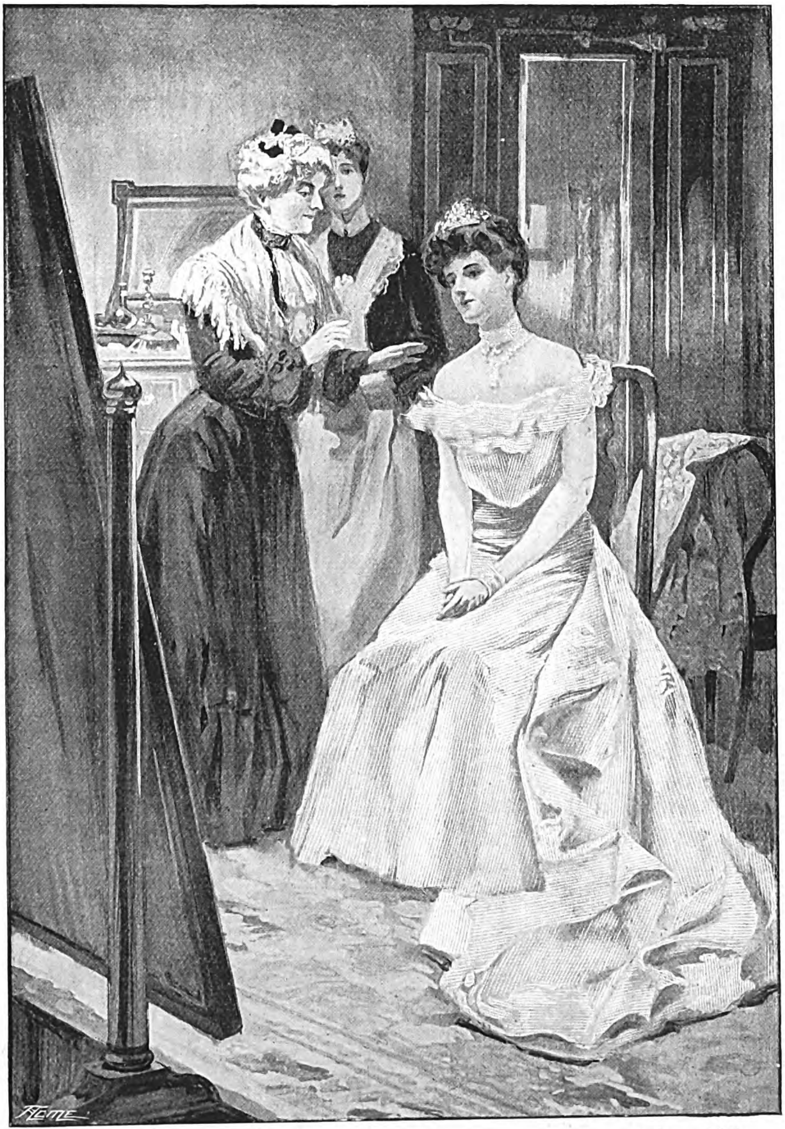
"But the most thrilling moment in that sensational trial was reached on the second day, when David Graham, looking wretchedly ill, unkempt, and haggard, stepped into the witness-box. A murmur of sympathy went round the audience at sight of him, who was the second, perhaps, most deeply stricken victim of the Charlotte Square tragedy.

"David Graham, in answer to Crown Counsel, gave an account of his last interview with Lady Donaldson.

"'Tremlett had told me that she seemed anxious and upset, and I went to have a chat with her; she soon cheered up and . . . .'

"There the unfortunate young man hesitated visibly, but after a while resumed with an obvious effort.

"'She spoke of my marriage, and of the gift she was about to bestow upon me. She said the diamonds would be for my wife, and after that for my daughter if I had one. She also complained that Mr. Macfinlay had been so punctilious about preparing the deed of gift, and that it was a



"My lady put the two necklaces round Miss Crawford's neck herself."

great pity the £100,000 could not just pass from her hands to mine, without so much fuss.

"'I stayed talking with her for about half an hour; then I left her as she seemed ready to go to bed, but I told her maid to listen at the door in about an hour's time.'

"There was deep silence in the court for a few moments, a silence which to me seemed almost electrical. It was as if, some time before it was uttered, the next question put by Crown Counsel to the witness—had hovered in the air.

"'You were engaged to Miss Edith Crawford at one time, were you not?'

"One felt, rather than heard, the almost inaudible 'Yes,' which escaped from David Graham's compressed lips.

"'Under what circumstances was that engagement broken off?'

"Sir James Fenwick had already risen in protest, but David Graham had been the first to speak.

"'I do not think that I need answer that question.'

"'I will put it in a different form then,' said Crown Counsel urbanely—'one to which my learned friend cannot possibly take exception. Did you or did you not on October 27th receive a letter from the accused, in which she desired to be released from her promise of marriage to you?'

"Again David Graham would have refused to answer, and he certainly gave no audible reply to the learned counsel's question; but every one in the audience there present—aye, every member of the jury and of the bar—read upon David Graham's pale countenance and large, sorrowful eyes that ominous 'Yes!' which had failed to reach his trembling lips."

III.

"There is no doubt," continued the man in the corner, "that what little sympathy the young girl's terrible position had aroused in the public mind, had died out the moment that David Graham left the witness box on the second day of the trial. Whether Edith Crawford was guilty of murder or not, the callous way, in which she had accepted a deformed lover, and then thrown him over, had set every one's mind against her.

"It was Mr. Graham himself who had been the first to put the Procurator Fiscal in possession of the fact that the accused had written to David from London, breaking off her engagement. This information had, no doubt, directed the attention of the Fiscal to Miss Crawford, and the police soon brought forward the evidence which had led to her arrest.

"We had a final sensation on the third day, when Mr. Campbell, jeweller, of High Street, gave his evidence. He said that on October 25th a lady came to his shop, and offered to sell him a pair of diamond earrings. Trade had been very bad, and he had refused the bargain, although the lady seemed ready to part with the earrings for an extraordinarily low sum considering the beauty of the stones.

"In fact it was because of this evident desire on the lady's part to sell at *any* cost that he had looked at her more keenly than he otherwise would have done. He was now ready to swear that the lady that offered him the diamond earrings was the prisoner in the dock.

"I can assure you that as we all listened to this apparently damnatory evidence you might have heard a pin drop amongst the audience in that crowded court. The girl alone, there in the dock, remained calm and unmoved. Remember that for two days we had heard evidence to prove that old Dr. Crawford had died leaving his daughter penniless, that having no mother she had been brought up by a maiden aunt, who had trained her to be a governess, which occupation she had followed for years, and that certainly she had never been known by any of her friends to be in possession of solitaire diamond earrings.

"The prosecution had certainly secured an ace of trumps, but Sir James Fenwick, who during the whole of that day, had seemed to take little interest in the proceedings, here rose from his seat, and I knew at once that he had got a tit-bit in the way of a 'point' up his sleeve. Gaunt, and unusually tall, and with his beak-like nose, he always looks strangely impressive when he seriously tackles a witness. He did it this time with a vengeance, I can tell you. He was all over the pompous little jeweller in a moment.

"'Had Mr. Campbell made a special entry in his book, as to the visit of the lady in question?'

"'No.'

"'Had he any special means of ascertaining when that visit did actually take place?'

"'No—but——'

"'What record had he of the visit?'

"Mr. Campbell had none. In fact, after about twenty minutes of cross-examination, he had to admit that he had given but little thought to the interview with the lady at the time, and certainly not in connection with the murder of Lady Donaldson, until he had read in the papers that a young lady had been arrested.

"Then he and his clerk talked the matter over, it appears, and together they had certainly recollected that a lady had brought some beautiful earrings for sale on a day which *must have been* the very morning after the murder. If Sir James Fenwick's object was to discredit this special witness, he certainly gained his point.

"All the pomposity went out of Mr. Campbell; he became flurried, then excited, then he lost his temper. After that he was allowed to leave the court, and Sir James Fenwick resumed his seat, and waited like a vulture for its prey.

"It presented itself in the person of Mr. Campbell's clerk, who, before the Procurator Fiscal, had corroborated his employer's evidence in every respect. In Scotland no witness in any one case is present in court during the examination of another, and Mr. Macfarlane, the clerk, was, therefore, quite unprepared for the pitfalls which Sir James Fenwick had prepared for him. He tumbled into them, head foremost, and the eminent advocate turned him inside out like a glove.

"Mr. Macfarlane did not lose his temper, he was of too humble a frame of mind to do that, but he got into a hopeless quagmire of mixed recollections, and he too left the witness-box quite unprepared to swear as to the day of the interview with the lady with the diamond earrings.

"I dare say, mind you," continued the man in the corner, with a chuckle, "that to most people present, Sir James Fenwick's cross-questioning seemed completely irrelevant. Both Mr. Campbell and his clerk were quite ready to swear that they had had an interview concerning some diamond earrings with a lady, of whose identity with the accused they were perfectly convinced, and to the casual observer the question as to the time or even the day when that interview took place could make but little difference in the ultimate issue.

"Now I took in, in a moment, the entire drift of Sir James Fenwick's defence of Edith Crawford. When Mr. Macfarlane left the witness box, the second victim of the eminent advocate's caustic tongue, I could read as in a book the whole history of that crime, its investigation and the mistakes made by the police first and the public prosecution afterwards.

"Sir James Fenwick knew them, too, of course, and he placed a finger upon each one, demolishing—like a child who blows upon a house of cards—the entire scaffolding erected by the prosecution.

"Mr. Campbell's and Mr. Macfarlane's identification of the accused with the lady who, on some date—admitted to be uncertain—had tried to sell a pair of diamond earrings, was the first point. Sir James had plenty of witnesses to prove that on the 25th, the day after the murder, the accused was in London, whilst, the day before, Mr. Campbell's shop had been closed long before the family circle had seen the last of Lady Donaldson. Clearly the jeweller and his clerk must have seen some other lady, whom their vivid imagination had pictured as being identical with the accused.

"Then came the great question of time. Mr. David Graham had been evidently the last to see Lady Donaldson alive. He had spoken to her as late as 8.30 p.m. Sir James Fenwick had called two porters at the Caledonian Railway Station who testified to Miss Crawford having taken her seat in a first class carriage of the 9.10 train, some minutes before it started.

"'Was it conceivable therefore,' argued Sir James, 'that in the space of half-an-hour the accused—a young girl—could have found her way surreptitiously into the house, at a time when the entire household was still astir, that she should have strangled Lady Donaldson, forced open the safe, and made away with the jewels? A man—an experienced burglar might have done it, but I contend that the accused is physically incapable of accomplishing such a feat.

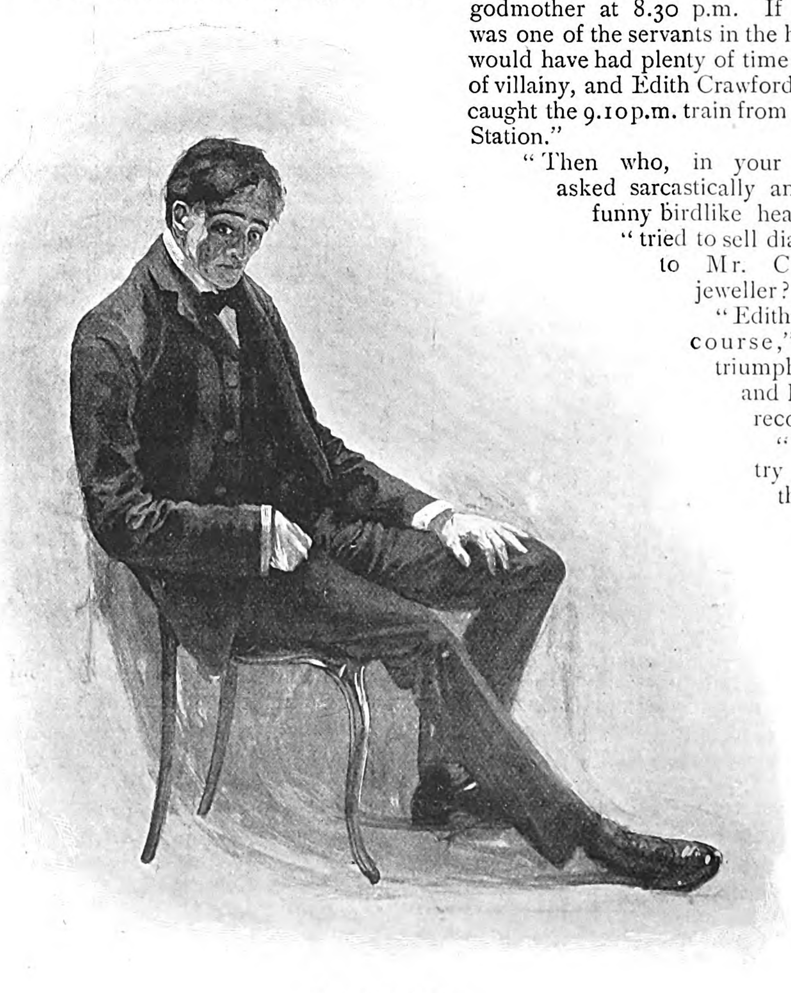
"'With regard to the broken engagement,' continued the eminent counsel with a smile, 'it may have seemed a little heartless, certainly, but heartlessness is no crime in the eyes of the law. The accused has stated in her declaration that at the time she wrote to Mr. David Graham, breaking off her engagement, she had heard nothing of the Edinburgh tragedy.

"'The London papers had reported the crime very briefly: the accused was busy shopping, she knew nothing of Mr. David Graham's altered position. In no case was the breaking off of the engagement a proof that the accused had obtained possession of the jewels by so foul a deed.'

"It is, of course, impossible for me," continued the man in the corner apologetically, "to give you any idea of the eminent advocate's eloquence and masterful logic. It struck every one, I think, just as it did me, that he chiefly directed his attention to the fact that there was absolutely no *proof* against the accused.

"Be that as it may, the result of that remarkable trial, was a verdict of 'Non Proven.' The jury were absent forty minutes, and it appears that in the mind of all of them there remained, in spite of Sir James' arguments, a firmly rooted conviction—call it instinct, if you like—that Edith Crawford had done away with Lady Donaldson in order to become possessed of those jewels, and that in spite of the pompous jeweller's many contradictions, she had offered him some of those diamonds for sale. But there was not enough proof to convict, and she was given the benefit of the doubt.

"I have heard English people argue that in England she would have been hanged. Personally I doubt that. I think that an English jury—not having the judicial loophole of 'Non Proven' would have been bound to acquit her. What do you think?"



David Graham.

IV.

THERE was silence between us for a few moments, for I did not reply immediately, and he went on making impossible knots in his bit of string. Then I said:

"I think that I agree with those English people who say that an English jury would have condemned her. . . I have no doubt that she was guilty. She may not have committed that awful deed herself. Someone in the Charlotte Square house may have been her accomplice and killed and robbed Lady Donaldson while Edith Crawford waited outside for the jewels. David Graham left his godmother at 8.30 p.m. If the accomplice was one of the servants in the house, he or she would have had plenty of time for any amount of villainy, and Edith Crawford could have yet caught the 9.10p.m. train from the Caledonian Station."

"Then who, in your opinion," he asked sarcastically and cocking his funny birdlike head on one side, "tried to sell diamond earrings to Mr. Campbell the jeweller?"

"Edith Crawford, of course," I retorted triumphantly; "he and his clerk both recognised her."

"When did she try to sell them the earrings?"

"Ah! that is what I cannot quite make out, and there to my mind lies the only mystery in this case. On the 25th she was certainly in London, and it is not very likely that she would go back to Edinburgh in order to dispose of the jewels there, where they could most easily be traced."

"Not very likely, certainly," he assented drily.

"And," I added, "on the day before she left for London, Lady Donaldson was alive."

"And pray," he said suddenly, as with comic complacency he surveyed a beautiful knot, he had just twisted up between his long fingers, "what has that fact got to do with it?"

"But it has everything to do with it!" I retorted.

"Ah! there you go," he sighed with comic emphasis. "My teachings don't seem to have improved your powers of reasoning. You are as bad as the police. Lady Donaldson has been robbed and murdered, and you immediately argue that she was robbed and murdered by the same person."

"But——" I argued.

"There is no but," he said, getting more and more excited. "See how simple it is. Edith Crawford wears the diamonds one night, then she brings them back to Lady Donaldson's room. Remember the maid's statement: 'My lady said: "Have you put them back, my dear?"'—a simple statement, utterly ignored by the prosecution. But what did it mean? That Lady Donaldson could not see for herself whether Edith Crawford had put back the jewels or not, *since she asked the question.*"

"Then you argue——"

"I never argue," he interrupted excitedly, "I state undeniable facts. Edith Crawford, who wanted to steal the jewels, took them then and there, when she had the opportunity. Why in the world should she have waited? Lady Donaldson was in bed, and Tremlett, the maid, had gone.

"The next day—namely, the 25th—she tries to dispose of a pair of earrings to Mr. Campbell, she fails, and decides to go to London, where she has a better chance. Sir James Fenwick did not think it desirable to bring forward witnesses to prove what I have since ascertained is a fact, namely, that on the 27th of October, three days before her arrest, Miss Crawford crossed over to Belgium, and came back to London the next day. In Belgium, no doubt, Lady Donaldson's diamonds, taken out of their settings, calmly repose at this moment, while the money derived from their sale is safely deposited in a Belgian bank."

"But then who murdered Lady Donaldson, and why?" I gasped

"It was a daring, brutal murder, remember. Think of one who, not being the thief himself, would, nevertheless, have the strongest of all motives to shield the thief from the consequences of her own misdeed—since it would be absolutely illogical, nay, impossible, that he should be an accomplice."

"Surely——" I gasped.

"Think of a curious nature, warped morally, as well as physically—do you know how those natures feel? A thousand times more strongly than the even, straight natures in everyday life. Then think of such a nature brought face to face with this awful problem.

"Do you think that such a nature would hesitate a moment before committing a crime to save the loved one from the consequences of that deed? Mind you, I don't assert for a moment that David Graham had any *intention* of murdering Lady Donaldson. Tremlett tells him that she seems strangely upset, he goes to her room and finds that she has discovered that she has been robbed. She naturally suspects Edith Crawford, recollects the incidents of the other night, and probably expresses her feelings to David Graham, and threatens immediate prosecution, scandal, what you will, I repeat it again.

"I dare say he had no wish to kill her, probably he merely threatened to. A medical gentleman who spoke of sudden heart failure was no doubt right. hen imagine David Graham's remorse, his horror and his fears. The empty safe probably is the first object that suggested to him the grim tableau of robbery and murder, which he arranges, in order to insure his own safety.

"But remember one thing: no miscreant was seen to enter or leave the house surreptitiously, the murderer left no signs of entrance, and none of exit. An armed burglar would have left some trace—*someone* would have heard *something*. Then who locked and unlocked Lady Donaldson's door that night while she herself lay dead?

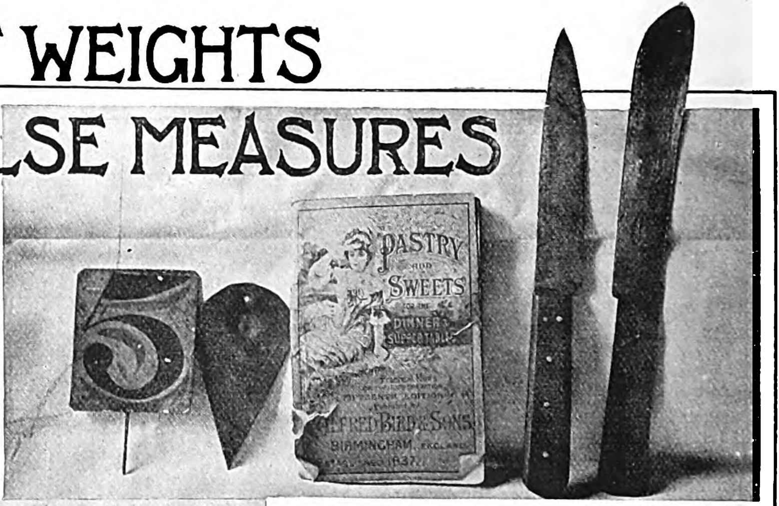
"Someone in the house, I tell you—Someone who left no trace—Someone against whom there could be no suspicion—Someone who killed without apparently the slightest premeditation, and without the slightest motive. Think of it. I know I am right, and then tell me if I have at all enlisted your sympathies in the author of the Edinburgh Mystery."

He was gone. I looked again at the photo of David Graham. Did a crooked mind really dwell in that crooked body, and were there in the world such crimes that were great enough to be deemed sublime?

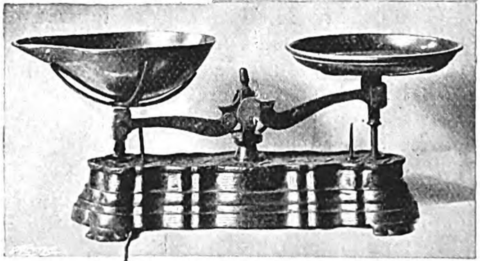
LIGHT WEIGHTS AND FALSE MEASURES

The Ingenious Methods which Dishonest Shopkeepers Adopt in Order to Swindle their Customers, and How They are Frustrated.

BY H. J. HOLMES.



These articles were used by different shopkeepers, in the same way, *i.e.*, slipped in between the pan of the scales and the metal cross-frame underneath.



A barefaced method of swindling used by a tea retailer. The string ran through the counter by way of a hollow tube, below the pan on the left. An attached weight, or a pull of the shopman's fingers, did the rest.

AN enormous number of London shopkeepers apparently yearn to accumulate wealth quickly by swindling their customers.

This statement receives ample substantiation from last year's report of the Public Control Department of the London County Council. From it we learn that the total number of unjust weight and measure appliances seized during the twelve months reached the imposing figures of 63,950!

The amount of hard cash of which the public was robbed by such means can only be conjectured, but must have been a small fortune.

The L.C.C. employs a staff of officials whose duty it is to run to earth the perpetrators of this cruel system of fraud—cruel because its victims are mostly of the poorer class, who must feel acutely the loss of even the smallest sum.

As is well known, all weights, measures, and weighing instruments should, before being used in trade, bear the official stamp which records their honesty. Nearly three million appliances of the sort were duly marked in the London district last year. But it is one thing that they are correct when they leave the L.C.C. official residence: quite another matter whether they will be allowed to remain so!

It requires the persistent efforts of ninety-one inspectors to limit the possibilities of the various appliances being tampered with, as the large number of seizures testify. And it must not be concluded that all the shop-keeping rogues are brought to book; some succeed in evading Nemesis for years. If eventually caught, their only punishment for the first two offences is being mulcted in a comparatively small fine—which, considering all things, they can well afford.

The dodges of the dishonest shopkeepers to evade detection are seemingly without limit. Swindling is a paying game, and those who practise such a lucrative profession can afford to devote much time to the study of the art of not being found out.

There is an instructive collection of swindling relics in the possession of Mr. Webb, the chief of the Newington Weights and Measures district office.

The collection of seized appliances includes a specimen of one of the most bare-faced devices ever discovered, even in daring London. It is a machine once used for weighing tea. To the customers' side of the scales a string was attached, running down a hollow socket and through a hole in the counter, a weight being fastened to the end of the string. The weight

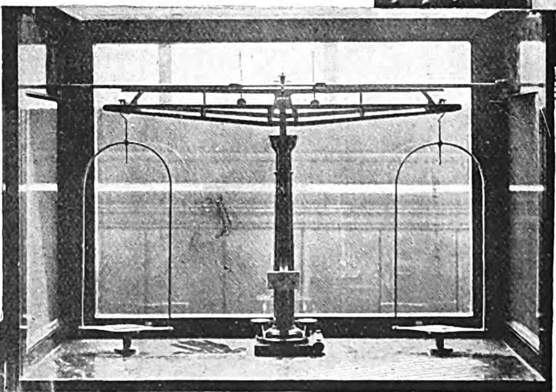
As for fraudulent weights, Mr. Webb's collection forms an admirable object lesson of the lengths to which a thoroughly enterprising shopkeeper will go.

There are scores of weights, for the most part bearing the official stamp of honesty, but each one in itself yielding ample proof that it has done its part in the art of swindling the public. From the quarter of a pound right up to the half hundredweight we are able to see how fraudulent even an officially stamped weight may become in the hands of unscrupulous traders.

Holes are drilled or cut in the metal, and filled up with cork, wood, paper, or other light material. Sometimes a thin coating of lead hides the "faker's" work, but in other cases the cork or wood filling was undisguised when the weights were seized.

As for measures, there are many examples of how these are tampered with in order to defraud the public. False bottoms, dinged sides, drooping spouts, and worn-down tops are constantly used as the means of giving short measure. Costers are habitual offenders in this connection. The economical housewife who makes her purchases from itinerant hawkers does not always save money by the transaction.

Marking glass measures by means of an ingenious sand blast machine that cuts the L.C.C. "pass" on the side of the glass.

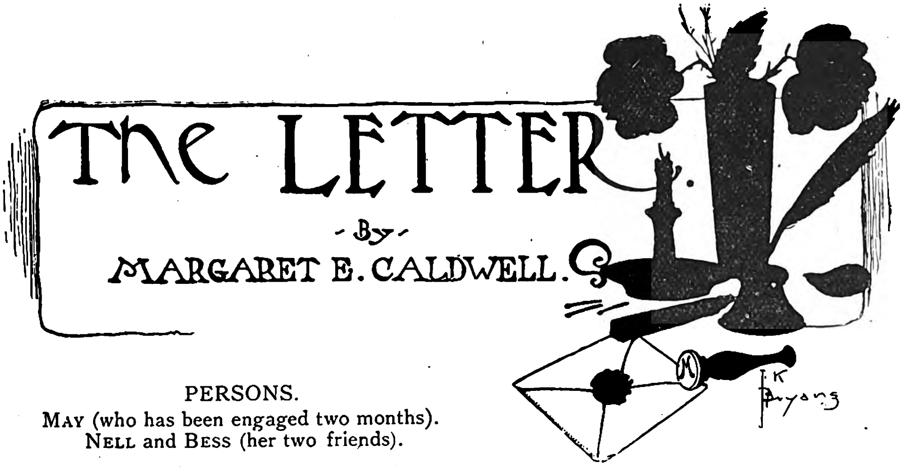


A set of scales for measuring weights. It registers to the fiftieth part of a grain.

Testing liquid measures. All glasses holding less than the proper quantity are condemned by the authorities.

The L.C.C. detective is often to be found hot on the trail of the dishonest coal-hawker, at whose hands the poor people who buy fuel in small quantities suffer much. It is a good thing to find this class of offence growing less. Not that the average coal-hawker is becoming more honest, but he has learnt to dread the sudden appearance of the little black van which bears a relentless inspector with his undeniable standard scales, empowered to test the weight of every bag of coal on the hawker's cart.

It is generally conceded that, so far as its powers go, the L.C.C. leaves no stone unturned in this branch of its multitudinous duties to save the public from the shopkeeping and hawking swindler; and that the Council's efforts in this direction are ably backed up by one of the most carefully organised bodies of men in the United Kingdom.



THE LETTER

- By -

MARGARET E. CALDWELL.

PERSONS.

MAY (who has been engaged two months).
NELL and BESS (her two friends).

PLACE: A small summer resort in the Lake District.
TIME: July.

"*Met Wilcox.*"

MAY (*holding an open letter in her hand*): I got a lovely letter from Will by this morning's post. He does write such a good letter! Wouldn't you girls like to hear it? (*Silence.*)

BESS (*hesitatingly*): Oh, yes, if you would like to read it to us.

MAY (*very brightly*): It's so interesting that I should really enjoy having you hear it. (*Begins to read proudly.*) "No. 104, Salisbury Square Buildings, Fleet Street, London, July 17, 1902." Um—m—mm—. You wouldn't care for the very first—. Ah, well—. Um—. Let me see—. Oh, yes. (*Reads.*) "It's awfully hot here in town. Wish I were so rich that I could go to where my own——." Oh, I don't know that you will care for this part here. Let me see—. Um—m—. Ha! Ha!—Oh, dear me! He is funny! Isn't he? I am just longing to——. Oh! listen to this. Where is it? Oh, yes—. Um—m! the ridiculous fellow—. Now, did you ever? Um—m. (*Reads again.*) "Met Wilcox on the street to-day. He and his wife are as happy as two turtle-doves, but not as happy as I shall——." Oh, pshaw! You girls wouldn't be interested in this—. Um—m—. (*Laughs a little.*)—Oh, the awful boy!—Oh, my goodness!—(*Laughs again.*)—Um—mm—. Who ever heard the like?—Um—mm—. What a boy!— (*Reads explosively and joyfully.*) "Will." (*Looks up, bliss in every feature.*) Now, wasn't that a good letter! (*Silence.*)

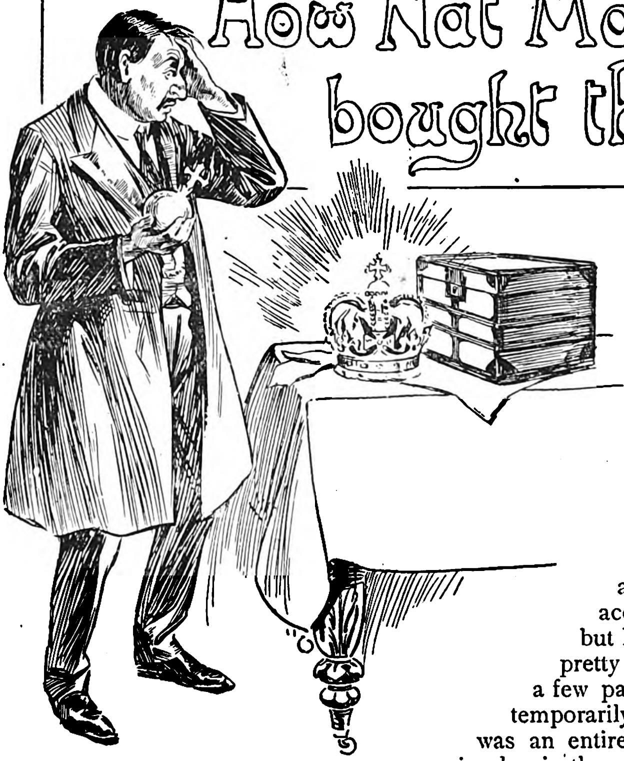
"*Awfully hot!*"

"*Wouldn't you girls like to hear it?*"

NELL and BESS (*emphatically*): Very.

THE END

How Nat Marks bought the Regalia.



By Headon Hill.

Lord Charles Beltran, one of the Grooms-in-Waiting to His Majesty, having partaken wisely and well of an after-theatre supper at the Café Royal, was proceeding to swing his soldierly form into a hansom when he felt a touch on his arm and heard his name murmured in gentlemanly accents.

"Well?" he asked, rather sharply. The face of the tall man at the edge of the kerb who had accosted him was vaguely familiar, but he could not put a name to it. The pretty woman in evening dress who stood a few paces behind in the attitude of having temporarily released her companion's arm was an entire stranger, though he remembered seeing her in the supper room a few minutes before.

"I am sorry to trouble you, Lord Charles, but desperation has led me to presume on your good nature," the tall man replied. "I have a bill falling due with that leech, Nat Marks, to-morrow, and I am at my wits' end to raise the needful. Could you oblige me with the loan of a hundred for a few days?"

"But, my dear fellow, I haven't the ghost of a notion who you are," Beltran exclaimed in mingled anger and amusement.

"Desborough—Captain Desborough. I had the honour of being introduced to your lordship in the inclosure at Sandown a while back. I know this must seem all very irregular and impudent, but I am really in a most frightful corner."

The young nobleman, sitting back in the cab now and preparing to set a match to his cigarette, caught an appealing glance from the bright eyes in the background—a glance which softened the intended asperity of his refusal into an explanation.

"I am very sorry, but I am not in a position to lend money," he said. "Fact is, I'm quite on the other lay. I have got a bill of my own to meet with Marks on the 17th."

"Infernal cheek, but what a pretty girl," he reflected as Captain Desborough politely raised his hat and the cab drove off.

* * * * * * * *

The spring sunshine slanting through the stained glass window into Mr. Nathan Marks's private room seemed almost a superfluity where all was so gorgeous. The florid colouring of the thick pile carpet, of the cavernous saddlebag chairs, of the "art" wall-papers and of the oil-paintings thereon, blended in a conglomerate blaze that shamed the poor little sun ray into an apologetic intruder by comparison. On the dullest day the money-lender's sanctum was so dazzling as to cause clients to blink on turning in out of Piccadilly, and to sigh for the boundless cash of which the rich upholstery was the outward and visible sign.

Though Mr. Marks delighted to impress his visitors with the brilliance of his inanimate

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surroundings, he was far too shrewd to cast the adornment of his person on the same lines. His garments of severely sombre hue were only redeemed from dowdiness by their obvious newness and by the indefinable hall-mark of Poole in every symmetrical curve and seam. "Nat," as he was known in West-end clubland, was a middle-aged Hebrew of not too pronounced national characteristics, though his black hair and nasal development, in conjunction with usury, made it advisable for him to trade under his own name. He would have preferred to call himself Mac-something-or-other, but to have done so with that nose and those sleek, albeit close-cropped, locks would have been to dub himself an impostor.

And Mr. Nathan Marks had many good reasons for not wishing to be deemed an impostor.

On this particular morning he had finished reading his correspondence and was on the point of ringing for his shorthand clerk when the liveried page brought him a lady's visiting card. "Lady Angela Beltran" was the name he read thereon. Mr. Marks pursed out his lips and ruminated.

"Tell the lady that I am engaged for a few minutes, and ask Simpson to step in," he said.

The boy having departed, he selected a "Debrett" from the works of reference on his table and ran his eye down a certain page. "Ah, his sister," he muttered. "Now, what's in the wind, I wonder? Simpson," he added aloud as his bill-clerk entered, "how do we stand with Lord Charles Beltran?"

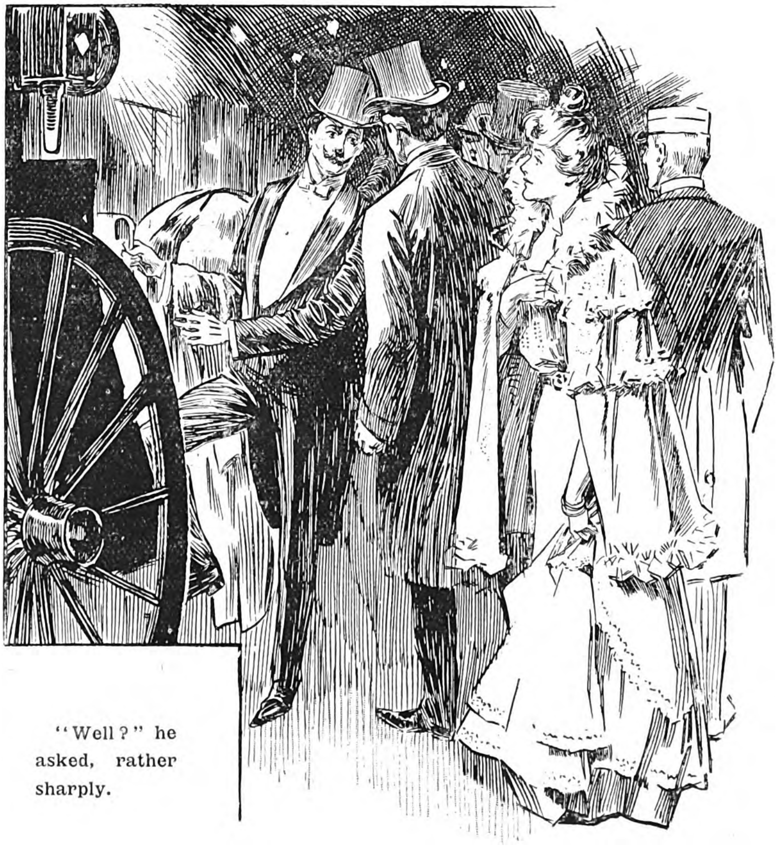
"Five hundred, falling due on the 17th," was the pat reply.

"That's the day after to-morrow. Lord Charles has always met his engagements punctually, hasn't he? Yes, well, tell Timmins to show in the lady who is in the waiting-room."

A moment later Mr. Marks posed into the embodiment of all the civilities as he rose to receive his visitor. Youth and grace were discernible in the fashionably-clad figure which he hastened to ensconce in one of his gorgeous saddlebags, but he was not prepared for the flood of loveliness that engulfed him when the lady raised her veil. Such a complexion of peaches, such ripe red lips, such violet eyes, and the violet eyes brimming with unshed tears. Here was beauty in distress, Mr. Marks told himself.

But Nat was not the man to give rein to sentiment, had a houri from Paradise visited him in business hours, and he politely inquired how he could have the honour of serving the Lady Angela Beltran.

The immediate reply was a burst of pearly drops and the free use of a dainty handkerchief. Then with an effort of control the girl mastered her emotion and looked the money-lender timidly in the face. "I want to



"Well?" he asked, rather sharply.

beg you to save my brother," she began. "Lord Charles has to pay you a large sum two days hence, and he is unable to do so."

Now Lord Charles Beltran, the younger son of a deceased Duke and an officer of His Majesty's household, was known to Mr. Marks not to be deeply embarrassed. The young nobleman's by no means frequent transactions had been limited to short loans to meet debts of honour, and his "paper" had always so far been taken up at the due dates. Nat was able therefore to indulge in the luxury of feeling really benevolent while touting for a bit of fresh business.

"But, my dear young lady, there is no need to talk of saving anybody," he assured her. "If it is not convenient to Lord Charles to meet this trifle I shall be delighted to renew on my most favourable terms. Do I understand that you come to me on his behalf to make such a proposal? If so, I can only say that he has put you to quite needless trouble. If his lordship's duties at Court or any other reason prevented a personal call a few lines from him would have been quite sufficient."

"That is just it; my brother won't renew," Lady Angela returned sadly. "He says that it is degrading not to meet his engagement, and he means to pay you on the 17th." She looked down at the tips of her shoes, then looked up with eyes full of pathos. "He means to pay you by committing a crime that will make the world stand still," she faltered.

Mr. Marks was all sympathetic attention at once. People who committed crimes to get out of debt, generally by copying other people's writing, were part of his stock-in-trade, but he had never thought of Lord Charles Beltran in that light.

"Now really, Lady Angela!" he exclaimed, with affected playfulness, "what terrible misdemeanour does his lordship contemplate?"

"He means to steal the Crown jewels," was the astounding reply. It was uttered in such a tone of shrinking horror and outraged pride that Nat was assured of her belief in the project—whatever the real facts might be.

"My dear lady!" was all he found it judicious to hazard.

"Yes, it is almost incredible, and I can only think that the poor boy has lost his senses," Lady Angela proceeded. "The unfortunate part of it is that as Groom-in-Waiting he is in a position to carry out his intention. He has been instructed to take the King and Queen's crowns and several other pieces of the regalia to-morrow from the Tower to the Court jeweller's. The crowns have to be re-fitted, you know, and the other things to be cleaned."

"Well?" gasped Mr. Marks, casting politeness to the winds in his excitement. After all the thing seemed quite feasible—owing to Lord Charles's position.

"Instead of taking them to the jeweller's," the girl went on, "he will drive with them straight to our house at Coombe Warren, near Kingston. My mother is in Italy, so everything seems smoothed for his plan, only poor helpless me being at home. He will then return to London and give out that the chest containing the regalia has been stolen from his cab, having first detached enough stones to satisfy your debt. He actually wanted me to help him in that—by selling the gems. Oh, he is mad—mad!"

The fraternal reflection on her own honour moved Lady Angela to a fresh outburst of grief, during which Mr. Marks thought hard.

"You spoke just now of my saving your brother," he presently reminded the sobbing girl—very gently.

Looking up through her tears she divulged a plan so artless that it touched such small sense of humour as the usurer possessed. He was to go down to Coombe on the following afternoon, timing his arrival at the house for a little after three, at which hour Lord Charles would have come with the regalia. Lady Angela would take care that Mr. Marks was shown into the room where her brother would be examining the jewels, and then like a good fairy he would persuade the young man of his folly and tell him that the debt could stand over indefinitely.

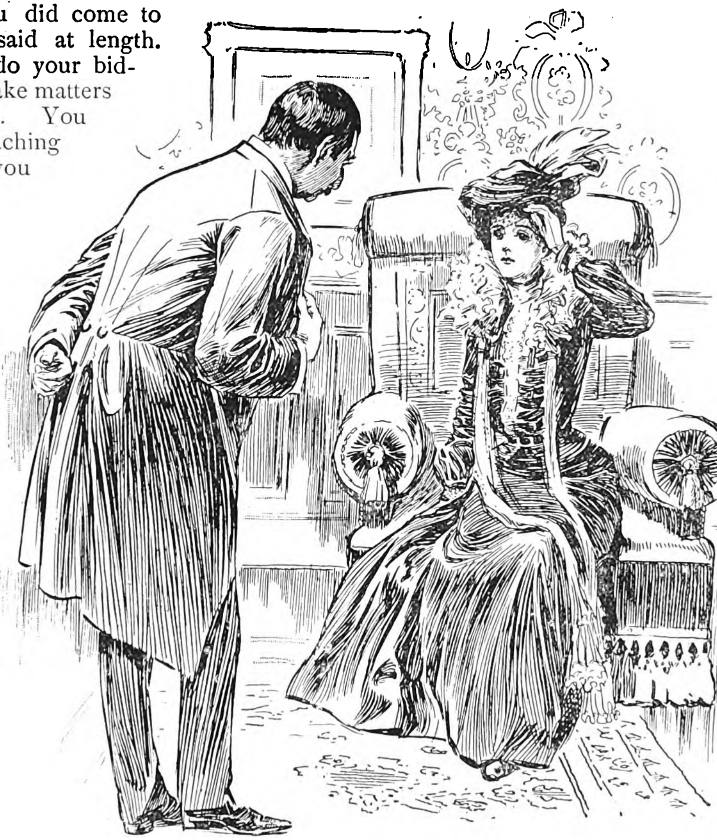
"If mamma had been in England I should have gone to her," the girl concluded with a burst of sobs. "As it is I can only come to you—a stranger—because you alone are aware of Charley's embarrassment."

Mr. Marks sat for a full minute in face of the tremendous situation. It staggered him and knocked him out of time, and he was, moreover, disconcerted in no small measure by the novel sensation of having child-like trust reposed in him. That he, Nat Marks of the stony heart, should have lived to see the day when information of the crime of the century should be brought to him in all confidence by the sister of the criminal! He positively sighed to think that the chance was one he could not afford to throw away, but after all the course he meant to pursue would obviate for the moment churlish treatment of Beauty in Distress.

"I am very glad you did come to me, Lady Angela," he said at length. "I shall be pleased to do your bidding and try and—er—make matters pleasant for his lordship. You may rely on my reaching Coombe at the hour you name."

She jumped up and seized his hands in an ecstacy of relief. "Thank you a thousand times," she cried joyfully. "Do you know, Mr. Marks, I was so afraid to come—I had heard you were such a hard man. I shall always tell people now that you are simply a dear."

When she was gone the money-lender sat down and mopped his brow, smiling a little grimly at that last description of him. If his fair visitor only knew that it was in his mind to buy the Crown jewels from the noble thief for a mere trifle and his *silence*, she would sing a different tune, he reflected. But here was the chance, dropped into his lap from the knees of the gods, and all so safe, too—he would be a fool to neglect his opportunity.



"I want to beg you to save my brother," she began.

His comfortable reverie was disturbed by a tap at the door and by the entrance of a young woman, neatly but cheaply dressed, carrying a notebook. This was his shorthand clerk and typist, and her advent just then irritated him.

"I will ring when I want you, Miss Dickinson," he snapped.

"Very good, sir," was the reply, "But I wanted to speak to you on a personal matter. Could you raise my salary? I have a widowed mother to keep, and I think I more than earn my twenty-five shillings."

"Oh, do you? Well, I don't," said Mr. Marks angrily, "I pay you as much as you're worth and more than I can afford already."

The girl regarded him for two seconds out of a pair of steadfast eyes, and seemed half inclined to urge her plea, but retired quietly without doing so. And when the shabby vision in black had disappeared Mr. Marks gave himself up unreservedly to dreaming of the morrow, when a scion of the peerage should "lift" the regalia of England for his benefit.

* * * * *

The residence of the Dowager Duchess of Hampshire at Coombe, though the smallest of the many seats of that great family, was a commodious mansion standing in secluded grounds off the Kingston road. Nat Marks, driving through the lodge gates on the following day, sniffed contemptuously at the stately avenue, the cawing rooks, and the grey façade with its porticoed entrance and oriel windows.

"Such beastly side!" he sniggered. "After all it's only the home of a young chap that's prigged his master's property. At least," he added, dropping from philosophy to practical business, "I hope to goodness he *has* prigged it."

His ring was answered by a powdered flunkey, who at once relieved his anxiety as to

Lord Charles's arrival. His lordship had come in about ten minutes ago, the servant was beginning to say, when his words were cut short by the appearance in the hall of Lady Angela who came forward with outstretched hands and took Mr. Marks in tow.

"My brother is in the Blue Room, and I will conduct you to him at once," she whispered. "He will be either very angry or very frightened, but you *will* relieve his mind and make him promise to take the things straight back, won't you, Mr. Marks?"

"Oh, I'll make him all right," Nat replied evasively. "He's got the boodle, then—I beg pardon, the regalia?"

"Yes, to my sorrow and shame, but thank Heaven no one need ever know of his folly now," the girl sighed as she led the money-lender along a broad corridor. "Providence has been very kind, for I managed to have James, the footman, out of the way when Charley brought the chest in."

"That was thoughtful of you. James looked a spry young chap," was Mr. Marks' approving comment.

Stopping at a closed door, Lady Angela listened for a moment with a finger to her lips, and then, beckoning her companion to follow, boldly entered the room. But apparently they had not been sufficiently quick or silent, for as Nat crossed the threshold he caught a glimpse of a grey frock-coated figure vanishing through a door at the opposite end of the apartment.

"Charley! Charley! It's only me and—and a friend," cried Lady Angela, and she darted across the room to the other door, turning as she reached it to Mr. Marks. "I'll soon bring him back," she said, and then she too vanished.

Nat tip-toed delicately to the table, on which stood an iron-bound chest with its lid invitingly open and the key in the lock. He was alone with the Crown jewels of England! His scheme was all cut and dried what to do with them. After his diplomatic interview with Lord Charles he would drive them straight back to his office, and then with the aid of a certain Hatton Garden pal he would break them up and dispose of them at leisure. In the meanwhile he would just have a look at the plunder.

The tissue paper at the top of the box crackled in his eager fingers, and he held his breath as he parted it and peered below. Yes, there from a bed of velvet sparkled up at him the glitter of gems, the dull yellow of the golden framework of the crowns. Just a glimpse he caught of the diamond-incrusted orb, recognised from a visit to the Tower in his squalid Whitechapel boyhood, and then the door behind him—the one by which he had entered—opened, and he turned to confront with startled gaze a tall man in a blue serge suit.

"You are my prisoner," said this individual, advancing rapidly and laying a hand on his shoulder. "Why, blessed if it isn't Nat Marks, of Piccadilly. Sorry to find you in this, Mr. Marks. I thought the young swell was playing a lone hand."

"You—you have the advantage of me," stammered the money-lender.

"In more ways than one," the other laughed grimly. "I am Inspector Fawkes, of the Criminal Investigation, and I must trouble you to come along with me. Here you," he added, turning to the liveried James, who hovered at the door, "carry this chest down to the cab while I bring my prisoner."

"But I don't know anything about these things," Mr. Marks protested, regaining something of his self-possession. "I had called to collect an account from Lord Charles Beltran, and seeing them on the table was just admiring them—that's all, I assure you."

"You'll have to assure a judge and jury," returned his captor sharply. "Come, sir. I don't want to use force."

So Mr. Marks found himself in the cab that had brought him, bowling Londonwards with the man in blue at his side and the iron-bound chest at his feet. The box with the priceless contents had a curious fascination for him, and contemplation of it induced a certain train of thought. It was not till they were rattling through Fulham that, after a sidelong glance at his companion, he found speech.

"You have made a great mistake, Inspector, —taken the wrong man," he said. "Lord Charles ought to be in my shoes, I expect."

"Lord Charles will be attended to—after I've got you under lock and key and the stuff safe at Marlborough House," was the reply.

Again silence, till Marks shot another venture: "You played this off your own bat, Mr. Fawkes? No other officers were in it?"

"Entirely my show—shadowed him to Coombe myself, and no one else in it. It ought to be the making of me—saving national property worth five hundred thousand pounds."

Nat emitted a sneering chuckle at this. "You'll probably get a present of fifty pounds and be promoted superintendent," was his comment. "That's what you call being the making of you, I suppose. I should reward a great service more generously than that."

As he had hoped, but had hardly dared to expect, the Inspector turned and gave him a curious glance—a sly, greedy glance of inquiry. Nat took instant advantage of it.

"I should think five thousand pounds not too big a price to pay for that box," he added insidiously.

"And another five thousand on top for your liberty?"

"Yes," said Mr, Marks, with reluctance, though he had allowed a margin for that item. "I have got ten thousand in notes and gold in the strong room at my office now, if you'd care to drive there—instead of to the other place."

"Your office let it be," was the significant rejoinder.

Half-an-hour later Mr. Marks was once more alone with the iron-bound chest, and his safe was denuded of his cash reserve. The latter fact, however, cost him but a passing pang, for the Inspector had mentioned five hundred thousand as the value of the treasure now reposing on the table in his private room. He lifted the lid and with trembling fingers took out the King's crown, and before he had placed it on the table he had his first premonition of disaster. Gold was his god, and his experience of his divinity told him that this gold, if it was gold, *weighed light.*

The shaky fingers clutched and tore now at the wrappings. The Queen's crown, the Orb and the rest were removed in feverish haste. Nat's eyes glared like a trapped wild cat's as he examined first one and then the other of the glittering shams, and finally he vented his despair in a long-drawn howl. He had paid ten thousand pounds for a lot of brass and glass counterfeits worth about a ten-pound note.

"I've been swindled," groaned the wretched man. "But by whom? It cannot have been Lady Angela."

"You mean the charming creature who passed herself off as Lady Angela," said a demure voice at the door, which Mr. Marks, thinking that all his employés had gone, had omitted to lock. His eyes met those of his shorthand clerk, Miss Dickinson, regarding him with mingled curiosity and amusement.

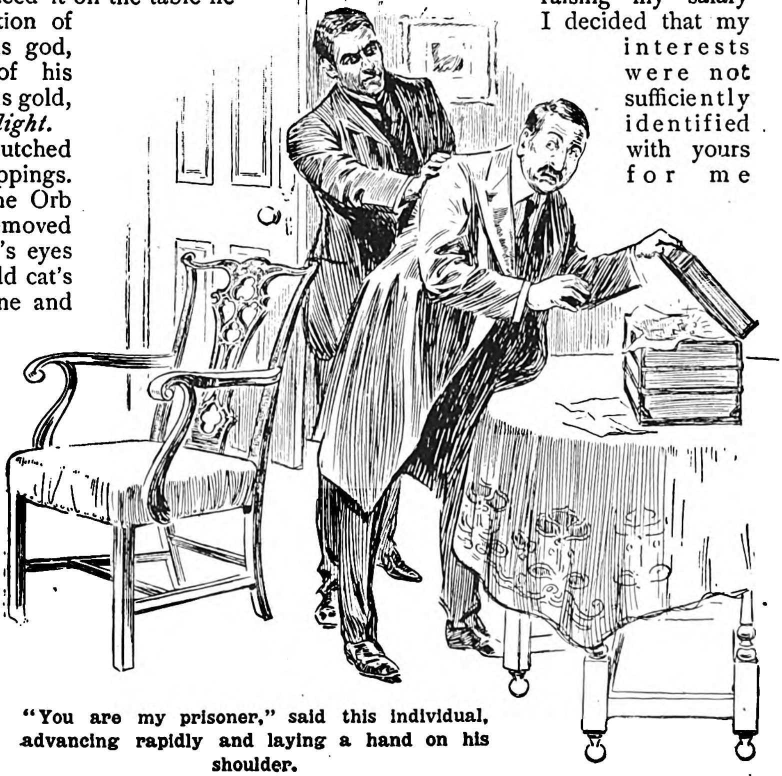
For the moment he was furious, but as the meaning of her words penetrated his whirling brain they seemed to promise a solution of the trouble.

"Passed herself off as Lady Angela?" he feebly repeated. "Explain yourself, please?"

"Only this; I don't know in the least what has happened or what trick she has played on you, but I could have told you yesterday that the young woman who called was no more Lady Angela Beltran than I am. When she went to school with me her name was Gerty Smith, but she recently married a racing sharp who calls himself Captain Desborough. That was he who came with you and has just gone."

"Holy Moses! and why didn't you warn me yesterday?"

"Well, I came in with that intention, but when you could not see your way to raising my salary I decided that my interests were not sufficiently identified with yours for me



"You are my prisoner," said this individual, advancing rapidly and laying a hand on his shoulder.

to interfere," replied Miss Dickinson sweetly, as she withdrew after a lingering glance at the theatrical properties on the table.

The next day Nat was sitting in his office, dejected and heavy-eyed, when Lord Charles was announced, and duly discharged his debt. The moneylender had made cautious inquiries which had cleared up the greater part of his undoing, but one point still puzzled him, and the business being concluded he assumed a confidential demeanour.

"I was having a chat with Dawkins, the house-agent, this morning, my lord," he began, "and he incidentally mentioned that he had lately let Her Grace's house at Coombe, furnished, for a short term, to a Captain and Mrs. Desborough, while your lady mother and sister are abroad. Might I ask if you are acquainted with the Desboroughs?"

"Desborough?" murmured the young nobleman vaguely. "No, stay though, a Johnny of that name, whom I had casually met on a racecourse, had the cheek to try to borrow money of me in the street the other day. He said he had a bill to meet with you, by the way, and I told him I wasn't a lender as I was on your books myself."

So that was how the precious pair had got at the crucial fact of Lord Charles's indebtedness, Mr. Marks perceived.

"My lord, I have never lent the man sixpence; he's not my class of client at all," he said with restrained bitterness. "I thought it my duty to warn you that the Desboroughs are not the sort of tenants who ought to occupy Her Grace's mansion, even for a day."

"Thanks awfully," said Lord Charles, dusting his hat preparatory to departure. "You're quite a protector of the poor, Nat. I'll see Dawkins about it—when I think of it."

But long before he "thought of it," Captain and Mrs. Desborough had vacated the house which they had taken for the purpose of exciting the cupidity of Mr. Marks, and by now they are probably playing other parts than those of a sham detective and the daughter of a duchess.

As for Nathan, he is in two minds whether to secure himself against further disaster by offering marriage to Miss Dickinson, or to join the Zionists with a view to retiring to the Wailing Wall at Jerusalem.

THE "GENERAL."

Who wakens me from dreams profound,
With many a rude, disturbing sound,
Turning the handle round and round?—
Eliza.

Who enters with hot-water can,
And then, from Beersheba to Dan,
Proclaims that downstairs waits "a man"?—
Eliza.

Who cares not, though I groan, dismayed,
Because the "man" comes to be paid—
Long standing bills, too long delayed?—
Eliza.

Who ruthlessly deposits tea
Upon my very drowsy knee;
Remarks, "Five letters" (Bills), with glee?—
Eliza.

Who noisily draws up the blind,
And stumps, in creaking shoes, to find
The bath, or something of that kind?—
Eliza.

Who mentions that it's raining fast,
That eight o'clock is long since past,
That of all risers I am last?—
Eliza.

My life, although I always try
From this domestic fiend to fly,
Is rendered miserable by
Eliza.

Will no one undertake to strike,
With battle-axe, cross-bow, or pike
From off the earth all servants like
Eliza?

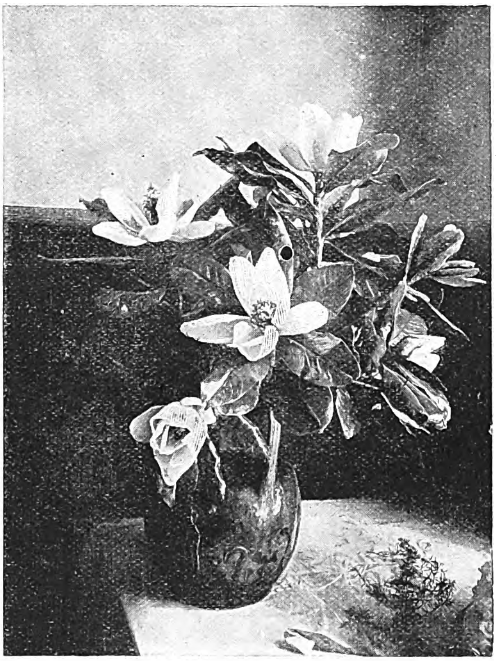
Will no kind friend extend a crumb
Of comfort that my grief may numb,
Suggest a way to render dumb
Eliza?

V. H. F.

HIGH·ART· IN·THE· KITCHEN·

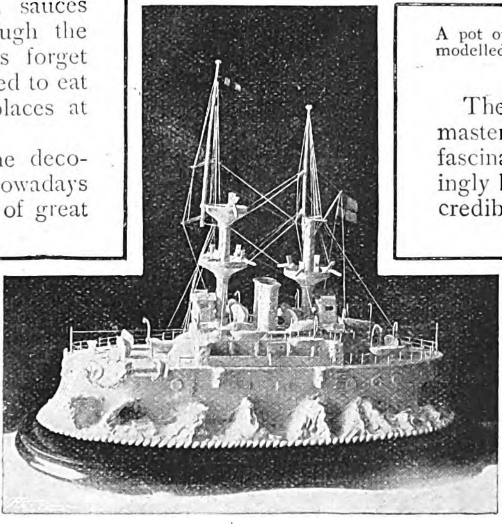
All about some of the Marvellously Artistic Work which can be done in Wax, Sugar and Potato.

By W. T. Carolan.



A pot of magnolias for table decoration, modelled in wax by Mons. Escoffier, of the Carlton.

"Hunger is the best sauce" because it gives us zest for food. The chef's ambition is to emulate the virtues of this natural craving. He makes our "mouths water," which is really the primary digestive process getting to work; then with tasty dishes and cleverly-flavoured sauces he leads us on through the dinner, and makes us forget that we were not inclined to eat when we took our places at table.



A first-class cruiser beautifully finished in sugar by Mons. Cossart, the chef of the Junior United Service Club.

With this object the decorative side of cuisine nowadays is allowed a position of great importance. At the Salon Culinaire this year—the exhibition of cookery held in March under the direction of the Universal Cookery and Food Association—the most noticeable feature was the attractive manner of serving and decorating the various dishes. No matter what the material—fish or fowl, foie gras, sweet or fruit—the ingenious chef dished it up in a delightfully tempting form, but perhaps the most attractive display was that of purely decorative cuisine and ornamental confectionery.

Artistic confectionery provides things of beauty and also good to eat. "Sugar pulling" is perhaps its most interesting form.

The results achieved by the masters of this difficult and fascinating art are astonishingly beautiful. It is scarcely credible, when you are told that the balloon "Santos Dumont," the work of Monsieur Davide, of Benoist's, with its silken body, its basket car, propellers and machinery, and its ornamental stand decked in roses, is all made of sugar in a very eatable form, worked by hand, without mould or design. Perhaps even more wonderful is the work of a similar kind displayed in the exhibits by Monsieur Huguenin of the Hôtel Russell and Mr. Heck of the Carlton Hotel.

The sculptor's skilled fingers, the artist's eye for colour and a close study of nature must supplement a thorough knowledge of confectionery in order to produce really good

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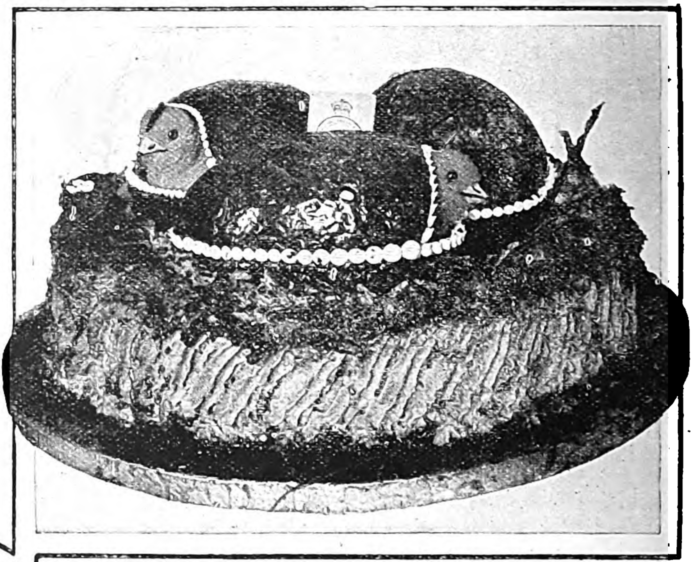
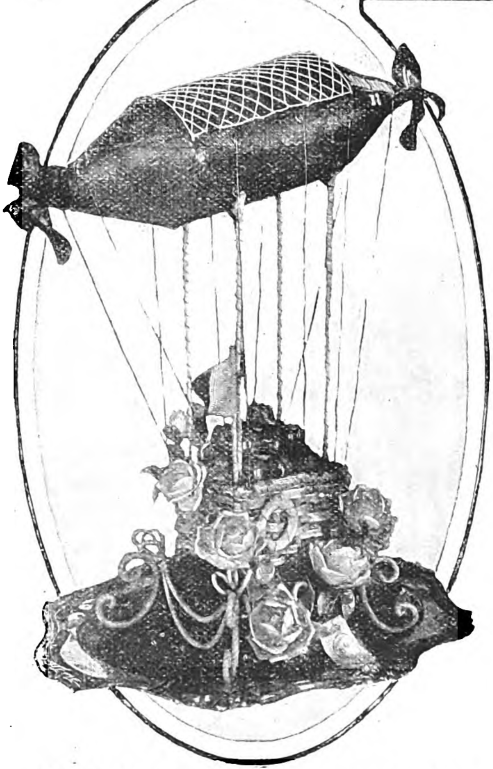


A test of Eggs modelled entirely in Genoise cake and nougat by Mr. Newens, of Putney.

work. Take for example a basket which would have delighted the heart of the most fastidious Watteau shepherdess.

It is filled with flowers, roses pink and red, or violets and lilies, with tendrils, leaves and blossoms, in form and colour rivalling nature, caught in a little bouquet by a satin knot, or trailing along the handle — and it is all eatable, and very good at that. Creation is the only word to use—a few handfuls of lump sugar, a little glucose to get a plastic consistency, a few harmless vegetable colours and some water, an artist's sense and hand, and there's the basket.



The "Santcs Dumont" air-ship in sugar, the work of Mons. Davide, of Benoist's.

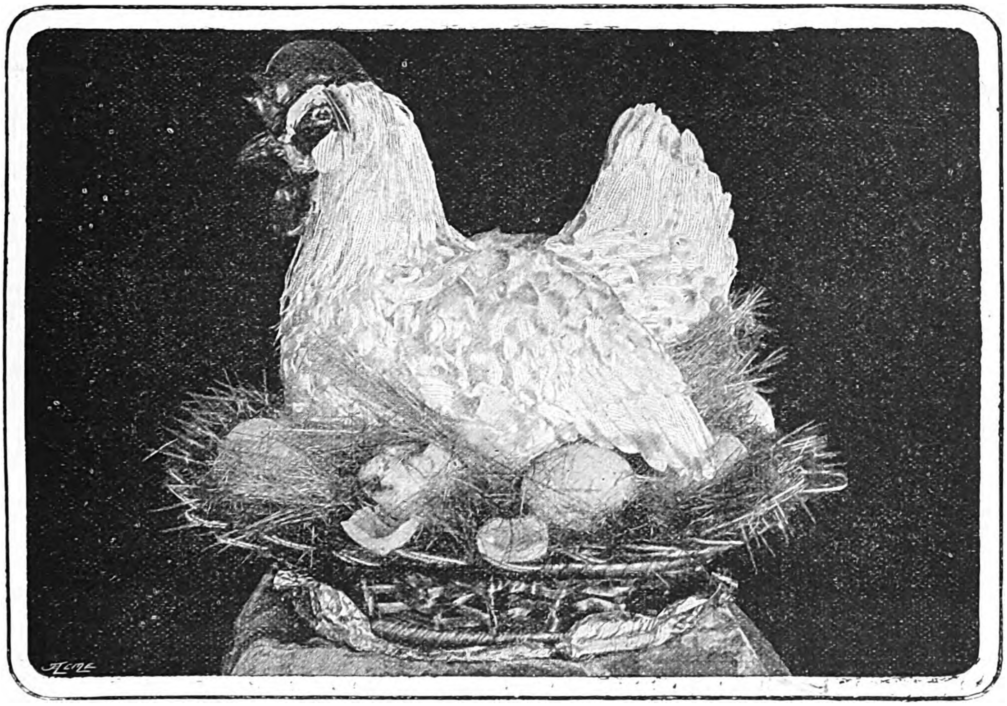
The lump sugar is put into a copper saucepan with cold water and placed on the range; while it is heating a slab is made ready by rubbing a little olive oil over it (to prevent the hot sugar from sticking), and the colours are selected. As soon as the sugar reaches the bubbling stage a little glucose is added; now it requires careful watching. The artist dips a finger and thumb into cold water, and then with a movement, like that of a bird pecking suspiciously, he snatches a pinch of the boiling sugar from the saucepan and plunges it into the bowl of cold water.

By its consistency he knows how his material is progressing.

As the sugar becomes nearly heated it becomes stiffer, and more frequent test becomes necessary to prevent its being overdone. The exact moment to take it off is when it first becomes brittle, when stiffened in its cold bath.

The molten sugar is then poured out on the slab where it spreads out into a golden lake. If it is to be coloured for flowers, ribbons or baskets of fancy hue, etc., the pigment is now added and thoroughly permeates the liquid mass. It is left for a few moments to settle, and is then worked with a knife point until its temperature and consistency leave it workable by hand.

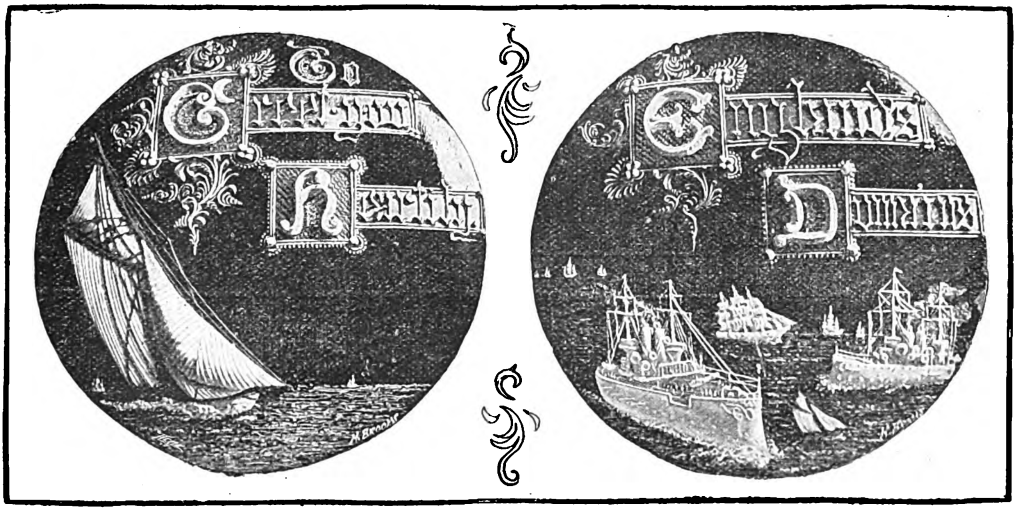
Now it is drawn out and rolled together again and pressed and energetically kneaded until all the air bubbles have been worked out of it and it has reached the required plastic state. Then comes the surprise—



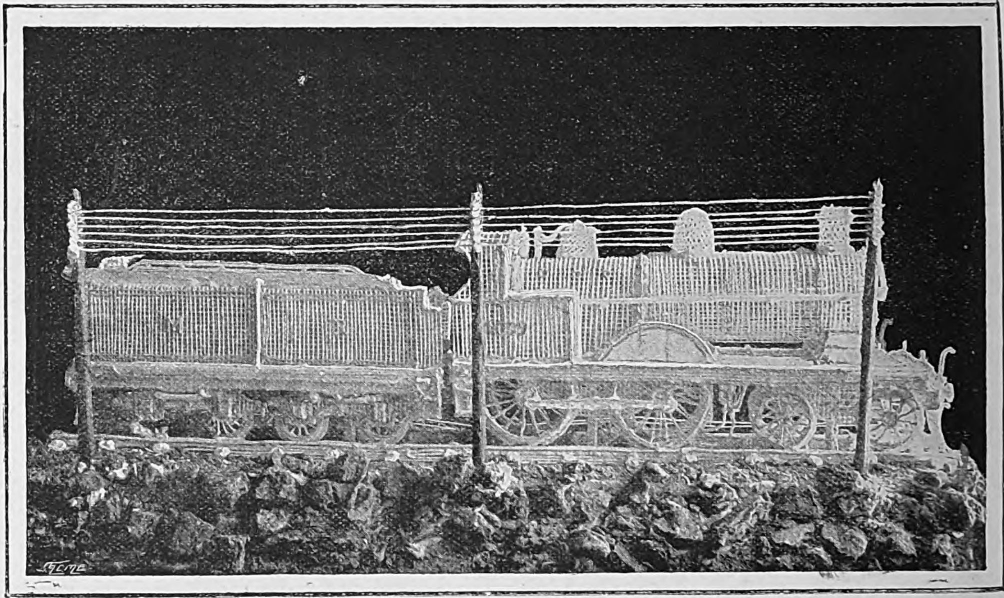
A most realistic hen made entirely of sugar. Each feather has to be put on separately. The nest is made of sugar spun into threads. This was executed by Mons. Huguenin, of the Hôtel Russell.

deft fingers draw it out; twist it into sticks which are dexterously plaited into "wicker-work"; or it is worked into flat, glossy bands, or with a cunning touch shaped into something small and leaf-like, perhaps into little curly bits of ribbon that don't seem designed for any definite purpose.

Finally, the basket stands on the slab with a few bands of satin ribbon draped in sweeping lines from the handle, while, all around it, lie odds and ends of various



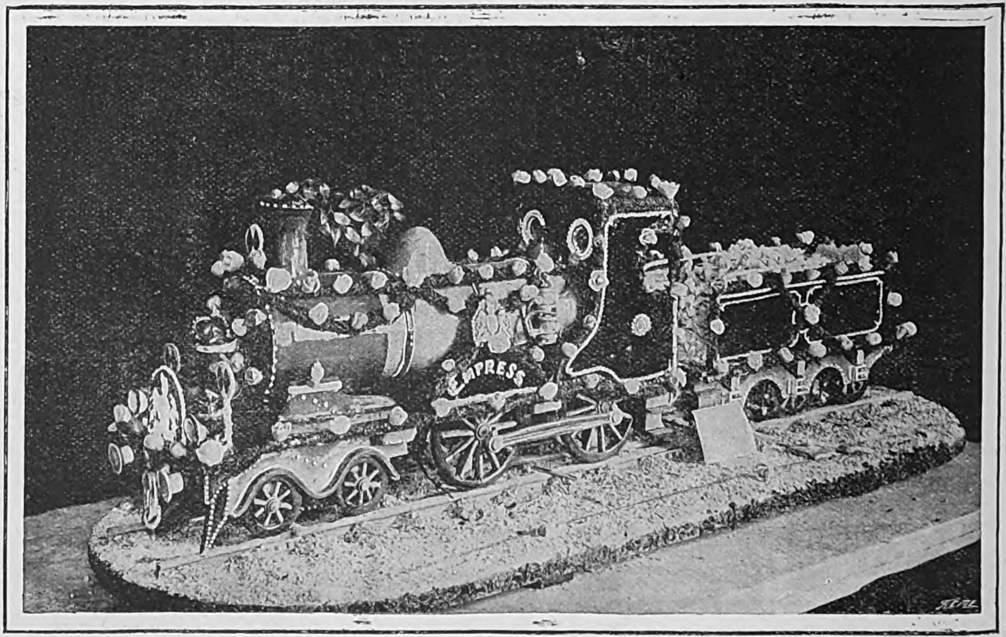
A couple of pretty examples of sugar piping on a background of chocolate. A paste of sugar and the white of egg is put into a bag with a small hole at one end, and the artist, Mr. Brooks of Barnstaple, using this as a pencil, squeezes out the sugar as he wants it.



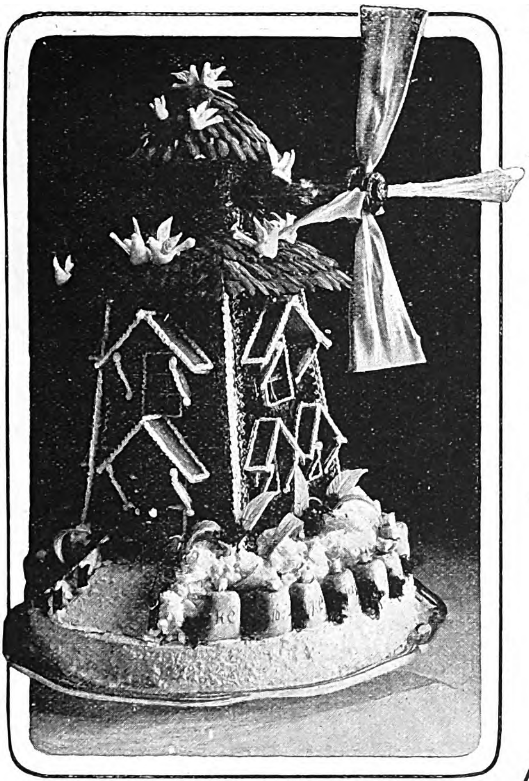
An express engine of the Midland Railway executed in sugar by Mons. Vercelli, of the Midland Hotel, St. Pancras.

colours, and, to all appearance, accidental shape.

But no! these are picked up one by one, heated for an instant over a "Bunsen" gas burner (to avoid carbon deposit blackening the sugar) and put together by rapid unerring fingers. Roses, violets, lilies, and satin bows of different sizes and shapes take form. Every leaf and petal fits into the place intended for it from its creation. Every touch, however rapid, was directed by an eye that pictured the complete flower.



A decorated engine in different coloured sugar, the work of Mons. Bizeau, of the Criterion Restaurant.



A Windmill made of nougat and meringues and almonds by the chef of the Hôtel Cecil.

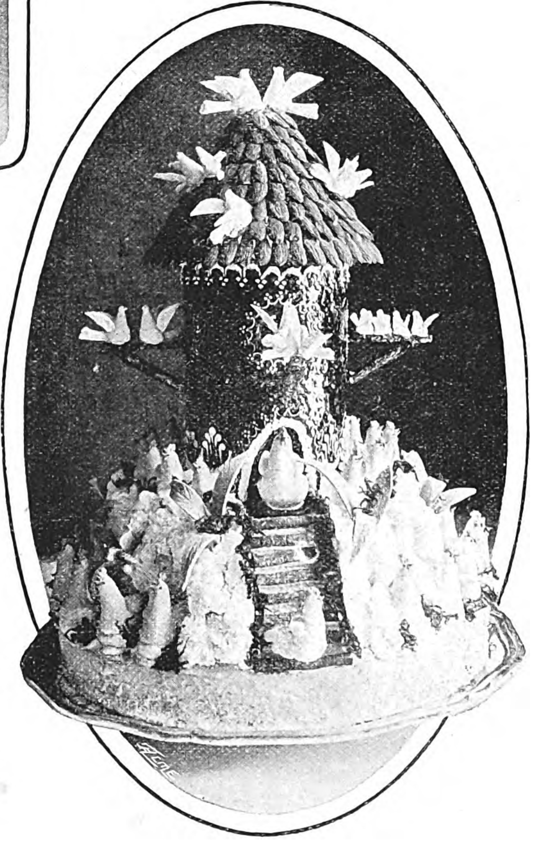
A variety of fancy articles can be made of pulled sugar, if the puller be a master of the art. At the exhibition, for instance, in addition to the baskets of different patterns, many coloured ribbons and charming bouquets of flowers, including roses of different kinds and hue, narcissus, carnations, marguerites, violets, etc., there was a life-sized white hen on her eggs in a nest of sugar spun into fine thread. Every feather of this very matronly-looking cackler had to be made separately and then one by one fixed in its place.

In sugar "piping," as in sugar pulling, the most astonishing thing is the simplicity of the art. Here the only materials and accessories used are *glacé royale*—very fine dust sugar—worked with white of egg into the consistency of a thick paste, a few drops of lemon juice and a tiny pinch of powdered blue to get the desired whiteness. The instrument used is a paper "cornet" resembling the hand twisted sweet-bag familiar from childhood's days. This is filled with the sugar, the wide end closed, and a small hole made at the point.

Holding it as a pencil the piping artist draws his designs with the point, squeezing out his material sparingly or heavily according to the requirements of his work. Metal nozzles and points of varying fineness are also used inside the paper cornet; in the hands of an expert they are a convenience as finer work can be done with them.

Among culinary wonders certainly the most novel and perhaps the most astonishing is the potato work of Monsieur Heiligenstein, who, out of a good-sized raw potato, can cut a ribbon four or five yards long, which he can then use in an extraordinary fashion.

For instance, in making one of those



A Pigeons' House made of rock sugar and almonds.

PHŒBE OF THE THREE PIGEONS

A Story of the American War of Independence.

BY SEWELL FORD.

THE landlord of "The Three Pigeons" stood in the doorway watching the rainbow which marked the recent retreat of a June shower. The beat of hoofs drew his gaze from the eastern sky, and he turned to look down the high road which stretched away to the south. As the rider approached, a frown appeared on the landlord's florid face.

"Good-day to you, neighbour Tunsten," was the cheery salutation of the young man as he alighted under the swinging sign.

"Huh!" grunted the landlord. "You ride as if good horses were as plentiful as worthless dragoons."

"Neither horse nor man is spared in the service of the patriotic government," returned the rider, a touch of anger in his tone. "But the beast is well blown," he continued more pleasantly. "I counted on exchanging her here for a fresh mount."

"So? Then you made a miscount of it, Master Wade."

"But my business presses. You well know this quarter is not safe for such as I in these days."

"Then such as you should stay away. If you had, my stable would not now be empty."

"How? Have the raiders paid you a visit? I am ill pleased to hear it, neighbour Tunsten, but I fear some of our patriots have little respect for those who hold Tory sentiments."

"I am neither Tory nor rebel," growled Tunsten.

"Well, well," replied Wade, "be it so. I shall have to risk an hour's stay with you."

The dragoon sank with a sigh of satisfaction into a chair by the table and asked: "And how is it with Mistress Phœbe?"

"You need not concern yourself with Mistress Phœbe, Master Wade. Do you intend to sup?"

"Why, yes, I think my purse can afford something modest."

"Phœbe! Phœbe!" called the landlord.

The young woman came in with downcast eyes and flushed cheeks.

"Well, well, Mistress Phœbe. It is good to see you again," said Wade as he arose and stretched out his hand.

"There are cakes and cold meat pie, sir," said Phœbe, without looking up.

For a moment Wade looked blankly from father to daughter, and then gave his orders in sullen tones. The landlord, who had watched them both keenly, smiled grimly.

From time to time as he ate, the dragoon glanced nervously at the door. When he had finished he left the landlord silently smoking his pipe in the rear of the tap-room and went outside where, from the green-bowered doorway, he could command a view of the road for a quarter of a mile to the south. He had stood there but a few moments when he heard a rustling on the other side of the trellis.

"Nathan!" whispered a voice almost in his ear.

"What! Phœbe?" he exclaimed, and made a movement to go round the screen of vines.

"Sh-h-h-h," whispered the voice. "Stay where you are."

"Stop, stop, Nathan, and listen. Why are you here?"

"Because I cannot go on until my horse is rested."

"Go on where?"

"To Tappan."

"Then you rode from the south? But why——"

The sentence died unfinished on her lips. In the distance, far down the road where the evening shadows merged into darkness, they could hear the approaching clatter of horses hard ridden.

"Oh, they are coming! They will find you! Run!"

"Perhaps they'll pass," said Wade coolly.

"No, no, they'll surely stop. Come, quickly now," and, stepping out from her hiding place, she drew the dragoon after her and softly opened the door which led into the big front room adjoining the tap-room.

"Now you must hide until after they are gone," she said, half in command, half pleadingly.

"Wait until I see from whom I am hiding," said Wade.

"No, no! Come now!" she insisted.

But Wade was obstinate and stood looking out of the window until he saw a squad of red-coated troopers draw rein before the tavern.

"Quick, follow me," said Phœbe, and she led the way to the big kitchen in the rear as the landlord withdrew his long-stemmed pipe from his lips to move reluctantly to the door of the tap-room.

"Stay here until I see what is their errand," she said, and went to stand behind her father.

"Did a rebel dragoon pass by but now?" asked one of the troopers.

"None such passed here," answered Tunsten.

"Then he stopped?"

"I keep a public tavern; he might."

"He is here now, you say?"

"That I said not. You have eyes of your own."

"Search the house," ordered the spokesman.

While the troopers were attending their horses Phœbe sped to the kitchen.

"They're going to search the house. They're coming! You're lost!"

"What is their number?" asked he.

"Six."

"They'll be two less in a moment. Good-bye, Phœbe," and he gently pushed her towards the door.

"No, no, you must not! I have it. Quick—the oven—you'll be safe there," and she swung open the big door of the cavernous brick oven, which flanked the great fireplace.

"No, Phœbe, I am no rat to run to my hole."

"Then give me a pistol, too."

Wade read determination in the clear eyes, and pale, tightly shut lips.

"No," he said. Then, putting up his pistols, he silently climbed into the oven, the door of which Phœbe left slightly ajar.

Two of the troopers were guarding the tap-room door with drawn pistols, two were exploring the front room and the other two could be heard tramping about above stairs, their spurs jingling menacingly as they stamped around. She found her father sitting in his accustomed place, smoking his pipe as stolidly as if nothing out of the ordinary were occurring.

"Father," she began tremblingly, "if they should find him, what——"

"Stop," said Tunsten sternly, "the affair is not ours. What were you doing in the kitchen a moment ago?"

"I—I was putting something in the oven."

The landlord fastened his sharp eyes on hers, leaned forward and asked meaningly—

"To bake?"

"Yes-e-es."

"Then attend well to your fire."

Phœbe returned to the kitchen, took the cloth cover from a large tin of dough that had been put by the settle to rise for the next day's baking, and placed it in the front part of the oven. As she did so she whispered:

"I must stir up the fire, but the flue damper is turned so that little heat will reach you. Can you breathe with the door thus?"

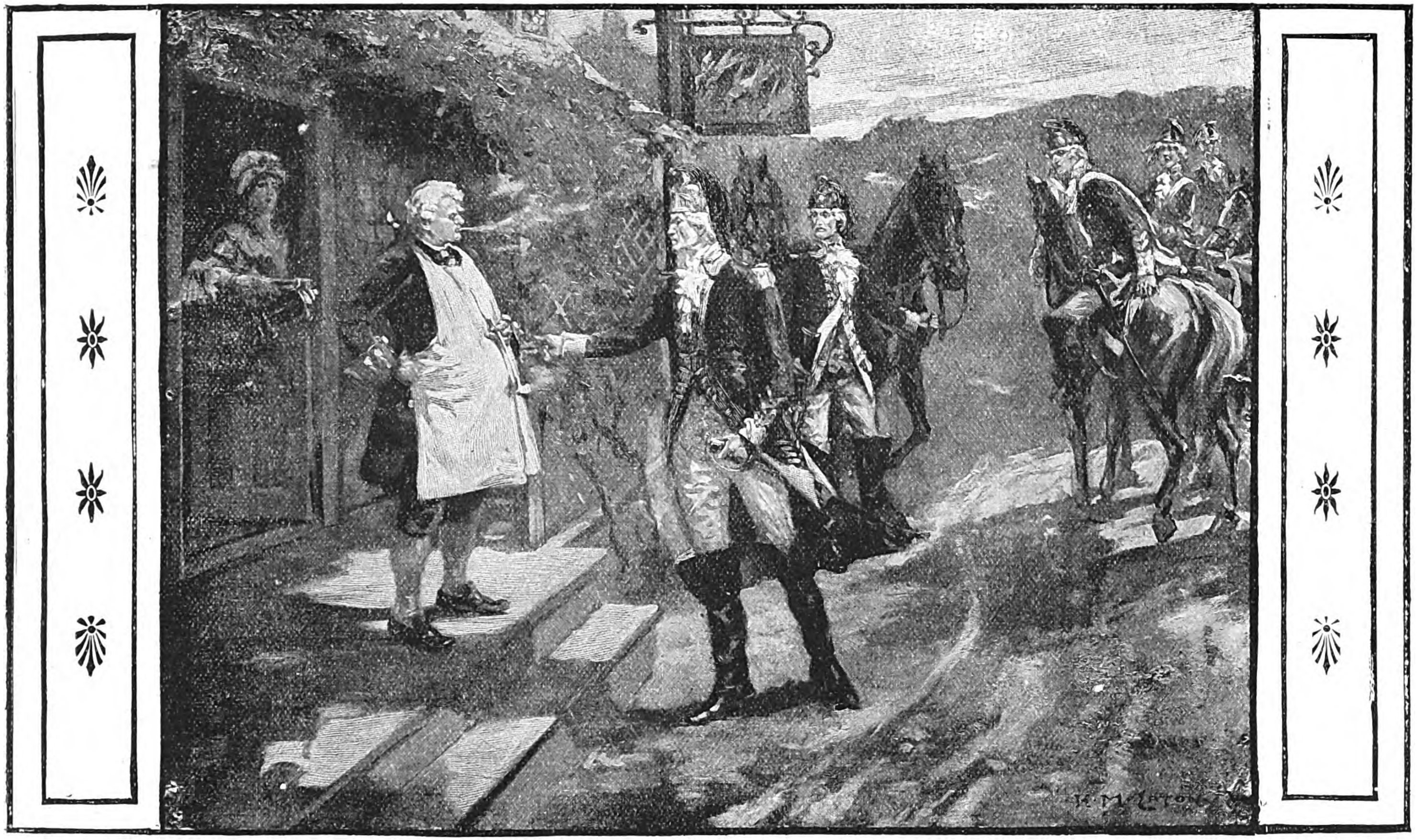
"Oh, yes, I am very comfortable," said Wade. "I needed a little heat, anyway, to dry my clothes."

Then Phœbe lighted the candles and sat down with her knitting. A moment later two troopers came in, looked around the bare room, peered up the wide-mouthed fireplace, and went back into the tap-room. The others had been equally unsuccessful. The six held a council of war, and then the spokesman addressed the landlord:

"Look you, master innkeeper, you have a rebel dragoon hidden about your premises?"

"I have hidden no one," returned Tunsten. "If he be here he has hidden himself."

"Be that as it may, you must find him for



"Did a rebel dragoon pass by but now?" asked one of the troopers.

us. If you fail we shall burn him out whether you are loyalist or no."

"Have you made your search thorough?"

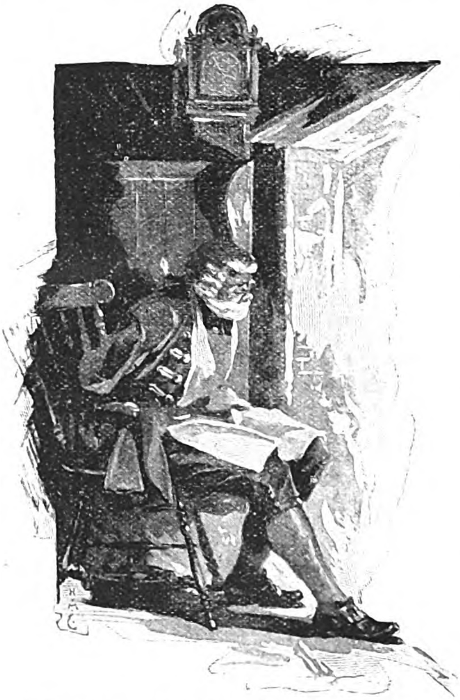
"Aye, that we have."

"Then you looked in the bake oven?"

"Oh, ho, the clever rascal!" exclaimed one of the troopers who had visited the kitchen, as he started again in that direction.

"Hold, come back!" ordered the captain of the squad.

Then he drew them into a corner of the room. A low-toned consultation was held, which ended in a roar of laughter from the troop.



A wretched Tory sat, bound and gagged, glowering into the ashes of the fireplace, which were still brightly smouldering.

"We wronged you, master innkeeper," said the captain when they had ended their confab. "You are a worthy subject of King George, and we would have you drink with us to his Majesty. Give us your best Hollands."

After drinking the toast Tunsten went to the kitchen, and ordered Phœbe to go to her chamber. She had taken up her candle to obey when her father stopped her.

"See here, young mistress. Is this the manner in which you leave your dampers for baking?"

"I—I forgot," she faltered.

"Then turn them as they should be turned."

The hand in which Phœbe held the candle trembled for an instant. Then it steadied and she turned to her father.

"I will not!"

"What!" thundered the astonished landlord.

Without making reply, Phœbe left the room and ascended the stairs.

Uttering an oath under his breath, Tunsten turned the dampers himself, threw a fresh log on the fire and returned to the tap-room, where the troopers, pistols in hand, sat in a semicircle facing the kitchen door. From their position they could see plainly the big door of the oven behind which lay the dragoon. Their perfect command of the situation moved them to coarse jests. They spoke of "baked Yankee" and "roast rebel," and roared as they spoke.

"About what length of time does it require to bring your oven to the baking point, master innkeeper?" asked the captain of the squad after they had sat thus for some twenty minutes.

"A full three-quarters of an hour at least," said Tunsten.

"Then the fox must soon leave his hole, eh?"

"Think you he's a salamander?" and the landlord grinned grimly.

Thus with cheerful badinage the time slipped on. But the oven door moved not.

"These cursed rebels are as green as swamp saplings," said a trooper. "Stir up your fire man, we cannot spend a night roasting one dragoon."

"Why not shut the oven door?" suggested another as Tunsten moved to obey the order.

"No, that would finish him too quickly and spoil the sport," said the captain. "He will soon be crawling out and begging for quarter."

"Heard you that noise?" suddenly asked a trooper.

The group listened intently.

"It was the horses stamping without," said the captain.

But soldiers dislike to play at a waiting game.

"I'm for taking the rebel half baked," said one.

"And I," said another.

"Well, haul him out," agreed the captain, "but beware, or you will burn your fingers."

Leaving Tunsten in the tap-room the six formed a group around the oven door.

"Come now, master rebel. Think you've cooked enough?" called one.

There was no answer.

"What, you'd rather bake than fight?

Well, we'll take you half done," and he flung open the door.

"Now, now, landlord? Here's treachery! The rascal's gone!" shouted a trooper.

"Gone?" echoed the rest.

"Gone!" exclaimed Tunsten in a tone of evident astonishment. "It's out of reason."

"Out of treason, more likely," snarled the captain. "There's a hole in the rear of your oven, you old blockhead. I can see the stars through it."

Not until he had stuck his head into the oven could Tunsten be convinced.

"By the king's crown, gentlemen, but this puzzles me sore," he said, turning to the angry troopers with a bewildered air.

"Aye, and well it may," put in the captain.

"I helped lay the bricks for that oven myself," continued the landlord. "It was a score of years ago, and there were three courses of the best bricks made in New Barbadoes. I'll swear no man could put his boot through that wall."

"But he has, you see, and followed it. Come, let's view it from the rear. Bring a lanthorn," and the captain led the way.

"Ho! Ho! He had help from without," said a trooper. "See there!"

He pointed to a four-pound sledge and a short crowbar which lay beneath the breach in the rear wall, the oven being fashioned in the style of the day as a sort of projecting addition to the chimney.

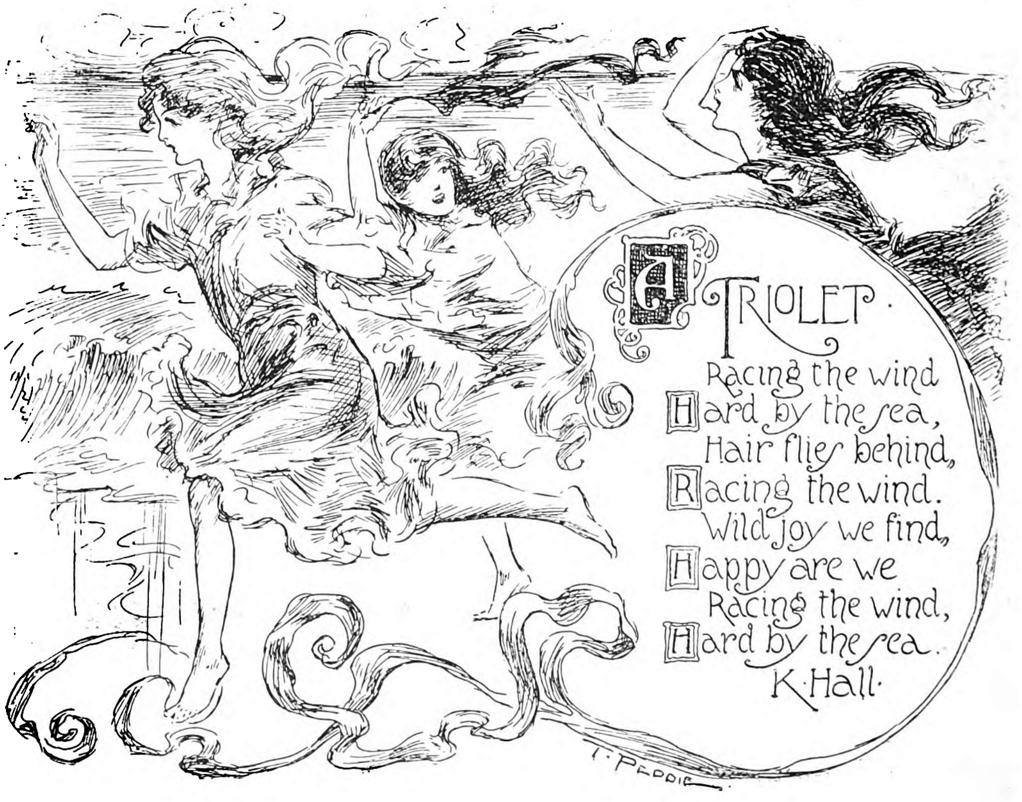
"And petticoat help at that," added the captain, holding the lanthorn close to the ground. "The foot that left those tracks was no man's."

Phœbe's deserted chamber told the rest of the tale.

"To horse, men, and after them!" cried the captain.

But of the six horses which at dusk had been tied before the stable they found only a trail of hoof-prints. These, which could be followed plainly by the eye, led out to the high road and then turned towards the north—towards Tappen—where Light Horse Harry and his gallant dragoons kept camp.

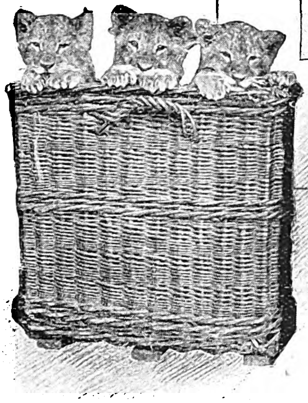
Thus it was that, as evening drew on, six pillage-laden, but surly troopers skulked southward and in the night towards Paulus Hook where the British lay in camp, while in the cosy chimney corner of "The Three Pigeons" a wretched Tory sat, bound and gagged, glowering into the ashes of the fireplace, which were still brightly smouldering.



A TRIOLET.

Racing the wind
Hard by the sea,
Hair flies behind,
Racing the wind.
Wild joy we find,
Happy are we
Racing the wind,
Hard by the sea.

K. Hall.



Lions as Family Friends

An Interesting Article on the King of Beasts as a Domestic Pet.

By Erroll Stanhope.

Down at Margate, within sound of the Silver Sea (as they call it in the newspapers) stands a cottage.

There is nothing remarkable about this little house. It is really a most inoffensive edifice, but once the street door is opened you feel instinctively that it is not so harmless as it appears at first sight.

Lions meet you on the door mat. Lions spread themselves in front of the kitchen fire. Lions play at haymaking on the beds (if they get the chance). Lions, in fact, are everywhere. The little house is full of lions in the flesh, and the walls are covered with gold mounted trophies and photographs and paintings of lions that have "gone before."

In one of the rooms of this most deceptive domicile is a glass door leading presumably to a conservatory. But it doesn't. It is only another of the many deceits of the place. It leads into a Lion House (spell with a capital H, please) where more and larger, not to say wilder specimens, roar out their captive existence.

Mr. and Mrs. Sadler, who inhabit these regions, look upon the whole matter of lions with affectionate indifference. "The first time I ever had anything to do with them was the day I was married—I had my wedding breakfast in the den that morning," Mrs. Sadler told me. So Daniel is out of date at once and far behind the times!

Mr. Sadler looks upon the baby lions as pets and the grown lions as profit. It is his business to do so, and he is a very successful business man, I should say, from what I observed.

Pet animals I have kept all my life—I daresay the fascination of dogs and canaries may have appealed to you at odd times. I have even descended to the transient joys of guinea pigs and gold-fish, but for real unadulterated pleasure—give me lions!

If you say you have never tried keeping lions, I can quite believe you. Several people have tried it though, so I am told, but have never found time to write down their experiences before the lions tried them.

But that is a side issue entirely.

I should call Mr. and Mrs. Sadler the pioneers of this new fancy, or, at any rate, they are the first people I have ever met who have lions promiscuously about their house.

As it is a new fancy, I prophesy that lion keeping will be a hobby with the rich, surfeited with Russian hounds and motor cars as they must be; and I say advisedly rich, because a healthy grown

Wouldn't it be nice to have a lion cub looking at you out of your drawing-room window?

specimen costs £300, and charming as it would be to see one looking out of a window at Balham or Shepherd's Bush it would take the average inhabitant some time to procure one unless, of course, the beasts were managed like bicycles on the instalment plan.

In the event of their becoming the fashion, however, Mr. Sadler should be able to supply them in any amount, as on the day we called he had them from all ages, ranging from tiny half-blind things of a few days to great grown animals, almost the size of donkeys.

We on the day of our arrival, timidly asked if we might see the lions.

"See them, certainly—here they are!" said their owner, and, throwing open the room door, we were confronted by the jaws of death—and three pairs of them at that!

Which is the nicer baby of the two?

The introduction was crude, to put it mildly, and I instinctively drew back and grasped the handle of my umbrella firmly, determined to die fighting.

I took a glance at the photographer. He was rather white, and fingering his pocket knife nervously.

The three cubs who had occasioned so much uneasiness on our parts lay half asleep on the hearthrug, and regarded us with sleepy indifference, at which I took no consolation, knowing the feline race a little.

"They're quite tame," said Mr. Sadler, pushing one aside with his foot, and, of course, he being our host, we took his word for it; but I was not entirely satisfied until I saw Mrs. Sadler nursing her baby and a lion in the sunshine outside the door. If anything, the baby was the fiercer of the two. She was teething.

The largest male cub, a handsome little fellow bigger than an Irish terrier, rose on our entrance and investigated the edge of a trouser. The leg of the tripod which supported the camera claimed his attention next, and he lay down to chew it.

However, the monotony of the varnish bored him after a while and he transferred his attentions to me.

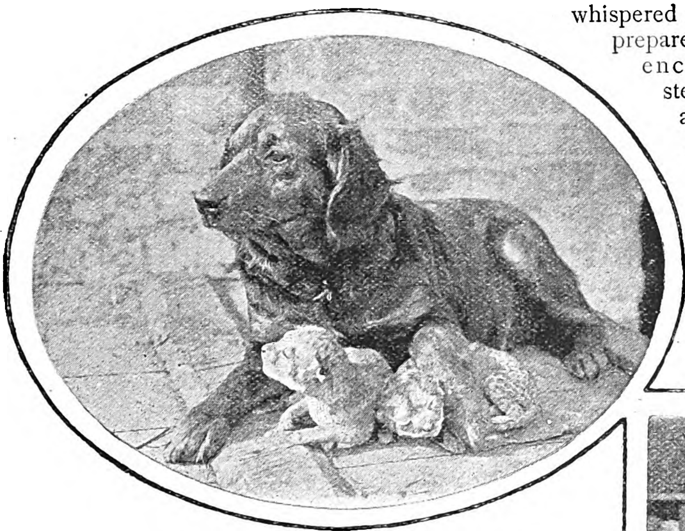
Lying on his back he invited me to play after the manner of a kitten, waving his great paws in the air.

I had read somewhere that music is said to soothe wild animals, but my hurried whistling of the "Honeysuckle and the Bee," so far from calming the lion, caused him to take my ankle in his mouth and bite off three boot buttons at the same time!

I don't think somehow that I was cut out to be a lion tamer. Little Miss Sadler, however, with the sublime courage of five months, is evidently born to the art of subduing savage beasts.

She took them by the first part of their anatomy that came handy. An ear, a lip, or even an eyelid did not come amiss, and judging by the expression on the "infants'" faces it was enjoyable to both of them, for the baby girl was holding on to the baby lion's side with all her might while she smiled gaily on the photographer. The mother (I am not referring to the lioness) told me she

Baby has a gallant escort, who occupies most of the bassinette.



This St. Bernard has reared many lion cubs.

never found lions ill-tempered or hard to manage, and apart from their inquisitiveness they were very well behaved in the house.

"I'm sorry when they grow so large they have to go into the lion house. This place is too small to keep them in after they are eight or nine months, and then I have to turn them out. I was very fond of 'Emperor' and had him here till he was taller than a large boarhound, and he followed me about like a dog; but George will show him to you outside if you like."

George obligingly took us to the lion house, and there stood Emperor surrounded by many others in all the grandeur of their full grown majesty.

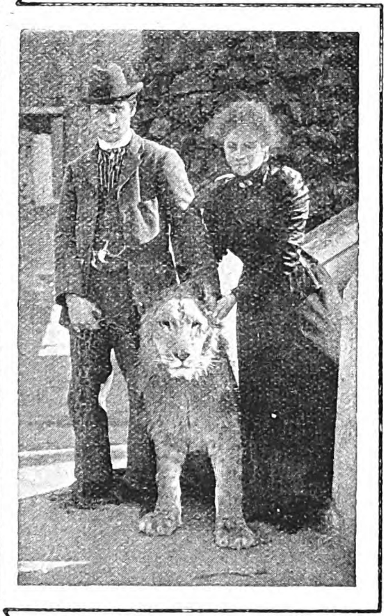
"Which one would you like out?" asked Mr. Sadler including them all in one comprehensive glance.

I glanced hastily at the paling features of my two companions and murmured something about trains.

"There is the one my wife spoke about—he is quite tame and would like to be photographed; he'll come out of the cage like a lamb," continued Mr. Sadler not sharing our apprehensions.

"Look here, you can stop—we're married men!" whispered my confederates, and forthwith prepared to withdraw without further encouragement, as Mr. Sadler stepped into the cage and fastened a collar round the neck of a great beast.

There was a vacuum where the other two had stood and had there been a ladder I should undoubtedly have viewed the proceedings from the topmost rung, for Emperor came out like a most peculiar "lamb."



"Emperor" is a splendid great fellow and can drag his master round the garden easily if he likes.

"Emperor" is easily pacified, and takes quite an interest in the photographer.

He dragged his master from side to side of the lion house and attempted to scramble into every cage—in frantic haste.

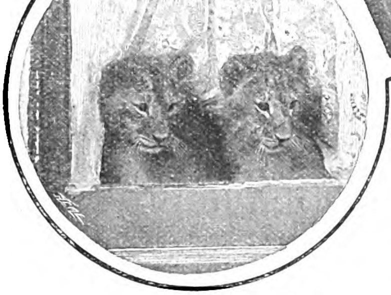
"It's strangers make him a little nervous," explained Mr. Sadler as he slid by full length on the floor at the rate of forty miles an hour, at the other end of Emperor's chain, who thereupon climbed up a perpendicular rockery for some nine or ten feet and remained motionless—Mr. Sadler meanwhile being suspended in the air much after the manner of a joint of meat on a spit. This seemed to satisfy the lion, for he came down and affectionately rubbed his head against the keeper while he obediently had his photograph taken.

The mother lion (who stood at the side of the cage roaring instructions at us as to the safe keeping of her children) does not bring the cubs up. That duty is intrusted to a cross-bred St. Bernard, who on the day of our visit was busy with two very young members of society. She wore a worried maternal expression as if lion rearing weighed heavily upon her. I took one on my lap—it weighed heavily on me also.

The handsomest of the three cubs took a great fancy to me which was fully reciprocated, and when I lifted him up he impressed his ardent affections on my arm with ten very sharp claws, and grumbled and purred as he viewed the outside world from the altitude of my shoulder. He was only nine weeks old when I made his acquaintance and his value is nearly £30, so with his engaging ways, he is a very "dear" pet indeed.

A heavy little fellow to nurse, but so soft and kittenish.

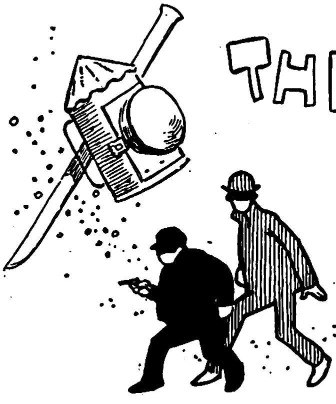
"Thank you, I'm very comfortable and don't intend to move till my photograph is taken!"



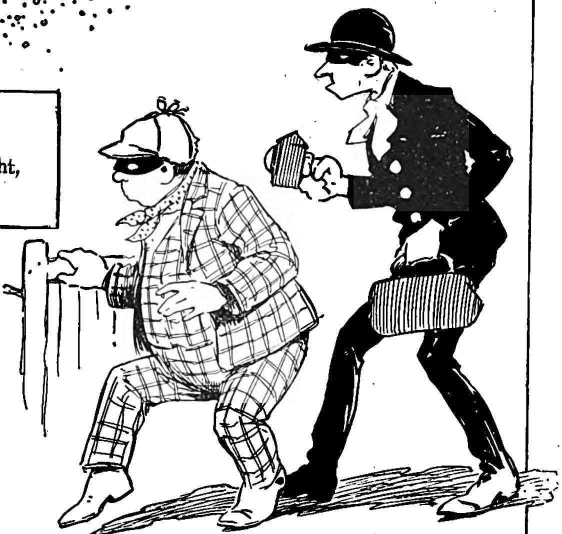
Saying "Good-bye" to the visitors.

The baby lioness was not half so confidential. She wore her ears at right angles to her head, not upright like her brothers, and her eyes were not nearly as straightforward as theirs. Maybe being of the same gender as myself I did not take so readily to her. Certain it is she did not take so readily to me —or in fact to any of us, for after refusing all attentions she retired to her basket to growl sulkily, having first scratched the photographer's hand. But the other two pushed the window curtain aside to say good-bye and look after us as we took leave of the obliging keeper and his wife and made our way to the railway station, with a feeling akin to that experienced by victorious gladiators. On the road we passed a dog fight and someone told us that one of the dogs was mad. We didn't stop; we felt it too utterly beneath us, after having spent the morning toying with African lions, to interfere in such a paltry thing as a dog fight—and a Margate dog at that!

THE BURGLARS' ALARM

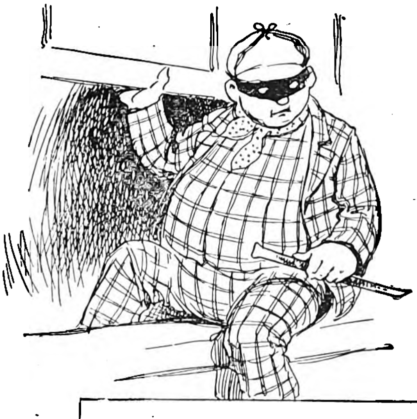


It was a dark and stormy night,
Black clouds obscured the sky;
The moon was low and gave no light,
The wind was keen and high.

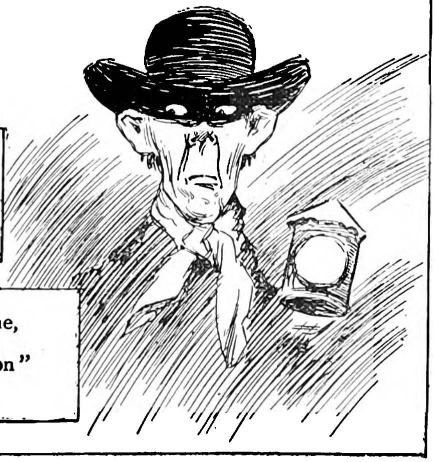


And as the clocks were striking three,
Came creeping up a hill,
Two men whose names were—let me see—
We'll call them Tom and Bill.

Just about half-way up there stood
A house of ancient date;
The men, as softly as they could,
Stole through the garden gate.

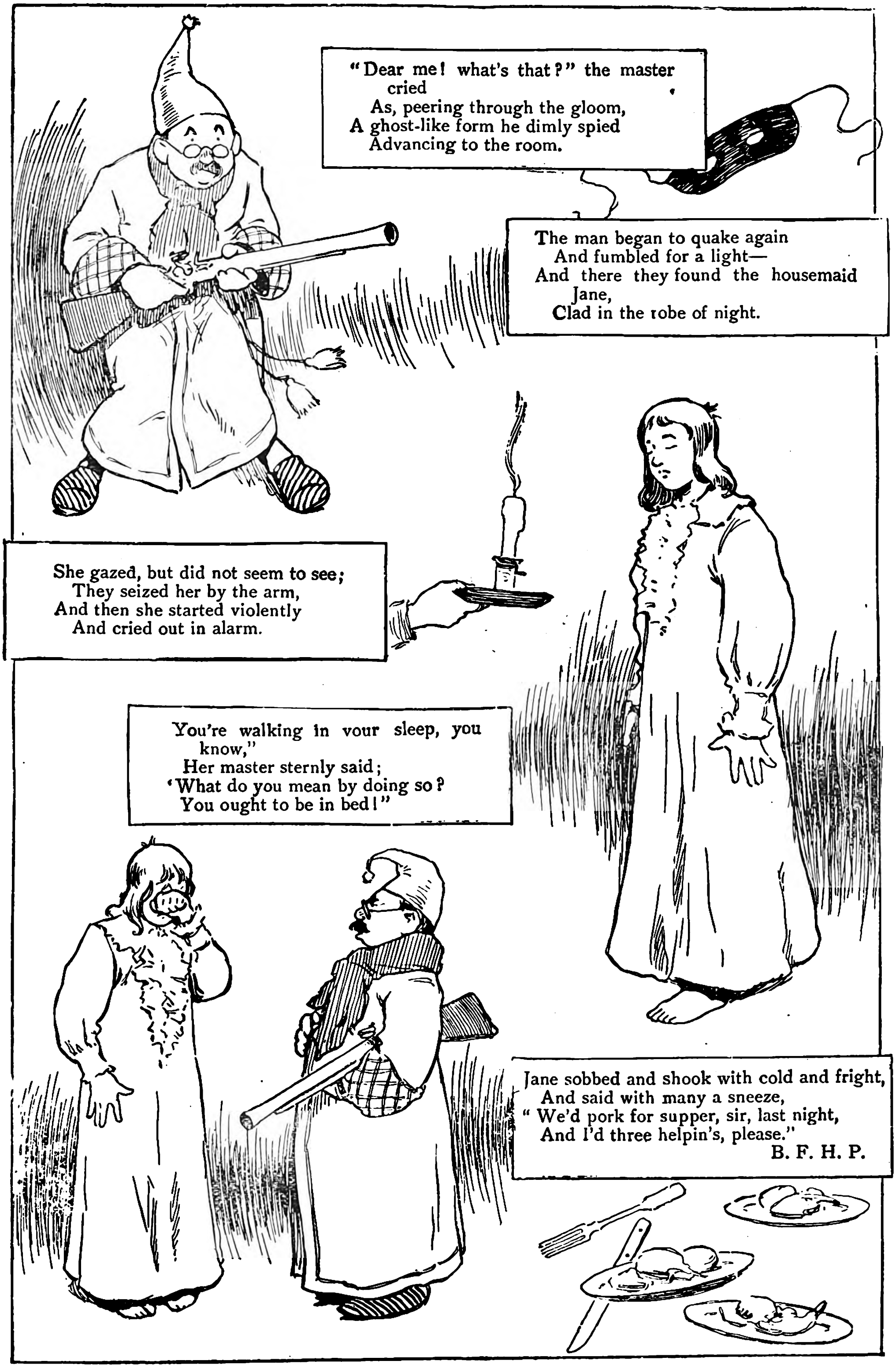


And while Tom sharply looked about,
Bill quietly walked all round,
Produced some tools and singled out
A window near the ground.



And soon a pane of glass is gone,
The window open wide
Ere you can say "Jack Robinson"
The burglars are inside.

LAWSON WOOD
1902



"Dear me! what's that?" the master cried
As, peering through the gloom,
A ghost-like form he dimly spied
Advancing to the room.

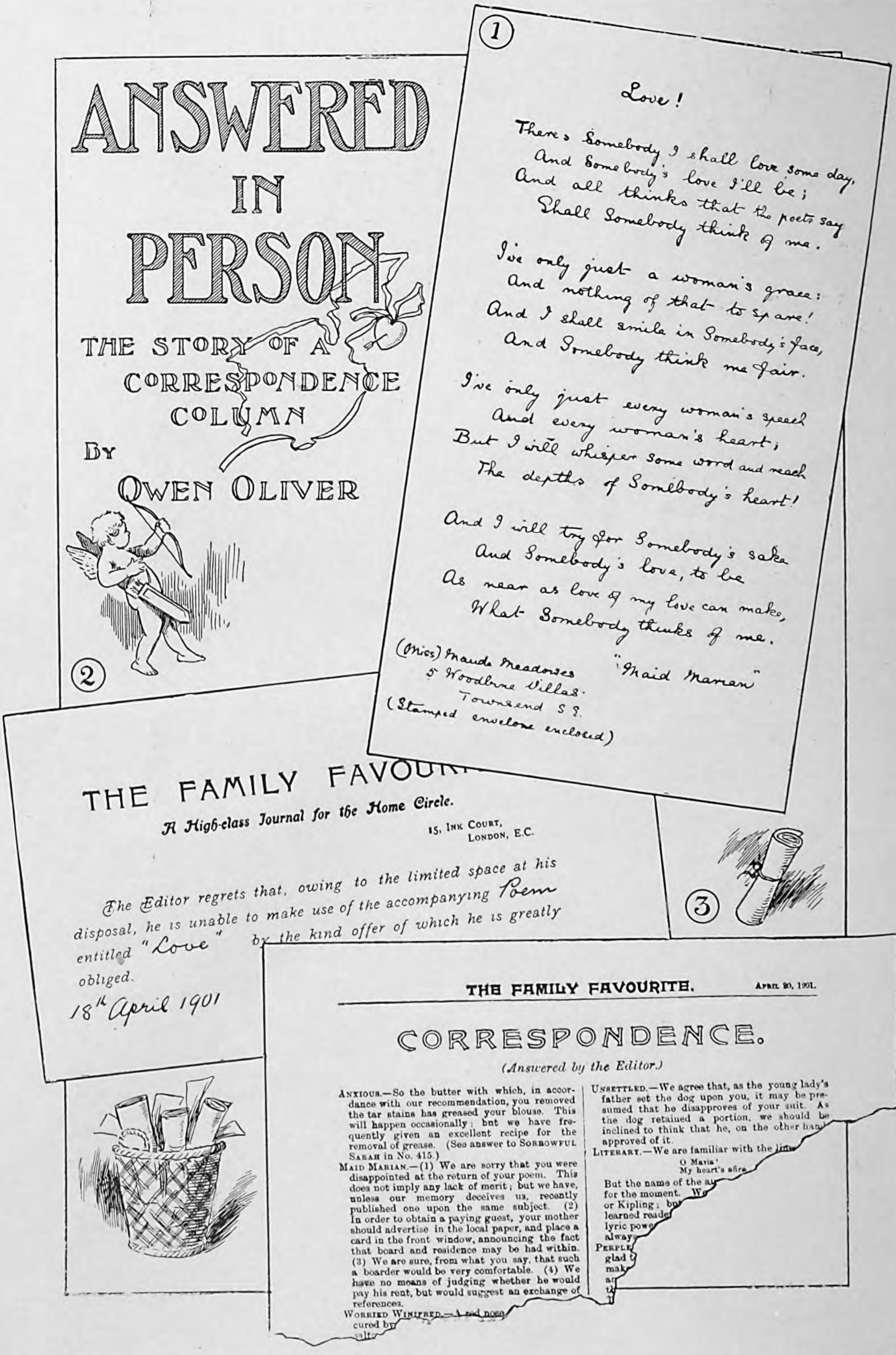
The man began to quake again
And fumbled for a light—
And there they found the housemaid Jane,
Clad in the robe of night.

She gazed, but did not seem to see;
They seized her by the arm,
And then she started violently
And cried out in alarm.

You're walking in your sleep, you know,"
Her master sternly said;
'What do you mean by doing so?
You ought to be in bed!"

Jane sobbed and shook with cold and fright,
And said with many a sneeze,
" We'd pork for supper, sir, last night,
And I'd three helpin's, please."

B. F. H. P.



ANSWERED IN PERSON

THE STORY OF A CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN

BY OWEN OLIVER

Love!

There's Somebody I shall love some day,
And Somebody's love I'll be;
And all things that the poets say
Shall Somebody think of me.

I've only just a woman's grace:
And nothing of that to spare!
And I shall smile in Somebody's face,
And Somebody think me fair.

I've only just every woman's speech
And every woman's heart;
But I will whisper some word and reach
The depths of Somebody's heart!

And I will try for Somebody's sake
And Somebody's love, to be
As near as love of my love can make,
What Somebody thinks of me.

(Miss) Maude Meadowes
5 Woodbine Villas.
Townsend S.E.
(Stamped envelope enclosed)

"Maid Marian"

THE FAMILY FAVOUR

A High-class Journal for the Home Circle.

15, INK COURT,
LONDON, E.C.

The Editor regrets that, owing to the limited space at his disposal, he is unable to make use of the accompanying Poem *entitled* "Love" *by the kind offer of which he is greatly obliged.*

18th April 1901

THE FAMILY FAVOURITE. APRIL 20, 1901.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(Answered by the Editor.)

ANXIOUS.—So the butter with which, in accordance with our recommendation, you removed the tar stains has greased your blouse. This will happen occasionally; but we have frequently given an excellent recipe for the removal of grease. (See answer to SORROWFUL SARAH in No. 415.)

MAID MARIAN.—(1) We are sorry that you were disappointed at the return of your poem. This does not imply any lack of merit; but we have, unless our memory deceives us, recently published one upon the same subject. (2) In order to obtain a paying guest, your mother should advertise in the local paper, and place a card in the front window, announcing the fact that board and residence may be had within. (3) We are sure, from what you say, that such a boarder would be very comfortable. (4) We have no means of judging whether he would pay his rent, but would suggest an exchange of references.

WORRIED WINIFRED.—A red nose
cured by
salt

UNSETTLED.—We agree that, as the young lady's father set the dog upon you, it may be presumed that he disapproves of your suit. As the dog retained a portion, we should be inclined to think that he, on the other hand
approved of it.

LITERARY.—We are familiar with the lines

O Maria!
My heart's afire

But the name of the au
for the moment. We
or Kipling; but
learned reader
lyric powe
always

PERPLE
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mak
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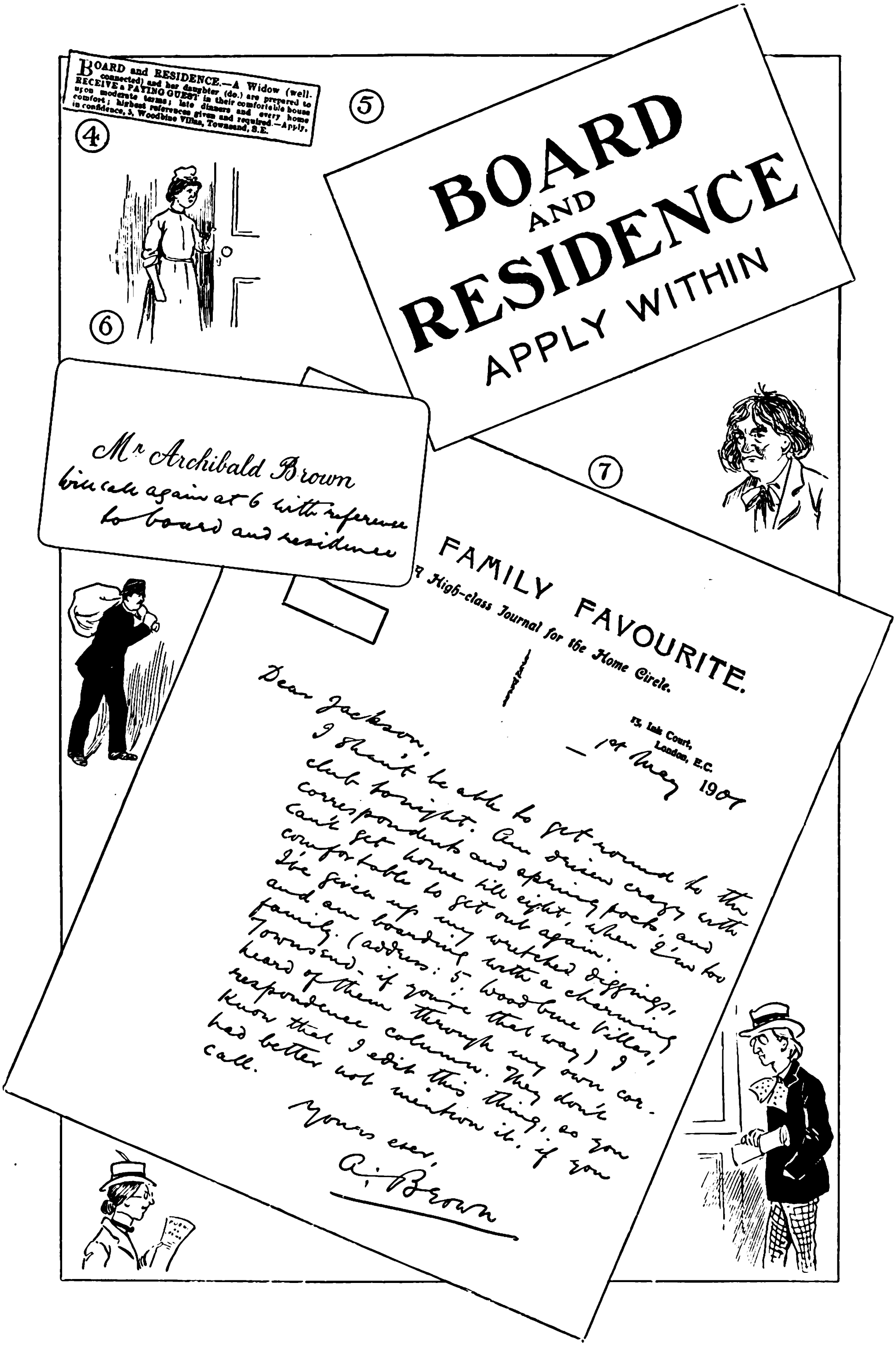


BOARD and RESIDENCE.—A Widow (well-connected) and her daughter (do.) are prepared to RECEIVE a PAYING GUEST in their comfortable house upon moderate terms; late dinners and every home comfort; highest references given and required.—Apply, in confidence, 5, Woodbine Villas, Townsend, S.E.

BOARD
AND
RESIDENCE
APPLY WITHIN

Mr Archibald Brown
will call again at 6 with reference
to board and residence

FAMILY FAVOURITE.
High-class Journal for the Home Circle.

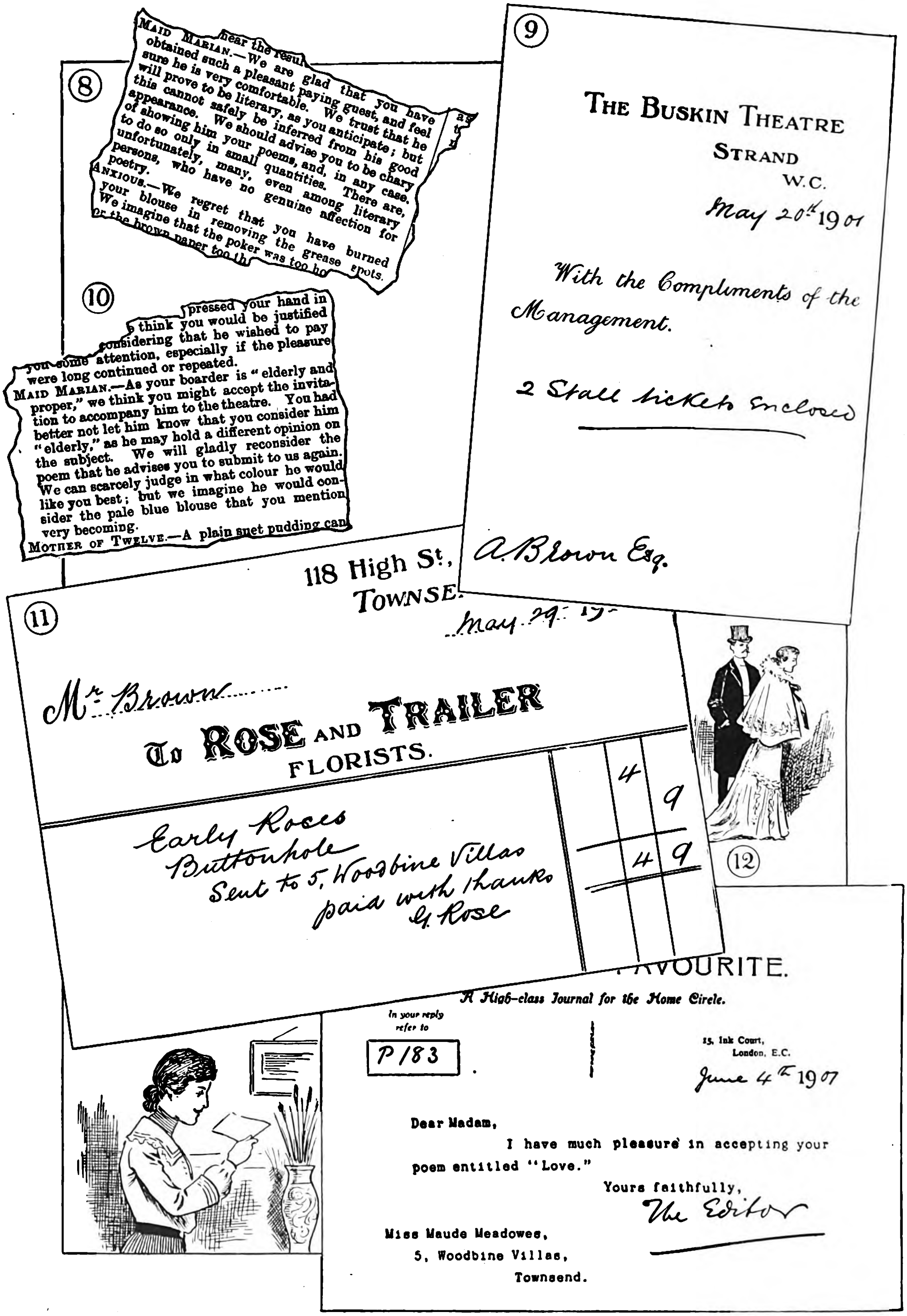
13, Ink Court,
London, E.C.

— 1st May 1907

Dear Jackson,

I shan't be able to get round to the club tonight. Am driven crazy with correspondents and aspiring poets, and can't get home till eight, when I'm too comfortable to get out again. I've given up my wretched diggings, and am boarding with a charming family. (address: 5. Woodbine Villas, Townsend — if you're that way.) I heard of them through my own correspondence column. They don't know that I edit this thing, so you had better not mention it, if you call.

Yours ever,
A. Brown



⑧

hear the resul

MAID MARIAN.—We are glad that you have obtained such a pleasant paying guest, and feel sure he is very comfortable. We trust that he will prove to be literary, as you anticipate; but this cannot safely be inferred from his good appearance. We should advise you to be chary of showing him your poems, and, in any case, to do so only in small quantities. There are, unfortunately, many, even among literary persons, who have no genuine affection for poetry.

ANXIOUS.—We regret that you have burned your blouse in removing the grease spots. We imagine that the poker was too ho
or the brown paper too th

⑨

THE BUSKIN THEATRE
STRAND
W.C.

May 20th 1901

With the Compliments of the Management.

2 Stall tickets enclosed

A. Brown Esq.

⑩

pressed your hand in
think you would be justified
considering that he wished to pay
you some attention, especially if the pleasure were long continued or repeated.

MAID MARIAN.—As your boarder is "elderly and proper," we think you might accept the invitation to accompany him to the theatre. You had better not let him know that you consider him "elderly," as he may hold a different opinion on the subject. We will gladly reconsider the poem that he advises you to submit to us again. We can scarcely judge in what colour he would like you best; but we imagine he would consider the pale blue blouse that you mention very becoming.

MOTHER OF TWELVE.—A plain suet pudding can

⑪

118 High St,
TOWNSE

May 29 19

Mr Brown

To ROSE AND TRAILER
FLORISTS.

Early Roses
Buttonhole
Sent to 5, Woodbine Villas
paid with thanks
G. Rose

4 9
4 9

⑫

AVOURITE.
A High-class Journal for the Home Circle.

In your reply refer to
P/183

15, Ink Court,
London, E.C.

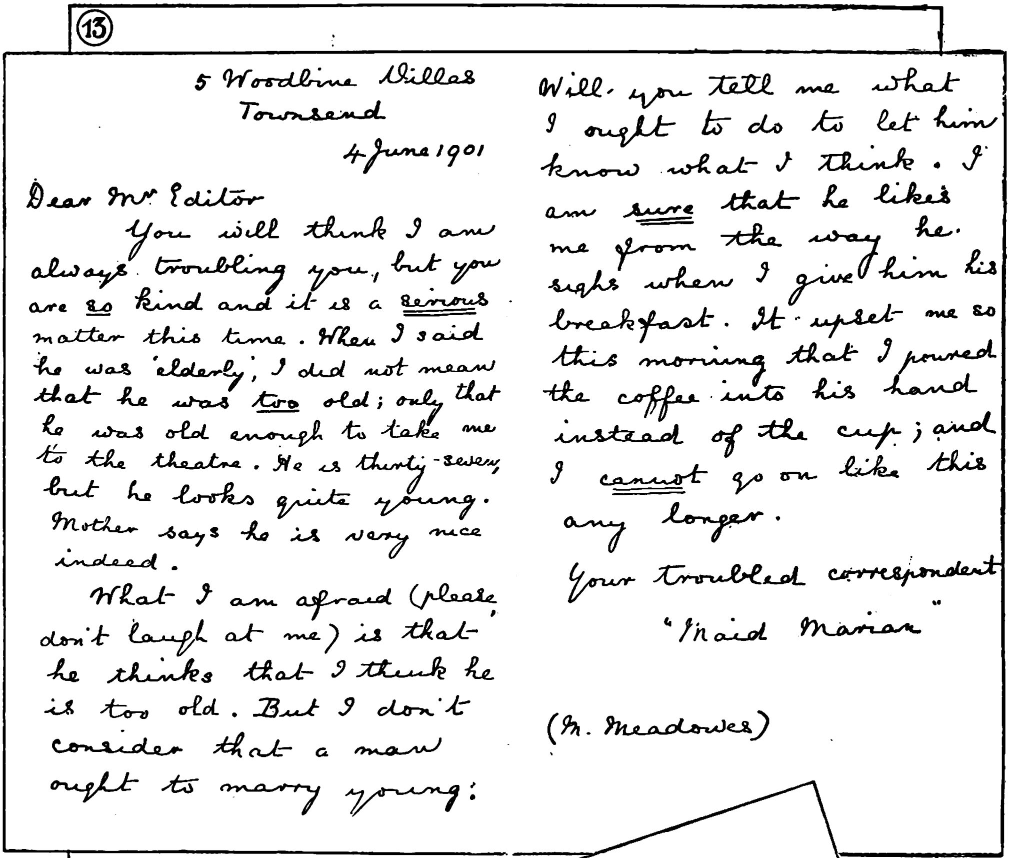
June 4th 1901

Dear Madam,

I have much pleasure in accepting your poem entitled "Love."

Yours faithfully,
The Editor

Miss Maude Meadowes,
5, Woodbine Villas,
Townsend.



⑬

5 Woodbine Villas
Townsend
4 June 1901

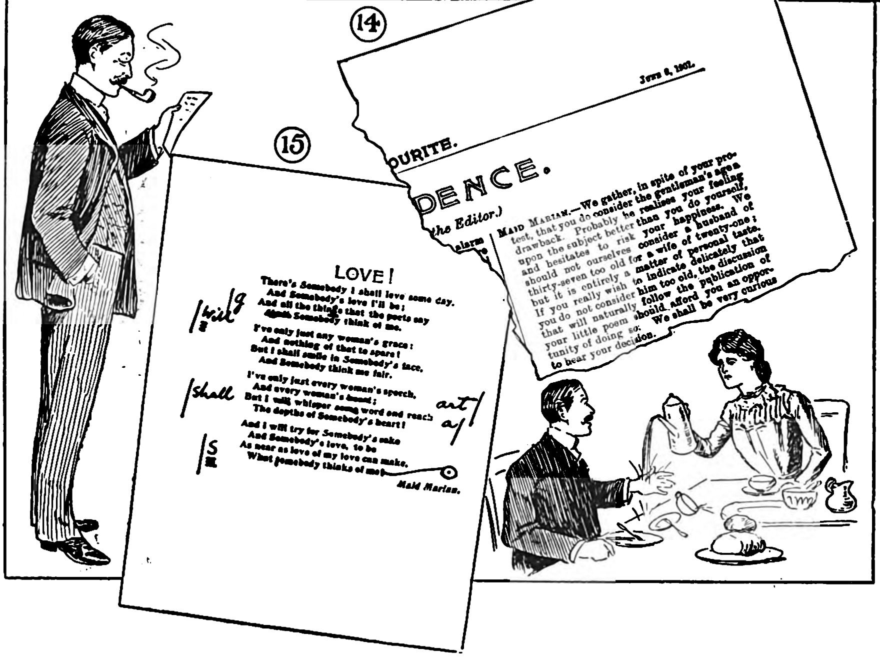
Dear Mr Editor

You will think I am always troubling you, but you are *so* kind and it is a *serious* matter this time. When I said he was 'elderly', I did not mean that he was *too* old; only that he was old enough to take me to the theatre. He is thirty-seven, but he looks quite young. Mother says he is very nice indeed.

What I am afraid (please, don't laugh at me) is that he thinks that I think he is too old. But I don't consider that a man ought to marry young: Will you tell me what I ought to do to let him know what I think. I am *sure* that he likes me from the way he sighs when I give him his breakfast. It upset me so this morning that I poured the coffee into his hand instead of the cup; and I *cannot* go on like this any longer.

Your troubled correspondent
"Maid Marian"

(M. Meadowes)



⑭

June 8, 1901.

OURITE.

DENCE.

(the Editor.)

alarm

MAID MARIAN.—We gather, in spite of your protest, that you do consider the gentleman's age a drawback. Probably he realises your feeling upon the subject better than you do yourself, and hesitates to risk your happiness. We should not ourselves consider a husband of thirty-seven too old for a wife of twenty-one; but it is entirely a matter of personal taste. If you really wish to indicate delicately that you do not consider him too old, the discussion that will naturally follow the publication of your little poem should afford you an opportunity of doing so. We shall be very curious to hear your decision.

⑮

LOVE!

There's Somebody I shall love some day,
And Somebody's love I'll be;
And all the things that the poets say
Somebody think of me.

I've only just any woman's grace;
And nothing of that to spare!
But I shall smile in Somebody's face,
And Somebody think me fair.

I've only just every woman's speech,
And every woman's heart;
But I will whisper some word and reach
The depths of Somebody's heart!

And I will try for Somebody's sake
And Somebody's love, to be
As near as love of my love can make,
What Somebody thinks of me!

Maid Marian.

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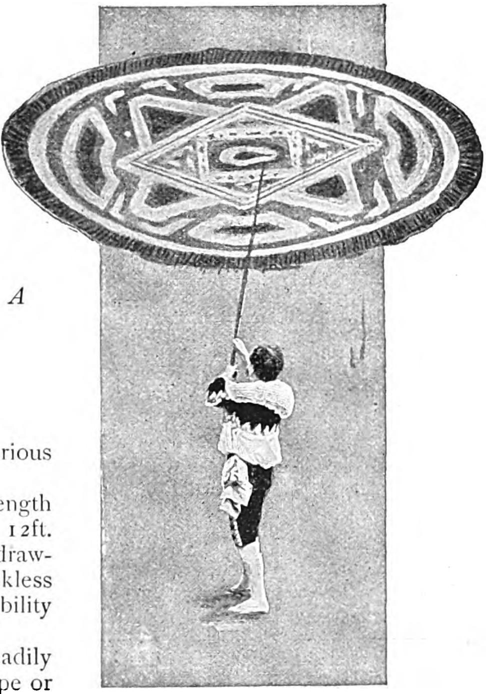
CARPET SPINNING

The Latest Novelty in the Entertaining Line. A Carpet is Made to Hop, Dance, and Whistle.

By Phil Lauder.



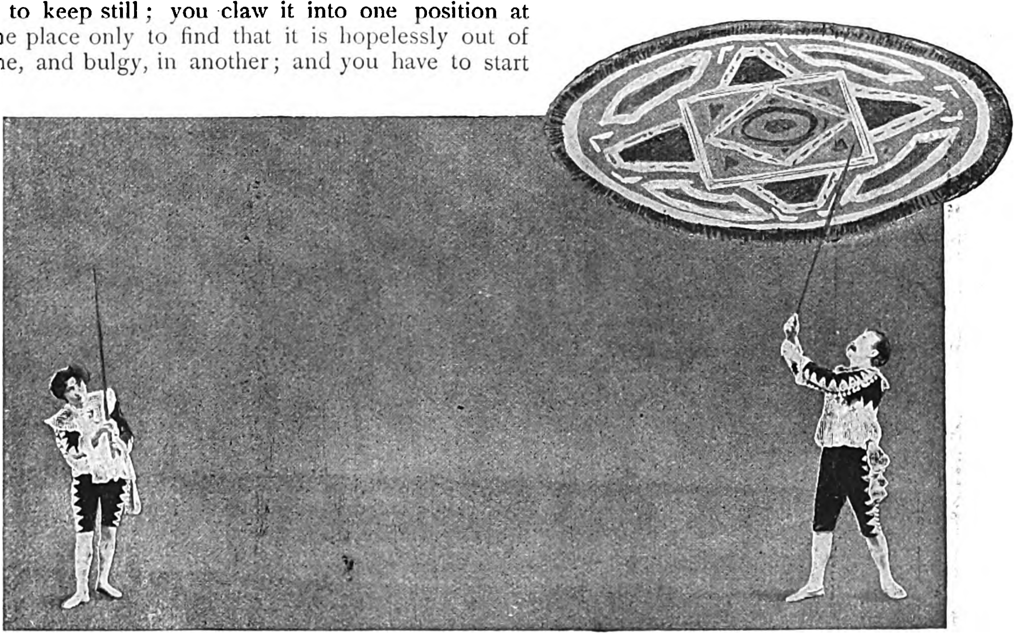
Twirling the carpet on the end of a stick, the fringe whistles as it spins through the air.

Most of us know from personal experience how serious a matter it is to tackle a carpet.

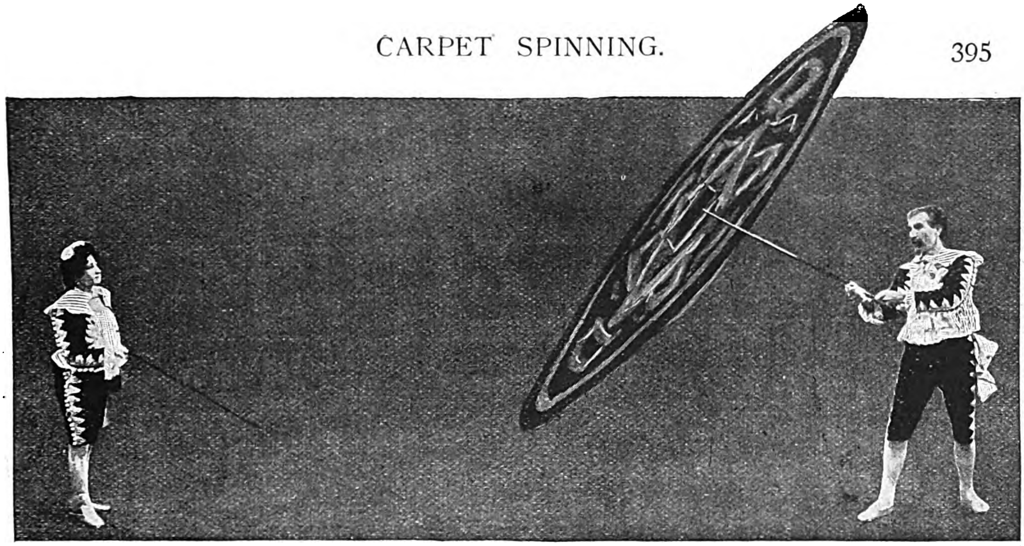
It may be that such an experience goes the length of trying to solve the problem of fitting a 12ft. by 12ft. Kidderminster on one of Suburbia's 14ft. by 10ft. drawing-room floors; or, perhaps, some reader, in a reckless moment, has taken upon himself the higher responsibility of beating the dust out of a Brussels.

In any case there are few people who will not readily admit that the manipulation of a carpet in any shape or form is one of the most temper-wrecking trials that modern civilisation imperatively demands.

There is a sort of airy playfulness about a carpet—when you try, so to speak, to take it into your confidence—that is extremely irritating. You can't persuade it to keep still; you claw it into one position at one place only to find that it is hopelessly out of line, and bulgy, in another; and you have to start



The carpet is whizzing round in the air. The lady performer is ready to catch it on her stick.



The carpet can spin in any position on the performer's stick.

Brussels; and there will be no reason to be surprised if the modern music-hall is presently turned into a sort of carpet show-room.

Until one has seen the remarkable performance given by the Goldeno Trio, it is difficult to grasp the fact that so much can be done with a piece of Persian carpet eight feet in diameter. Under the clever manipulation of a couple of these smart jugglers the piece of Persian becomes, as it were, almost alive—a sentient and thinking thing!

It is made to hop, dance, fly, whistle, turn somersaults, play at steeplechase—with other furniture and its manipulators as hedges and ditches—and otherwise conduct itself in an extraordinarily bewildering fashion.

From the limp, loose disc of soft material, it becomes, with a turn of the juggler's wrist, a whirling circle of gay colour whose every movement is full of grace and ease. It performs, with wonderful precision, the most startling evolutions.

How is it done?

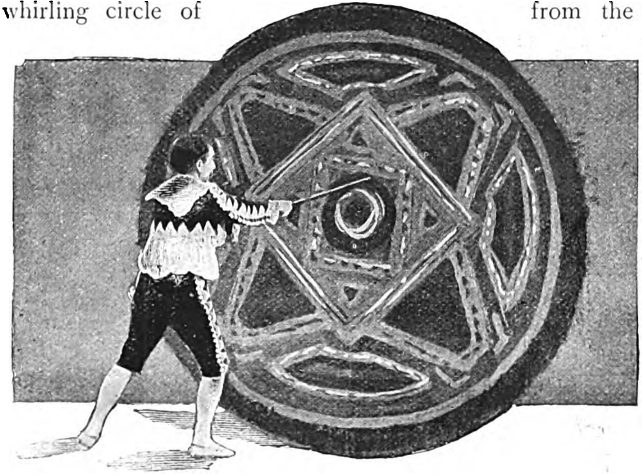
"I began with an afternoon tea-table cloth," said the chief of the carpet juggling trio to the writer. "I went on, gradually increasing the size and weight, until I was able to handle this big carpet with as much ease as I had spun the original tea-mat. It is all a matter of constant practice and strength, for the weight of a whirling Persian carpet is considerable, as you will see if you try to lift ours."

He was quite right. The carpet used is by no means a featherweight—in fact, it was only with an effort that the folded material could be raised in the arms.

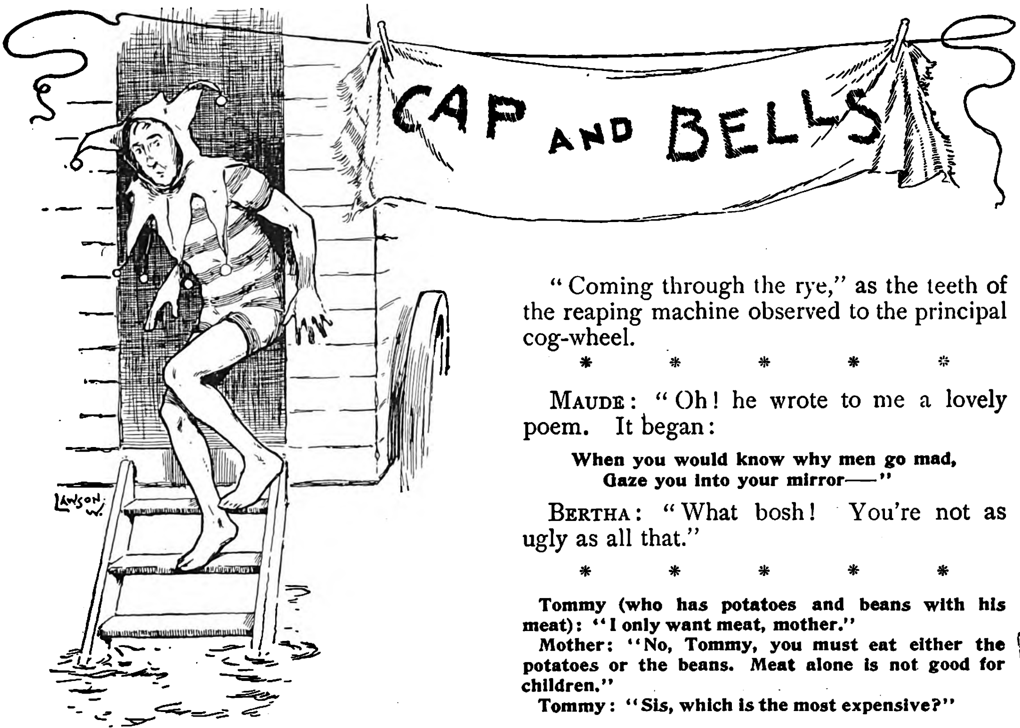
"You see, if it was merely a 'flimsy,' we could not get good work from it; its weight helps it over obstacles, whereas a light carpet would simply collapse immediately it met with the first obstruction."

When the carpet is lifted from the stage, where it does duty as part of the furniture, there is nothing in its appearance to distinguish it from any other. It is merely a circular carpet—nothing more.

But the limp mass of bright colour soon expands under a few turns of a strong stick



A novel kind of hoop. The carpet jumps chairs and tables as it bounds round the stage.



THE village poacher, Richard, had been summoned for the one-thousand-and-first time, for annexing pheasants' eggs. All the squire's staff of keepers was arrayed against him. Richard himself, however, did not appear.

"We fine this man two guineas and the costs," quoth the magistrate. "He is a very old offender, indeed. But where is he? Why has not Richard put in an appearance?"

Stentorian voice from back of court: "Where's Richard? Why, where should he be but oop at t' big coovert. All keeper chaps be here t' Coort, and Richard's making hay while the sun shines to pay his foine with. That's why Richard ain't 'ere."

* * * * *

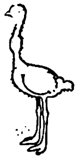
CHARLIE: "Ain't fathers queer?"

AUNTIE: "How, dear?"

CHARLIE: "Why, when a little boy does anything for his father he doesn't get anything; but if somebody else's boy does it he gets a penny!"

* * * * *

AT THE JUNGLE PICNIC.



The Lioness: "Has anybody seen the condensed milk?"

The Ostrich (bashfully): "Well—I—er—to tell the truth, I couldn't resist the tin, and I'm afraid the milk was inside it."

"Coming through the rye," as the teeth of the reaping machine observed to the principal cog-wheel.

* * * * *

MAUDE: "Oh! he wrote to me a lovely poem. It began:

When you would know why men go mad,
Gaze you into your mirror——"

BERTHA: "What bosh! You're not as ugly as all that."

* * * * *

Tommy (who has potatoes and beans with his meat): "I only want meat, mother."

Mother: "No, Tommy, you must eat either the potatoes or the beans. Meat alone is not good for children."

Tommy: "Sis, which is the most expensive?"

* * * * *

MATRIMONY is no joke to the man who "thinks seriously" of it.

* * * * *

A CRUSHING DISASTER.

She was white and apparently lifeless, but after the doctor had made a hasty examination he said that there was still hope. Her clothing had almost been torn off; her hair was dishevelled, and there were many bruises upon her limbs.

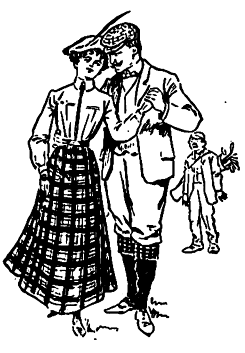
At last she opened her eyes and murmured:

"Where am I?"

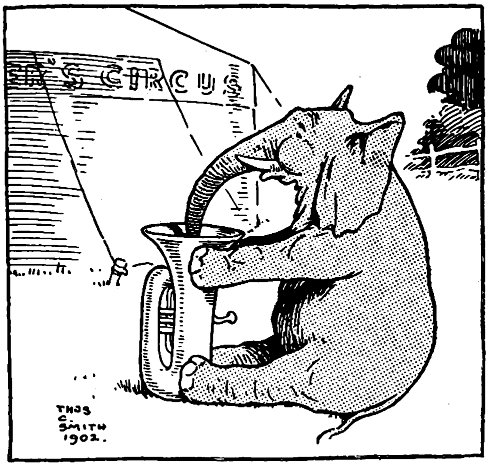
"You are safe," they said to her.

Then she raised one of her hands. Her purse was still clenched tightly, and she gave a long sigh of relief.

This happened on the morning that Lace & Remnants marked all their two-shilling dress materials down to 1*s.* 11$\frac{3}{4}$*d.* a yard.



In golfing, you always grip tightly with your left hand, and your right hand should rest lightly.



HOW STRANGE!

Elephant: "Wel', I can't make this out at all. My master can play this music thing as easily as possible, and although I'm sure I'm blowing ten times as hard as he does, I can't get a single note."

* * * * *

FRECKLES.

First Girl: "He said that my face was a poem."

Second Girl: "I hope he didn't criticise the punctuation, dear."

* * * * *

MAKING SURE OF HIS GROUND.

Cadsby: "Your wife bathing to-day, old fellow?"

Mann: "No."

Cadsby: "Your sister doing a splash?"

Mann: "My sister's still in town."

Cadsby: "Cousin, aunt, or any other feminine relative in the water?"

Mann: "Not that I know of."

Cadsby (getting out his marine glasses): "Then here goes to criticise the bloomin' sea-nymphs with an easy mind!"

* * * * *

Matrimonial Reflection.

A man and his wife are one—or the other. More often than not, apparently, they are the other.

* * * * *

In Ocean's Bed.

The Skate: "Just see how the octopus is writhing in his sleep."

The Flounder: "Yes, he had the lobster for supper."

* * * * *

She: "Papa says that when coming to see me you must not come in a 'bus any more."

He: "Really! Does he expect me to walk all this distance?"

She: "Of course not. He says all he asks is that you will come in a carriage hired by the hour."

An Irish editor, who speaks with the air of a man who has discovered a new fact by experience, says that the way to prevent bleeding at the nose is to keep your nose out of other people's business.

* * * * *

HIS THOUGHTS.

He sat by her side in the twilight,
(The hour that for flirting is good!)
His eyes had a pensive expression,
Which she fancied she quite understood;
For admirers she'd had by the dozen,
All sizes, descriptions and sorts,
So she gave him the time-honoured opening:
"A penny," she said, "for your thoughts!"

And, of course, what he ought to have answered
Was: "Darling, my thoughts were of you!'
But alas! he was young and untutored,
Of flirting but little he knew;
So he said, with a sigh: "I was thinking
That supper's uncommonly late!"
And history says that flirtation
Has met with a premature fate!

Jessie Carr.

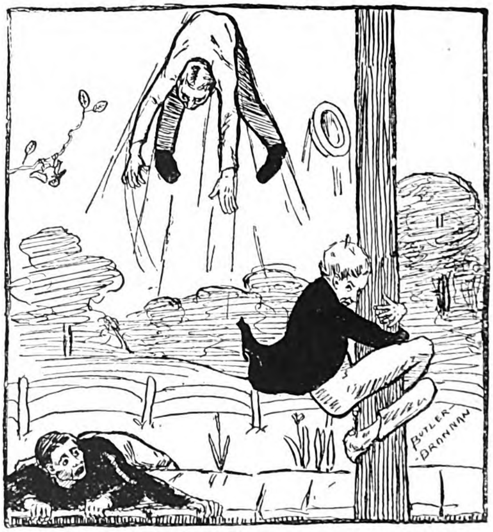
* * * * *

The Only Remedy.

The Caller: "My wife is suffering from kleptomania, doctor. What would you advise me to give her?"

Dr. Drastick: "Give her in charge."

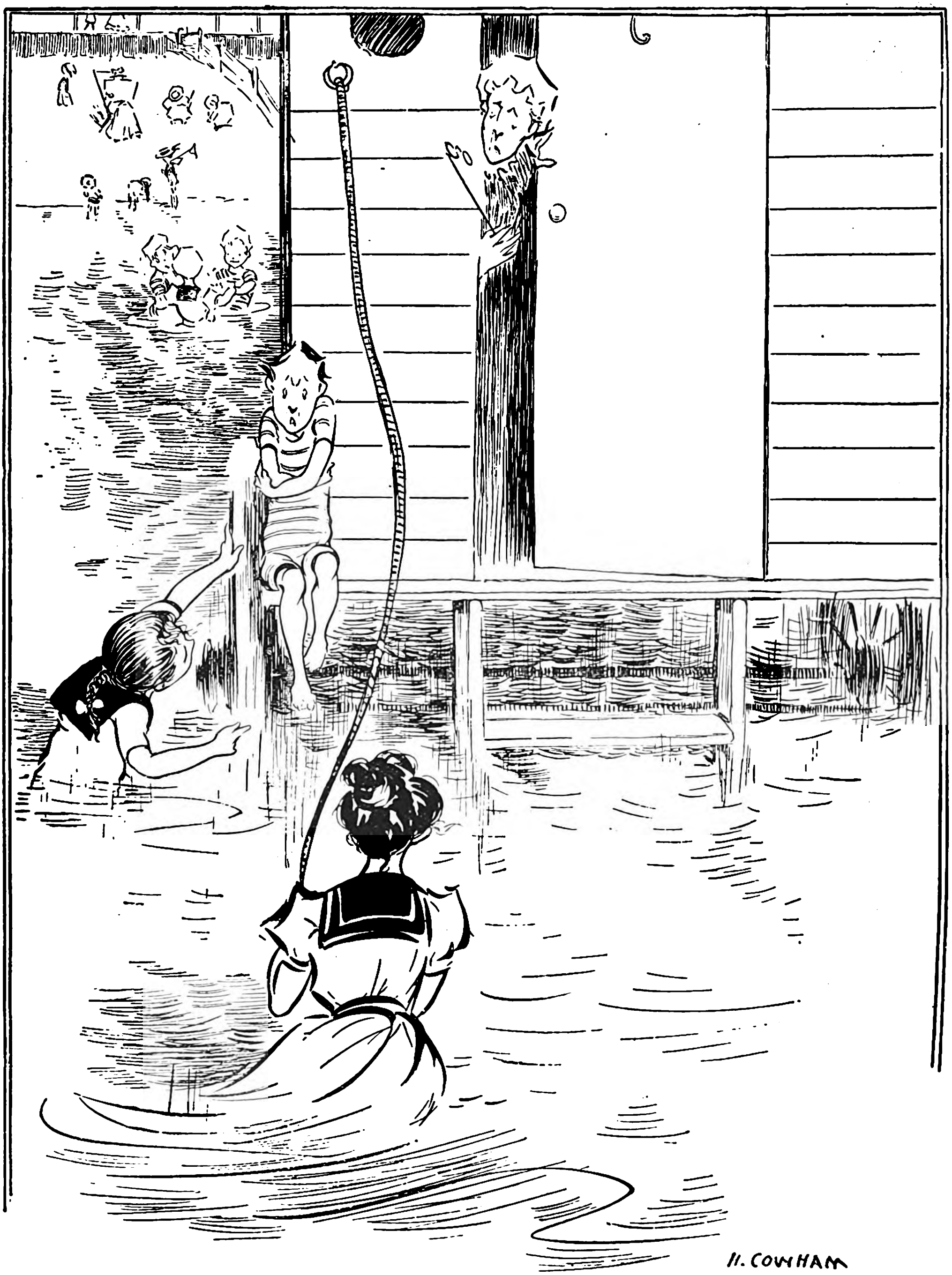
* * * * *



GRAVITATION.

The law of gravitation is
No proper theme for mirth;
It is the only tie that binds
My body to the earth.

If it should break I would not dare
To walk along the street,
Unless I had two pair of hands
Or fingers on my feet.



Old Lady (in the bathing machine): "How can you expect me to come out with that impudent thing sitting on the steps."

Real Value Now.

"I believe Jones is really and truly in love at last."

"Why?"

"He's left off calling the telephone girls 'my dear.'"

* *

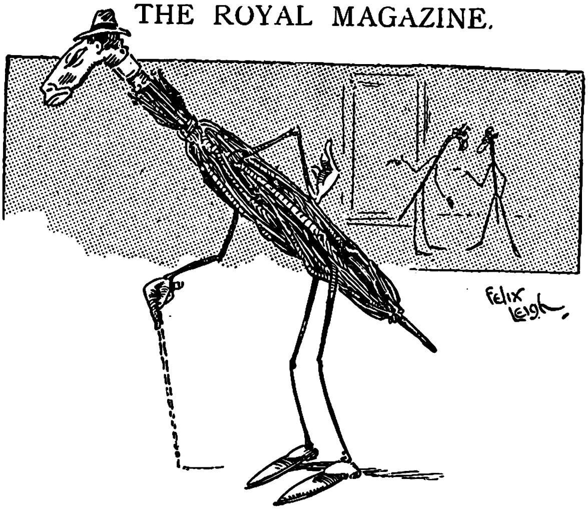
Better Late Than Never.

"You may recall me, sir, as the man who eloped with your daughter about a year ago."

"Well, sir, what can I do for you?"

"I may be a little bit tardy, but I have come to offer you my congratulations."

* * * * *



IN THE FASHION.

First Walking Stick: "What's wrong with Gampy? He's looking rather queer."

Second Walking Stick: "Oh, he was mixed up in a motor accident, and broke three of his ribs."

Hubbs: "I met Jenkins in his new voiturette this morning, and it struck me that he'd already got the automobile face."

Spokesley: "What sort of a face is that?"

Hubbs: "One that looks as if it wanted washing."

* * * * *

Two things that are always "on time" are his hour-glass and scythe.

* * * *

Without her leave he stole a kiss—
He did. Oh, bliss!
A sharp command was promptly his:
"Just put that back, I tell you this,
Where it belongs," spoke haughty miss.
He did. Oh, bliss!

Speaking of bereavement, Jones affirms that no death ever affected him so sadly as that of his wife's first husband.

* * *

"What did Noah live on when the flood had subsided and his provisions in the ark were exhausted?" asked a Sunday school teacher of her class one Sunday.

"I know," squeaked a little girl after the others had given it up.

"Well, what?" inquired the teacher.

"Dry land," said the child wisely, and the answer passed.

* * * * *

A WOMAN OF THE FUTURE.

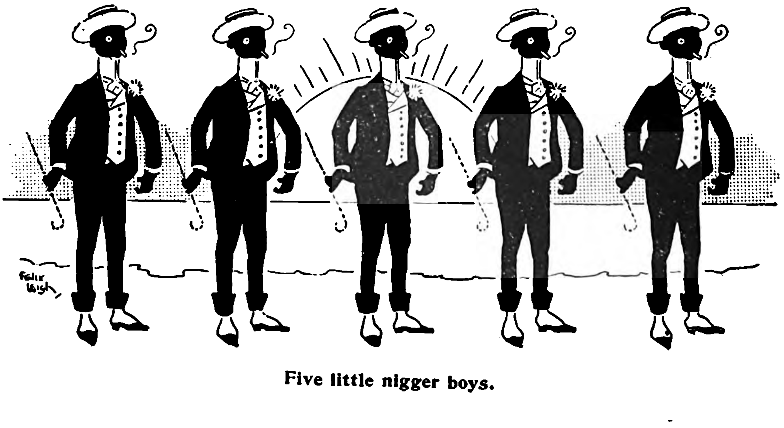
I love the coming woman;
I love her pretty ways;
With music and with sweetness
She fills my fleeting days.
I kiss her laughing dimples,
And stroke her hair of gold,
For my dainty coming woman
Is only four years old.

* * * * *

He: "Most of Miss Bloosox's ideas are a long way in advance of the times."

She: "Ah, yes, and most of her hats are a long way behind them."

* * * * * * * *



Five little nigger boys.

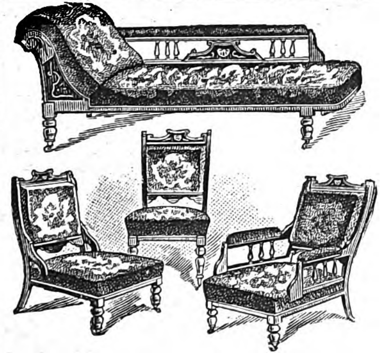
Southalls' Towels

SANITARY, ABSORBENT, ANTISEPTIC.
FROM ALL DRAPERS.

THE ORIGINAL AND BEST.
Beware of Spurious Imitations.
Absolutely necessary for Health and Comfort.
Approved by the Leading Physicians and Professional Nurses.
IN PACKETS (containing one dozen) from 6d. to 2s. each.
A SAMPLE PACKET containing three size O, and one each size 1, 2, and 4 Towels will be sent post free for eight stamps on application to the LADY MANAGER, 17, Bull Street, BIRMINGHAM.

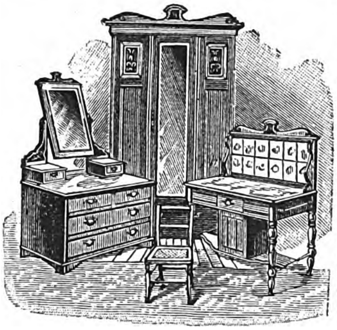
Southalls' Sanitary Sheets
(for Accouchement), in three sizes, 1/-, 2/-, and 2/6 each.
From all Drapers, Ladies' Outfitters, and Chemists.

YOU PAY £1. 1s. Down for **THESE HANDSOME SUITES,** and the balance to suit your own purse.



OUR SPECIAL
BEDROOM SUITE
CASH £10. 10s.
or CREDIT—
£1. 1s. down and 10 monthly payments of 1 guinea; or
£1. 1s. down and 21 monthly payments of Half-a-Guinea.

OUR SPECIAL
PARLOUR SUITE
CASH £10. 10s.
or CREDIT—
£1. 1s. down and 10 monthly payments of 1 guinea; or
£1. 1s. down, and 21 monthly payments of Half-a-Guinea.
Money returned in full if not perfectly satisfactory.
Carriage Paid to any Railway Station in the United Kingdom.



Our Special Parlour or Dining-room Suite consists of Couch, Lady's and Gent's and Four Small Chairs. In **Solid** Oak, Walnut, or Mahogany: luxuriously upholstered in best Imperial Saddlebags, richly embossed figured velvet, or Crockett's best quality English Leather Cloth, the backs being padded with the same material. In ordering, please state the wood and colours of coverings preferred. Extra small Chairs can be supplied at One Guinea each. Every article is spring-seated. Price, delivered free to any part of the United Kingdom, 10 Guineas Cash, or 1 Guinea Cash with order and 10 monthly payments of 1 Guinea each, or 21 monthly payments of Half-a-Guinea.

The Bedroom Suite consists of Wardrobe, 3ft. 6in. wide, and nearly 7ft. high, with large, full-length, highly-polished mirror, &c. Dressing Table, 3ft. 6in. wide, with beautiful large bevelled mirror, &c. Washstand, 3ft. 6in. wide, fitted with fine Sicilian marble slab, &c. Two Cane-seated Chairs are also supplied with the suite. This Bedroom Suite is supplied in American Black or Satin Walnut, Mahogany, or Oak, and is **solid throughout**, every article being well polished by hand labour. In ordering, please say wood required.

FREE Whether you are furnishing or not, it will pay you to write for our fully Illustrated Descriptive Catalogue, Price Lists, etc.—

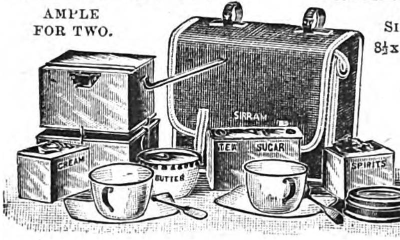
GLOBE FURNISHING COMPY.,
(Dept. D.), Pembroke Place, LIVERPOOL.

South African, Colonial, and Foreign Orders will receive special attention.
Bankers: London City and Midland Bank, Ltd., Islington Branch, Liverpool.

"SIRRAM" for Cyclists or Travellers.

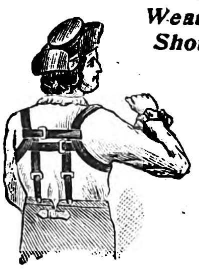
AMPLE FOR TWO.

SIZE: 8½ x 6½ x 4.



With expanding Pocket for Provisions.
Saves its cost in a few outings. Boils in a few minutes under any conditions. Fits Frame, Handle-Bar, or Saddle. Every article unbreakable. Many thousands in use. In three qualities, all thoroughly good. S. 440, 12/6; No. 271, 16/6; E. 443, 20/6. Provision Box or Water Tin, 1/- extra. "Sirram" goods of leading Stores and Ironmongers.
M. MARRIS & SON, Ltd., Browning Street, BIRMINGHAM.

NO MORE ROUND SHOULDERS.



Wear the New American Shoulder Brace. The most Perfect Brace made.

Prevents anyone becoming Stooped or Round Shouldered.
ALL SIZES.
Men's and Women's (32in. to 42in.), 3/9 per pair.
Boys' and Girls' (22in. to 30in.), 2/9 per pair.
Send chest measurement right round under arms) and amount in postal order, and we will send them post paid.
Foreign Postage 1/- extra.

D. M. MELDRUM & CO.,
Dept. E., 13 & 15, REFORM STREET, DUNDEE.

A HINT FOR GIRLS!!

HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

Laundry Nell,
Looks a swell,
On her bike in bloomers.
What oh!
Do you know
Why she is a scorcher.

She is flash
Cuts a dash,
'Cause she makes her dollars
Wheeling round
Laundry ground
Ironing shirts and collars.

Therefore, gals,
Tell your pals,
Let their spirits rally;
Money brought,
Labour nought,
Only thro' the "Dalli."

The "Dalli" is acknowledged the most up-to-date and best Box Iron, doing away with the worries of the old system. No Gas, no Fire, no Smell. Hot in a few minutes and remains hot. No changes of irons. Self-heating with smokeless Fuel. Can be used anywhere without interruption, even out of doors, doing double the work in half the time. More economical than any other iron. Price of the "Dalli" is 6/-. Price of the "Dalli" Fuel is 1/9 per box of 128 Blocks. To be had of all Ironmongers or Domestic Stores. If any difficulty apply to:—

THE DALLI SMOKELESS FUEL Co., 27, Milton Street, London, E.C.

Trial Bottle
Post Free
7D.

N. M. ALEXANDRE
(Est. 1861).

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GREY HAIR

SHADEINE, guaranteed permanent, washable, and absolutely harmless. Will not burn the hair or produce unnatural tint. Detection impossible. Contains no lead, silver, sulphur, &c. Trial Bottle 7d., post free. (Sent secretly packed.) State colour required.

30, Westbourne Grove, and
85, Great Portland St., London, W.

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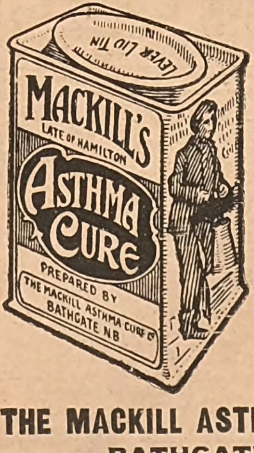
ASTHMA CURE



Has cured thousands during the last quarter of a century.

IT WILL CURE YOU.

TRY IT.

Free Sample Tin on application.

Sold by all Chemists at
1s. 9d., 2s. 9d., & 4s. 6d.

THE MACKILL ASTHMA CURE CO.,
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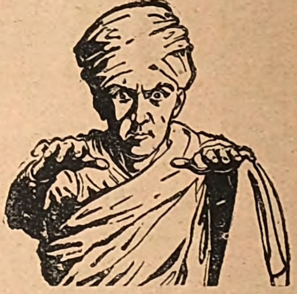

as unveiled by the influences called **Personal Magnetism, Mental Currents, Hypnotism, &c.**, these form the subject matter of one of the most wonderful and fascinating books of the day, entitled "The Power Within."

FREE. It is a free book, handsomely illustrated. We will give you a copy just to get you interested in psychical experiments hoping that later on you may buy some other books from us. You incur no obligation whatever in accepting the free book.

? VITAL QUESTIONS ?

How can I influence another by my mind alone? What is personal magnetism? Why do only a few possess it? Could I cultivate it easily? Can I attract success and happiness by any system of mental training? What does it feel like to be hypnotized? Could I learn to hypnotize people and make them obey my commands? Is it, or is it not a dangerous power? Could I learn to heal the sick by magnetism? Could I learn to read the minds of others?

If you are interested in such things, simply send us your name and address, plainly written, enclose a 1d. stamp for return postage, and we will send you this strange little book **FREE**, at once. Address—**Dept. (301), PSYCHIC RESEARCH CO., Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.**

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DRINK AND DRUG HABITS

and RESULTANT NERVOUS DISEASES

Completely conquered, controlled, and eradicated, without restraint, at patient's own home by Turvey's Treatment ("TACQUARU"). Testimonials received from officials of LONDON DIOCESAN BRANCH OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND TEMPERANCE SOCIETY. "TRUTH," November 21st, referring to our advertisement, says:—"The Advertiser is able to adduce definite evidence that his method has had really good results." Write in confidence, or call—**The Medical Superintendent, "TACQUARU" Co., 116, Amberley House, Norfolk Street, Strand, London, W.C.**

FOR PLEASURE AND PROFIT

FRUIT

NOTHING SO PROFITABLE
AND EASY TO GROW.
80 Acres of Saleable Trees.

SEEDS

THE BEST PROCURABLE.
Lists Free.

ROSES

HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS.
Bushes in variety. Packing and Carriage Free, for cash with order.
8s. per doz. **60s.** per 100.
All other Nursery Stock carriage forward.

ROSES IN POTS From 15/- a doz.

Ornamental Trees, 91 Acres.
A Superb Collection of Herbaceous Plants,
Four Acres of Glass.
Clematis (80,000) from 15/- doz.
N.B.—Single Plants are sold at slightly increased prices.

GENERAL CATALOGUE
(190 pages) of Nursery Stock, artistically produced containing some hundreds of illustrations, and full of valuable information, free on receipt of 3d. for postage.
Please mention this paper.

RICHARD SMITH & Co., WORCESTER.

By Appointment to His Majesty the King

Granola
Digestive
Biscuits

REGISTERED.

These delicious Biscuits are manufactured from the celebrated wheat preparation "GRANOLA," and are highly recommended by the Medical Faculty as a most nutritious and desirable article of diet for regular use, possessing valuable hygienic qualities unobtainable in the ordinary forms of whole meal.

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ESTABLISHED **1817.**

Good News For Men.

A Simple Home Treatment Which Never Fails to Restore Full Strength and Vigour of Youth.

SENT FREE TO ALL.

America's Greatest Specialist.

There is no longer any need for men to suffer from lost vitality, backache, kidney troubles, nervous debility, varicocele, etc., when it can be cured almost like magic in the privacy of your own home by a simple remedy which any man can use. Simply send your name and address to the Dr. Knapp Medical Co., 3,032, Hull Building, Detroit, Mich., U.S.A., and they will gladly send you the Doctor's full prescription free, and everything necessary for a quick and lasting cure.

The following, taken from their daily mail, shows what men say who have taken advantage of this grand free offer.

"Dear Sirs:—Please accept my sincere thanks for yours of recent date. I have given your treatment a thorough test, and the benefit has been extraordinary. It has completely braced me up, and you cannot realise how happy I am."

"Dear Sirs:—Your method worked beautifully. Results were exactly what I needed."

"Dear Sirs:—Yours was received, and I had no trouble in making use of the receipt as directed, and can truthfully say it is a boon to men."

Don't stop and wonder how they can afford to do all this, but send to-day; the offer is genuine, and the prescription will be sent by return mail in a perfectly plain envelope, absolutely free just as stated. Write to-day, and soon you'll be happy.

Remember, a letter to America requires 2½d. postage. Write your name very plain, and be sure to give your full address, so there can be no mistake in delivery.

The Lady's Magazine

(WHICH HAS JUST BEEN GREATLY ENLARGED)

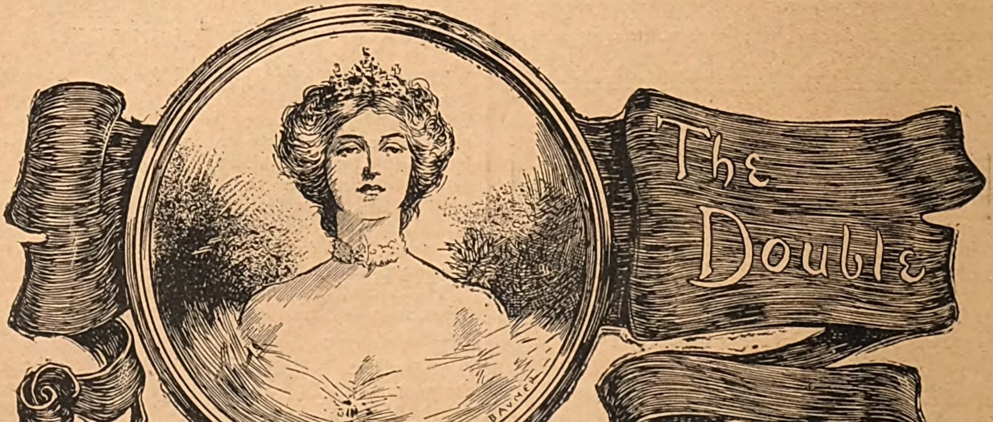
Is a Paper that no Woman Can Afford to be Without.

TO OBTAIN INFORMATION on any subject of interest to women generally, be it House, Home, Toilet, Etiquette, Woman's Employment, Servants, Cooking, or Dress and Fashion, write to the Editor, and mark on your envelope the subject of your inquiry. You will then receive in a few days an answer through the post from one of the Special Correspondence Staff of the Magazine.

BESIDES THESE ATTRACTIONS,

A GREAT NEW SERIAL,

ENTITLED



BY HAROLD MCGRATH,

is just starting. The story is of enthralling interest; the plot holds the reader in its grip throughout, and you need only start the tale to make sure that you will want to read it to the end.

THE LADY'S MAGAZINE is on sale everywhere on the Tenth of each Month, and the Price is 6d.

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THE LONDON MANUFACTURERS.

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Skirt alone,

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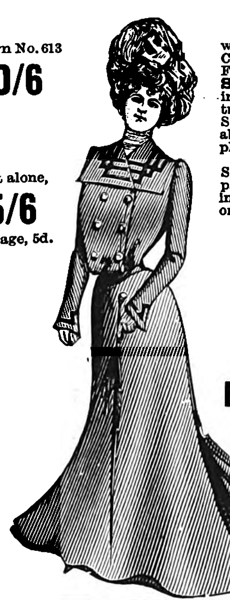
carriage, 5d.



10/6

Stylish Costume, made with the fashionable Russian Coat, produced in Allen Foster & Co.'s **Specialite Serge** or **Vicuna Cloth**, in all shades. The Coat is trimmed with braid, and the Skirt is cut in the new fashionable ball shape. Costume complete, **10/6**; carriage paid, 6d. extra

Skirt alone, **5/6**; carriage paid, 5d. extra. This Costume in the "**Coronation**" Cloth, only **21/-**, in all the newest Pastel shades.

Write for our Summer Sketch Book and Illustrated Catalogue of Bargains.
Patterns Post Free.

ALLEN FOSTER & CO.,
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Barbican,
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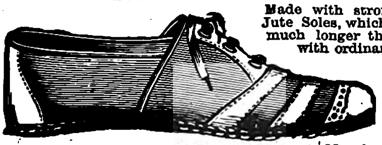
☛ THIS IS THE SHOE YOU WANT.

See Testimonial below!!



Made with strong Plaited Jute Soles, which will last much longer than leather with ordinary wear.

Comfortable, healthful, noiseless.

Mr. WILLIN, Central Station Restaurant, Manchester, writes (22/5/00): "Feet never seem to get tired in them. They are non-conductors of both heat and cold, and are most comfortable."

Enclose Length Walking Shoe.	Prices (post free).		
Colour—White, Brown, or Black.	Children's.	Ladies'.	Gents'.
A. Plain Shoes (without strapping)	1/6	1/9	2/0
D. Superior Canvas (as per illustration)	—	2/6	2/9
E. Velvet Uppers (Black)	—	3/0	3/3
Felt Slippers, best quality (Black)	1/0	1/3	1/6
Leather Soled Shoes (Superior)	3/6	4/0	4/9
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Off three pairs at one time we allow 2d. per pair.

N.B. Post free United Kingdom, abroad extra; single pairs or any quantity. Trade and shipping terms on application.

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BUGS
FLEAS
FLIES
BEETLES

TINS 3d. 6d. 1s—BELLOWS 9d.

BEDSTEADS

Quality, Fit, and Finish best possible.
Cheaper, Newer, and Cleaner than Shop Stocks.
Large Stocks.
Prompt Delivery.

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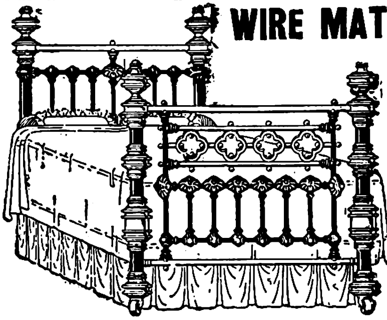

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You need a health-giving beverage, which must be pure and unadulterated.

Cadbury's Cocoa

is universally admitted to be a health-giving drink—most refreshing, invigorating, and sustaining. It is beneficial to everybody: Men, Women, Boys, and Girls.

CADBURYS Cocoa is Absolutely Pure, the *Lancet* pronouncing it "the standard of highest purity." It is Cocoa, and the Best Cocoa only, and has stood the test of time.

CAUTION.—How to test the Purity of Cocoas.—If treated with alkali and chemicals such cocoas will have a medicinal scent when the tin is opened, and will be a darker colour when in liquor. CADBURY'S COCOA has no addition of any kind, and is *guaranteed absolutely pure.*

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Soapmakers

By Royal Warrants

TO THEIR MAJESTIES

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5/s A Day for Life (see page 433)

SEPTEMBER

THE ROYAL

4 PENCE

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A SINGLE BOX OF

BEECHAM'S PILLS

CAN cure and chase away more ills than you're aware of.

To Remember to keep a box by you, and
To Remember to take a dose of the pills
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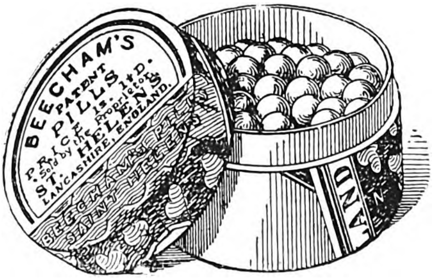
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PRICE 1s. 1½D.
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They ensure
A CLEAR HEAD,
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THEY PREVENT AND CURE

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INSOMNIA.

THE GREATEST TREASURE IN THE BEDROOM
is a box of

BEECHAM'S PILLS.

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THE KEY-NOTE OF CREATION—CHANGE!

Behold, we know not anything; I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to All.—Tennyson.

"Tell me what you LIKE, and I'll tell you what you ARE."—*Ruskin.*

TEACH DISCIPLINE, SELF-DENIAL; make ITS PRACTICE PLEASURABLE and you CREATE for the World A DESTINY more SUBLIME than EVER ISSUED from the brain of the WILDEST DREAMER. A SUNNY HOLIDAY.—WISDOM, HEALTH, LONGEVITY, and PROSPERITY.

WHAT HIGHER AIM CAN MAN ATTAIN,
THAN CONQUEST OVER HUMAN PAIN?

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

is Health-giving, Purifying, Soothing, Cooling, Refreshing and Invigorating, and will be found a Natural, Simple and Effective Remedy for

All Functional Derangements of the Liver, Temporary Congestion arising from Alcoholic Beverages, Errors in Diet, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Vomiting, Heartburn, Sourness of the Stomach, Constipation, Thirst, Skin Eruptions, Boils, Feverish Cold with High Temperature and Quick Pulse, Influenza, Throat Affections, and Fevers of all kinds.

FIFTEEN YEARS' EXPERIENCE.—"You may be interested to know that I have used 'FRUIT SALT' for more than fifteen years, and it is the only medicine I need. It was ordered for me by a most eminent Physician, and I have recommended it to very many from time to time.—Yours faithfully, (Signed) Rev. —— (September 20, 1900)."

The effect of Eno's 'Fruit Salt' on a Disordered or Feverish Condition is Simply Marvellous. It is, in fact, Nature's Own Remedy, and an Unsurpassed One.

CAUTION.—Examine the bottle and Capsule and see that they are marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' otherwise you have been imposed upon by a WORTHLESS imitation.

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, London, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S Patent.

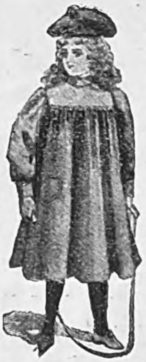
HALF THE WORLD

Is alive to the fact that

THE J.N. COSTUMES

Stand alone in point of value. We want the other half also to test and prove the value for themselves by ordering one of these Wonderful Garments, or we will send, Post Free, our

LATEST CATALOGUE OF FASHION.



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JOHN NOBLE
KNOCKABOUT FROCKS.

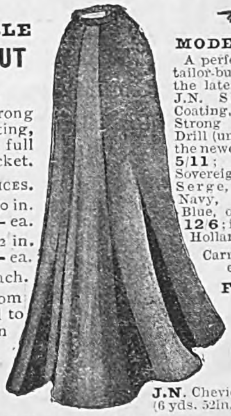
☛ Made in strong Serge or Coating, with saddle top, full sleeves and pocket.

LENGTHS & PRICES.

21 24 27 30 in.
1/6 2/- 2/6 3/- ea.
33 36 39 42 in.
3/6 4/- 4/6 5/- ea.
and 45 in. 5/6 each.

Lengths are from top of neckband to edge of Skirt in front.
Carriage, 4d.

COLOURS of **J.N.** Serge and Coating are Black, Navy, Brown, Myrtle, Fawn, Grey, and Royal Blue.



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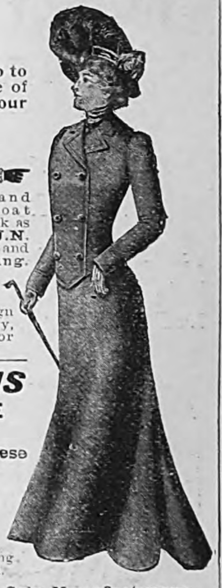
MODEL 963.

A perfectly plain tailor-built Skirt, the latest cut, in J.N. Serge or Coating, **5/6**; in Strong Cotton Drill (unlined) all the newest shades **5/11**; in New Sovereign Wool Serge, Black, Navy, Crimson, Blue, or Cream, **12/6**; in Shrunk Holland, **6/6**.

Carriage, 5d. extra.

MODEL 955. ☛

Fashionable Coat and Skirt Costume Coat stitched white or black as desired. Made in **J.N. Cheviot Serge** and **Costume Coating.** Price **10/6**. Carriage 6d. Skirt alone, **5/6**. Carriage, 5d. Also in the New Sovereign Wool Serge, Black, Navy, Crimson, Blue, Pink, or Cream, **27/6**.



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POST FREE
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Famous Fabrics in which these Garments are made.

A FULL DRESS LENGTH
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J.N. Cheviot Serge or Costume Coating (6 yds. 52in. wide), for **7/6** **Carriage, 8d.**

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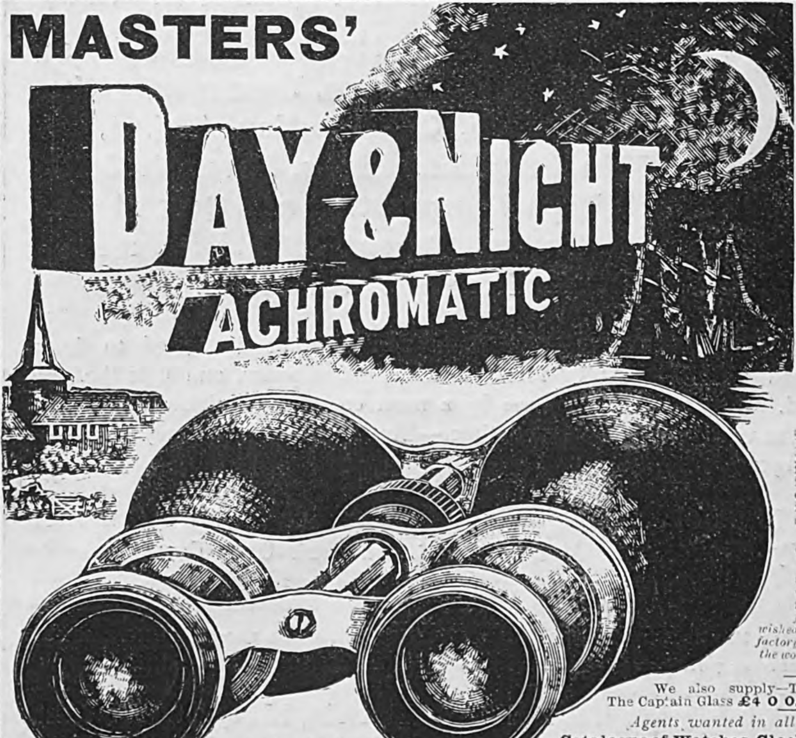

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DAY & NIGHT
ACHROMATIC
FIELD & MARINE
- GLASS -
FOR £2 0 0.
As used in the British
NAVY.

Specially selected achromatic lenses of extra defining power. Can be used in the Day or Night time. Russia leather covered, complete in case, price **36/-** cash, or on monthly payments **£2 0 0.**

FIRST SEND 5/-

and these splendid Day and Night Glasses will be sent you by return post. If satisfactory, complete purchase in 7 monthly payments of 5/- each. Cash refunded in full if glasses not approved of, and are returned at once.

"Gents, "Glasgow.
"I am more than delighted with the pair of Day and Night Glasses, which I received all right. A better pair of glasses for the money could not be wished for; they have proved satisfactory in every way, and I must say the workmanship is splendid.
"WM. STEWART."

We also supply—The Army Glass **£3 3 0.** The Captain Glass **£4 0 0.** Write for particulars, &c.

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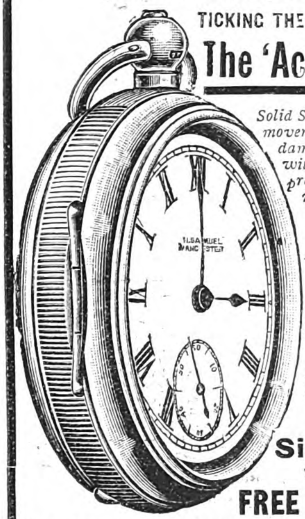
Catalogue of Watches, Clocks, Glasses, &c., FREE.

MASTERS, LTD., 156, HIGH ST., RYE, SUSSEX.



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for your outlay is the important thing. Buying from us you get greatest value and the middle profits for yourself.

TICKING THE TIME TO MILLIONS.

The 'Acme' 25/-

Solid Silver Case, fine ¾-plate movement, jewelled, dust and damp-proof cap, and fitted with the latest patented improvements. Written Warranty for Seven Years.

We Send on Approval for **5/-**

Wear it for 7 days, and then, if satisfied, remit balance, 20/-.

Those sending full amount with order receive a **Free Silver Albert**

Write at once for

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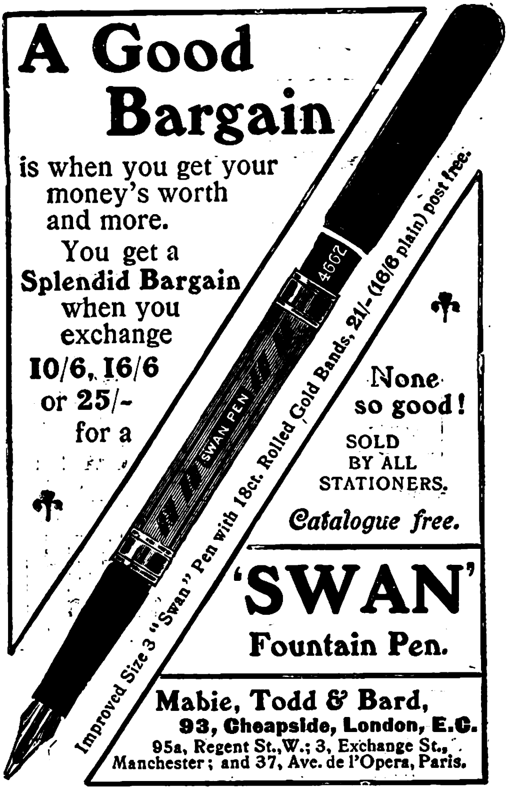

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Improved Size 3 "Swan" Pen with 18ct. Rolled Gold Bands, 21/- (16/6 plain) post free.

None so good!

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Catalogue free.

'SWAN' Fountain Pen.

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UNSHRINKABLE UNDERWEAR.

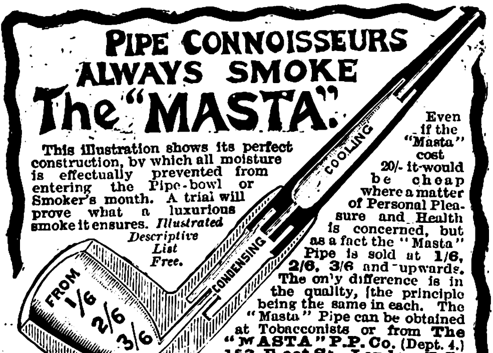
QUARANTEED ALL WOOL.

TRADE MARK THE WOLSEY UNSHRINKABLE

WOLSEY Garments never shrink, and as a proof of good faith, the Manufacturers will replace, free of charge, any garment shrunk in washing.

For Men, Women, and Childrens' wear, in all sizes, Qualities, and Prices.

Of all Drapers, Hosiers, and Outfitters.



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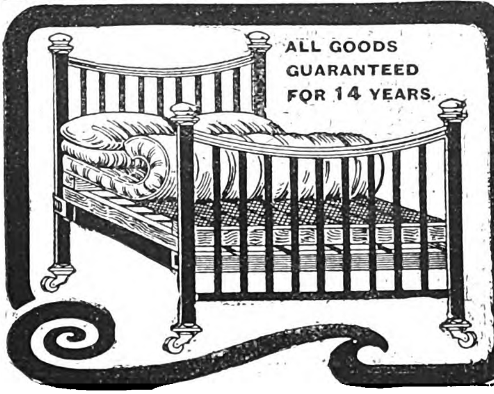
Even if the "Masta" cost 20/- it would be cheap where a matter of Personal Pleasure and Health is concerned, but as a fact the "Masta" Pipe is sold at **1/6, 2/6, 3/6** and upwards. The only difference is in the quality, (the principle being the same in each. The "Masta" Pipe can be obtained at Tobacconists or from **The "MASTA" P.P. Co.** (Dept. 4.) **153, Fleet St., London, E.C.**



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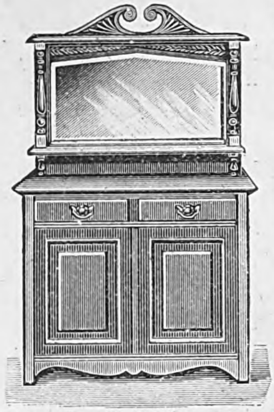
The Globe Furnishing Company supply thoroughly up-to-date, substantial, and artistic Furniture at first cost, and on your own terms. Simply tell us what you want and it is sent Carriage Paid direct to your nearest Railway Station. Here are one or two specimens of value.



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CASH £5 5s.
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10s. 6d. down, and **10** monthly payments of **10s. 6d.** or **21** payments of **5s. 6d.**

OUR SPECIAL BEDROOM SUITE
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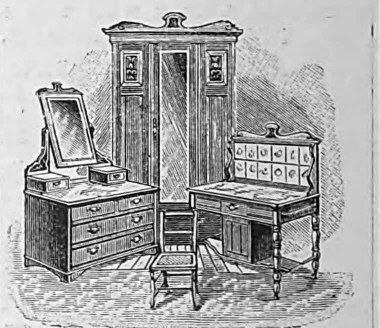
or **CREDIT**—
£1 1s. down, and **10** Monthly payments of **£1 1s.**; or **21** payments of **10s. 6d.**



The "Malvern" Sideboard, 3ft. 6in. wide, contains two separate cupboards and two drawers of convenient size and more than usual depth. British crystal bevelled reflecting mirror, 34in. by 18in. Carved in relief, Doric spindles, and full length shelf for display of china. Top heavily moulded, and the drawers and doors are also nicely moulded. Soundly made in Walnut, Oak, and Mahogany, and lined with White Poplar, **solid throughout,** no veneers or facings used, finished with good quality locks and brasswork.

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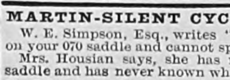
Every woman who through sickness or worry or any other cause lacks the natural development of bust, can easily regain a perfect figure by a new and remarkable treatment that quickly enlarges the bust to full proportion. Mrs. Andrews writes:—"Am fully satisfied with using Diano. My chest measurement has increased six inches. My general health has much improved." Miss Moreton writes:—"Diano acting splendidly, already developed two inches." Mrs. Crook writes:—"Diano has had wonderful effect, bosoms are getting quite full." Miss Gould writes:—"My figure is perfectly developed by Diano. Shall not require any more." These ladies have intimated their pleasure to give their experience to others (full address will be given to *bona fide* applicants). *It is a home treatment* that any lady can easily use in her private apartments, and is guaranteed to give the desired result without the slightest inconvenience. By sending your name and address to LADY MANAGER, A.T. ESPANOLA MEDICINE CO. (Dept. 109), 203a, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W., you will receive FREE full description of this remarkable method which will enable you to attain perfect bust development at home at a very slight expense. The description is mailed to you free in a perfectly plain and sealed envelope and you should have no hesitancy in writing. You will be delighted to learn how easily and surely the bust can be developed, and it will pay you to write to-day. Don't neglect to do so.

"The desire to possess beauty is keenest where refinement is strongest."



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More than Half Million Sold.

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Purest of the Pure.
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J. Mackintosh Ld. The Toffee Mills, Halifax.
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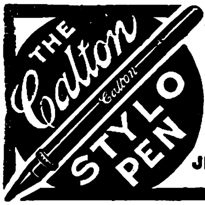

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A Sovereign can command much.

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I hear you. I can hear now as well as anybody."—
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I've a pair in my ears now, but you can't see 'em—they're invisible.
I wouldn't know I had 'em in myself, only that I hear all right."

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We ask the readers of this magazine to remember that this offer is made by a firm with nineteen years' reputation in the City of London. We desire that every sufferer should wear this marvellous Belt and test its healing virtues for thirty days, as we are certain that it will cure and that the wearer after the month's trial will then prefer to keep rather than return the belt. Pamphlets, testimonials, &c., sent post free. Do not fail to write at once, sending particulars of your case, and remember that, after giving the Belt a trial, if you are not perfectly satisfied, return it to us; it costs you nothing to try it.

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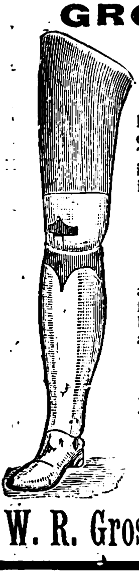

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ASTHMA,

CHRONIC BRONCHITIS, **SHORTNESS of BREATH, Emphysema, Blood-Spitting, Hay Fever,** and OTHER LUNG COMPLAINTS.

BECAUSE ! ! the usual treatments only confine themselves to combating single symptoms, instead of attacking the root of the disease.

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ABSOLUTE LASTING CURE.

Sufferers will receive, Post Free,

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Particulars of the famous WEIDHAAS HOME TREATMENT when applying to THE PAUL WEIDHAAS HYGIENIC INSTITUTE, 16 T P., Buckingham-road, Brighton.

Mr. Weidhaas has tried the treatment on himself after having been given up as incurable, and cured himself, and had then practised it for over 19 years in many thousands of Special Cases. Many having suffered for over 40 years have been cured by his treatment (in some instances even at the age of 70 or 80 years), after having been GIVEN UP AS INCURABLE.

No interference with daily occupation. Send description of complaint, and mention if you suffer from COLD FEET.

Read the following Testimonial, one out of thousands received:

ASTHMA AND BRONCHITIS CURED.

Mrs. CHAPPLE.
(From a Photo.)

I cannot forbear expressing to you my very best thanks for the cure of my painful Asthma and Bronchitis, accompanied with singing, whistling, rattling noises in the chest. I had taken all remedies which were prescribed for me, but without success. I had no rest at night. I had to sit in bed and gasp for breath, and cough continually. I thought I should suffocate. I could get no relief from doctors. They said it was chronic. In fact, I never expected to walk again. I feel I cannot be too thankful for the direction of Providence which led me to Mr. Weidhaas' treatment, by which I have the pleasure of saying I can walk, eat, drink, sleep—in fact, do anything. The first time I went out after I had commenced the treatment was in the frost and snow, and I am most happy to say I have had no return of Asthma since.

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(Full Address on application.)

NOTE.—Quite recently Mrs. Chapple wrote to a person who made inquiries of her about the treatment as follows: "I assure you I cannot speak highly enough of the cure, for mine was a fight to live. I tried everything anyone would tell me of, but I got no better till I saw Mr. Weidhaas' treatment. I sent to him, and very thankful I am that I did so; I was soon better and soon well, and it is three years ago, and I have had no return. I assure you the treatment is very simple."

The Director is prepared to pay

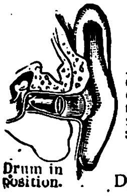
☛ **£1000** ☚

to any Charitable Institution if the above is not a genuine extract from the patient's own letter. The original may be seen at The Paul Weidhaas Hygienic Institute by any *bona fide* inquirers.

CURABLE

DEAFNESS

and Head Noises relieved by using
WILSON'S COMMON-SENSE EAR DRUMS.



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1/- **1/-**

We guarantee these teapots to be **Real Silver** Electroplated on pure white metal, holding 2½ pints. If you want one, write to us without delay, and send us **1s.** (P.O. or stamps) for one of our Beautiful Presentation Real Silver-Plated Teaspoons. Our **Free-Gift Teapots** are catalogued at **20s.** each, but in order to get your custom and circulate our Price Lists we will send you one **FREE** if you take advantage of our marvellous offer, which we send. After you receive our Beautiful Teapot—a veritable work of the silversmith's art—we shall expect you to show it to your friends and call their attention to this advertisement. Colonial orders 1s. extra.

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ALARMING MEDICAL REPORT ON DEAFNESS.

At a late meeting of the Otological Society, an eminent aurist made the startling report that out of 1000 school children he found 520 afflicted by defective hearing. Another medical man also stated that he had detected a similar proportion of deaf children out of 200 examined in a Liverpool school. With such an alarming proportion of deaf people growing up in our midst, it is most important to call public attention to the necessity for detecting the beginning of defective hearing. The medical profession in general are doing all they can in this direction, but it has remained for the Drouet Institute to sweep away the scientific verbiage with which aurists have surrounded the investigation of ear diseases, and to give publicity to a description, in plain words, of simple tests of the hearing that enable anyone to detect the slightest degree of Deafness. This description, with much valuable information on the prevention of ear diseases, the care of the ears, and opinions on the curability of deafness, have been embodied by the Drouet Institute in the *Journal for the Deaf*, which is issued quarterly.

This publication, which is devoted entirely to the interests of those who are afflicted by deafness, or by any diseases of the ear, nose, or throat, can be obtained free by post by addressing the Secretary, Drouet Institute, 72, Regent's Park Road, Primrose Hill, N.W. The *Journal* also describes a Method of Treating Deafness by external application that has been repeatedly successful in curing ear diseases, and in restoring hearing in cases pronounced incurable by the usual aural treatment.

In fact, the continued success of this method has led to the publication of a "Supplement" to the *Journal*, which gives a monthly record of the cases cured by the Institute. These reports show that during the first quarter (January, February, and March) of this year 103 cases were cured, while the records for April, May, and June each contain upwards of forty cured cases.

Those who are interested in knowing how to apply this method will find that each *Journal* is accompanied by a Patient's Report Form, which enables anyone to receive full particulars as to the use of the treatment at home. Any advice by correspondence is absolutely free.

FREE TO THE RUPTURED

JAMES COLE.

Holdich Street,
Midland Road,
Peterborough,
December 16th, 1901.

Dr. Rice.

Dear Sir,

It gives me great pleasure to bear testimony as to the efficacy of your treatment for your cure of Rupture. Mine was a bad rupture, and when I saw your advertisement in the paper I felt rather doubtful as to a permanent cure; but I am thankful that I tried it, and am glad to say that I do not feel anything of it now. It was just the treatment I wanted, and I have not been disappointed, as it has quite cured me. I shall be glad if I can be helpful to any of my fellow sufferers by telling them of your remedy for Rupture, and you are at liberty to use this letter in any way you think best to induce others afflicted with rupture to avail themselves of your valuable remedy.

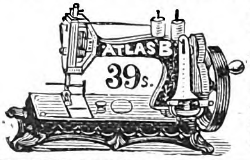
Very gratefully yours—JAMES COLE.

I publish this letter, with Mr. Cole's permission, to show that Rupture can be cured. To more fully introduce this method, I will send in a plain sealed package, a sample of the treatment, a book explaining the method, and a list of cures.

Address all letters to

Dr. W. S. RICE,
229, STONECUTTER ST., LONDON, E.C.

"ATLAS" LOCKSTITCH MACHINE 39s.



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To ensure satisfaction, machine sent on receipt of 5s. P.O. for One Month's Trial. If desired can be paid **5s. Monthly**. Write for terms, designs, samples of work.

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182E, High St., Camden Town, London; or 63, Seven Sisters Rd.; and 14, High Rd., Kilburn.

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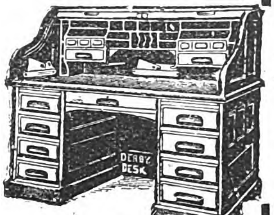
Gives Unqualified Satisfaction.



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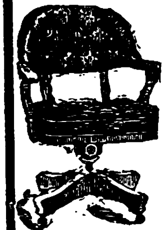
Elegance,
Convenience,
Durability,

Are all combined in the

Globe-Wernicke Roll-Top Desks,

which are the finest in the world.



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Free.—Any reader of THE ROYAL can have one of our Handsome Illustrated No. 90 Catalogues on application.

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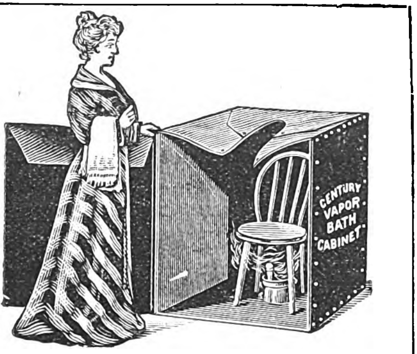

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for taking **TURKISH** (Hot Air or Vapour) **BATHS** at home for 1½d. each. Opens the millions of pores and draws out the poisons which cause disease. Thousands enjoy

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weekly. It Beautifies Complexion, Prevents Disease, Cures Colds, Fevers, Rheumatism, Influenza, and all Blood, Skin, Kidney and Nerve Troubles. **GUARANTEED.** 30 days' trial. **7s. 6d. BOOK FREE TO BUYERS.**

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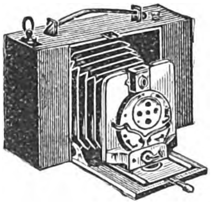

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions, whether literary or pictorial, and, where stamps are enclosed, will make every endeavour to ensure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he can not hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

Cases for the first three half-yearly Volumes of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE are now ready, and can be obtained at the Publishing Office, price 1/- each, or post free 1/2.

Bound Volumes of the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth six months are ready, 4/- each, post free, 4/6.

The original drawings in this Number are on sale on application to the Editor.

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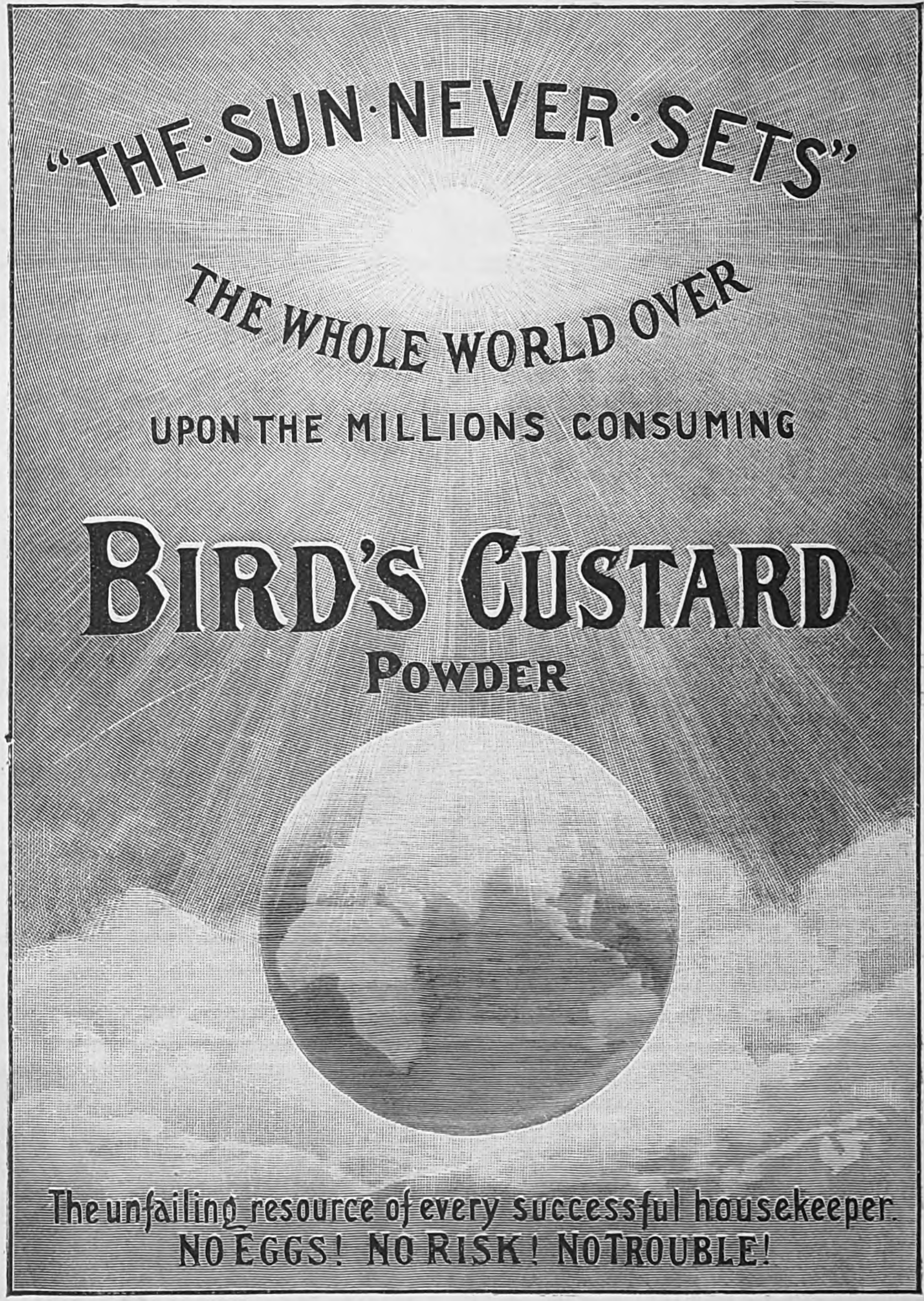
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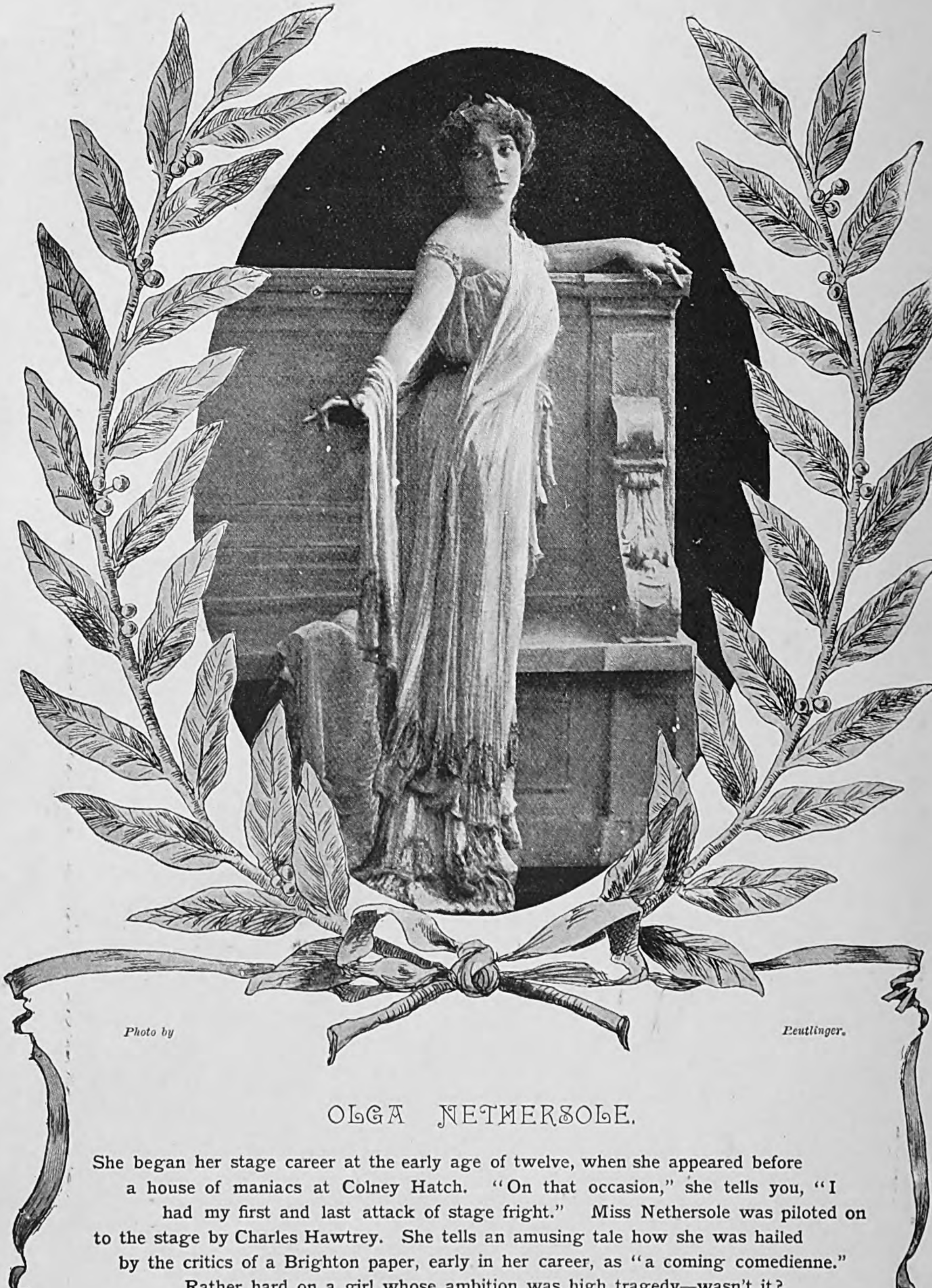

Photo by *Reutlinger.*

OLGA NETHERSOLE.

She began her stage career at the early age of twelve, when she appeared before a house of maniacs at Colney Hatch. "On that occasion," she tells you, "I had my first and last attack of stage fright." Miss Nethersole was piloted on to the stage by Charles Hawtrey. She tells an amusing tale how she was hailed by the critics of a Brighton paper, early in her career, as "a coming comedienne." Rather hard on a girl whose ambition was high tragedy—wasn't it?

From the Stalls.

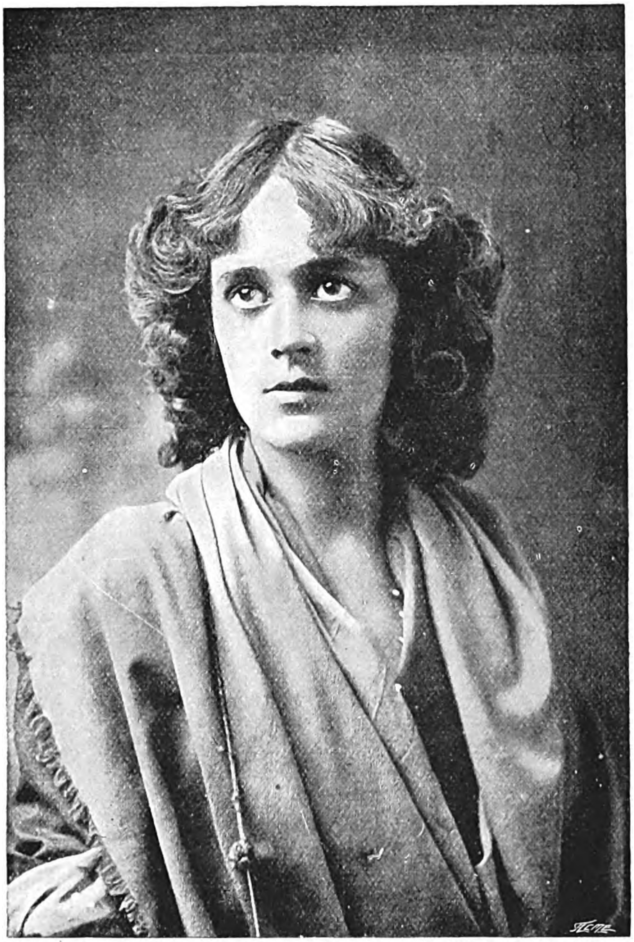

Photo by *Ellis & Walery.*

HILDA ANTHONY.

A bright, breezy little lady of barely sixteen summers, hailing from Santiago, in South America. She has been on the stage only a year, but knows a good deal about things theatrical. She is musical on both sides of her family, and sings very prettily. Did you see her in "Bluebell"? She was charming. We wish you luck, pretty Miss Hilda!

Vol. VIII.—September, 1902.—No. 47.

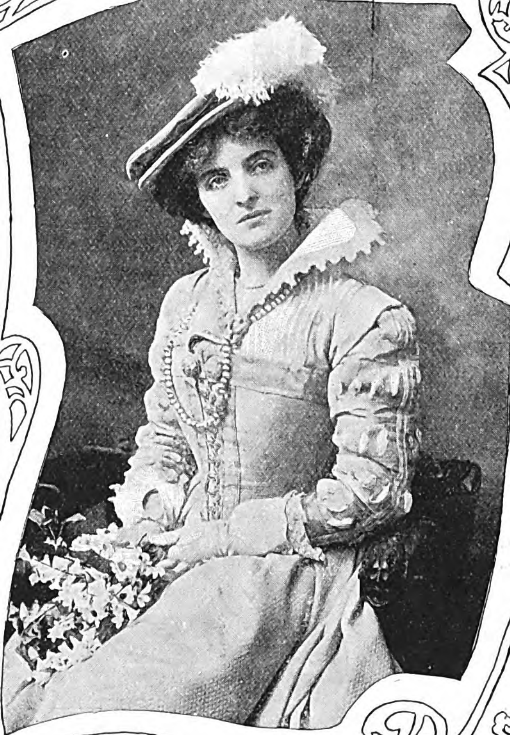

Photo by *Ellis & Walery.*

AGNES FRASER.

Savoy stars are always brilliant lights, and Agnes Fraser nobly keeps up their good reputation. Pretty, piquant, and fresh, her sweet voice goes straight to the hearts of all who hear her. She hails "frae the land o' the Leal," like many another sweet singer, and has come to the front quickly, where she will stay, we may be assured. A charming companion and a delightful talker.

A Richly Earned Reward.

By Gertie de S. Webster.

The pavement-artist sighed.

He felt that acutely inflamed sunsets and anatomically impossible race-horses were beginning to pall, and that if the pale wife and half-dozen pale babies were to be fed more than once a day he must find fresh field for artistic inspiration.

Kneeling forward on one leg and resting upon the stump of the other he slowly erased the "Eddystone Lighthouse before a Storm" with hands that were numb and blue with cold.

Just as he was wearily wondering whether the portrait of an eyeglass and an orchid, or a church in a snowstorm would appeal to the jaded public taste, a carriage drew up in front of the library which was situated only a few feet away from his "studio."

The eye of the pavement-artist brightened, though his face immediately donned an additional mask of ostentatious gloom and despair, and the remaining portion of his severed limb was quickly placed in an attitude of pathetic prominence.

The occupants of the carriage—two women clad in the fur and velvet winter livery of the rich—entered the library, followed by a footman carrying a pile of books, whose weirdly grotesque bindings, rough paper and wide margins testified to the impressionist tastes of the reader.

After about ten minutes they reappeared and then the pavement-artist emitted a hollow cough.

It was effectual; the ladies looked round; while the younger one, with a kindly smile touching the corners of her pathetically drooping lips, left her companion and spoke to the *al fresco* R.A.

"Are you better to-day?" she asked.

It was evident that their acquaintance was one of some standing.

"Yes, mum, thank you kindly, mum, I'm better if it wasn't for the cough as gets wusser every day, and the rheumatiz as seems to be a spreadin' hall hover of me now," he replied.

"I am, oh! I *am* so sorry," and the look on the speaker's face as she dropped half-a-crown into the insinuatingly-placed cap caused the pavement-artist to remember a depicted angel on a stained glass window that he had seen in a church long ago; and in a lower tone he said—

"Thank yer, mum, and bless yer, mum:—this'll mean a rare supper for the missis and the kids, this will . . . It's been a very bad day," he went on, encouraged by the girl's look of interested sympathy "yer see, sometimes, I think the folks is gitting a bit tired of these seas and skies."

"If so they must be very unappreciative, for you do them so cleverly; but if you think that, why not try some fancy pictures—a pretty girl's face for instance?" suggested his patroness.

The idea seemed to please the "path artist," so with a heavier pocket and a lighter heart he sharpened his chalks and recommenced work.

As the two fur-clad women drove homewards the elder hastily scanned her companion's newly-chosen literature.

"Another batch of depressing unrealism, Até?" she said. "As far as I can see there is not a cheerful sentence likely to be found in the entire six volumes. Why this morbid craving for low spirits, my dear?"

Até Servain turned her mournful grey eyes towards the speaker, and with a break in her voice, replied gently:

"Because I find that sad things hurt me less now, Kitty."

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Her friend took her hand with understanding woman-sympathy and was silent for a moment.

After a pause she said:

"How long is it since—since—it was ended?"

"Two months."

"And do you regret it, dear?"

"Regret it! Oh, Kitty, you ask me that when actually my whole being feels—feels *stultified* for the want of him. Regret it! I'd renounce five years of my youth—and that's no small renunciation at twenty-four!—if only there had never been such things as red ties in the world."

"But, dearie," said Mrs. Lorton-Granville—known to her world as "Kitty"—"red ties? I don't understand. Was it about a red tie that you parted?"

"Well, as it is not the red flag that kills the bull, yet it is that which helps him to his doom; so a red tie, without being the ostensible reason of our parting, caused the beginning of the quarrel that now leaves him free to . . . *love other women!* . . . . I will tell *you*, though I don't think I could speak of it to anyone else."

The grey glove again softly patted the white one, and, encouraged by the *suède*-clad sympathy, Até Servain told her story.

"We were walking down the Burlington one day," she began, "when a window, lurid with those bright red ties, caught my eye. I asked Donald to go and buy one, saying how I liked to see a dark man lightened up by a touch of colour. He refused, giving his opinion that the bigger the bounder the brighter the tie. I, who regard the having of one's own way as a feminine perquisite, was annoyed at what seemed to me a petty display of will-assertion, and persisted in my idiotic request till he got vexed and said I ought to have been engaged to an organ-grinder wearing a bandana. Then I replied that—well, so on, and so on. Recrimination followed sarcasm, and before I reached home I was my own property once more! . . . Though, of course, our engagement was ostensibly broken off because we agreed we could not agree, in reality it was on account of—*red ties!*"

"Can you not recall him?" suggested Kitty.

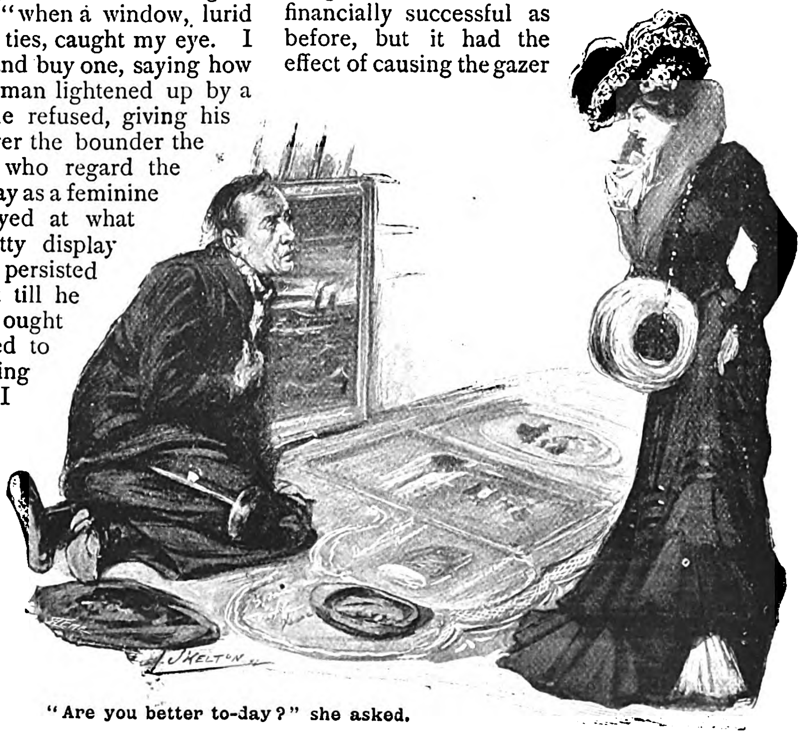
"Oh! yes I—a *woman*—could easily acknowledge that life was intolerable without him—a *man*—and it would be quite possible for me to make the first advances; but women of the Servain family have a different way of looking at such things. As far as I know, he has no desire for a reconciliation, and if he doesn't want me, why I—I don't want him," and sorrow once more bent the white neck that pride had a moment before elevated almost beyond the limits of the sable 'storm' collar.

Mrs. Lorton-Granville sighed, feeling that her sympathy was only equalled by her impotence.

Meanwhile the pavement-artist progressed apace with the new design, and almost unknowingly he discovered that the fresh subject was nothing more or less than an entirely successful portrait of his patroness.

He was just looking at his work with a glow of artistic satisfaction when he observed a tall dark gentleman regarding his latest achievement with unconcealable astonishment and eagerness.

The pavement-artist obtruded the hollow cough, which was not so financially successful as before, but it had the effect of causing the gazer



"Are you better to-day?" she asked.

Até Servain paused to speak to her *protégé* before she entered the library.

"It is warmer to-day, so I hope you——"

The sentence was never finished. The work of the P.A. had cheated him out of his lawful meed of sympathy.

The girl looked up after a moment, during which time the soul had shone from out her eyes on to the pavement.

"Tell me who—who is that?" she half whispered.

"A *commission*, mum," replied the artist, with a certain new dignified professional reserve. ("That red I put on her cheeks the other day warn't a bit too much," he thought.)

"Are you open to accept another?"

"Well, mum, I'm mostly open to accept hanythink."

"Then do you think you could draw my portrait?"

The P.A. hurriedly looked down amongst his chalks before he replied.

"Yuss, mum, I've hevery reason to believe I could," he answered.

"Very well. Could you get it finished by the time I come out of the library, in about a quarter of an hour?"

"Oh, yuss, mum; I did train to be a lightning hartist afore I took up this line. Many's the time I've drawed a pig and an 'ouse, and an old woman with a wash-tub in two minutes. So I bet I can do you, mum. in a quarter of an hour," he said, in a tone of respectful, though slightly patronising, condescension.

For a second the flicker of amusement stole across the girl's face; but only for a second, for other emotions needed a home in her eyes and on her lips. Love and happiness are exigent intruders!

"Well!" she continued. "Draw me as you see me now, with my face turned towards—towards that picture, and I want you to make me holding out my hand towards him so . . . and in it please—please—put—put—a *large dark grey tie!* Also write underneath the words: 'Another sign of submission.' I will look at the portrait when I come out, and I wish you to let it remain until the original of that one comes by again—he will be sure to come—*sure, sure!*"

The pavement-artist worked with a right good will. He did not spare the pains or stint the colours, for, besides regarding the matter from a monetary point of view, there was the element of romance which appealed to the side of him that had lived before the pale wife and pale babies came into his life. That side of him which in his lonely moments still would make itself felt, when the faint tracings of a young country face surrounded by a frame of wild rose would lighten the dull grey flagstones, only to be erased by a tender, rough hand when the dreaming moments were done.

As he put the last touches to the grey tie and added a few abnormally long, though effective, eyelashes, he looked up and discovered that his work was not destined to be long unregarded.

The wearer of the red tie stood in front of him.

"What is that?" he cried, indicating the P.A.'s latest masterpiece.

The man felt the humour of the situation.

"A *commission*, sir," was all he said; but it was enough.

The door of the library opened, and in a moment dark eyes were looking life into grey eyes.

The silence was complete and the understanding entire.

The pavement-artist coughed, and then he realised his first experience of paper-money!

The two originals of the two portraits entered the carriage together, and as the wearer of the red tie took his place beside the sables, the P.A. heard him whisper:

"At last, dear love. . . 'Out of the wilderness into the light.'"

And then they drove away, but not before the P.A. had seen the wonder of her smile.

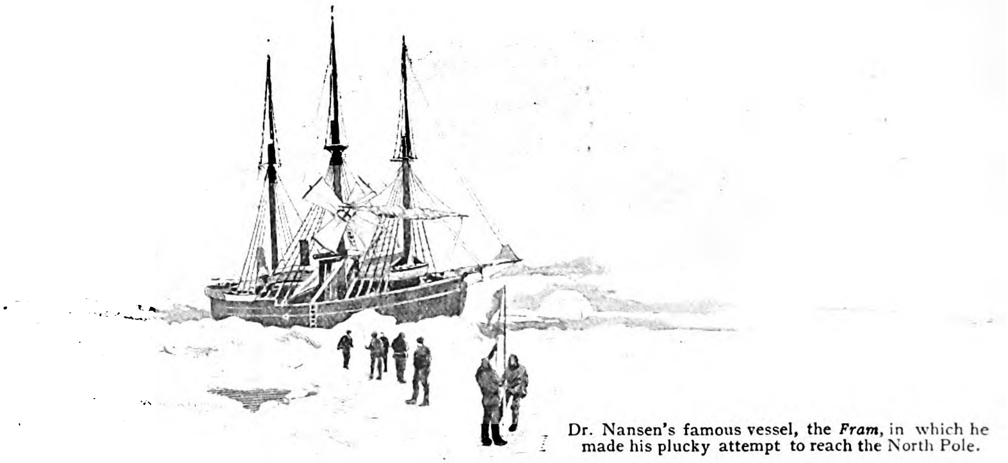
He rubbed his knuckles across his eyes, and then . . . picked the flimsy paper out of the cap.

* * * * *

"Charming wedding!" . . . "Never saw a happier looking bride!" . . . . . "Lovely presents—*only* eleven pairs of fish-carvers!" . . . . . . "Deadly dull hole to spend a honeymoon—they'll be bored to death in a week!" . . . . . . "I liked her travelling dress, and didn't he look *just* splendid in his tweeds?" . . . . . "Yes, but did you notice the atrocity in ties that he was wearing? One half of it was dark grey, and the other bright scarlet . . . . I hope to goodness that's not to be the *dernier cri* masculine neck adornment——I'd give Jack up if he put on such a thing!"

The chief bridesmaid smiled, for she knew of some delicately embroidered words on the portion of the tie hidden beneath the bridegroom's waistcoat; but, although she was a woman, she was discreet, so she wondered in silence as to the meaning of "A sign of dual submission."

Perhaps the P.A. could have enlightened her!



Dr. Nansen's famous vessel, the *Fram*, in which he made his plucky attempt to reach the North Pole.

HOW THE NORTH POLE WILL BE REACHED.

A Bright Article Discussing the Various Ways and Means of Reaching the Top of the World, and the Dangers and Difficulties to be Overcome.

By Marcus Woodward.

Dr. Nansen once explained why it is so important that the North Pole shall soon be discovered—"Because," he said, "when it has once been reached by some one, no one else will try to get there!"

For centuries men have been beckoned to the North by the mystery and the fascination of the Pole—the great unattained object of the world's desire. We want the Pole, we will not be satisfied until we have the Pole. Brave man after brave man we send into the ice and snow to seek it for us, some to return, weak and baffled, long after, with terrible stories to relate, many to return no more.

Hence, the sooner the Pole is reached, the sooner it ceases to be the goal of every Arctic explorer, the better. Science will greet the man who reaches the Pole, not so much because he has found it, but because he has laid it low, as it were, for ever. It must be found eventually—we have tried to find it for ages, and it is beneath man's dignity to give in now—and then the time will come for pure scientific research in the North, for the doing of much work neglected hitherto on account of the Pole's fascination.

And this public nuisance of a North Pole, which thus hinders sober scientific work of vast importance, is likely very soon to be stripped of its charm—for even now it is suffering a vigorous attack from three quarters. It is possible, indeed, that already the North Pole has been discovered, if not by Otto Sverdrup, by Robert Peary, and if not by Peary, by Edward Baldwin, of the Baldwin-Ziegler expedition, all supposed to be in its neighbourhood; and if these three intrepids should fail, there is Captain E. B. Bernier, almost ready to start from Canada, with the best chances of all in his favour.

It may be interesting to discuss the various ways and means by which explorers are attempting to reach the North Pole. There are three main ways—the way of the ice and water around it, the way of the air above it, and the way of the water beneath. The first, the conventional way, has been patronised by the three men at present on the eternal quest. What are their chances?

Captain Otto Sverdrup, who has gone in Nansen's old ship, the *Fram*, is undoubtedly a very good man. He has been gone these four years, out from Christiania, making towards the Pole up along the north-west coast of Greenland, and for three years no word has been heard from him. He is supposed to have gone up through Jones's Sound into the unknown, and doubtless he has been doing valuable work every day.

One of his great objects was to determine how far Greenland extends northwards. In his good ship he was to go as far as he could, and then he was to take to sledges and dogs, reach the North of Greenland, pass over any islands that existed, and, if things seemed in his favour, perhaps to make a dash for the Pole over the drift-ice. Against his chance of reaching the Pole is the fact that he must journey against the stream—that great current that sweeps down from the Siberian to the Greenland side of the Pole.

Sverdrup was fitted out for a five years' expedition, and took about a hundred sledge dogs along with him. He was heard of a year after he left Norway, through Peary's expedition, and things had been against him at the start. His success must depend upon the state of the ice that he encounters, and so no one can prophesy upon his whereabouts at present.

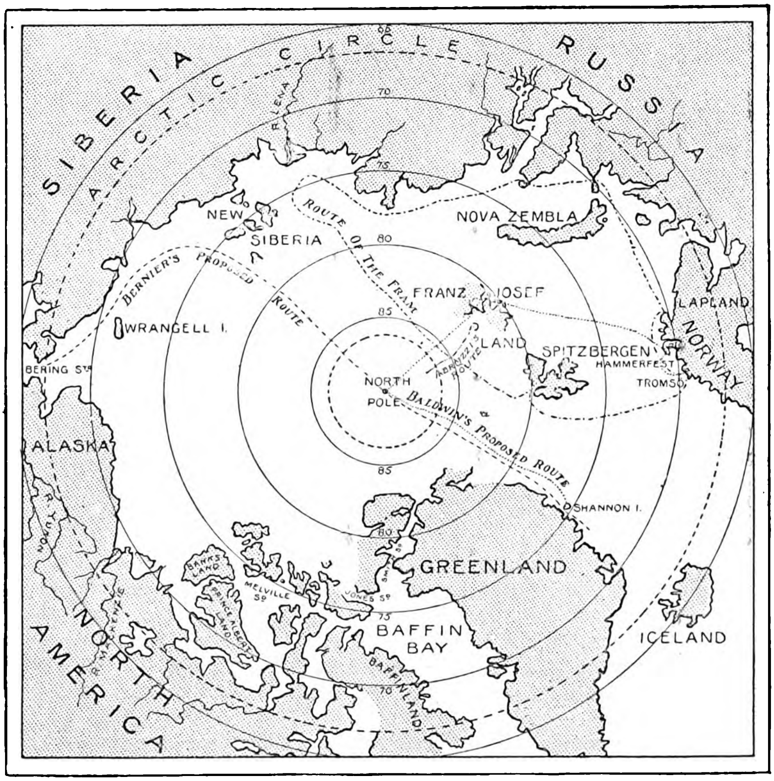
Then as to the famed American, Lieutenant Peary, and his way. He, too, has gone North in a well-proven ship, the *Windward*, of the Jackson - Harmsworth Expedition — he started in the same year as did Sverdrup, and in the same direction, and he met with the same bad ice at first. But his plan of compaign was different, for he intended to trust to Eskimos to help him to the Pole.

Pushing as far north as possible through Smith Sound, he intended to put ashore among the Eskimos of a colony up by Cape York, and to enlist a large number in his service. Then with these trusty, hardy little men, he would push on ever northward, establishing bases of supplies as he went, stage by stage, until there was no longer land; and then, from the last land depôt, to make a bold, swift dash for the Pole.

Not only was the ice so bad that he was forced to pass his first winter on board the *Windward*, but he was attacked by frost-bite, and so badly that seven toes had to be amputated. Nevertheless, he went bravely ahead in the spring, and passed the next winter with his Eskimos, his ship returning meanwhile for new supplies. The *Windward* found him again in the summer, and when later she returned to the States, reported that he had reached a latitude of 83° 0′ 50″.

When last heard of, Peary was going strongly ahead, continuing his work of discovery in Greenland, and pushing steadily onwards. His Eskimo men row his boats, harpoon the walruses, and help him in all manner of ways, while their women-folk cook the food and mend the clothing.

The last out for the North Pole is Mr. Baldwin, who has the advantage of being backed by an American millionaire, Mr.


SIBERIA
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ROUTE OF THE FRAM
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BERNIER'S PROPOSED ROUTE
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LAPLAND
NORWAY
SPITZBERGEN
HAMMERFEST
TROMSO
BERING STR
NORTH POLE
ABRUZZI'S ROUTE
BALDWIN'S PROPOSED ROUTE
ALASKA
SHANNON I.
YUKON
GREENLAND
BANKS LAND
MELVILLE SD
JONES SD
PRINCE ALBERT LAND
MACKENZIE
BAFFIN BAY
ICELAND
BAFFIN LAND
NORTH AMERICA

Map of the Arctic Regions and the North Pole, showing the route which Nansen took in the *Fram*, the Duke of Abruzzi's route, and Baldwin's and Bernier's proposed routes

balloons at various stages of his journey—and to each balloon he will attach a number of the buoys, fastening them to a pendant line, one beneath the other.

When a good wind blows, a balloon will be sent aloft, and will be wafted southwards with its buoys. Eight or ten hours later, leakage of gas will cause the balloon to descend to the ice or water. At once automatically, the lowermost buoy will be released, and the loss of its weight will cause the balloon to bound aloft again.

It will continue its progress for about five hours, dropping at intervals, and releasing a buoy with each contact with the water until the last buoy has been dropped in the polar current, to be eventually picked up, it is hoped, by Arctic whaling or sealing vessels, or even by Transatlantic liners.

Counting on strong winds from the North Mr. Baldwin is confident that he will be able to dispatch news that will reach the civilised world long before he returns himself to tell the story of how he reached the North Pole—for he is utterly determined that nothing shall stop him.

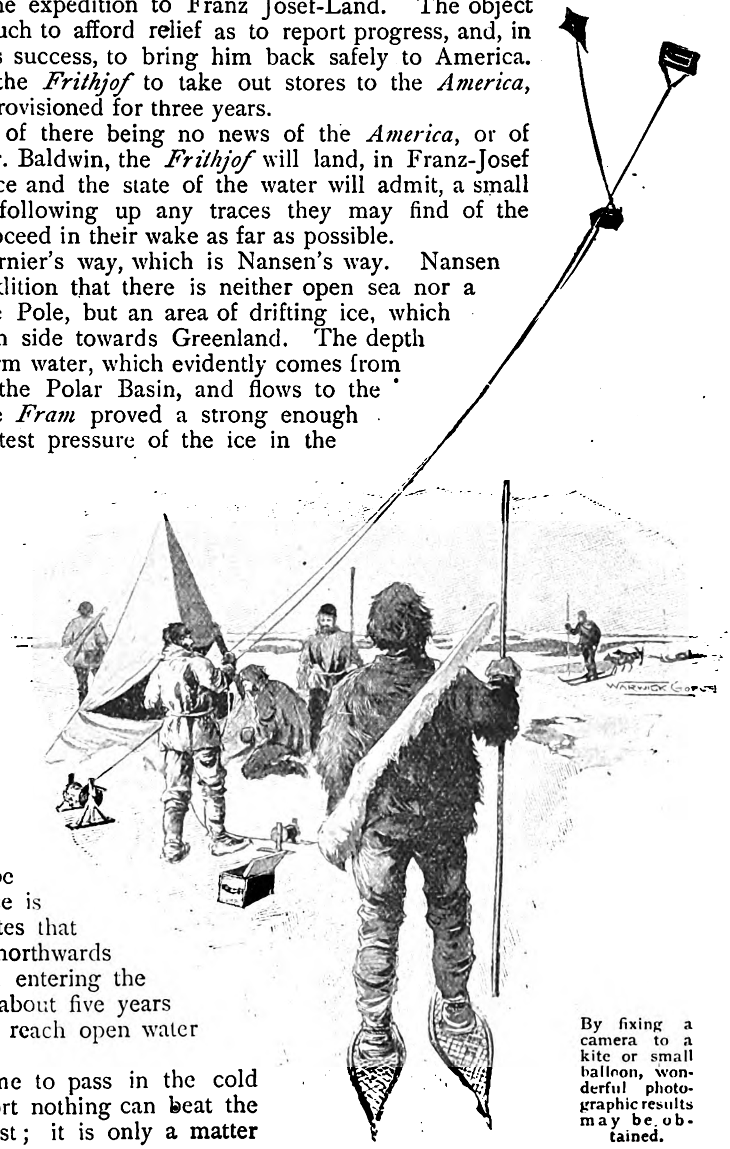
In connection with this expedition is an auxiliary ship, the *Frithjof*, which has already made one expedition to Franz Josef-Land. The object of this journey is not so much to afford relief as to report progress, and, in the event of Mr. Baldwin's success, to bring him back safely to America. There is no necessity for the *Frithjof* to take out stores to the *America*, as the latter vessel is well provisioned for three years.

However, in the event of there being no news of the *America*, or of her plucky commander Mr. Baldwin, the *Frithjof* will land, in Franz-Josef Land, as far north as the ice and the state of the water will admit, a small party of explorers, who, following up any traces they may find of the Baldwin expedition, will proceed in their wake as far as possible.

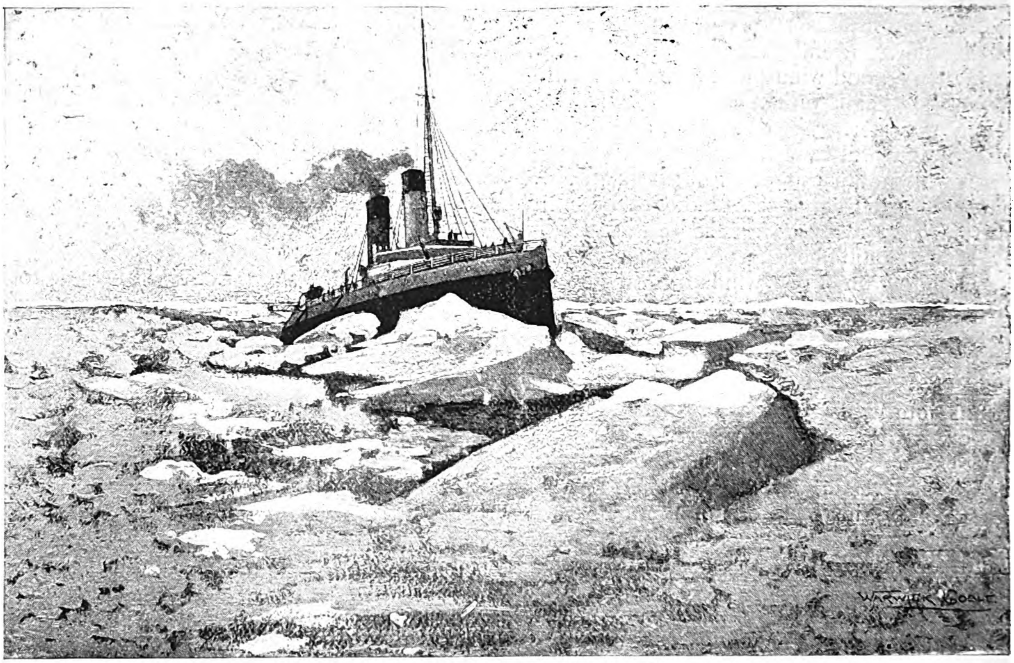
Now as to Captain Bernier's way, which is Nansen's way. Nansen proved by the *Fram* expedition that there is neither open sea nor a firm ice mantle around the Pole, but an area of drifting ice, which is carried from the Siberian side towards Greenland. The depth of this sea is filled with warm water, which evidently comes from the Atlantic, is cooled in the Polar Basin, and flows to the South as cold water. The *Fram* proved a strong enough ship to withstand the greatest pressure of the ice in the Polar Sea. She proved an excellent floating observatory, moreover, and made it clear that nothing can beat a ship as means of scientific exploration at the Pole.

A great deal is to be said for Nansen's method of drifting inclosed in the ice across the Polar Sea. One great point is that it allows the explorer plenty of time to make observations, and long years *must* be spent at the work if science is to benefit. Nansen calculates that it would take a ship, going northwards through Behring Strait, and entering the ice at 170° west longitude, about five years to drift across the Pole, and reach open water by the East of Greenland.

Five years is a long time to pass in the cold north, but as a health resort nothing can beat the Arctic. Germs do not exist; it is only a matter



By fixing a camera to a kite or small balloon, wonderful photographic results may be obtained.



The famous ice-breaker *Ermack*, the strongest vessel in the world, in which Admiral Makaroff will go to the North Pole. She does not ram, but rises on top of the floes that bar her way, and crushes them by her enormous weight.

of caution to avoid scurvy, and a matter of choosing your companions to avoid melancholia. In a five years' drift, with subsequent expeditions with sledge dogs, a great work for science may be accomplished. Geographical knowledge—knowledge concerning the distribution of land and sea, concerning the circulation of the ocean currents, the magnetism of the Polar regions, and the influence of the ice and snow on the Polar atmosphere, which affects our own atmosphere, all this may be acquired.

It is precisely in accordance with these sound theories of Dr. Nansen's that Captain J. E. Bernier, the Canadian explorer, has based his plans for conquering the Pole. He is setting forth from Canada as soon as he has accumulated enough funds, and already he has collected more than £20,000 towards the £30,000 that he considers necessary; and the Canadian Government is behind the enterprise. If anyone should succeed, Captain Bernier is the man whom we may safely back to first set foot upon the mystic spot whence there is only one direction —South—and where time is any hour of the day that one may choose to call it.

This expedition is thoroughly up-to-date—wireless telegraphy is to take a part, and panoramic photographs from a balloon and from kites are to be secured. A photograph of the North Pole would be worth a fortune! On board the special ship that has been built there will be a staff of six trained scientific gentlemen and eight navigating officers. The expedition is to sail far North, as Nansen advocates, until it reaches a sufficiently high point to be intrusted to the ice with a fair hope of being borne by the current across the Pole. After drifting for two years and a half, Captain Bernier says that he will arrive within 100 to 150 miles of the Pole—when a party will leave his ship, and set out over the ice on foot in sledges.

The explorers will always keep in wireless telegraphic touch with the vessel. As they proceed, at distances apart of one mile, they will set up in the ice numbered aluminium tubes, each measuring some 18ft. in length, containing condensed provisions. These are to be so placed that they will act as landmarks, so that the way back to the ship cannot be mistaken.

Captain Bernier himself will remain on board until his advance guard have set up the landmarks and provision stores to a distance within 50 miles of the Pole. Then he will disembark, swoop down on to the Pole, raise his flag, and thus put a final stop to the quest of the mystic spot.

Bernier calculates to be away for four years. By following Nansen's idea of using the natural currents rather than fighting the forces of Nature, he says that he will not only save his strength and make certain of attaining his object, but that he will be able to do a great work in the cause of science at the same time, by the discoveries and observations that he will make as he goes along.

Exactly opposed to this method of reaching the Pole is the scheme advocated by Vice-Admiral Makaroff, of the Russian Imperial Navy—a man whose opinion is worth considering. He is a veteran fighter, and holds that one should fight one's way to the Pole, breaking through the ice and all other obstacles by sheer force. Instead of a ship built to be strong enough only to withstand the ice as she is borne along by it, he would attack the Polar waste with a vessel strong enough to cut her way through a small iceberg!

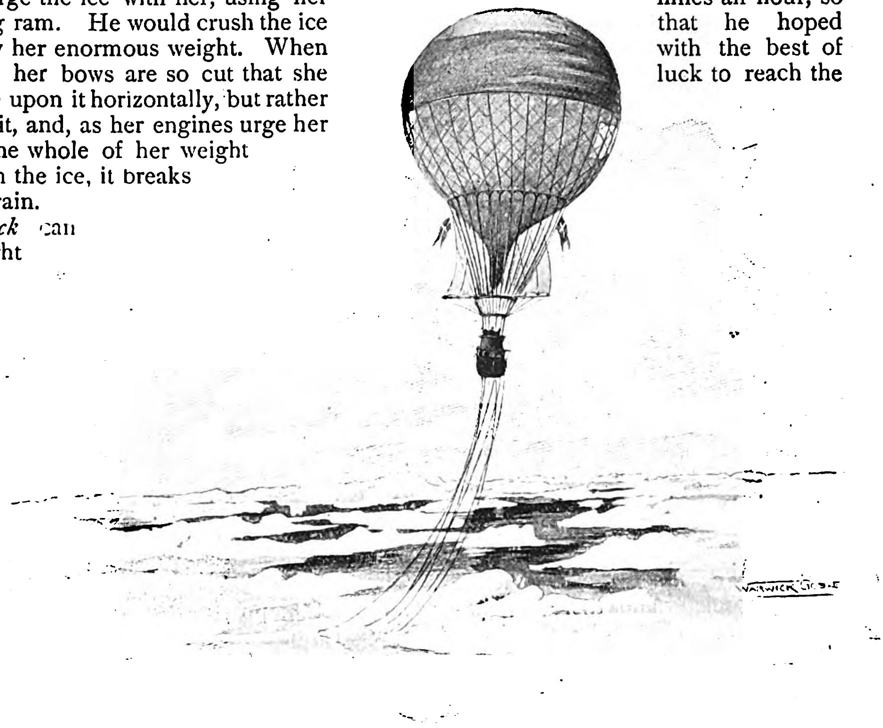
Admiral Makaroff is the commander of the famed ice-breaker, the *Ermack*, the strongest vessel in the world. She is built to be practically unbreakable in any part, and her propellers could be brought against any obstruction at full speed without being damaged. But her commander would not attempt to charge the ice with her, using her like a battering ram. He would crush the ice beneath her by her enormous weight. When she meets ice her bows are so cut that she does not come upon it horizontally, but rather rises up upon it, and, as her engines urge her forward, and the whole of her weight is thrown upon the ice, it breaks beneath the strain.

The *Ermack* can bring a weight of more than 900 tons to bear on the ice. Tested once in the vast ice fields to the north of Spitzbergen, she crashed her way through ridges rising 20 feet above the surface. She caused great areas of ice to tremble, as though shaken by an earthquake—strips of ice measuring a mile across, and weighing thousands of tons, were broken off beneath the shock of her charges, to drift slowly away. She demonstrated, in fine, that with her great strength of frame she could withstand any pressure that the Arctic ice is capable of bringing to bear upon her, and that she could make a way for herself through the thickest ice in the Arctic regions.

If Admiral Makaroff were to set out for the Pole in the *Ermack*, as he hopes some day to do, there can be little doubt that the Pole would meet its conqueror.

It is likely to be many years before anyone is foolhardy enough to attempt to balloon to the Pole, after poor Andrée's example. When we can fly from London to St. Petersburg and back, it will be time enough to think of reaching the Pole by way of the upper air.

On paper, Andrée's theories about ballooning to the Pole sounded plausible enough. Taking advantage of the first southerly wind that arose at his starting point on Amsterdam Island, he was to float up to the North, never rising more than 500ft. from the surface. A good wind would carry the balloon at twenty miles an hour, so that he hoped with the best of luck to reach the

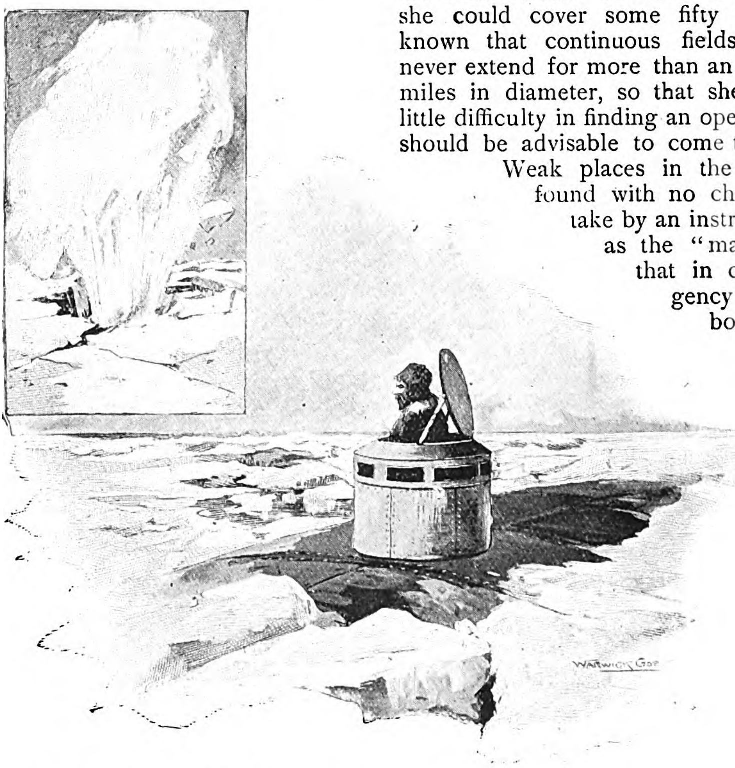


Andrée's luckless balloon.

Pole in about forty hours, and arrive in Siberia or Behring Strait in a week—but more probably in about three weeks. Food supplies were carried for a voyage of 120 days, and it seemed that every possible contingency had been prepared for. Upwards of one hundred special inventions had been designed to meet all emergencies.

And so Andrée started, full of hope—to become another martyr to the cause.

Provided that the wind blew propitiously, and all things were in the sky-voyager's favour, in no way could the North Pole be reached more swiftly than by way of the air. The next quickest route would be by way of the sea beneath the ice, and this route is very shortly to be attempted.



Herr Anschütz-Kämpfe, of Munich, will sally forth in a submarine boat to reach the North Pole. By means of a "manometer," weak spots in the ice can be ascertained and, in case of emergency, an open space may be made by blasting through the ice.

The idea of reaching the Pole by means of a submarine boat passing under the ice was put forward in Sweden some years ago, and has now been revived by Herr Anschütz-Kämpfe, of Munich, who has had a special vessel built by German engineers. The idea was recently discussed by the Vienna Geographical Society, and there certainly seems to be a great deal to be said in its favour.

The Munich expert thinks, from personal observation, that the maximum depth of the pack-ice may be taken at 80 feet, while the average thickness does not exceed 16 to 20 feet. Land ice, in the form of icebergs, he leaves out of consideration, as it is practically absent from the seas where he is to explore; while reefs of rock rising towards the surface are not likely to be encountered, so beneath the ice he hopes to find a clear way to the Pole for his submarine.

The boat will be able to descend for 160 feet, where it will be out of the reach of cold, storms, and ice pressure. She can be submerged with safety for fifteen hours, in which time, even if she only steamed at the modest rate of three knots an hour, she could cover some fifty miles. It is known that continuous fields of pack-ice never extend for more than an area of three miles in diameter, so that she should have little difficulty in finding an opening when it should be advisable to come to the surface. Weak places in the ice can be found with no chance of mistake by an instrument known as the "manometer," so that in case of emergency a way for the boat might be blasted through the ice with little difficulty.

There is room for sufficient air in the ship to last five men for fifteen hours. Motive power is supplied by petroleum, of which 150 tons will be carried—ten times the quantity needed to propel the ship for the 500 mile journey from Spitzbergen to the Pole.

The bold explorer's idea is to have his submarine towed to Spitzbergen, and then to steam polewards on board until the pack-ice is reached. The direction of the first open water will be taken, if possible, by compass. The boat will be submerged, and a course will be steered for the opening. When the light shows that this has been reached, the engines will be stopped, and the boat will rise to the surface by its own buoyancy.

If the channel leads Polewards, she will continue her voyage on the surface as far as possible—diving beneath again as soon as ice is met. After journeying for five or six hours, if there seems no chance of finding another opening, the submarine will be made to ascend to the lower surface of the ice, where a small hole will be blasted, in a thin place, which will allow her to take in another fifteen hours' supply of fresh air; and the journey will be resumed.

Whether they reach the Pole or not, the members of the Munich exploring party will certainly have a great story to tell when they return from their bold attempt. And what a sigh of relief the world would heave if they should reach it! What rejoicings there would be—what undying honour for the voyagers!

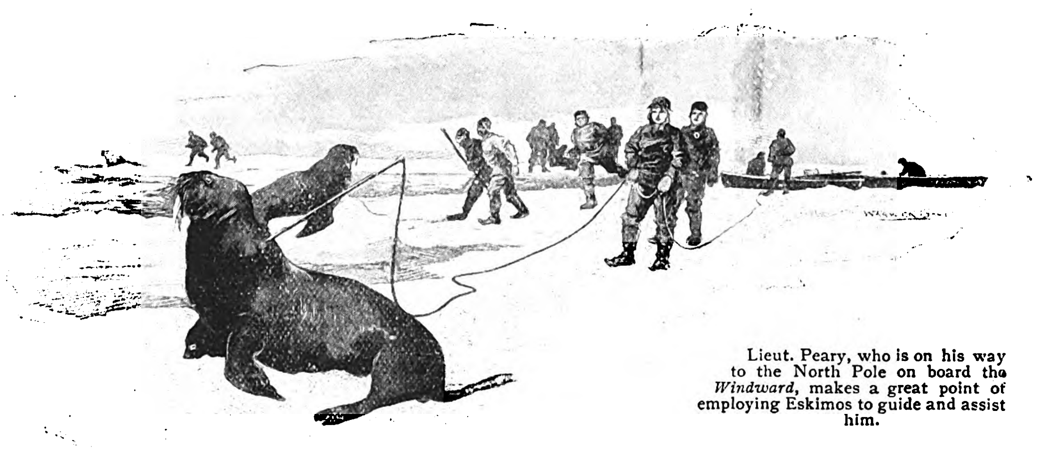
There are no such adventurous stories told as those of the Arctic explorers—none with a romance that appeals more strongly to man's imagination. As the struggles of Sir John Franklin, fifty odd years ago, to discover the unknown North-west Passage, made him the greatest hero of his time, so to-day the fights of Nansen, of Abruzzi, who holds the Farthest North record, of Peary, of Andrée, have made their names among the most famous of the age.

The North Pole—the coldness, the whiteness, the silence of the region fascinates, holds the imagination. It is the most mysterious spot in the world—Nature's grand secret. In all ages men have sought to solve the riddle.

For it is a mistake to suppose that Polar exploration is anything new. The old historians relate how King Alfred the Great sent out an expedition to discover the top of the world. Then there are the wonderful stories of Pytheas, the ancient Greek mariner. Exactly how far north he sailed is not known—but he must have got far up into the Arctic regions, for he relates his terror at finding that the sun refused to set. Thoroughly alarmed, he hurried still further North—only to find that now the sun refused to rise! According to his own story, he discovered, if not the north Pole, at any rate the end of the world—for he came to a wall which ran around the world's edge, to prevent people falling off!

With our superior wisdom, we can understand what puzzled old Pytheas. We know that a day in the North Pole is six months long, and a night is six months—that the sun is seen from March to September, and from September to March is seen no more. Also we know what was the wall that he saw—nothing more or less than one of those great black banks of fog—"frost smokes" as they are called—that settle on the ice, having often a face as clearly cut as a brick-wall's.

But with all our knowledge, all our science, we do not know any more than he did where lies the world's top; so that if all methods fail—if we cannot walk to the Pole, sail to the Pole, fly there in balloons, or steam there in submarine boats—we shall have to set our ingenuity to work to devise some other method that shall put an end to the great quest.



Lieut. Peary, who is on his way to the North Pole on board the *Windward*, makes a great point of employing Eskimos to guide and assist him.

WHEN I WAS YOUNG!

Maisie Tells the Story of her Important Interview with Uncle William.

BY OWEN OLIVER.

One day, when the rector called, I filled his hat with water to make a bath for dolly!

WHEN I was young, I did what I wasn't told. (*Shakes her head.*) Now I am eight! It is nice to be old and good, of course; but I can't help laughing at the things I did when I was little.

(*Confidentially.*) I must have been a dreadful child! One day, when the rector called, I filled his hat with water to make a bath for dolly! Another day I made a boat of dada's umbrella. It looked almost real, with a towel on the handle for a sail; only it broke when I sat in it. Then I tied great Aunt Jane's curls to Carlo's tail when they were both asleep. You see, I thought she would get up and walk off with Carlo; but Carlo got up first and—and—(*trying not to smile*) ran off with her—her curls, I mean. Then I tobogganed down the stairs in a tea-tray. At least I was in it when we started. Afterwards I went on by myself. (*Impressively.*) That was when I made up my mind to grow good.

I can get into mischief at Aunt Lucy's just the same as at home.

"My name is Maisie Lester."

I had not finished growing good when I knew Uncle William first. They did not mean me to know him, 'cause I heard mamma talking to dada.

"There is no telling what the child will say next. I shall send her to Lucy's, so that she can't get into mischief." (*With amusement.*) I can get into mischief at Aunt Lucy's just the same as at home; but she does not tell them.

They did not expect Uncle William till Tuesday. On Monday afternoon mamma went to meet dada. As soon as she was gone I crept into the drawing-room. (*Apologetically.*) I wanted to play "at homes" with the afternoon tea things, 'cause they're all crinkley and pretty. By-and-by Sarah showed a gentleman in to wait for mamma; and I hid behind the curtains, 'cause some of the handles had fell off.

I peeped round the corner, and he was tall and stout and old, and had a red face and no hair on the top of his head; and he saw me with his spectacles, so I came out, and he said:—

"Hulloa! Who are you?"

"My name is Maisie Lester." (*Bows politely.*) "What is your name?"

"William Harding."

"Mamma's name used to be Harding, but

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dada changed it when he married her." (*Inquiringly.*) "Why doesn't nobody marry you?"

He said he did not know.

"I 'specks it's 'cause your hair doesn't grow on top. Why doesn't it?"

He said he was borned like it, so I asked why he didn't buy some; but he did not know that either!

(*Rebukingly.*) "You don't know a lot of things," I told him; but he 'splained it was a long time since he went to school; and I said I went to Miss Jones, and learnt a dreadful lot of lessons, and mamma said it was quite select, and he asked—

"What's two and two at your school?"

(*Promptly.*) "Four."

"Only four! At a select school like that! Why they make four of it at free schools."

(*Puzzled.*) I counted it on my fingers, but could not make it any more; but I 'spected Miss Jones could. Then he asked what sums I did, so I said:—

"Farthings."

"You mean compound additions?"

"No-o. (*Hesitatingly.*) It's farthings, and—money. You add them up."

"You don't know a lot of things."

I counted it on my fingers.

"This is Martha."

He laughed a great deal. (*Scornfully.*) Grown up people seem to laugh at nothing! So I was 'fended (*tosses her head*) and went and played with my dolls, and sat them up to tea. The gentleman asked what I called them.

"This is Martha, and this is Uncle William." (He was a nigger doll with pretty striped clothes; but his hat was lost and one eye.)

"Uncle William? Who's he?"

"An old bachelor." He looked s'prised.

"What is an old bachelor?"

"A cross man who doesn't like little girls. They're going to send me to Aunt Lucy's when he comes, 'cause I say things."

"Oh!" he said. "*Are* they? And they call him a cross old bachelor, do they?"

"Mother says he's nice; but (*emphatically*) he isn't!"

"How do you know?"

"'Cause he wouldn't like me."

The gentleman took me up on his knee and said he 'spected he would if he knew me. So I said "Do you?" and he said "Yes." Then he stroked my hair and called me "Millicent's child!"

"No, I'm not," I said. "I'm mamma's girl, and dada's angel. Sometimes he calls me a witch, but I'm not, 'cause I tried to fly off the greenhouse on the broom, and (*aggrieved*) only fell in the currant bushes and scratched myself."

So (*with satisfaction*) he 'greed I wasn't a witch; and he wanted us to play with my dolls, so I showed him how to.

"Have you caught a cold?"

"We'll play Martha is mamma, and Uncle William is cross with her, 'cause she's going to marry the footstool—that's dada, you know. (*Persuasively.*) Will you lend me your handkerchief to make the rector to marry them?"

(*Enthusiastically.*) I made a *lovely* rector out of the tea-urn and his handkerchief, and we had the tea-tray for a carriage to fetch them to church, but Uncle William wouldn't let mamma come."

"You haven't said 'Bless you, my children!'"

"Make him stamp his foot and look rididdleous! Like this. (*Imitates.*) That's what he does when he's cross."

So he made Sambo — I mean Uncle William — stamp at Martha, who was mamma. His foot came off and that made us laugh very much. But he would not make him beat mamma, like I told him to.

"I don't fancy her uncle used to beat her. Did your mamma tell you so?"

"No, but (*in an awed whisper*) he cut her dreadfully."

"Cut her!" he said very loud. "Nonsense."

"He did—with a shilling."

"Oh! Ah-h! Cut her off with a shilling, you mean?"

"Yes. Have you got a sharp one to cut Martha with? (*Airily.*) Never mind. A penknife will do."

So I pretended to be playing with my dolls.

But he hadn't a penknife either. So I did it with the paper knife, and made her cry, till the footstool came along. We pulled it with a string and said: "What are you crying for, mother?" And she said (*in an assumed squeaky voice*): "Uncle William's cut me with a shilling. Please put some plaster on it and take me to the fender"—that was the church—"and marry me quick."

The gentleman did not think that was what she said; but he took them to church in the tea-tray; and I put Uncle William in prison in the coal-box, so he couldn't run after them, and had the poker for a policeman; and mamma came to ask him to let Uncle William out, 'cause she used to love him.

(*In a gruff voice.*) "Love him? Did she?"

(*Sympathetically.*) "Have you caught a cold?"

"Why did she love him?"

"'Cause he was good to her when she was little." (*Doubtfully.*) "I 'speck she loves him now, don't you?"

He blewed his nose, and rubbed his spectacles, and said perhaps *he* loved *her*; but I said he didn't, 'cause he hadn't forgived her ever since; and mamma and dada always forgived me d'rec'ly (*solemnly*), even if I was ever so naughty, and had to be put in the corner! He said we had better put Uncle William in the corner, 'cause the coal-box was dirty. We had a chair in front of him to make believe it was the police-station.

Then we took mamma to the fender and the tea-urn married her to the footstool and we threw dada's slippers after them. The one I threw broke a vase; but the nice gentleman thought mamma would think *he* did it—or the cat; but I told him that dada would say it was a two-legged cat. (*Knowingly.*) He means me! Then we beated Uncle William 'cause he would not throw rice after the carriage.

"Why don't you come to-morrow," I said, "and beat him if he doesn't forgive mamma?"

"Perhaps that's what he's coming for?"

"He said he wouldn't. That was why mamma cried when the letter came."

He looked uncomfortable. (*Aside.*) I 'spected he was thinking about the vase, and wondering what mamma would say. So I got Uncle William out of the corner and said we'd play he'd forgived mamma.

We put mamma and dada on the hearth-rug to be forgived. The gentleman wanted me to sit there too; but (*obstinately*) I wanted to be Sarah and show Uncle William in. So we played the tea-urn was 'Maisie,' 'cause we didn't want the rector any more. He made mamma say 'I love you, Uncle William'; and dada said it didn't matter; and I made Uncle William say 'Bless you, my children!' Nurse told me that was what rich uncles always said; and she reads novelettes with them in. It was a very nice game, and we were doing it a second time when mamma and dada came home.

They looked as if they noticed something, and I 'spected it was the vase. So I pretended to be playing with my dolls, as if I had not done anything (*looking out of the corners of her eyes*) while the gentleman spoke to them.

"Maisie and I have been playing," he said. "This is dada who would marry Martha—*I* called her Millicent—who used to love Uncle William—this ugly, cross, old doll. Maisie thought perhaps she loved him still."

"Oh!" mamma said. "I *do!*" Then (*astonished*) she began to cry.

"The tea-urn is Maisie. Everyone loves her—and perhaps they all really——. He had come to forgive her—Uncle William—the old, black doll——. Millie! my dear!"

Mamma made a rush at him and hugged him.

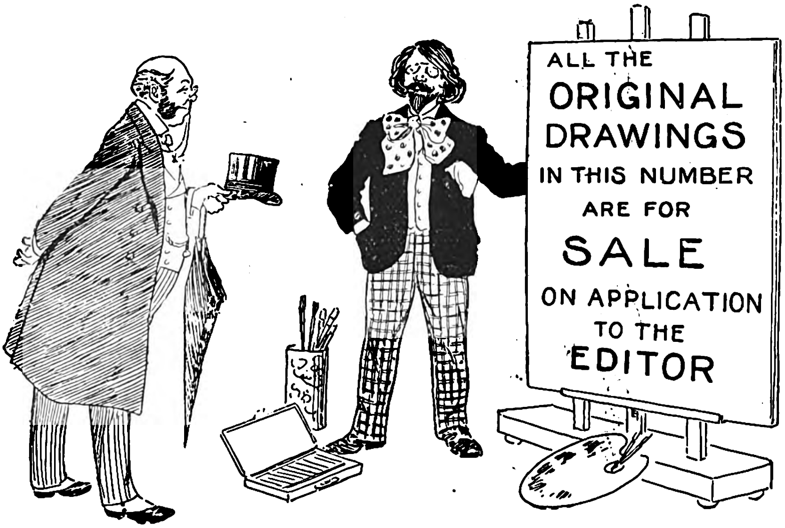
"Uncle! Dear, old Uncle!"

(*Proudly.*) Then of course I understood. So I took hold of his hand and whispered—

"You haven't said 'Bless you, my children'!"

"Bless you, my children; and bless *you*, my good little girl."

(*Confidentially.*) He did not know that I had not finished growing good—then!



SMOKE SMOKES & SMOKERS

A Pleasant Chat about the Fragrant Weed and its Famous Devotees.

By A. Wallis Myers.

Photo Russell & Sons.

A Royal smoker. His Majesty's cigars are specially made for him in Havana, and are worth about four shillings each.

It is said that we owe Newton's law of gravitation to a pipe; and no doubt if the fact had only been recorded, Sir Isaac saw the apple fall to the ground through a maze of tobacco smoke. And but for tobacco we might never have looked into the minds of Thackeray, Spenser, Carlyle or Tennyson, to name only a few of the great writers who found their inspiration in the fragrant weed! Of living literary giants, it is only necessary to mention George Meredith, Kipling, and Hardy, who cannot work without tobacco.

Whether we smoke too much, or smoke those products of trusts and combines which are not altogether as good as they might be, is another question, which even the recent Tobacco War has not solved. The undeniable point is apparent on all sides, that we have become a smoking nation, from the King downwards. Are we a better nation on that account? Lord Salisbury, like the late Mr. Gladstone, doesn't smoke and has been heard to condemn smoking; he would probably answer "No." But Mr. Chamberlain smokes. Who shall say when statesmen disagree?

That the King enjoys a cigar is a matter of common knowledge. His Majesty is an inveterate smoker, and has been heard to say, figuratively speaking, that he would sooner relinquish his Crown than his cigar. The cigars which the King smokes are not on sale to the general public. They are made specially in Havana in consignments of a thousand. The very best leaves are used, and the most expert hands in the factory employed to roll them. The workman who makes the cigars for King Edward receives about one shilling for every one he finishes. In Havana these cigars cost over four shillings each.

According to the English custom, the King smokes most after the mid-day meal. When writing his letters and doing State business at the Palace, rarely is he without a cigar; after dinner, never—unless he goes to the play or is in the presence of ladies.

Many stories are told of His Majesty's devotion to the weed. During his visit to Canada in 1859, he and his party found themselves on the prairie, shut off, as it were, from civilisation. The Prince, as he then was, proposed a smoke, to which all agreed. Consternation! It was found that the whole party could only muster a single match between them. If that were to go out, the day's enjoyment would be spoilt. Lots were drawn to decide who should light it—a terrible responsibility. The lot fell on the Prince. Sheltered from the wind by his companions he successfully accomplished the feat, but afterwards declared it was the most exciting and nervous moment of his life.

On another occasion, King Edward was strolling in a lane near Sandringham, when he found himself bereft of matches. He approached a small wayside cottage and asked the good dame who came to the door for a light. The woman, recognising her visitor, was naturally abashed, and more so when she discovered that the only box the hut boasted had been taken to the plough by her husband. The King, however, espied a fire burning in the grate, and, taking a piece of paper from his pocket, deftly rolled it into a spill, lit his cigar, and left a curtseying and delighted woman behind him.

Yet another anecdote, which illustrates, if that were necessary, His Majesty's goodness of heart. Two painters were employed in the grounds of Marlborough House, when they noticed the approach of its Royal owner, puffing a morning cigar. As he passed them the Prince carelessly threw the fag-end on to the ground. In a moment there was a scuffle between the two workmen for the prize. Hearing the sound of it, the Prince looked over his shoulder, stopped, and came back to where the men now stood with bashful eyes cast on the ground.

Photo N. Perscheid,
The Kaiser is a keen smoker, getting his cigars from Havana, like his uncle, King Edward VII. He likes also an occasional cigarette.

"Well, my men," was the question, "what's the matter?" Neither could summon up the courage to answer. "Don't be afraid to say," were the reassuring words.

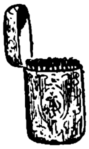
At last one of the fellows blurted out that they had been fighting to secure as a keepsake the cigar-end which the Prince had just abandoned. With a smile the then Heir-Apparent turned on his heel, went briskly into the house, and returned in a few seconds with something in his hand. "Here," he said good-naturedly, "is something better. Let the sweeper pick up the other." Speechless, the two painters found themselves the recipients of two choice cigars, inscribed with the royal monogram and nearly nine inches long. Need we say that those cigars have never been smoked; gold would not buy them.

Photo Russell & Sons.
The Colonial Secretary usually smokes a cigar, but has also a great liking for the homely briar.

The Kaiser is another celebrated smoker, and his cigars, which also come from Havana in special boxes, are nearly as choice as King Edward's. They are not so big, however, and take a much shorter time to consume. The German Emperor smokes less than his uncle, and most when the immediate pressure of State business is over.

Like the King, the Kaiser once sought a light when out unattended. This he could only obtain from a small boy smoking a cigarette, the end of which was offered to the Emperor for the purpose. But what did it matter? The Kaiser got his light and the boy got a 20-mark gold piece, besides the thanks of his Emperor.

Nearly every other monarch loves his cigar or cigarette. The Emperor of Austria, the King of Italy, the Tsar, even the Queens of Roumania and Portugal, all smoke constantly; and the Sultan smokes most of all, possibly because he pays nothing for the luxury.

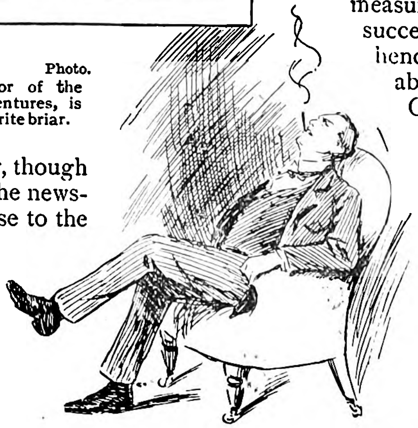


Of other members of our own Royal Family, there is not a single non-smoker among the men. The Prince of Wales is a lover of the cigarette as well as the cigar. The Duke of Connaught does not smoke nearly so much as his only brother. The veteran Duke of Cambridge and an after-dinner cigar are inseparable.

Turning to politicians, it has already been stated that the ex-Premier is not a smoker. Mr. Balfour does not follow his

From a Photo.
Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne, the author of the famous Captain Kettle adventures, is quite at sea without his favourite briar.

uncle in this respect, for, though he is said never to read the newspaper, he reads much else to the accompaniment of a soothing cigarette. Mr. Chamberlain, as everybody knows, smokes hard—usually a cigar, carrying it at a slightly inclined angle in his mouth. At Highbury, however, his Birmingham seat, the Colonial Secretary may be seen with a pipe, and one usually rests on his desk ready for use. When Mr. Chamberlain was taken to the hospital after the unfortunate accident which occurred to him last July, his first request was to be taken to a ward in which smoking was permitted.



Bismarck was a smoker of smokers. He inhaled cigars on the chain system—one after the other all day long. In connection with this love of nicotine a very characteristic anecdote is recorded of the great statesman.

It was during an important European congress at Vienna. All countries were represented by some distinguished diplomat or other. At the sittings, which lasted sometimes many hours long, every member had to appear in Court dress, and as for smoking, such frivolity was quite out of the question. But Bismarck determined to change all this. He found that without his cigar he did bad business. So one morning he strolled casually into the gorgeous apartment where the delegates were assembled, and they beheld with feelings almost akin to terror that he was dressed in an old shooting jacket, and had a great black cigar between his lips! This dramatic measure was, however, completely successful, the gatherings becoming henceforward much more comfortable. "But," remarked the great German, "I had to drink a pint of port before I could screw my courage up to the point."

Nearly all our leading authors smoke, and all our playwrights. Mark Twain, to return to America for a moment, declares tobacco has been his foster mother, and his guiding star in maturity. It is a moot point,

Photo Elliott & Fry.
Mr. Robert Hichens, the author of "Flames," prefers a cigarette to anything else.

says Mr. W. A. Penn, his biographer, whether he smokes 300 or 3000 cigars a month. But cigars "merely represent his nicotian dessert; his solid meal of tobacco is taken from a corn-cob pipe."

Tennyson was another smoker. Shortly after returning from a tour in Italy he met one evening Lord De Tabley, I think, at some friend's house. After dinner Tennyson and De Tabley took a stroll in the garden, a cigar between the lips of each.

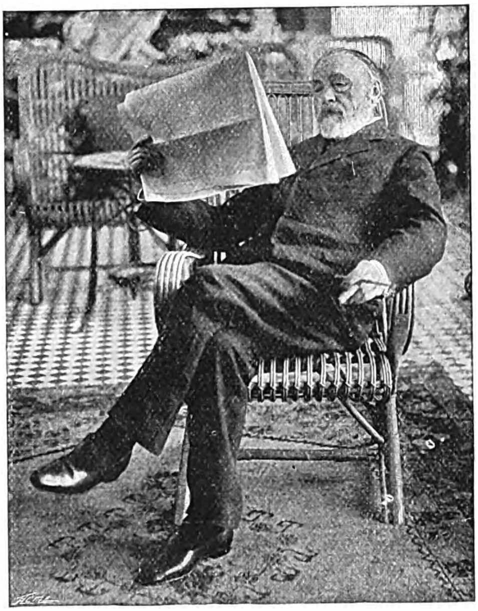
"Well, Tennyson, and how did you enjoy your holidays?"

"H'm," grunted the poet, "pretty well."

"Oh, how's that?" asked his lordship in astonishment.

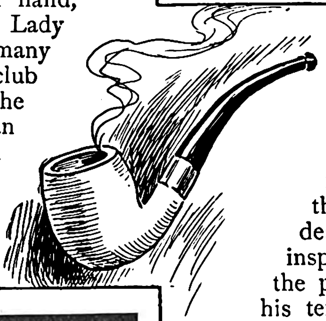
"Well, you see," replied Tennyson, "there wasn't any Cavendish to be had in Italy. And where the beautiful picture or ruin or landscape that doesn't appear ugly unless you have a pipe in your mouth?"

And Tennyson was a poet!



From a Photo.

Mr. Labouchere is happiest with his cigarette.



Mr. Swinburne, on the other hand, is an ardent enemy of "My Lady Nicotine." The tale goes that many years ago the poet was at some club in Pall Mall, when suddenly he felt his spirit stirring to write an ode. A piece of paper he had with him and a pencil, but there was no room in the club in which some individual or other was not enjoying the fragrant weed. And the fragrance of the weed is destructive of Mr. Swinburne's inspiration. From room to room the poet wandered, and finally lost his temper, and delivered himself as follows: "James the First was an unutterably abominable scoundrel, and I hate, loathe, execrate him; but he was the world's greatest benefactor, because he beheaded that fiend, Sir Walter Raleigh!"

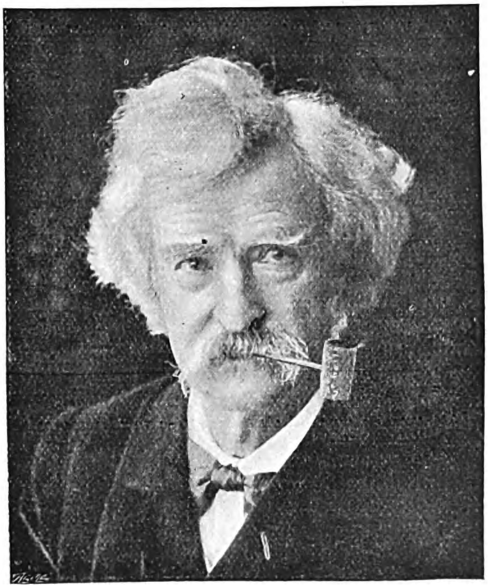
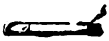


Photo Russell & Sons.

Who could imagine Mark Twain without his corn-cob?

As corn-cobs smoke very rawly at first, Mark Twain hires a man to break in his pipes for him. When it has been efficiently seasoned, the humourist takes the pipe, adjusts a new stem to it and draws through it until the thing is past all service.

Mr. Kipling patronises the corn-cob, and has a box full at Rottingdean. He is also addicted to a briar, to light which there is a rumour that he has destroyed many uncompleted poems that might, with better luck, have been published to the world. Suffice it to say that the author of the "Recessional" smokes a great deal, both indoors and out; he is one of those geniuses who would be the most miserable of men without tobacco.



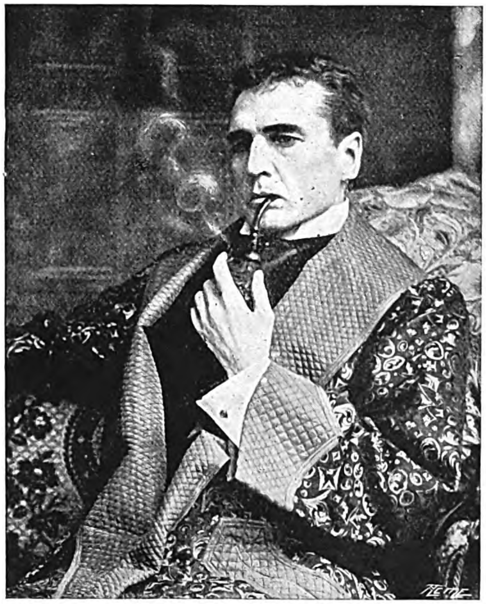


Photo London Stereoscopic Co.
Mr. William Gillette is a great pipe-smoker. Sherlock Holmes without a pipe could hardly be imagined.

When Mr. Kipling was a younger man and merely a journalist, his editor sent him round the world on a reporting tour. In the course of his wanderings he paid a visit to Mark Twain. He was shown into the great humourist's study, and left there for a time alone. Looking about him the first object that caught his attention was Mark Twain's corn-cob. And the Evil One took hold of Mr. Kipling, who never felt more like stealing in his life. To possess such a memento of the author of "Huckleberry Finn" seemed to him worth any amount of crime! However, conscientious scruples, or the arrival of Mark Twain in the nick of time, won the day—a victory Mr. Kipling has since, no doubt, regretted.

Mr. Thomas Hardy is one of the few living celebrities who prefers a clay to a briar. In this respect he differs from Mr J. M. Barrie, who declares the briar to be the king of pipes. Many of Thomas Hardy's best chapters, it is said, have been written in the sanded tap rooms of Wessex rural inns, inspired by whiffs from long churchwardens. The author of "The Little Minister," on the other hand, detests new pipes, employing the old one until string and sealing-wax will no longer hold it together.

If we are to literally believe in a well-known advertisement, Mr. Barrie smokes but one tobacco—"Craven Mixture"—which, under the pseudonym of the "Arcadia," he so delightfully extols in the pages of "My Lady Nicotine." No one who has read this book will fail to regard Mr. Barrie as the great authority on all that appertains to smoking.

The late Bishop Creighton, who loved his cigarette, used to say that smoking ought not to attend on work; and he himself never smoked while writing, believing that the sedative qualities of the cigarette were ineffective unless the brain was actually relieved from the mental strain.

Mr. Max Pemberton frankly admits he smokes to "abominable excess." Here is what he will tell you on the subject—in confidence, of course:

"Directly I sit at my table to write, I must light a pipe or I can't think. It goes out, of course, but remains between my teeth as a kind of material inspiration. In offices and places where they clerk, if it is forbidden to smoke, I am lost. I should not be worth a halfpenny a week in any place of business. I simply can't

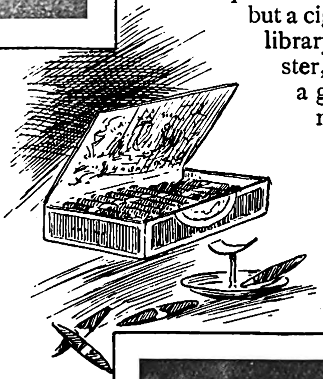
Photo Elliott & Fry
Smoking and novel writing, certainly, go hand in hand. Mr. E. F. Benson and a cigarette are quite inseparable.

From a Photo.
Mr. Guy Boothby is a devotee of tobacco, as well as a great sportsman.

concentrate my thoughts without tobacco. After dinner I always smoke a cigar—cigarettes rarely. My release from the domination of tobacco comes when I take exercise."

Which is to say that Mr. Pemberton doesn't smoke when at golf, shooting, motoring, or riding, to all of which he is keenly addicted. "It's a relief I welcome," exclaims the novelist.

Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne is another author whose ability to write is made conditional on the presence of a pipe. Some men have a habit of smoking furiously immediately the match has been applied, then less vehemently as the bowl begins to heat, and finally allow the pipe to go out unconsciously. This is not Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne's way of going to work. He must smoke every minute he is writing, or he mustn't write at all. The instant his pipe goes out and smoke ceases to ascend to the ceiling, his pencil—for Captain Kettle was created with a pencil—drops automatically out of his hand, as if released by an invisible spring. Until the first is relit, the second refuses to write down another word. Such is the force of habit.



Boys begin with cigarettes when they are training to smoke a pipe; ladies rarely get to the second stage. Yet, despite their craving for the gentlest whiff, Englishmen have not yet mastered the art of making their own cigarettes. Watch the average Londoner engaged in the task, and you are soon convinced of this fact; his labour is painful and the result usually a dismal failure. How we differ in this respect from the Brazilian and the Spaniard! M. Santos-Dumont can roll a dozen cigarettes while an Englishman is fumbling with one. There is a knack, of course, and some of us have acquired it; but the majority gladden the heart of the tobacconist, who notes the sumptuous waste that usually accompanies the process.

Of cigarette lovers, Mr. Robert Hichens, the author of "Flames," Mr. E. F. Benson, of "Dodo" fame, are notable examples.

Mr. Labouchere, the cynical and witty politician, never smokes anything but a cigarette. To enter "Labby's" library in Palace Yard, Westminster, and find its owner without a gold-tipped cigarette in his mouth would seem like entering Trafalgar Square to find the Nelson column removed. It is said—we know not with what truth—that the member for Northampton

Photo Elliott & Fry.
Art is a great patron of the tobacco trade. Phil May finds that inspiration comes easier with a Havana between his lips

contracted the habit of smoking cigarettes when a boy at Eton, and finding that masters overlooked the offence, believed that smoking was essential to his normal appearance, and so smoked ever since and always cigarettes.

Mr. R. C. Carton is also devoted to the mildest form of smoking, and most of his brother dramatists follow his suit; indeed, the stage and the weed are so closely bound together that nothing but a prohibitive tax on tobacco would dissolve the partnership. When smoking was at one time regarded with uplifted hands by society and only practised in the stables, the villain was always chosen to puff the "obnoxious thing" on the stage. All that is changed now. Cigarettes even appear in my lady's boudoir, and are rarely absent from the theatrical drawing-room.

Photo Elliott & Fry.

Actresses are often forced to smoke on the stage, and Miss Marie Tempest is an adept at the art.

Some famous actors, like Mr. Beerbohm Tree and Mr. William Gillette, are adepts at smoking on the stage, which is by no means so simple as it would appear. To keep a cigarette alight during a spirited dialogue is not a very easy task; and a pipe is worse, as William Gillette will tell you. But Sherlock Holmes without a pipe would be impossible, and so the actor who sustained this part used always to employ very light tobacco which would burn for hours almost, without losing its capacity for supplying smoke.

Mr. Charles Hawtrey and Mr. George Alexander have smoked thousands of cigarettes on the stage; not smoked them through, of course; but sufficiently long to sustain the "gentlemanly" part for which they were cast.

We will not go so far as to say that the well-known actresses who are seen in the accompanying photographs are inveterate cigarette smokers off the stage; the contrary is known to be the case. But they certainly enjoy a whiff now and then in the sanctity of their own boudoirs.

Lastly, there is very little need to add that the artistic profession, almost to a man, is devoted to tobacco. Mr. Phil May has never been seen without a cigar, and there is a creditable legend about that the cigar is in his mouth when he is asleep. What Mr. Shannon can have been thinking about to omit it in the excellent portrait he painted of the inimitable *Punch* artist for this year's Academy probably only he himself could tell.

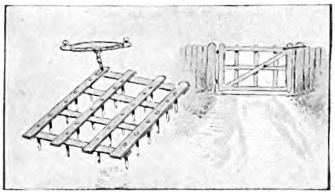
Photo Elliott & Fry.

Miss Marie Roze smokes, when acting, with skill and distinction.

5th Set of Pictures.

5s. a Day for Life!

A UNIQUE PRIZE OFFERED TO MAGAZINE READERS.



CORRECT SOLUTION: HARROGATE.

INCORRECT SOLUTIONS: (1) HARROW: Because it comprises fewer letters than Harrogate. (2) GATE (for same reason).

NOTE THAT

The prize of 5s. a Day for Life will *not* be divided—it will be won outright by *one* person (perhaps *you*).

The sum of £100 will be divided amongst those who come next.

No attempts should be sent in until the closing date is announced in the *Royal*.

All competitors should carefully read the conditions.

What you have to do - - - -

ON THE NEXT PAGE you will find twelve pictures. Each of these pictures consists of a certain number of objects. These objects, either singly or collectively, represent the name of a town or place in the United Kingdom.

What you have to do is to find the town or place with the longest name entirely from the names of objects depicted in each picture (or from their phonetic equivalents).

An "object" does not include sky or shading necessary for correct drawing.

Before you begin, examine the example shown above, which will make the matter clear.

Taking this as a guide, you have now to examine the twelve pictures on the next page, and discover the name of the town or place which each of them represents. When you have done this, write the name down in the space provided, and keep the pages by you.

☛ Another set of pictures will appear in the October number of the *Royal.* ☚

CONDITIONS.

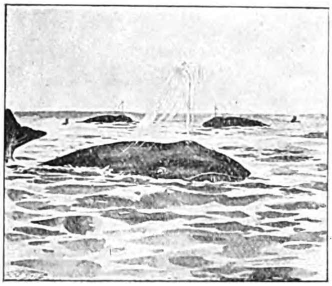
1. The names must be clearly written in ink. (*Use a fine pen*).
2. Only one name is allowed under each picture.
3. No alterations are to be allowed in the words. If you have made a mistake in the spelling, cross the word out and write it again.
4. When you have filled up your list, cut it out and keep it by you until the closing date is announced in the *Royal.*
5. You may forward as many sets of pages as you like. Each set will be accepted independently, and the pages composing it must be pinned together.
6. The name of the place with the greatest number of letters depicted in each picture is the correct solution, but if there are two or more such names of places depicted in one picture with an equal number of letters, then each will be counted correct.
7. No competitor may receive the assistance of professional competition solvers who send out circulars, or whose advertisements appear in the Press. Every person who enters for this competition must do so only on this understanding, and winners will be asked to satisfy us that they have not contravened this condition.
8. In the event of a tie a further, or, if necessary, several further, sets of pictures will be submitted to the tieing competitors, until one shall win the prize outright.
9. The first prize—that is, 5s. per day for life—will be payable monthly to the winner, who shall not be entitled to require that it be capitalised.

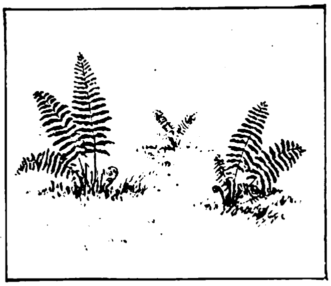
- - THE PRIZE OF 5s. A DAY FOR LIFE - -

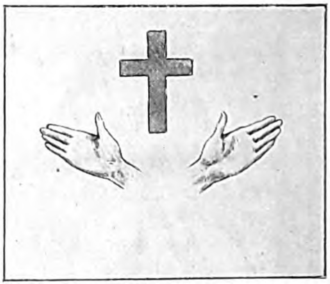
Will be given to the competitor from whom the Editor of the *Royal Magazine* receives a set of pages containing the greatest number of correct solutions.

The sum of **£100** will be divided, at the discretion of the Editor, amongst those who come next.

All the names depicted in the sketches will be found as printed in the list of Provincial Post Offices in the Post Office Guide, which may be consulted at any Post Office, or may be purchased for 6d.







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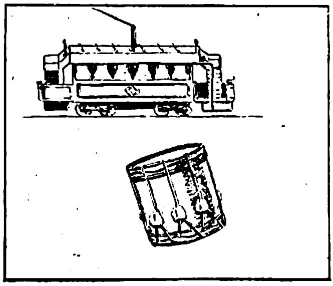

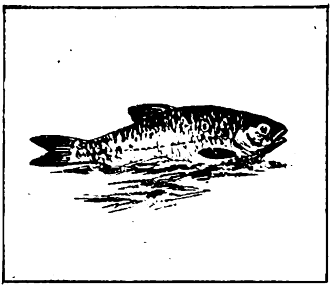

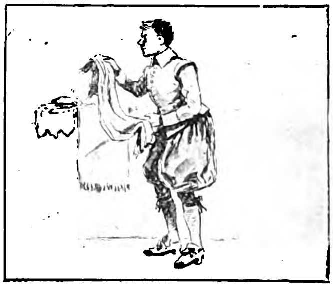

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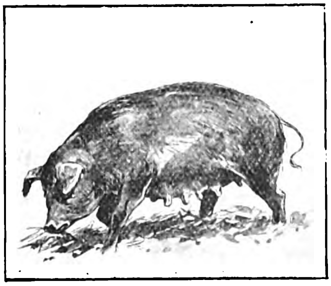

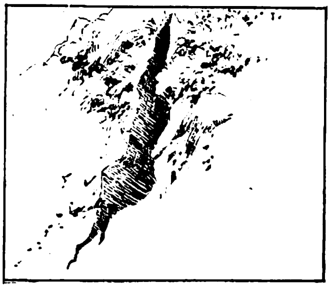

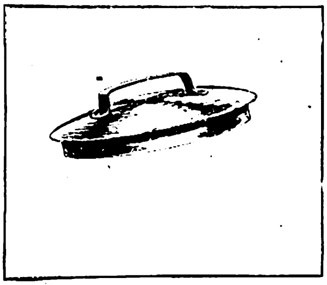

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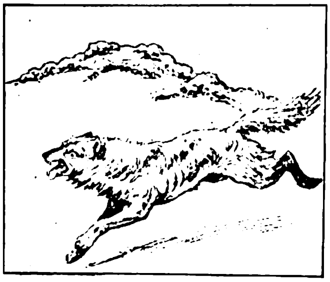

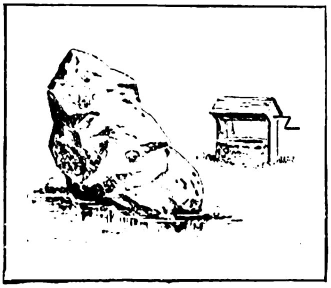

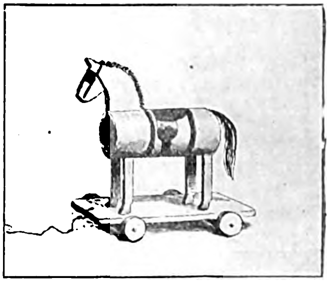

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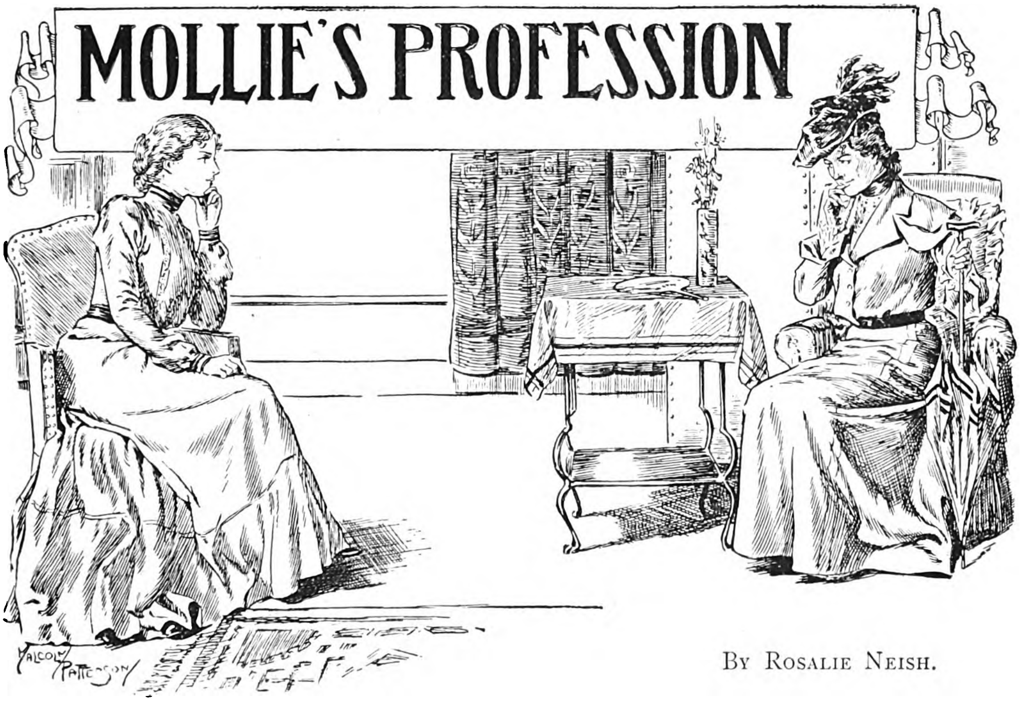
Name.. *Address*..

Keep all your sets of pictures by you until the competition is finished.

MOLLIE'S PROFESSION



By Rosalie Neish.

"But, my dear Mollie, it's impossible, quite impossible."

Miss Carruthers spoke with supplication rather than decision.

Mollie laughed and dropping the fair hair she was brushing in a shower about her shoulders, leant forward, and said gaily:

"My dear Eva, it's not only possible, but," emphatically, "it—is—going to be done, for the advertisement is already out."

Miss Carruthers, primmest and most conventional of elder sisters, shook her head, "You are far too beautiful to do anything of the sort, Mollie."

Mollie sprang to her feet.

"Am I beautiful, how delicious?" She walked over to the long looking-glass, and shook the fair hair coquettishly over her face. "Not beautiful," she said, with the air of one who wishes to be contradicted, "Surely not beautiful, Eva, you meant pretty, didn't you?"

Miss Carruthers looked at her with tender, half-motherly admiration.

"Of course you're beautiful, Mollie darling——"

"Isn't my nose too short?"

"Not in the least," said Eva decidedly, "you know that Tom Baynon said——"

"I have not the slightest desire to know what Captain Baynon said about the shape of my nose," said Mollie with an undeniable sniff.

"Mollie, darling, I think you've been very unkind to him."

Mollie arranged the folds of her long white dressing-gown, and twisting the fair hair deftly into a loose knot seated herself in a low chair before the fire.

"Let us talk over this venture of mine," she said.

Miss Carruthers made another effort on Captain Baynon's behalf. "Don't you think, Mollie, it would be a good thing, dearest, if you——"

Catching her sister's eye she faltered a little.

"I think it would be an excellent thing, and I am going to do it," said Mollie.

Miss Carruthers collapsed, and leaning back passed an elderly hand over a somewhat thin wisp of faded brown hair. Mollie, always sweet and lovable, even when most headstrong, regarded her with laughing eyes.

"My dear Eva, it's no use," she said, "you'll simply have to give way."

Miss Carruthers sighed again. She generally gave way to Mollie.

"It's—such a very extraordinary proposal," she said faintly, "I think I've really hardly understood it."

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"I'll give you the whole thing in a nutshell," said Mollie. "Here are we left friendless and practically penniless, in the heart of Mayfair, burdened with a house which we can't afford to live in."

"I think we might manage," interrupted Miss Carruthers. "We have over £200 a year."

"Bless the dear old darling," said Mollie gaily, "less than we have either of us had to dress on—you forget, Eva, that 'living' means butchers and bakers and candlestick makers, to say nothing of travelling expenses."

Miss Carruthers looked distressed.

"I know, and it would be very hard for you, darling," she said, "if you had to suffer privations."

"Very," agreed Mollie promptly, "but I don't intend to suffer anything so unpleasant. £200 a year would mean cotton stockings, and hats that you would trim for me, and I never did like your hats, dear, if you'll excuse my saying so! And now since such a brilliant idea has come into my head, I mean to make the most of it."

"Tell me exactly what it is," said Miss Carruthers.

Mollie took up the newspaper.

"Listen to this," and she read out the following advertisement:

"Lady in good position (that's me," she pursed up her pretty mouth), "gives advice on all subjects: domestic, social, and every day worries, to those whose burdens are greater than they can bear. Two-and-sixpence by letter, five shillings for an interview, by appointment only. Strictly confidential. Address: Madame Mollie Bawn, Curzon Street."

Miss Carruthers looked aghast.

"But, my dear Mollie, you surely are not going to allow them to come here."

"My good child, I am. I can't meet them at the Marble Arch, and I certainly can't afford to hire a room in Bond Street."

"But it's unheard of—preposterous."

"Rubbish," said Mollie, "it's a splendid idea and I shall get heaps of letters from misunderstood wives, and sentimental kitchen-maids, and it'll be lovely fun, and—I shall write them such answers."

"I—I don't think it's quite ladylike," urged Miss Carruthers nervously.

"I can't be ladylike on £200 a year," laughed Mollie. "I should become a horrid little wretch."

"I am sure our guardian would not have approved."

Mollie shrugged her shoulders.

"Providence and the gout having removed our guardian into another world, I don't think we need bother about him," she said. "When did he ever approve of anything?"

Miss Carruthers sighed.

"When do you begin this new——"

"Business," suggested Mollie.

"Well, I suppose it is hardly a profession," said her sister.

"Isn't it," said Mollie, "you wait until you hear me professing!"

"Of course, darling, I know you have a fund of real sympathy in you, with which you are always ready to help others," said her sister earnestly.

"Ah! but I don't sell that kind," said Mollie, "I am going to give them sham sympathy."

"What!"

"Oh, they'll get their money's worth. The whole art of sympathy is to say exactly what you know people want to hear."

At that moment the postman's knock sounded sharply through the house, and Mollie sprang to her feet.

"I shouldn't be surprised if some letters have come already?" she said.

The maid brought in a large bundle of letters. Mollie sank into a graceful heap by the fireside and held them up for her sister to look at.

They were many in number, and various in kind. Some were ironical notes from friends asking her if the advertisement was a hoax and some were written in remonstrance. Several were from people who had already poured out their troubles and inclosed a P.O.O. for two-and-sixpence, and a few asked for an appointment.

"There," said Mollie triumphantly, "I knew the world was mostly fools, and that I was a perfect female Carlyle. And now to business, Eva. Will you write and make the appointments for me while I finish dressing. You can write them downstairs, I'll stay up here, do my hair a new way and look out some smart blouses,"—which was Mollie's way of conducting business.

She was up early the next morning.

"My first appointment is not till eleven," she said, "and I am going out to get some flowers. Make the room look nice, there's a dear, so that the spider can have as attractive a parlour as possible for the poor little flies."

She went on humming a gay little song to herself.

Miss Carruthers, left alone, stood in the middle of the room, rubbing her forehead ruefully, and then, with a sigh, she looked round to see how she could put her pretty room in greater order for strangers.

She was barely satisfied with the result of her labours, when Mollie came running up the stairs still humming gaily to herself.

"Look," she cried, "did you ever see such irises? And these forget-me-nots, too, aren't they——" she stopped abruptly and stared at the room, and then at her sister. "Eva! what a room!"

"Isn't it nice?" said Miss Carruthers complacently.

"Nice," replied Mollie. She looked critically at her sister and then bending down to give the faded face a kiss and the tired head a pat, and dropping the flowers into her lap, said—"Here, sit down, and I'll do the whole thing in two minutes. Out goes this sunlight to begin with."

"But I pulled the blinds up on purpose. It makes the room look so bright."

"I am going to pull them down on purpose," nodded Mollie, "you can't confide in people with the blinds up."

She lowered the blinds and pulled a screen in front of the window and switched on the softly shaded electric lights. Pushing a cushioned chair against the screen, she placed a large palm on one side of it. On the other side she placed a table with an empty flower vase, and taking a few of the irises from her sister's lap, arranged them with deft fingers. Beside the flowers she laid a fire screen and then stood back, with her head on one side, and her pretty face wearing an air of hypercriticism.

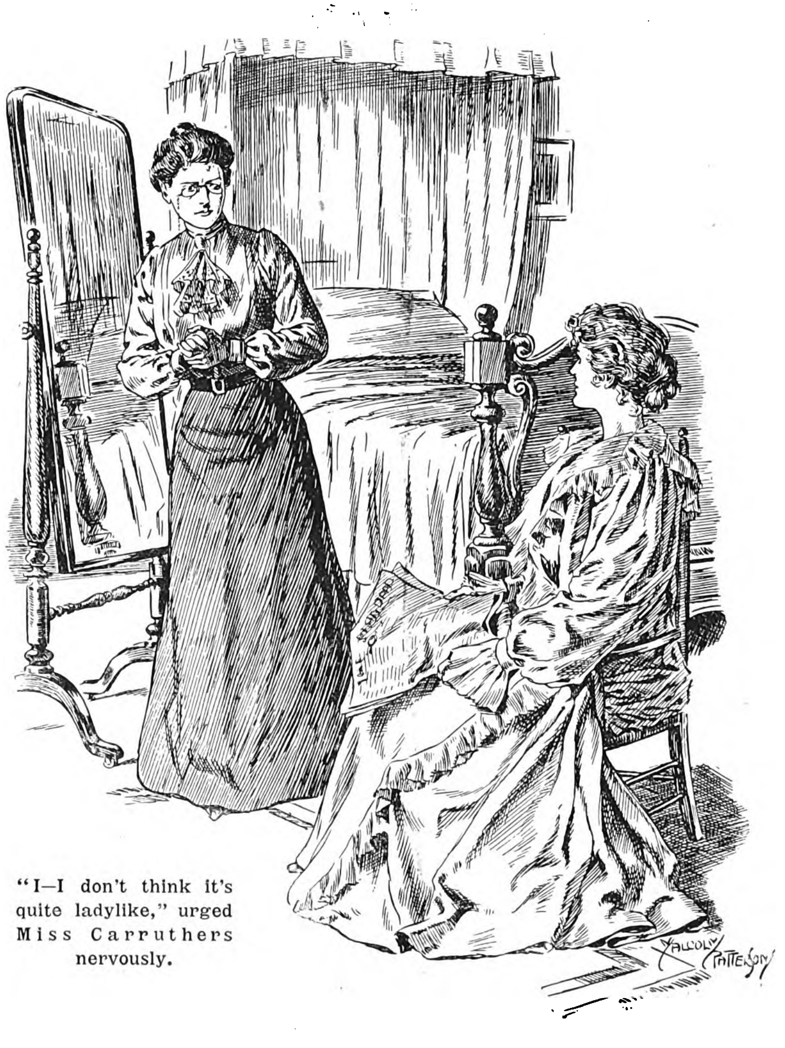
"There," she said with a pleased smile. "They can hold up the screen to keep off an imaginary fire, and conceal some real awkwardness." She removed the stiff little chairs from the wall and, taking off her hat, rumpled up her hair with her fingers. "I mustn't be too tidy," she said with a glance at her sister's prim figure; "it looks unsympathetic."

Then she lifted a scent spray and squirted the perfume lightly about the room.

"I thought you didn't like scent," said Miss Carruthers.

"I don't," answered Mollie, "but other people do, and it all helps confidences. You'll see what a lot I know about human nature, Eva, and how I am going to enjoy myself."

Miss Carruthers, completely overpowered, leant back, and looked wistfully at her. "I don't know whatever you are going to say to them, Mollie. I am sure you'll feel dreadfully



"I—I don't think it's quite ladylike," urged Miss Carruthers nervously.

awkward, and then it will—er—er—be so very awkward about—er—the money. I really don't see how you are going to take money from strangers."

"Well, my good girl, if you'll only go the other side of that curtain, you will soon hear the money chinking on to the table, or better still, in here." She gaily held out a pink palm as she spoke. "By the way, what do you think of these?" she added, opening a little parcel. "They're another addition to my stock in trade."

"Good gracious," cried Miss Carruthers, as Mollie held up a large pair of round blue glass spectacles. "Wherever did you get those dreadful things?"

"They are only for emergencies," laughed Mollie, "in case young men come that I don't like the look of, or old men who are even worse."

"You seem to know a dreadful lot about men, Mollie."

"I do, an awful lot. Quick, there's the bell, it's my first visitor."

Miss Carruthers with much trepidation hurried into the other room, leaving Mollie to rearrange the curtain.

Mollie's client was a short, fat girl with rather prominent round eyes and a weak mouth and chin. She came diffidently into the room and appeared to be divided between a nervous desire to giggle, and a sentimental desire to unburden herself of her troubles. Her chief woe was apparently about a young man, for whom she had conceived the usual amount of undying affection, which a sentimental school girl always has at her command. He was a friend of her brother's, she said, and came frequently to the house, but at present he had said nothing, and she wanted to know what she could do to gain his somewhat dilatory affection.

Mollie suggested waiting and softened the suggestion with the pleasant idea that no one could see so sweet a girl often without falling a victim to such obvious charms.

"It could but be a matter of time," said Mollie in a gentle voice of sympathy. "Perhaps he loved her already," she said, "but dared not express it."

The fat-faced girl, soothed by this ready sympathy and cheered by hope, after a long half-hour, deposited two half-crowns in a flutter of giggles and apology, and went away saying she would write soon or call again.

The next client was a tall athletic girl; Mollie slipped on her blue spectacles.

The athletic girl stood in a gentlemanly attitude, leaning against the fireplace and looked contemplatively at Mollie's ultra-feminine figure.

"Don't you find it a great bore having to give advice to strangers?" she asked languidly.

"Strangers are always interesting," responded Mollie.

"Really? I think strangers an awful bore, not perhaps worse than one's friends though. Everything, in fact, is a bore except golf and hunting," (the athletic girl pronounced it goff and huntin') "I suppose I mayn't smoke," she added taking a small gold cigarette-case from her *châtelaine*.

"I am afraid not," replied Mollie gravely.

"Oh, all right, it don't matter."

"Perhaps you will tell me what I can do for you," suggested Mollie suavely.

"To tell the truth I came because I was so awfully bored," said the athletic girl. "I saw your advertisement and thought it might amuse me."

"I hope you have derived as much amusement as you anticipated," said Mollie, and taking off her blue spectacles looked up mischievously in the athletic girl's face.

"Well I can't really say I've been much amused, but——" she stopped abruptly, "I say, you're awfully pretty," she looked down admiringly at Mollie.

Mollie, never adverse to a compliment, smiled.

"I suppose you don't go in for face massage and that kind of thing?"

Mollie shook her head.

"H'm, that's a pity," said the athletic girl, "because you're so awfully pretty. You'd be a jolly good advertisement for your creams and stuff. Well, I don't think I'll wait any longer," she added, even more abruptly.

She placed five shillings on the mantelpiece with greater delicacy than might have been expected from her appearance.

"Good-mornin'," she said, turning to nod as she reached the door. "It's been quite worth the money. I've had a sort of a novel sensation. By-the-way, you'd better put those glasses on," she added, coming back, "if you're going to interview any men. Men are such awful rotters—at least, most of 'em. Good-mornin'."

"Good-morning," replied Mollie sweetly.

Her client went out, and Miss Carruthers slipped into the room again.

"What a very impertinent person," she said angrily, "to dare to come here out of curiosity, and then to say that about men!"

Mollie seized her sister round the waist, and danced her lightly round the room.

"You dear, prim old thing," she cried, "Never mind the curiosity. Think of the ten shillings, and all the ten shillings' to come."

She placed the money ostentatiously on the table, and hurried Miss Carruthers away as the bell rang for the third time.

Mollie's client was a small, thin young man with weak eyes, and a weak voice. Miss Carruthers barely caught the words.

"Good morning, er—Miss—er—Molly Bawn. Molly Bawn," he repeated. "Clever pseudonym—so true, too, both being pretty girls. Eh, what!"

As he fell over a stool Miss Carruthers did not catch Mollie's answer; but she was able to make a shrewd guess at it. A moment later she heard the sitting-room door bang and the electric bell peal sharply; Mollie cried:

"Little beast!" in a voice of deep disgust.

Miss Carruthers, trembling with anxiety, hastily pushed the curtain on one side and found her sister standing alone in the middle of the room with scarlet cheeks and blazing eyes.

"What's the matter? Whatever is the matter, dearest?" she asked regarding her with motherly solicitude.

"Oh, nothing," Mollie answered coolly, "only the little beast tried to kiss me."

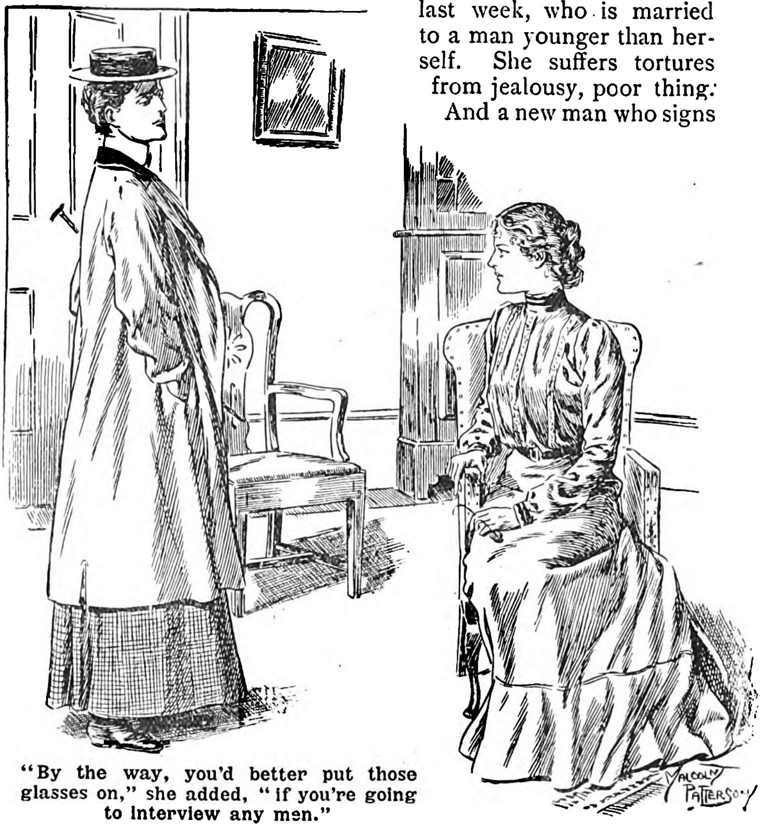
Miss Carruthers sank into a chair.

"Tried—to—kiss—you? Oh, Mollie, how dreadful!"

"My dear girl, don't faint. You look as tragic as though he had succeeded."

"My poor darling, what a dreadful experience."

"It's not the first time in my life," said Mollie sagaciously. "He never paid his five shillings either, not that I took his wretched money. Let us go out," she continued impatiently. "I have no more appointments to-day, thank goodness! You'd never do for this business, dear, that's quite evident," she added to the pale and horrified Miss Carruthers, which was, indeed, a self-evident fact.



"By the way, you'd better put those glasses on," she added, "if you're going to interview any men."

* * * * *

Mollie's business was increasing daily, and Miss Carruthers was becoming more and more resigned to it.

"I have seven appointments for to-day," said Mollie gaily, "and we shall soon have quite a respectable income."

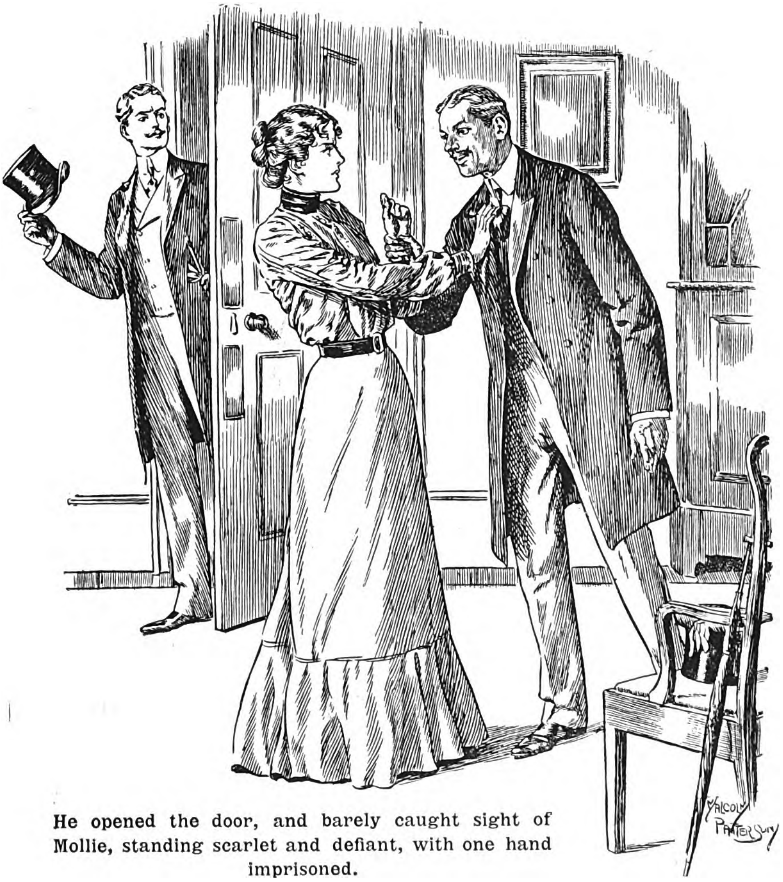
"Whom are you expecting?" asked Miss Carruthers.

Mollie looked critically at her list.

"Oh, the usual mixed lot! That nice-looking, grey-haired, elderly man, who can't manage his daughters, and the little fat man whose wife has religious mania; and the sentimental girl who has a plain face, and an unfortunate desire to be loved. I told you about her, didn't I?"

Miss Carruthers nodded.

"And the little fat-faced girl is coming again," continued Mollie. "I am sorry for her. She's such a poor little affectionate thing, but such an idiot! Then there's that woman I told you came last week, who is married to a man younger than herself. She suffers tortures from jealousy, poor thing. And a new man who signs



He opened the door, and barely caught sight of Mollie, standing scarlet and defiant, with one hand imprisoned.

himself E. F. who will be here in about four minutes and a half!"

Miss Carruthers rose with much haste.

"I am going out," she said, "you can tell me about him when I come in."

As she went upstairs the front door bell rang, and a moment later she caught sight of a tall figure going into Mollie's room.

The tall man crossed the room quickly, and going over to Mollie said eagerly, but nervously: "Miss Carruthers—Mollie—won't you speak to me? Good Heavens," he cried starting back suddenly, "whatever have you put on your eyes?"

Mollie took off her spectacles and confronting him with perfect calm said icily: "What can I do for you, Mr.—er—E. F.?"

Captain Baynon looked a little ashamed of himself.

"Oh, I say Mollie, don't look at me like that," he said humbly, "please don't—I couldn't help it really. I knew you wouldn't see me if I wrote under my own name, and I couldn't see you any other way. You can't think how awfully miserable I've been since you broke off our engagement. Poor little girl," he added compassionately, "I've been so sorry for all your troubles. It's beastly hard luck your having to do this sort of thing. I've been wretched about you."

Mollie, pushing her chair further into the shadow, and choking down something suspiciously like a lump in her throat, took up the fire-screen and waved it languidly.

"You have not been home long, have you, Captain Baynon?" she said, in the cold tones of conventionality. "You seem to have done very well out there. Won't you tell me all about it? You must be quite a hero now," she added mockingly.

"Hero be ——," said Captain Baynon savagely.

"By all means," assented Mollie sweetly.

Captain Baynon sprang to his feet, and began walking up and down the room.

"For goodness sake, don't be so hard on me, Mollie. I know I was a brute and a fool to doubt you, but surely you punished me enough at the time. Can't you forget it, Mollie, can't you?"

Mollie's face softened, but she controlled herself with an effort.

"My next appointment will be in seven minutes," she said, consulting a small watch with much attention. "Perhaps you will tell me what I can do for you."

"I want you to tell me how to earn your forgiveness," he said coming to her side again, and looking tenderly down at her. "Mollie, you are prettier than ever." He drew a shade closer? "Dear little Mollie, dear little girl, won't you remember what I've suffered, and forgive me. Confound!" he added, under his breath as he heard the front door bell, and Mollie gave an evident sigh of relief. "Mollie," he whispered, "do say I can come again, do, dear."

But Mollie had already crossed the room to greet another "appointment."

* * * * *

It was a week later, and Captain Baynon was walking restlessly up and down Curzon Street.

"What is the use of my staying here?" he said to himself, as he moodily contemplated the cigar in his hand. It had gone out, and he took a match slowly from his case and re-lit it with indifference. A man must be down-hearted indeed when he not only allows his cigar to go out, but re-lights it with indifference. Captain Banyon was very down-hearted. He had made every effort to soften Mollie's anger, and he had failed. She still treated him with the same light contempt. Perhaps she was elated over the brilliant success of her bread-winning scheme; perhaps she had ceased to care for him, and only wished for him to go away and leave her in peace.

"What is the use of my staying here to be treated like this?" thought Tom Baynon, miserably. "Why should I stay?"

He was not a man who would stand innumerable snubs, and he had borne a good many during the past few weeks.

"I am hanged if I will stand it another day," he said to himself. "I will go abroad again—I'll go to-morrow."

He looked haggard and wretched as he reached Mollie's door. "I'll just go in and say good-bye to her. No, I won't. I can't trust myself. I should only take her in my arms and kiss her, and then she'd call me a cad, and there'd be the dickens to pay——"

He bit his lip angrily, as a tall, thin, weak-eyed young man brushed past him, and ringing Mollie's bell, was instantly let into Mollie's house, to be ushered into Mollie's presence.

"Well, if she can see bounders like that, she can do anything," he thought jealously, "and I'm hanged if I'll think anything more about her. Wretched little flirt! I'll go abroad and forget her."

As he turned angrily away, and passed the house once more, he nearly fell over Miss Carruthers, who, hatless and breathless, ran straight into him, and, clasping his arms, gasped out:

"Oh, Captain Baynon, dear Captain Baynon, that little wretch has come back who tried to kiss Mollie the other day, and I believe he's frightening her, and I saw you out of the window, and," breathlessly "do go up and take him away; please, please go."

But Captain Baynon had already disappeared. In an incredibly short space of time he reached Mollie's room, and as he did so heard her cry in a sharp frightened voice:

"Go away! How dare you touch me, you brute?"

He opened the door, and barely caught sight of Mollie, standing scarlet and defiant, with one hand imprisoned, and the other pushing her client from her, when the weak-eyed young man found himself seized and flung down the stairs, and before he had time to pick himself up, hastily followed and kicked on to the doorstep, where he rolled down, at the imminent risk of knocking little Miss Carruthers into the gutter.

A moment later Captain Baynon was standing by Mollie's side again, looking coolly down into the flushed and tear-stained face.

"Thank you, thank you so much," she said, still trembling violently.

"Not at all," he replied politely, "I am only too happy to have been of any service to you."

"Won't you sit down?" asked Mollie faintly.

"Thank you, no, I have a great deal to arrange, I—er—I am going to Canada for some shooting to-morrow——"

Mollie's face paled suddenly.

"Are—you?" she faltered. "Isn't that rather a long way?" she asked lamely.

"A long way from what?"

"A long way from all your friends."

"There's nothing to stay at home for," he rejoined bitterly. "I'm not wanted, so I may as well clear out of the country again."

He stole a look at the sweet, downcast face, and, feeling that if he stayed a moment longer he should lose his self-control, he turned abruptly away.

"Good-bye, Mollie. God bless you, child!"

He had hardly reached the landing when Mollie, running after him, laid her hand for a moment on his arm, and said with a sudden strange shyness:

"Captain Baynon—Tom—do wait a minute. I—I want to ask you something."

The arm on which the little hand rested shook visibly.

He turned, and looked gravely down at her.

"Well, Mollie. What is it?"

She put the white hand coquettishly over his eyes.

"I—only—wanted—to—ask—you—if—you—wouldn't—rather—stay—at home, Tom?" she said softly and shyly.

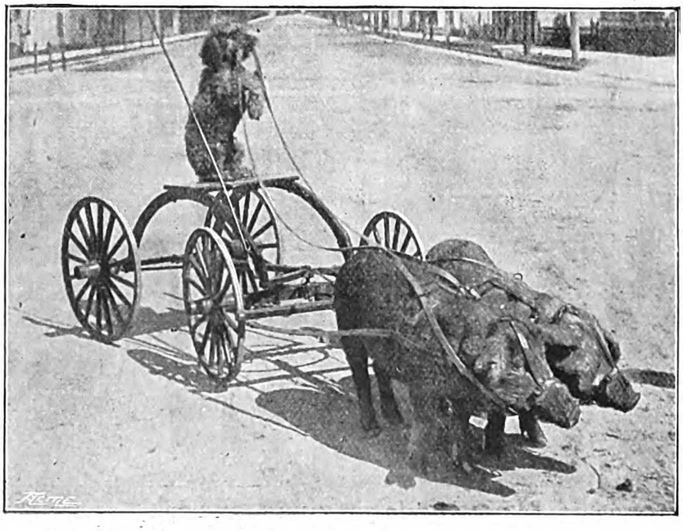
PIGS ON THE STAGE

An Article Proving that Pigs are not so Foolish as They are Supposed to be.

By Harold Shepstone.

Pigs are very unfortunate animals. They have such a bad reputation amongst human beings, that the word "pig" is quite a byword for anything that is stupid, thereby accusing the pig himself of stupidity. This is certainly not only unjust, but libellous, and piggy is prepared here to refute the cruel and scurrilous charges which have been cast upon him by the self sufficient race of man.

Piggy by himself is apt to be just a little bit lazy and conservative. He belongs, naturally, to the Moderate and not to the Progressive party. However, when he can find a good master he is a very hard worker and can do almost anything. The master must be very good indeed, or piggy won't have anything to do with him, but will grunt at him in a most superior manner, and curl his tail up in a hard, uncompromising knot.



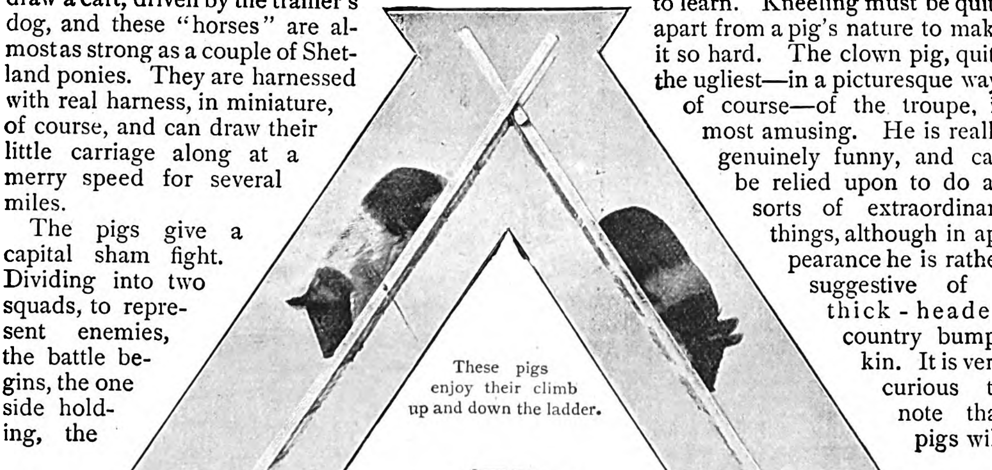
A capital carriage and pair. Doggie thinks so, certainly!

Mr. Edward S. Holder, of Indiana, in the United States, is a very good master, and has superintended, with the greatest success, the education of a troupe of up-country pigs, not the fat, sleek members of the prize pig variety, but the black hog, rough, ugly, and homeless, a very Ishmael amongst the porcine race.

Of course, Mr. Holder might have easily procured the more friendly and, possibly, more intelligent variety, but he thought he could have a greater triumph if he exhibited the wilder, more uncultivated pig. From Florida and the Mississippi, from Tennessee, from Georgia, and from Indiana, Mr. Holder made a little collection of pigs, ten in all, and started on the really difficult job of training them. The result has been a veritable triumph, all previous pig performances being broken by the indefatigable energy and long-suffering of the master. It may be of interest here to mention that up to this time no troupe of pigs numbering more than three had ever been trained together.

A very good show Mr. Holder makes of it, too, his little performers doing him credit in every way. Two of the pigs will draw a cart, driven by the trainer's dog, and these "horses" are almost as strong as a couple of Shetland ponies. They are harnessed with real harness, in miniature, of course, and can draw their little carriage along at a merry speed for several miles.

The pigs give a capital sham fight. Dividing into two squads, to represent enemies, the battle begins, the one side holding, the other storming, a fort. There is a flag on the fort, and a cannon, which is fired by one of the "soldiers." This pig seems to thoroughly enjoy the noise and smoke of the cannon, often trying to fire it before the fight begins. And after the merry little fellow has fired his gun, he goes on pulling at the lanyard, as if he wished to draw some more noise and some more smoke out of the cannon.



These pigs enjoy their climb up and down the ladder.

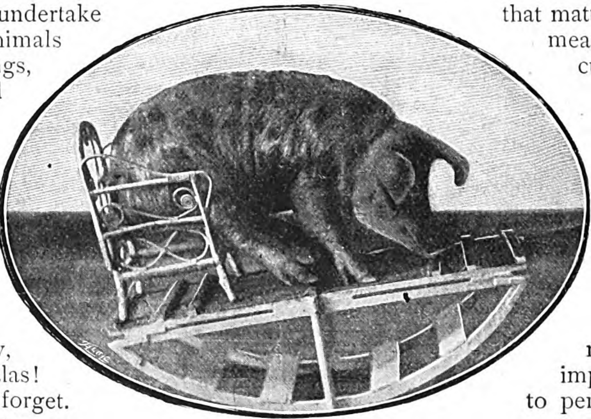
"Have you seen me roll my barrel along? It is not so easy as it looks."

Presently the flag falls, the fort is taken, and the battle is over, the field being strewn quite realistically with "dead and dying."

The pigs do lots of other things, such as walking a tight-rope, or rolling barrels whilst walking on top of them, or playing musical instruments. Sometimes they will fall in and drill like real soldiers, never failing to answer to their names.

Mr. Holder says that the most difficult of all the tricks he had to teach was that of kneeling. Only one pig has mastered this art, and it took him six months to learn. Kneeling must be quite apart from a pig's nature to make it so hard. The clown pig, quite the ugliest—in a picturesque way, of course—of the troupe, is most amusing. He is really genuinely funny, and can be relied upon to do all sorts of extraordinary things, although in appearance he is rather suggestive of a thick-headed country bumpkin. It is very curious to note that pigs will obey no one but their master; although Mr. Holder's assistant has been with him for two years, he can make them do nothing, not even the simplest tricks, such as sitting upon their hind legs on a stool, or answering to their names. This is a very extraordinary trait in their character, and quite unique too.

Mr. Holder is really a wonderful trainer, not only of pigs, but of horses, dogs, and almost every other animal, domestic or otherwise. He bases his training on a careful study of the species of animal he has to deal with, its characteristics and ways, and an individual study of each animal separately. Thus he is perfectly fitted to undertake their education. Animals are like human beings, full of fads and fancies, each and everyone different from its neighbour; the one sullen and morose, hard to deal with, and still harder to teach; another vivacious and lively, quick to learn and, alas! equally quick to forget. Some have quick tempers, soon roused and soon pacified, like a burning bush; while others resemble a log of oak, which is slow to ignite, and slow to burn. All are different, none the same.



This black hog enjoys a siesta in his rocking chair after dinner.

Hence the necessity of individual study to the trainer who would make a thorough success of his training.

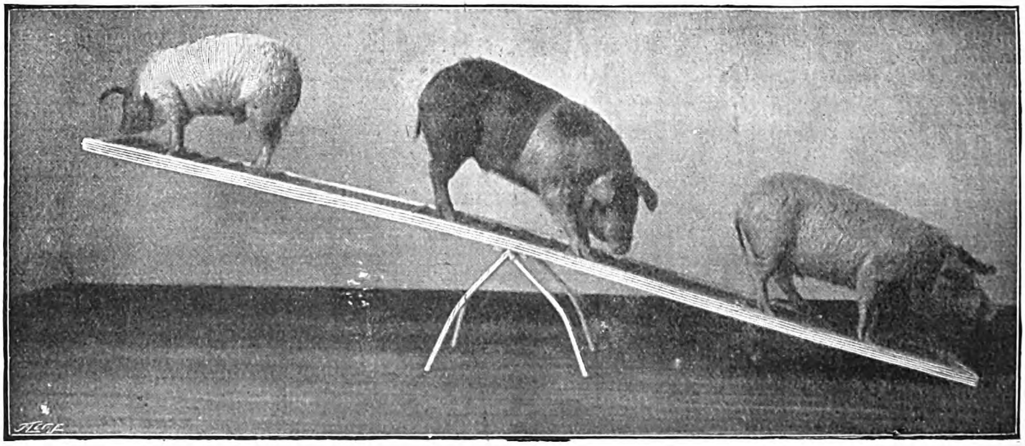
Kindness, too, is an absolute essential in the training of pigs, any harshness in their early training, and, in fact, throughout, reducing them at once to sullen moroseness, and rendering them absolutely hopeless to teach.

Kindness will quickly repay any efforts by giving most excellent results, as Mr. Holder can prove, when he brings his troupe of pigs over to England to delight the London public. But added to kindness must be firmness, with an obstinate learner, and it is absolutely fatal to try to educate pigs, or, for that matter, any animals by means of what is called cupboard love. One of piggy's quaintest characteristics is a marked disinclination to perform any trick once he has learnt it and got tired of it. He has no objection to learn new tricks, and so improve his mind; but to perform old and stale ones, really that is asking too much, argues piggy.

But here a little firmness and gentle persuasion must be brought to bear on him, and his strong commonsense and naturally quick understanding will soon make itself evident, and he will do the trick to the best of his ability.

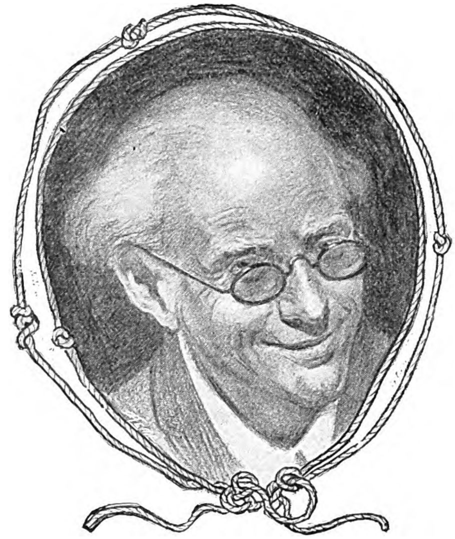
Were Mr. Holder's happy little family able to talk English we may be assured that they would all unite in praising their kind master, who has gone to such pains to teach his little friends to amuse and entertain us so prettily.

And after reading this article I am sure you will agree with me that piggy has proved quite conclusively that his bad reputation and the absurd prejudice held by so many people against him are quite out of date and unfounded, and must be dropped once and for all.



A see-saw is capital sport for a change.

THE DUBLIN MYSTERY.



Being the Sixth of a Series of Stories entitled "The Mysteries of Great Cities."

Illustrated by P. B. Hickling.

By

BARONESS E. ORCZY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE MAN IN THE CORNER *of the A. B. C. shop who tells the story to*
THE LADY JOURNALIST.
PERCIVAL BROOKS.
MURRAY BROOKS (*his younger brother*).
HENRY ORANMORE, K.C. } *Barristers.*
WALTER HIBBERT. }
JOHN O'NEIL (*Butler to the Brooks*).

I.

"I ALWAYS thought that the history of that forged will was about as interesting as any I had read," said the man in the corner that day. He had been silent for some time, and was meditatively sorting and looking through a packet of small photographs in his pocket-book. I guessed that some of these would presently be placed before me for my inspection, and I had not long to wait.

"That is old Brooks," he said, pointing to one of the photographs, "Millionaire Brooks as he was called, and these are his two sons, Percival and Murray. It was a curious case, wasn't it? Personally I don't wonder that the police were completely at sea. If a member of that highly estimable force happened to be as clever as the clever author of that forged will, we should have very few undetected crimes in this country."

"That is why I always try to persuade you to give our poor ignorant police the benefit of your great insight and wisdom," I said.

"I know," he said blandly, "you have been most kind in that way, but I am only an amateur. Crime interests me only when it resembles a clever game of chess, with many intricate moves which all tend to one solution, the checkmating of the antagonist—the detective force of the country. Now confess that, in the Dublin mystery, the clever police there were absolutely checkmated."

"Absolutely."

"Just as the public was. There were actually two crimes there which have completely baffled detection. The murder of Patrick Wethered the lawyer, and the forged will of Millionaire Brooks. There are not many millionaires in Ireland; no wonder old Brooks was a notability in his way, since his business—bacon-curing, I believe it is—is said to be worth over £2,000,000 of solid money.

"His younger son Murray was a refined, highly-educated man, and was moreover the apple of his father's eye, as he was the spoilt darling of Dublin society; good looking, a splendid dancer, and a perfect rider, he was the acknowledged 'catch' of the matrimonial market of Ireland, and many a very aristocratic house was opened hospitably to the favourite son of the millionaire.

"Of course Percival Brooks, the eldest son, would inherit the bulk of the old man's property and also probably the larger share in the business; he, too, was good-looking, more so than his brother, he, too, rode, danced, and talked well, but it was many years ago that mammas with marriageable daughters had given up all hopes of Percival

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Brooks as a probable son-in-law. That young man's infatuation for Maisie Fortescue, a lady of undoubted charm but very doubtful antecedents, who had astonished the London and Dublin music-halls with her extravagant dances—was too well known and too old-established to encourage any hopes in other quarters.

"Whether Percival Brooks would ever marry Maisie Fortescue was thought to be very doubtful. Old Brooks had the full disposal of all his wealth, and it would have fared ill with Percival if he introduced an undesirable wife into the magnificent Fitzwilliam Place establishment.

"That is how matters stood," continued the man in the corner, "when Dublin society one morning learnt with deep regret and dismay that old Brooks had died very suddenly at his residence after only a few hours' illness. At first it was generally understood that he had had an apoplectic stroke; anyway, he had been at business hale and hearty as ever the day before his death, which occurred late on the evening of December 1st.

"It was the morning papers of December 2nd which told the sad news to their readers, and it was those self-same papers which on that eventful morning contained another, even more startling piece of news, which proved the prelude to a series of sensations, such as tranquil, placid Dublin had not experienced for many years. This was, that on that very afternoon which saw the death of Dublin's greatest millionaire, Mr. Patrick Wethered, his solicitor, was murdered in Phœnix Park at five o'clock in the afternoon, while actually walking to his own house from his visit to his client in Fitzwilliam Place.

"Patrick Wethered was as well known as the proverbial town pump; his mysterious and tragic death filled all Dublin with dismay. The lawyer, who was a man sixty years of age, had been struck on the back of his head by a heavy stick, garrotted, and subsequently robbed, for neither money, watch, or pocket-book were found upon his person, whilst the police soon gathered from Patrick Wethered's household that he had left home at two o'clock that afternoon, carrying both watch and pocket-book, and undoubtedly money as well.

"An inquest was held, and a verdict of wilful murder was found against some person or persons unknown.

"But Dublin had not exhausted its stock of sensations yet. Millionaire Brooks had been buried with due pomp and magnificence and his will had been proved (his business and personalty being estimated at £2,500,000), by Percival Gordon Brooks, his eldest son and sole executor. The younger son, Murray, who had devoted the best years of his life to being a friend and companion to his father, while Percival ran after ballet dancers and music-hall stars—Murray who had avowedly been the apple of his father's eye in consequence—was left with a miserly pittance of £300 a year, and no share whatever in the gigantic business of Brooks & Sons, bacon curers of Dublin.

"Something had evidently happened within the precincts of the Brooks' town mansion, which the public and Dublin society tried in vain to fathom. Elderly mammas and blushing *débutantes* were already thinking of the best means whereby next season they might more easily show the cold shoulder to young Murray Brooks, who had so suddenly become a hopeless 'detrimental' in the marriage market, when all these sensations terminated in one gigantic, overwhelming bit of scandal, which for the next three months furnished food for gossip in every drawing room in Dublin.

"Mr. Murray Brooks, namely, had entered a claim for probate of a will made by his father in 1891, declaring that the later will made the very day of his father's death and proved by his brother as sole executor was null and void, that will being a forgery."

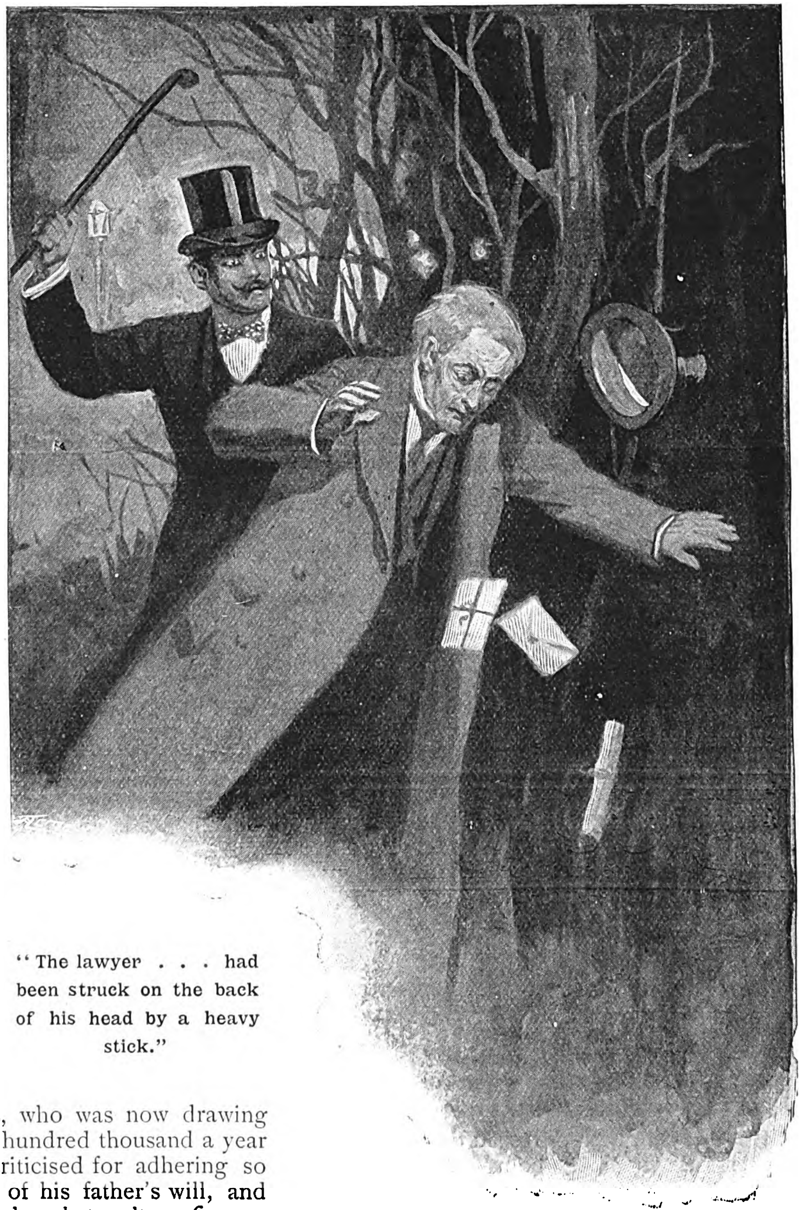
II.

"The facts that transpired in connection with this extraordinary case were sufficiently mysterious to puzzle everybody. As I told you before, all Mr. Brooks' friends never quite grasped the idea that the old man should so completely have cut off his favourite son with the proverbial shilling.

"You see Percival had always been a thorn in the old man's flesh. Horse-racing, gambling, theatres, and music-halls were, in the old pork-butcher's eyes, so many deadly sins which his son committed every day of his life, and all the Fitzwilliam Place household could testify to the many and bitter quarrels which had arisen between father and son over the latter's gambling or racing debts. Many people asserted that Brooks would sooner have left his money to charitable institutions than seen it squandered upon the brightest stars that adorned the music-hall stage.

"The case came up for hearing early in the spring. In the meanwhile Percival Brooks had given up his racecourse associates, settled down in the Fitzwilliam Place mansion and conducted his father's business, without a manager, but with all the energy and forethought which he had previously devoted to more unworthy causes.

"Murray had elected not to stay on in the old house; no doubt associations were of too painful and recent a nature; he was boarding with the family of a Mr. Wilson Hibbert, who was the late Patrick Wethered's, the murdered lawyer's, partner. They were quiet, homely people, who lived in a very pokey little house in Kilkenny Street, and poor Murray must, in spite of his grief, have felt very bitterly the change from his luxurious quarters in his father's mansion to his present tiny room and homely meals.



"The lawyer . . . had been struck on the back of his head by a heavy stick."

"Percival Brooks, who was now drawing an income of over a hundred thousand a year was very severely criticised for adhering so strictly to the letter of his father's will, and only paying his brother that paltry £300 a year, which was very literally but the crumbs off his own magnificent dinner table.

"The issue of that contested will case was therefore awaited with eager interest. In the meanwhile the police, who had at first seemed fairly loquacious on the subject of the murder of Mr. Patrick Wethered, suddenly became strangely reticent and by their very reticence aroused a certain amount of uneasiness in the public mind, until one day the *Irish Times* published the following extraordinary, enigmatic paragraph.

"'We hear on authority, which cannot be questioned, that certain extraordinary developments are expected in connection with the brutal murder of our distinguished townsman Mr. Wethered; the police, in fact, are vainly trying to keep it secret that they hold a clue which is as important as it is sensational, and that they only await the impending issue of a well known litigation in the probate court to effect an arrest.'

"The Dublin public flocked to the court to hear the arguments in the great will case. I myself journeyed down to Dublin. As soon as I succeeded in fighting my way to the densely crowded court, I took stock of the various actors in the drama, which I as a spectator was prepared to enjoy. There were Percival Brooks and Murray his brother, the two litigants, both good-looking and well dressed, and both striving, by keeping up a running conversation with their lawyer, to appear unconcerned and confident of the issue. With Percival Brooks was Henry Oranmore, the eminent Irish K.C., whilst Walter Hibbert, a rising young barrister, the son of Wilson Hibbert, appeared for Murray.

"The will of which the latter claimed probate was one dated 1891, and had been made by Mr. Brooks during a severe illness which threatened to end his days. This will had been deposited in the hands of Messrs. Wethered & Hibbert, solicitors to the deceased, and by it Mr. Brooks left his personalty equally divided between his two sons, but had left his business entirely to his youngest son, with a charge of £2000 a year upon it, payable to Percival. You see that Murray Brooks therefore had a very deep interest in that second will being found null and void.

"Old Mr. Hibbert had very ably instructed his son, and Walter Hibbert's opening speech was exceedingly clever. He would show, he said, on behalf of his client, that the will dated December 1st, 1900 could never have been made by the the late Mr. Brooks as it was absolutely contrary to his avowed intentions, and that if the late Mr. Brooks did on the day in question make any fresh will at all, it certainly was *not* the one proved by Mr. Percival Brooks, for that was absolutely a forgery from beginning to end. Mr. Walter Hibbert proposed to call several witnesses in support of both these points.

"On the other hand Mr. Henry Oranmore, K.C., very ably and courteously replied that he too had several witnesses to prove that Mr. Brooks certainly did make a will on the day in question, and that whatever his intentions may have been in the past, he must have modified them on the day of his death, for the will proved by Mr. Percival Brooks was found after his death under his pillow, duly signed and witnessed and in every way legal.

"Then the battle began in sober earnest. It chiefly centred round the prosaic figure of John O'Neill, the butler at Fitzwilliam Place, who had been in Mr. Brooks' family for thirty years.

"'I was clearing away my breakfast things,' said John, 'when I heard the master's voice in the study close by. Oh my, he was that angry! I could hear the words "disgrace," and "villain," and "liar." and "ballet-dancer," and one or two other ugly words as applied to some female lady, which I would not like to repeat. At first I did not take much notice, as I was quite used to hearing my poor dear master having words with Mr. Percival. So I went downstairs carrying my breakfast things; but I had just started cleaning my silver when the study bell goes ringing violently, and I hear Mr. Percival's voice shouting in the hall: "John! quick! Send for Dr. Mulligan at once. Your master is not well! Send one of the men, and you come up and help me to get Mr. Brooks to bed."

"'I sent one of the grooms for the doctor,' continued John, who seemed still affected at the recollection of his poor master, to whom he had evidently been very much attached, 'and I went up to see Mr. Brooks. I found him lying on the study floor, his head supported in Mr. Percival's arms. "My father has fallen in a faint," said the young master; "help me to get him up to his room before Dr. Mulligan comes."

"'Mr. Percival looked very white and upset, which was only natural; and when we had got my poor master to bed, I asked if I should not go and break the news to Mr. Murray, who had gone to business an hour ago. However, before Mr. Percival had time to give me an order, the doctor came. I thought I had seen death plainly writ in my master's face, and when I showed the doctor out an hour later, and he told me that he would be back directly, I knew that the end was near.

"'Mr. Brooks rang for me a minute or two later. He told me to send at once for Mr. Wethered, or else for Mr. Hibbert, if Mr. Wethered could not come. "I haven't many hours to live, John," he says to me—"my heart is broke, the doctor says my heart is broke. A man shouldn't marry and have children, John, for they will sooner or later break his heart." I was so upset I couldn't speak; but I sent round at once for Mr. Wethered, who came himself just about three o'clock that afternoon.

"'After he had been with my master about an hour, I was called in, and Mr. Wethered said to me that Mr. Brooks wished me and one other of us servants to witness that he had signed a paper which was on a table by his bedside. I called Pat Mooney, the head footman, and before us both Mr. Brooks put his name at the bottom of that paper. Then Mr. Wethered give me the pen and told me to write my name as a witness, and that Pat Mooney was to do the same. After that we were both told that we could go.'

"He was present on the following day when the undertakers, who had come to lay his master out, found a paper underneath his pillow. John O'Neill, who recognised the paper as the one to which he had appended his signature the day before, took it to Mr. Percival, and gave it into his hands.

"In answer to Mr. Walter Hibbert, John asserted positively that he took the paper from the undertaker's hand and went straight with it to Mr. Percival's room.

"'He was alone,' said John, 'I gave him the paper. He just glanced at it, and I thought he looked rather astonished, but he said nothing, and I at once left the room.'

"'When you say that you recognised the paper as the one which you had seen your master sign the day before, how did you actually recognise that it was the same paper?' asked Mr. Hibbert amidst breathless interest on the part of the spectators. I narrowly observed the witness's face.

"'It looked exactly the same paper to me, sir,' replied John somewhat vaguely.

"'Did you look at the contents, then?'

"'No, sir; certainly not.'

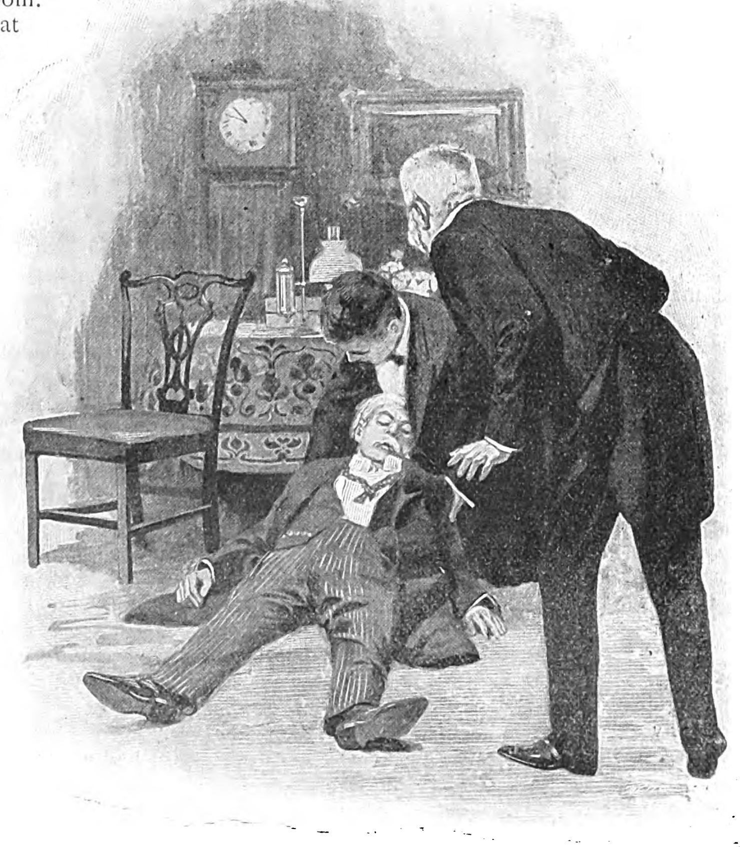
"'Had you done so the day before?'

"'No, sir, only at my master's signature.'

"'Then you only thought by the *outside* look of the paper that it was the same.'

"'It looked the same thing, sir,' persisted John obstinately.

"You see," continued the man in the corner, leaning eagerly forward across the narrow marble table, "the contention of Murray Brooks' adviser was that Mr. Brooks, having made a will and hidden it—for some reason or other under his pillow—that will had fallen, through the means related by John O'Neill, into the hands of Mr. Percival Brooks, who had destroyed it and substituted a forged one in its place, which adjudged the whole of Mr. Brooks' millions to himself. It was a terrible and very daring accusation directed against a gentleman who, in spite of his many wild oats sowed in early youth, was a prominent and important figure in Irish high-life.



"'I found him lying on the study floor, his head supported in Mr. Percival's arms.'"

"All those present were aghast at what they heard, and the whispered comments I could hear around me showed me that public opinion at least did not uphold Mr. Murray Brooks' daring accusation against his brother.

"But John O'Neill had not finished his evidence, and Mr. Walter Hibbert had a bit of sensation still up his sleeve. He had, namely, produced a paper, the will proved by Mr. Percival Brooks, and had asked John O'Neill if once again he recognised the paper.

"'Certainly, sir,' said John unhesitatingly, 'that is the one the undertaker found under my poor dead master's pillow, and which I took to Mr. Percival's room immediately.'

"Then the paper was unfolded and placed before the witness.

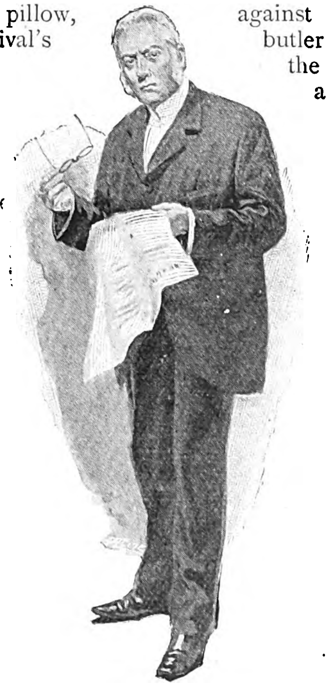
"'Now, Mr. O'Neill, will you tell me if that is your signature?'

"John looked at it for a moment; then he said: 'Excuse me, sir,' and produced pair of spectacles which he carefully adjusted before he again examined the paper. Then he thoughtfully shook his head.

"'It don't look much like my writing, sir,' he said at last. 'That is to say,' he added, by way of elucidating the matter, 'it does look like my writing, but then I don't think it is.'

"There was at that moment a look in Mr. Percival Brooks' face," continued the man in the corner quietly, "which then and there gave me the whole history of that quarrel, that illness of Mr. Brooks, of the will, aye! and of the murder of Patrick Wethered too.

"All I wondered at was how every one of those learned counsel on both sides did not get the clue just the same as I did, but went on arguing, speechifying, cross-examining for nearly a week, until they arrived at the one conclusion which was inevitable from the very first, namely, that the will *was* a forgery—a gross, clumsy, idiotic forgery, since both John O'Neill and Pat Mooney, the two witnesses, absolutely repudiated the signatures as their own. The only successful bit of caligraphy the forger had done was the signature of old Mr. Brooks.



"'It don't look much like my writing, sir,' he said at last. 'That is to say,' he added, ... 'it does look like my writing, but then I don't think it is.'"

"It was a very curious fact, and one which had undoubtedly aided the forger in accomplishing his work quickly, that Mr. Wethered the lawyer having, no doubt, realised that Mr. Brooks had not many moments in life to spare, had not drawn up the usual engrossed, magnificent document dear to the lawyer heart, but had used for his client's will one of those regular printed forms which can be purchased at any stationer's.

"Mr. Percival Brooks, of course, flatly denied the serious allegation brought against him. He admitted that the butler had brought him the document the morning after his father's death, and that he certainly, on glancing at it, had been very much astonished to see that that document was his father's will. Against that he declared that its contents did not astonish him in the slightest degree, that he himself knew of the testator's intentions, but that he certainly thought his father had intrusted the will to the care of Mr. Wethered, who did all his business for him.

"'I only very cursorily glanced at the signature,' he concluded, speaking in a perfectly calm, clear voice, 'you must understand that the thought of forgery was very far from my mind, and that my father's signature is exceedingly well imitated, if, indeed, it is not his own, which I am not at all prepared to believe. As for the two witnesses' signatures, I don't think I had ever seen them before. I took the document to Messrs. Barkston & Maud, who had often done business for me before, and they assured me that the will was in perfect form and order.'

"Asked why he had not intrusted the will to his father's solicitors, he replied:

"'For the very simple reason, that exactly half an hour before the will was placed in my hands, I had read that Mr. Patrick Wethered had been murdered the night before. Mr. Hibbert, the junior partner, was not personally known to me.'

"After that, for form's sake, a good deal of expert evidence was heard on the subject of the dead man's signature. But that was quite unanimous, and merely went to corroborate what had already been established beyond a doubt, namely, that the will dated December 1st, 1900 was a forgery, and probate of the will dated 1891 was therefore granted to Mr. Murray Brooks, the sole executor mentioned therein."

III.

"Two days later the police applied for a warrant for the arrest of Mr. Percival Brooks on a charge of forgery.

"The Crown prosecuted, and Mr. Brooks had again the support of Mr. Oranmore, the eminent K.C. Perfectly calm, like a man conscious of his own innocence and unable to grasp the idea that justice does sometimes miscarry, Mr. Brooks, the son of the millionaire, himself still the possessor of a very large fortune, under the former will, stood up in the dock on that memorable day in May, 1902, which still no doubt lives in the memory of his many friends.

"All the evidence with regard to Mr. Brooks' last moments and the forged will was gone through over again. That will, it was the contention of the Crown, had been forged so entirely in favour of the accused, cutting out everyone else, that obviously no one but the beneficiary under that false will would have had any motive in forging it.

"Very pale, and with a frown between his deep set handsome Irish eyes, Percival Brooks listened to this large volume of evidence piled up against him by the Crown.

"At times he held brief consultations with Mr. Oranmore, who seemed as cool as a cucumber. Have you ever seen Oranmore in court? He is a character worthy of Dickens. His pronounced brogue, his fat, podgy clean-shaven face, his not always immaculately clean large hands, have often delighted the caricaturist. As it very soon transpired during that memorable magisterial inquiry he relied for a verdict in favour of his client upon two main points, and he had concentrated all his skill upon making these two points as telling as he possibly could.

"The first point was the question of time. John O'Neill, cross-examined by Oranmore, stated without hesitation that he had given the will to Mr. Percival at eleven o'clock in the morning. And now the eminent K.C. brought forward and placed in the witness box the very lawyers into whose hands the accused had then immediately placed the will. Now Mr. Barkston, a very well-known solicitor of King Street, declared positively that Mr. Percival Brooks was in his office at a quarter before twelve; two of his clerks testified to the same time exactly, and it was *impossible*, contended Mr. Oranmore, that within three-quarters of an hour Mr. Brooks could have gone to a stationer's, bought a will form, copied Mr. Wethered's writing, his father's signature, and that of John O'Neill and Pat Mooney.

"Such a thing might have been planned, arranged, practised, and ultimately after a great deal of trouble, successfully carried out, but human intelligence could not grasp the other as a possibility.

"Still the judge wavered. The eminent K.C. had shaken but not shattered his belief in the prisoner's guilt. But there was one point more, and this Oranmore, with the skill of a dramatist, had reserved for the fall of the curtain.

"He noted every sign in the judge's face, he guessed that his client was not yet absolutely safe, then only did he produce his last two witnesses.

"One of them was Mary Sullivan, one of the housemaids in the Fitzwilliam Mansion. She had been sent up by the cook at a quarter past four o'clock on the afternoon of December 1st with some hot water, which the nurse had ordered for the master's room. Just as she was about to knock at the door, Mr. Wethered was coming out of the room. Mary stopped with the tray in her hand, and at the door Mr. Wethered turned and said quite loud; 'Now, don't fret, don't be anxious; do try and be calm. Your will is safe in my pocket, nothing can change it, or alter one word of it but yourself.'

"It was of course a very ticklish point in law whether the housemaid's evidence could be accepted. You see she was quoting the words of a man since dead, spoken to another man also dead. There is no doubt that had there been very strong evidence on the other side against Percival Brooks, Mary Sullivan's would have counted for nothing, but as I told you before the judge's belief in the prisoner's guilt was already very seriously shaken, and now the final blow aimed at it by Mr. Oranmore shattered his last lingering doubts.

"Dr. Mulligan, namely, had been placed by Mr. Oranmore into the witness box. He was a medical man of unimpeachable authority, in fact absolutely at the head of his profession in Dublin. What he said practically corroborated Mary Sullivan's testimony. He had gone in to see Mr. Brooks at half-past

his pocket, whilst another was being forged in its place?"

"It certainly would be very curious, if it *were* a coincidence," I said musingly.

"Very," he repeated with biting sarcasm, whilst nervously his bony fingers played with the inevitable bit of string. "Very curious indeed. Just think of the whole thing. There was the old man with all his wealth, and two sons, one to whom he is devoted, and the other with whom he does nothing but quarrel. One day there is another of these quarrels, but more violent, more terrible than any that have previously occurred, with the result that the father, heart-broken by it all, has an attack of the heart—practically dies of a broken heart. After that he alters his will, and subsequently a will is proved which turns out to be a forgery.

"Now everybody, police, press, and public alike, at once jump to the conclusion that, as Percival Brooks benefits by that forged will, Percival Brooks must be the forger."

"Seek for him whom the crime benefits, is your own axiom," I argued.

"I beg your pardon?"

"Percival Brooks benefited to the tune of £2,000,000."

"I beg your pardon. He did nothing of the sort. He was left with less than half the share that his younger brother inherited."

"Now, yes; but that was a former will and——"

"And that forged will was so clumsily executed, the signature so carelessly imitated, that the forgery was bound to come to light. Did *that* never strike you?"

"Yes, but——"

"There is no but." he interrupted. "It was all as clear as daylight to me, from the very first. The quarrel with the old man, which broke his heart was not with his eldest son, with whom he was used to quarrelling, but with the second son whom he idolised, in whom he believed. Don't you remember how John O'Neill heard the words 'liar' and 'deceit'? Percival Brooks had never deceived his father. His sins were all on the surface. Murray had led a quiet life, had pandered to his father, and fawned upon him, until, like most hypocrites, he at last got found out. Who knows what ugly gambling debt or debt of honour, suddenly revealed to old Brooks, was the cause of that last and deadly quarrel?

"You remember that it was Percival who remained beside his father and carried him up to his room. Where was Murray throughout that long and painful day, when his father lay dying—he, the idolised son, the apple of the old man's eye? You never hear his name mentioned as being present there all that day. But he knew that he had offended his father mortally, and that his father meant to cut him off with a shilling. He knew that Mr. Wethered had been sent for, that Wethered left the house soon after four o'clock.

"And here the cleverness of the man comes in. Having lain in wait for Wethered and knocked him on the back of the head with a stick, he could not very well make that will disappear altogether. There remained the faint chance of some other witnesses knowing that Mr. Brooks had made a fresh will, Mr. Wethered's partner, his clerk, or one of the confidential servants in the house. Therefore *a* will must be discovered after the old man's death.

"Now Murray Brooks was not an expert forger, it takes years of training to become that. A forged will executed by himself would be sure to be found out—yes, that's it, sure to be found out. The forgery will be palpable—let it be palpable, and then it will be found out, branded as such, and the original will of 1891, so favourable to the young blackguard's interests, will be held as valid. Was it devilry or merely additional caution which prompted Murray to pen that forged will so glaringly in Percival's favour? It is impossible to say.

"Anyhow, it was the cleverest touch in that marvellously-devised crime. To plan that evil deed was great, to execute it was easy enough. He had several hours' leisure in which to do it. Then at night it was simplicity itself to slip the document under the dead man's pillow. Sacrilege causes no shudder to such natures as Murray Brooks. The rest of the drama you know already—"

"But Percival Brooks?"

"The jury returned a verdict of 'Not guilty.' There was no evidence against him."

"But the money? Surely the scoundrel does not have the enjoyment of it still?"

"No; he enjoyed it for a time, but he died about three months ago, and forgot to take the precaution of making a will, so his brother Percival has got the business after all. If you ever go to Dublin I should order some of Brooks' bacon if I were you. It is very good."

Many Faces In One

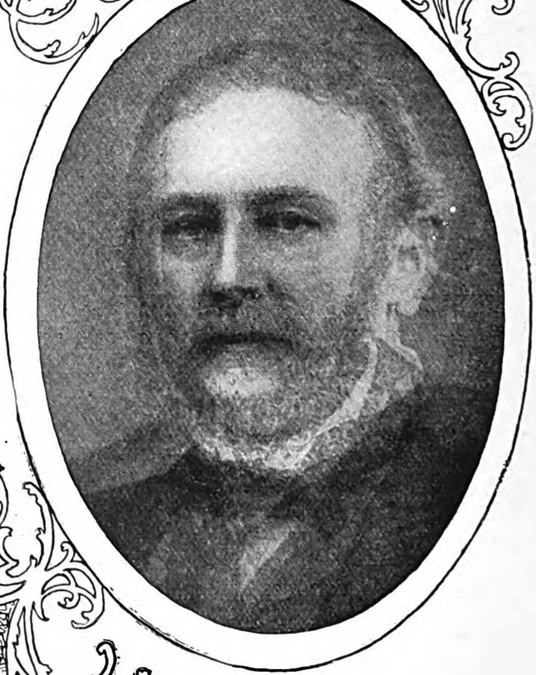
By Spencer Courthope.

An entertaining article about composite photographs, which you should read carefully, as it suggests a very interesting pastime.

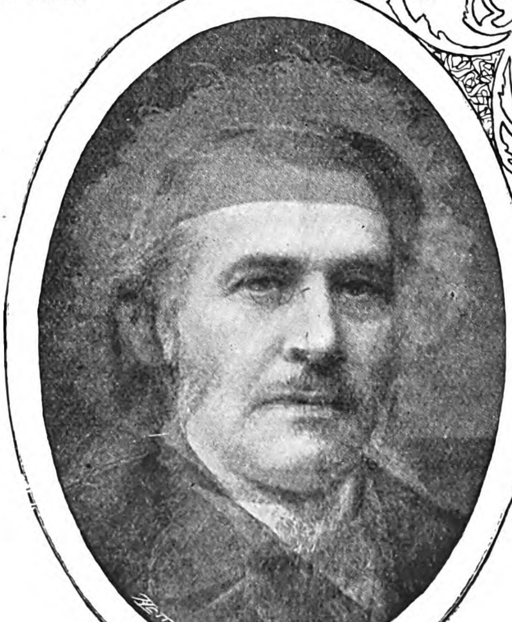
Can any reader supply names to the portraits which appear on this and the two succeeding pages? It would be a clever thing to do—in fact, rather too clever; for each of our illustrations is a composite picture—that is to say, made up from the likenesses of several eminent persons.

A composite photograph? What is that? You may well ask. Here the photographer steps in.

This enterprising person takes a series of photographs of different persons in the same position and with the head and bust of each as nearly the same size as possible. These negatives he prints on the same paper, giving each a short exposure, and thus producing a picture containing an equal element of each face.



The statesman personified. Here we have Lord Salisbury, and Mr. Gully, Mr. St. J. Brodrick, the late Mr. Cecil Rhodes, the late Earl of Kimberley, Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, Mr. Balfour, and Mr. Chamberlain.



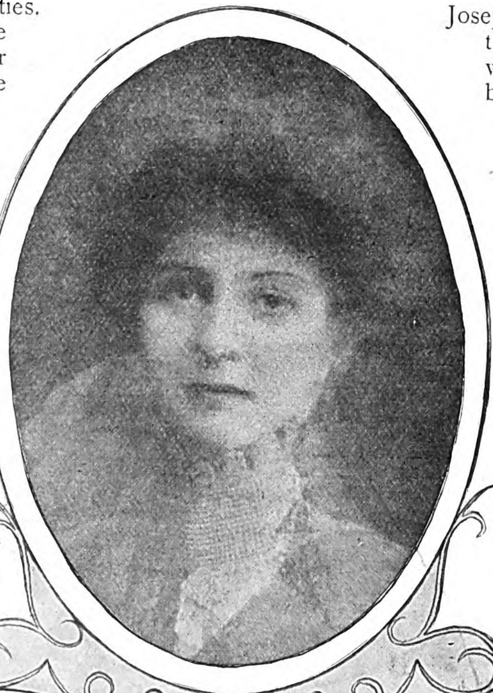
Here are a group of Ecclesiastics. They include the two Archbishops, the late Dr. Creighton, the Bishop of Ripon, Dr. Parker, and Dr. Clifford, while the Chief Rabbi, Dr. Hermann Adler, completes the list.

As for trying to decipher the various celebrities, which make up each portrait, you should look at the photographs from all points of view. It will be quite easy in most cases to recognise some one very prominent person, as, for instance, Lord Kitchener in the photograph of the various generals. The powerful and fascinating eyes of the great leader are unmistakable. Here, too, we can easily recognise Lord Methuen, and, by holding the picture in a different position, we can catch a glimpse of Lord Roberts.

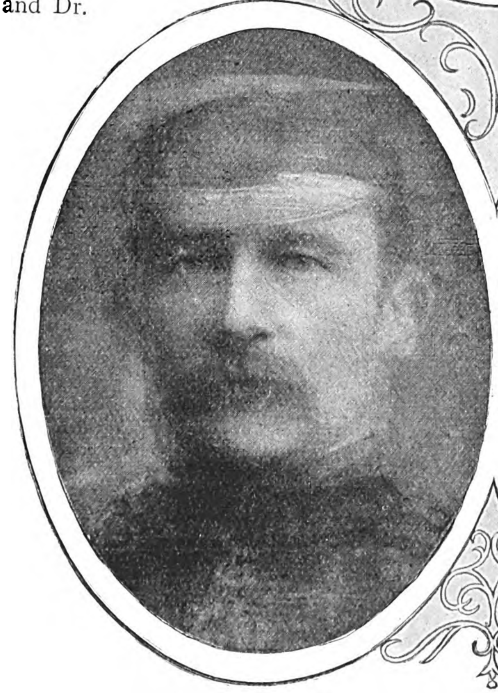
Similarly with the other compositions. We easily see Queen Alexandra amongst the prominent society beauties. Lord Salisbury, and the Premier, Mr. Arthur Balfour, are discernible amongst politicians, while here, too, that noble forehead and the faint suspicion of an eyeglass—surely, they denote the Colonial Secretary. Another photograph looks like Sir Henry Irving and Viscount Goschen rolled into one, but as a matter of fact, the churches have, for once, ceased squabbling over ritual, and are united to delight our readers. For here are the Chief Rabbi and Dr. Joseph Parker together with the late Dr. Creighton, while the rival Archbishops of Canterbury and York are not absent.

Nothing could be more wise and solemn than the legal "face," and even were it not crowned with a wig, that face could scarcely fail to be judicial. Lord Alverstone is specially prominent here, and you catch glimpses also of Sir George Lewis and many other legal luminaries.

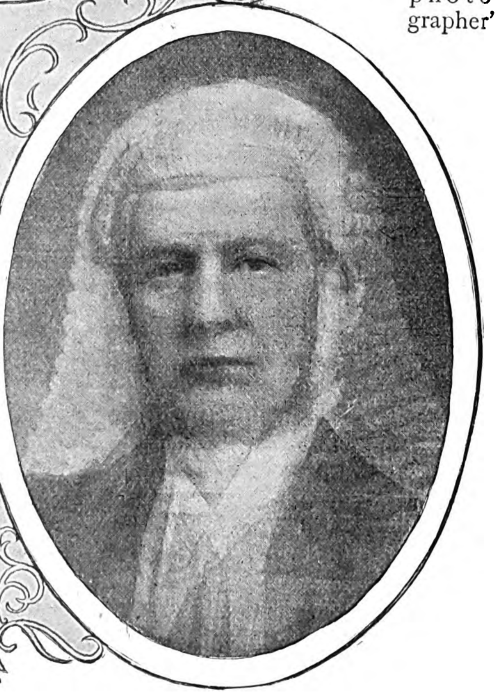
Actresses have also pleased the photographer's



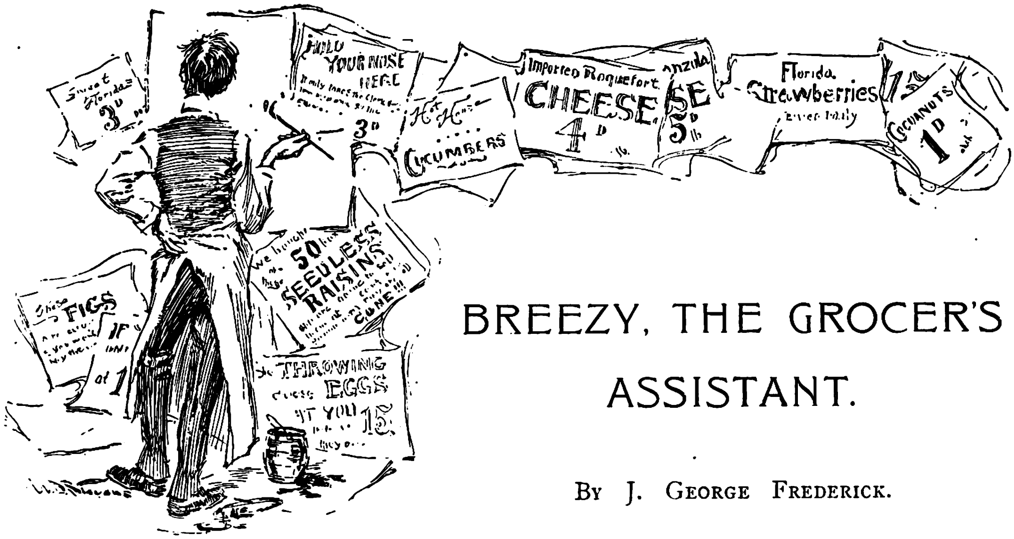
Some beauties of Society are in this charming photograph. First and foremost, of course, is Queen Alexandra, supported by Lady Evelyn Ward, Lady Grey-Egerton, Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew, Princess Henry of Pless, the Countess of Warwick, and the Duchess of Sutherland.



A group of soldiers. Lord Kitchener, Viscount Wolseley, Earl Roberts, Generals Macdonald, French, Sir Evelyn Wood, Baden-Powell, White, Lord Methuen, and the Duke of Cambridge.



Some lights of the Bar—Lord Alverstone, Mr. Justice Kennedy, Mr. Justice Kay, Mr. Marshall Hall, K.C., Sir R. B. Finlay, K.C., Mr. Justice Lindley, Mr. Justice Collins, and Sir G. Lewis.



BREEZY, THE GROCER'S ASSISTANT.

By J. George Frederick.

When John Henry Leslie & Co., grocers, took him on they thought they had secured an ordinary shopman, and gave themselves no further concern. They were prosperous without being progressive. They already had a force of about a dozen assistants beside half a dozen delivery vans. They had hired assistants for twenty years, and to them it was a troublesome and vexatious proceeding. They frowned at first at his light frame, but when he put a prostrate sugar barrel on end with easy unconcern, all objections were immediately withdrawn.

His surname was Smith, and his Christian name Hezekiah. His mother called him "Zeke," and his companions "Breezy."

Breezy entered upon his work whistling in supreme content. He was at the bottom of the commercial hill, and was preparing to run up to the top. The big, busy shop was a good arena. He had no high ambitions to make him dream, no love affairs to make him forgetful, and no vices to keep him from doing his best. There wasn't a lazy tendon in his body.

He was not tall. If he had been, he would have been lazy. He was short, thin, black-eyed, nervous, and muscular. Before his ponderous companions got an idea through their heads, Breezy was half-way through with the action. A few thought he was a genius, but they were mistaken. Breezy was innocent of the smallest spark. He just had a large capital of nervous energy that made him work while others were content to lounge.

They put him behind the fruit counter. His first act was to clean it up generally. "Such a rum way of doing business," he muttered, quite like an experienced grocer, scowling at the hidden waste and slip-shod displays of his predecessor. When he had finished the counter there was absolutely no fault to find with it. But he was not satisfied. He went into the cellar and started to saw and nail some boxes to make receptacles for various things at the back of his counter.

"What are you doing here?" said the pompous and obese superintendent, finding him at work.

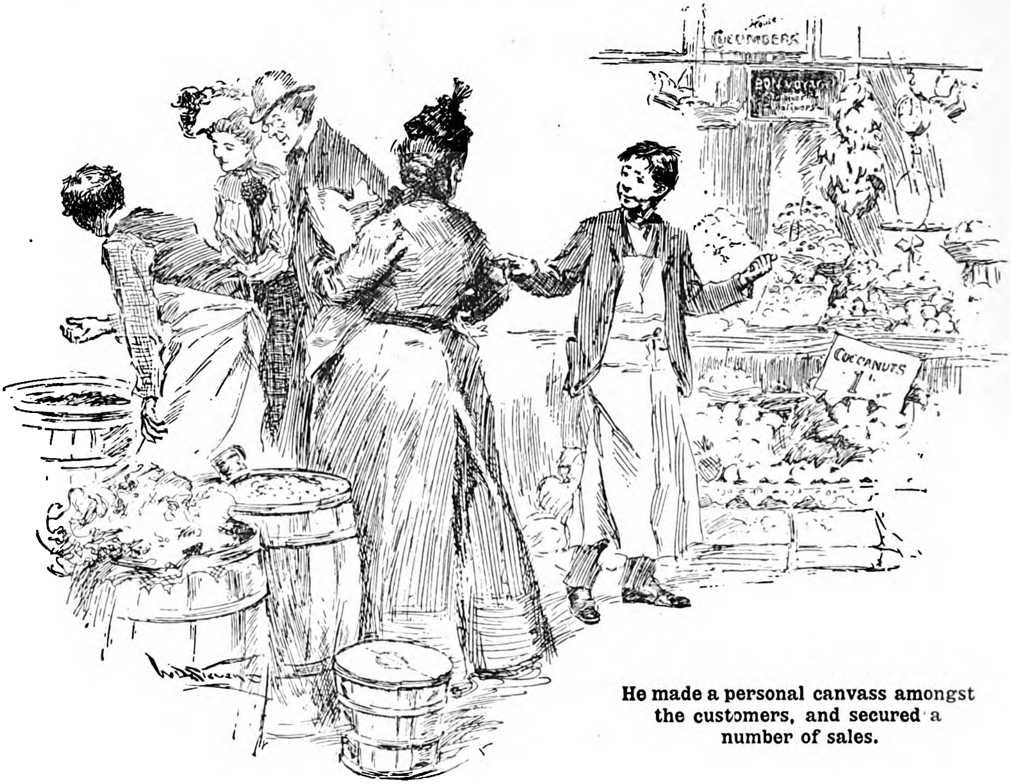
"Oh," said Breezy carelessly, "I'm just getting some boxes into shape to put odds and ends in at my counter."

"We have got a carpenter to do that," said the superintendent with displeasure; "get upstairs and attend to your customers."

Breezy went up, and finished the boxes while the superintendent was absent. He cleaned the fruit on his counter four times a day.

"It gets so dusty," he said briskly to a

Breezy entered upon his work whistling in supreme content.



He made a personal canvass amongst the customers, and secured a number of sales.

fellow shopman, who looked askance at the action.

"The last man didn't," replied the other.

"Didn't he?" said Breezy coolly.

Of course they all laughed at him. His tie was awry and of objectionable hue, and his trousers lacked the proper cut and crease.

The fruit trade was slow, and Breezy was highly impatient. The superintendent compelled him to stay behind his counter, and he had to gaze impatiently over the bustling crowd of the shop, which seemed to stop at every other counter but his. Twice, when the superintendent was not about, he made a personal canvass among the customers, and secured a number of sales. A third time he was discovered, and peremptorily ordered back.

After closing time, Breezy was absent-minded and restless. The noise from the counting-house, the aroma of freshly roasted coffee, of bacon and of cheese, the click of the weighing scales, the scraping of the busy scoops, the shrill staccato of the register bells and opening drawers, the rustle of the wrapping paper, the shuffle of hurrying feet, and the rumble of the carts on the roadway outside, and the ever-changing panorama of shoppers—all these had become to Breezy the breath of life, and he sighed for them longingly ere the evenings were over. He had a printing press, and he set type as a means of diversion—all matter concerning the grocery store.

He set up a card and embodied in it an idea that he had conceived. He printed five hundred of them—all the cardboard he had. They were invitations to the public to have any and all sorts of fruit delivered at their homes at any time by telephone orders. He laid one on Mr. Leslie's desk the next morning.

"Thompson," Breezy heard Leslie call shortly afterwards to the superintendent. "This is a good idea. How many did you have printed?"

Thompson grew red. "I didn't have any printed," he replied in surprise. Leslie frowned, and called his partner, who also professed ignorance. Breezy watched them from behind the register, and then ventured forward.

"I printed them on my own press. Here are five hundred more."

Leslie looked again at the card, and then raised his eyebrows at Thompson, who nodded in return, seemingly signifying that this was the man mentioned in some previous conversation.

"You may hand in your bill for them to the book-keeper," said Leslie to Breezy evenly, "and Thompson, you may have them properly distributed."

Besides being paid for his cards, there was an extra half-crown in his weekly pay envelope that Saturday. He promptly bought a seat in the theatre.

They found him the next week at the telephone, calling up all private residences that happened to be on the wire. "Is that Mrs. Jones?" he would ask. "Pardon me, Mrs. Jones; this is Leslie's. We would like to sell you some groceries." And then he would enter into a conversation for an order. The other people on the wire were indignant, and the exchange told him that he was not the only person on the telephone. But in less than an hour Breezy had orders amounting to £10, and Leslie himself closed Thompson's mouth of wrath at neglected customers by a word of commendation.

The firm's telephone trade had never been worked up, and Breezy printed announcements inviting customers to use the 'phone to send their orders. A telephone was placed behind the fruit counter, and Breezy took the orders. Nay, he did more. "You're going to bake, aren't you?" he asked of the housewives when they ordered flour, lard, etc. "Isn't your baking-powder all gone? Don't you need some fresh lard? We've got some prime stuff here. The best in the market." And so on.

"Here, Mr. Thompson," he called to the superintendent as he passed one day: "who makes these cards?"

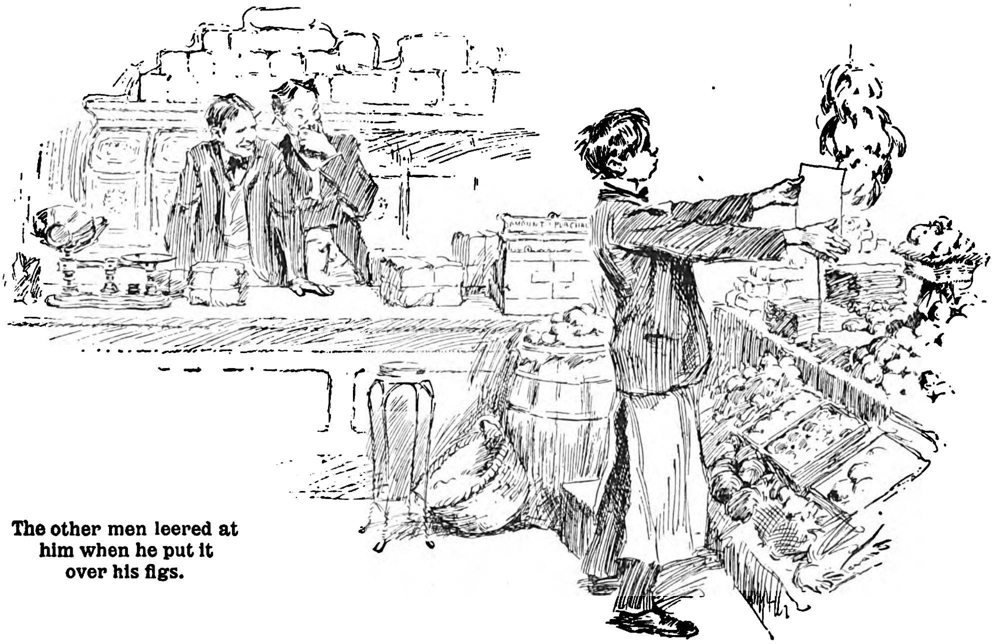
"Tommy, the shipping clerk," replied Thompson shortly.

"I have just thought," said Breezy reflectively, "that I might make a nicer one for this counter. May I try one?"

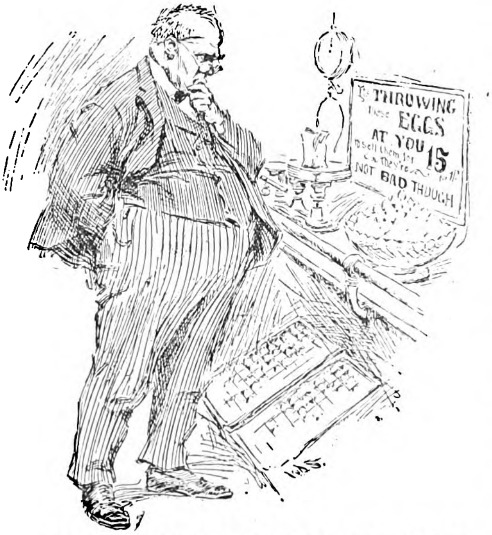
"Yes, but don't neglect your counter."

Breezy had just received a large quantity of splendid figs that morning which were selling at a low price. But the firm had not even given him price cards to put on them, and had not mentioned them in the newspaper advertisements. "How the blazes do they expect to sell these?" he grumbled; "nobody knows anything about them."

When, therefore, he had surprised the busy shipping clerk by asking for the card-marking tools, and had made a few simple price cards for other goods, it occurred to him that he might as well make a fig sign. It was prettily lettered, and it read: "These figs are good, clean figs, and you won't be able to buy them for very many days." The other men leered at him when he put it over his figs, rearranging the boxes artistically on the counter.



The other men leered at him when he put it over his figs.



Thompson stood before it for full two minutes before he decided to let it pass.

Thompson didn't happen to be about any more that day, but in the evening Breezy sought him out. The figs were all gone.

"H'm," said the superintendent, "You must have had an extra run on figs to-day."

Over the new supply that he received the next morning, the assistants read from another card: "More good, clean figs at this price. They'll only last through the day though." It seemed as if everybody that came into the shop that day bought figs. Thompson came to the fruit counter out of curiosity, attracted by the crowd there, which Breezy was waiting upon with a satisfied and dexterous alacrity. He elevated his eyebrows at the sign.

"Who made that sign?" he asked, when the crowd had cleared off.

"Me," said Breezy, in a bustle at the cash register.

"H'm, h'm," said the superintendent, strolling off.

The next day it was raisins at a bargain, and Breezy's sign said: "We have bought fifty boxes of these seedless raisins, and we are going to sell them cheap until they are all gone."

"There isn't any lie in that," reflected Breezy, as he read it. "I saw the fifty boxes myself."

"How many boxes of those seedless raisins went out to-day?" asked Thompson that evening looking sourly at the sign. "I'm afraid they won't go very well."

"Twenty-five," answered Breezy.

"What!" said Thompson, staring over his spectacles.

"Twenty-five," repeated Breezy.

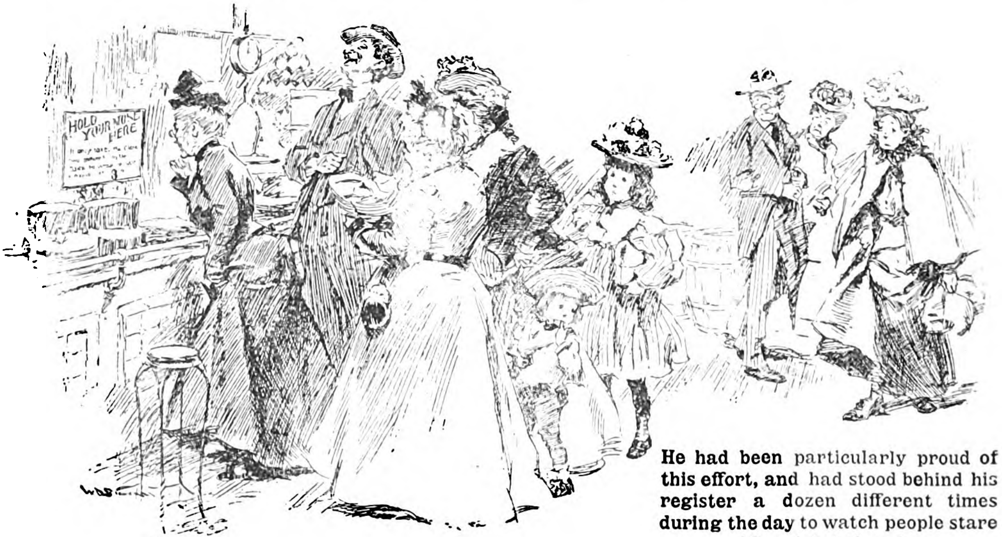
"H'm, *h'm*," said the superintendent, walking rapidly off.

The other twenty-five went the next day. "Could have sold more," said Breezy.

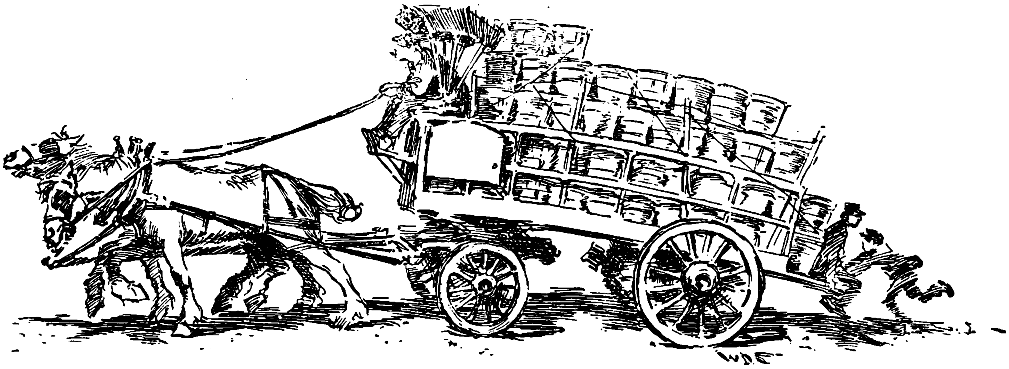
"H'm," said Thompson slowly, and, after a minute, "those signs are neatly lettered."

Breezy was vigorously cleaning up.

"You may use the slack hours," continued Thompson cautiously, "by making the signs for the whole shop. We'll get an assistant



He had been particularly proud of this effort, and had stood behind his register a dozen different times during the day to watch people stare and break into laughter.



The tubs were all delivered in the afternoon.

at your counter. Breezy was kicking some boxes under his counter.

"D'ye hear?" said Thompson.

"Yes, sir," said Breezy.

For the next six weeks the customers at Leslie's enjoyed daily treats from the signs. There were no fewer than fifty to be made on busy days. The language was simple; it told the truth about the goods, it never disappointed, and quite often there was a bit of Breezy's humour in it. After a few weeks Breezy acquired a literary facetiousness. The fat superintendent frowned at his efforts and looked as if he half regretted his venture.

"The old guy," mused Breezy, one day, as he saw Thompson deliberately tear one of them up. It was an egg sign, and read: "If you wait until to-morrow to buy these eggs at nineteen a shilling they may not be as good as they are to-day!" Promptly Breezy had another one up which read: "It's throwing these eggs at you to sell them for nineteen a shilling. They're not bad, though."

Thompson stood before it for full two minutes before he decided to let it pass, and then walked away, murmuring, "H'm, h'm."

But Breezy, ran to extremes, and one day, when Leslie paused before a cheese sign and read: "Hold your nose here. It only takes the assistant two minutes by the clock to wrap up half a pound at 1s. 3d.," he decided that he would draw a limit, and he told Breezy to take it down, which he did with a rather crestfallen air. He had been particularly proud of this effort, and had stood behind his register a dozen different times during the day, to watch customers stare and break out into laughter. A week later they made him take another one down, and Mr. Leslie called him aside.

"Don't try to be so funny on your cards," he frowned. "You make nice cards when you stick to fact, but when you get humorous you make a fool of yourself."

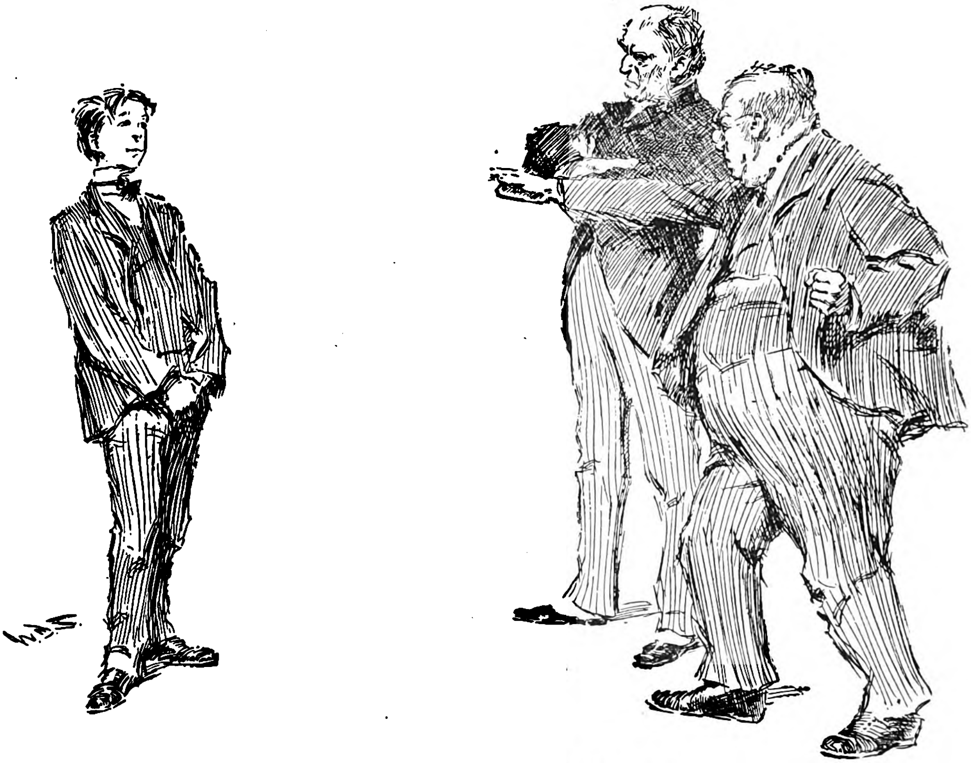
Breezy grunted ungracious acquiescence, while the corners of the grocer's mouth twitched at the recollection of some of the week's cards. But they continued to be as flagrant as ever. Thompson complained to Leslie about it, and the proprietor sat for a few moments in deep thought.

"That boy's got too much vitality," he said, "and we'll have to give him another outlet for it. Making cards and answering the telephone isn't enough for him to do. I think that I will put Morris at the telephone, and let Smith do our important outside business in the country." The change was accordingly made, and Breezy became a sort of confidential clerk, doing most of the firm's business with the banks and the town offices. Characteristically he allowed no opportunity to escape learning the firm's manner of doing business and its needs. He was not chary with suggestions, either, and was told by the firm more than once that his advice had not been asked, and that it was therefore not very valuable. This logic Breezy utterly failed to comprehend.

His old friends smiled as he dashed by them daily on his bicycle, his hat crushed on to his head, and his face almost on the handle bars.

The firm sent him to the newspaper offices to take advertising copy. The advertisements which he carried he criticised freely on the road to town. Most of his criticisms were of a decidedly adverse nature, and his opinion of the man who wrote them, the head of the firm, grew more and more contemptuous. He had learned some shrewd lessons in advertising by his card making.

One morning they sent him to a wholesale firm with an order for twenty tubs of butter.



"I told you twenty!" roared Thompson.

With the order they gave him copy to take to all the morning papers, making commonplace and altogether unattractive mention—thought Breezy—of a proposed special sale of these twenty tubs of butter.

"That's the weakest thing yet," he soliloquised, as he sped down the empty road. "Butter'll go up three halfpence a pound one of these days."

As he stood in the office of the dairy company, he heard a man say something confidentially to the manager and a customer that made him wink hard. It was that butter would go up in a few days. The customer did not seem to take it seriously, but Breezy construed it into a mighty tip.

"Just what I thought," he said to himself. "That slow firm buying only twenty tubs!" It occurred to him that he might telephone to the firm and give them the tip; but he immediately rejected the idea.

"They'd only laugh and tell me that I wasn't running their business."

Then was born a great idea. An instant later he was decided. The manager whistled when Breezy handed him an order for a hundred tubs.

"It'll take all we have," he said.

Breezy made his way to the newspaper office, sat down at a desk and wrote something; the clerk looked at him in surprise as he gave directions about border and type.

The tubs were all delivered in the afternoon. Thompson came out in the warehouse and looked at the first batch of twenty.

"*I* wouldn't have ordered twenty!" he said, shaking his head. "I told Jim they wouldn't sell."

He wasn't in when the rest came.

"Are they turning the shop into a butterhouse?" said the clerk, grumbling, as he helped the men bring them in.

"Great Heavens!" ejaculated Thompson the next morning when he came into the warehouse. "Where does all this butter come from?"

The shipping clerk looked unintelligent, and made no answer. Thompson brought in the head of the firm, Mr. Leslie. He, in turn, stared dumbly at the tiers of tubs.

"What the——," he began excitedly, "I told you to order twenty, didn't I?"

"You advised me not to buy *more,*" said Thompson stiffly, "and I didn't."

"Can't you count?" exclaimed Leslie

wrathfully, and pointing to the tubs. "There's a hundred there, if there's one."

When Breezy was finally called in, he faced both men easily.

"How many tubs of butter did you order?" asked Leslie.

"One hundred."

"I told you twenty!" roared Thompson.

Leslie did not answer, but made for the telephone. The dairy people firmly refused to take back the tubs.

"We've just refilled our refrigerators, and can't accommodate any more," they said. But they added something more in a telephone whisper.

"Mr. Leslie," said Breezy, when the proprietor rang off, without any visible allayment of his wrath, "I was ordered to get only twenty, but I made it a hundred, and——"

"You did, did you?" burst out Leslie, glaring at Breezy with unutterable derision. "You'll be advertising yourself as proprietor of this shop shortly, won't you?"

"But, Mr. Leslie," protested Breezy, "butter's going up in a few days!"

"Look here!" roared Leslie, "are—are you running this firm, you—you impudent young fool? I've a notion to break your—head!"

Breezy flushed angrily.

"Go out and draw your salary, and never set foot here again!"

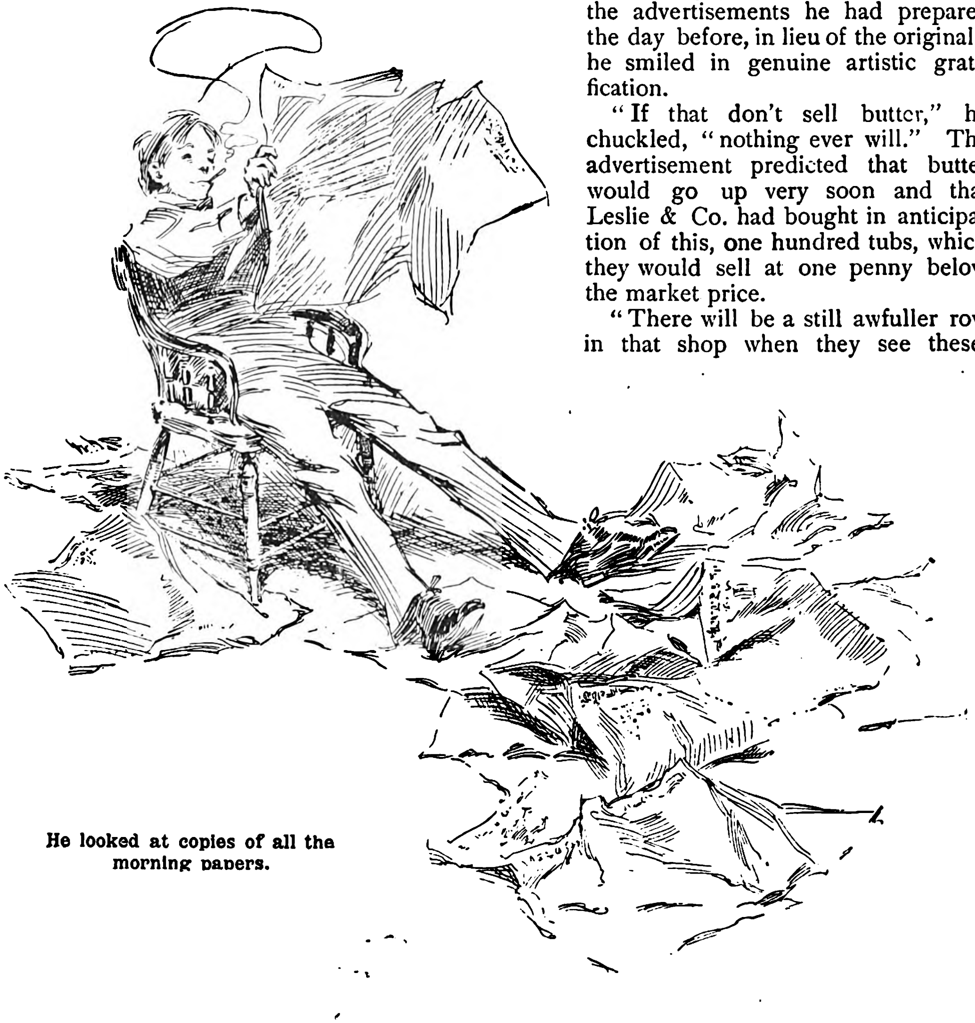
Breezy turned on his heel and walked out, without looking at the assistants who had assembled at the warehouse door, attracted by the loud voices.

"Fools! fools!" he muttered between his teeth, as he rode his bicycle along the street.

When he looked at copies of all the morning papers, in which appeared the advertisements he had prepared the day before, in lieu of the originals, he smiled in genuine artistic gratification.

"If that don't sell butter," he chuckled, "nothing ever will." The advertisement predicted that butter would go up very soon and that Leslie & Co. had bought in anticipation of this, one hundred tubs, which they would sell at one penny below the market price.

"There will be a still awfuller row in that shop when they see these.



He looked at copies of all the morning papers.

They might arrest me." But the spirit of Breezy rose hopefully to the possibility. "If they only wait till to-night."

He learnt afterwards that the shop was crowded with butter buyers from early morning until late in the afternoon, and that the advertisements of the shop had precipitated the coming rise in price, and an advance of a halfpenny was already asked that same day.

It was during the afternoon of the next day that Breezy received a note asking him to call at the office of the grocery firm of Leslie & Co.

"Look here, young man," said Leslie to him in his private office, "what you did on Tuesday was a thing that could have put you behind prison bars. Do you understand?"

Privately Breezy was sceptical, but he nodded doggedly, thinking that Leslie merely wished to abuse him, and regretting that he had come at all.

"It was pure malicious mischief in the eyes of the law," continued Leslie, "and an entirely unpardonable offence, But while this is undoubtedly so——" he talked more moderately and less harshly, "it—well, to be frank, those ads.——" The remembrance of this part of Breezy's misdemeanour swelled his indignation, and he was again angry. "Those ads.," he continued, "that you did for us—well, it was worth six months hard itself!" He glared impotently, while he got red in the face.

"Well," he began again, "as I was saying, those ads.—er—well, they drew the trade, in brief, and we sold the whole hundred tubs!" He said this as though it was little short of miraculous. Breezy did not wink an eye. To him it was the natural result.

As' Breezy still held his peace, Leslie resumed: "As a result we are—er—have cleared, well, some seventy pounds."

Breezy still remained silent, and Leslie put on a pompous frown.

"Understand, young man," he declaimed, "in giving you the position of superintendent and advertising manager of this establishment, we most certainly wish to express our vehement displeasure at your act of Tuesday, lucky as it happened to turn out, and solemnly warn you that a repetition of such a monstrous offence will mean instant discharge. To hold this position, you will have to confine yourself to reasonable and cautious methods of doing business. Your salary will be three times your former one. Get out now, and don't bother me, but turn up ready for work on Monday morning."

The only evidence Breezy gave of his satisfaction with this interview was that he rode madly up the full length of the steepest hill on his way home to rid himself of surplus energy.

PAPER MAGIC

A Short Description of a Novel Entertainment for All and Sundry.

By C. Lang Neil.

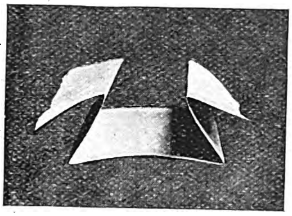


Fig. 1.—Take a piece of cartridge paper and fold it into three parts, the two outside folds being doubled back, thus dividing the paper into five sections, the outer ones (four in number) of 6ins., the middle one of 12ins. The next step is to pleat the paper longitudinally, the pleats being of an inch in width. The whole width of the paper is 36ins. However, we strongly advise our readers to buy their papers ready folded, as these are much more satisfactory.

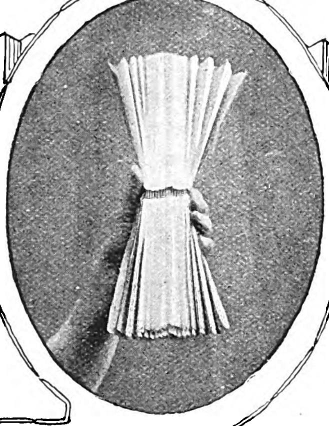


Fig. 2.—This is the bought paper, ready folded, the pleats compressed, for the first series of studies.

"What can I do to entertain my guests?" How often do we hear that cry—the complaint of the harassed hostess at her wits' end for a new entertainment—something fresh and not worn out with which to amuse her guests? Now here is one which may be safely recommended—bright and entertaining, and, from the point of view of the entertainer, at least, absolutely new.

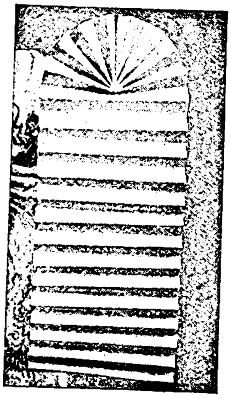


Fig. 3.—Allow the pleats to relax and gather together two corners of one end. Hold the paper vertically and you have a "Norman Window."

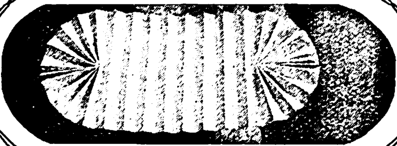


Fig. 4.—Draw the two corners of each end together respectively, hold the paper horizontally and you make a capital "Table Mat."

The art of utilising folded paper is really very old, having been practised many years ago by the Chinese and other Easterns for several purposes, and, not the least, as a means of illumination; for the Chinese lantern of folded paper, pretty in design, bright and fresh in colour, withal collapsible—thus rendering it easy of carriage—is still very popular to-day. Again we find folded paper used in the making of the bellows of cameras, concertinas, and accordions, although of late years a stiff form of leather has been substituted in the place of paper.

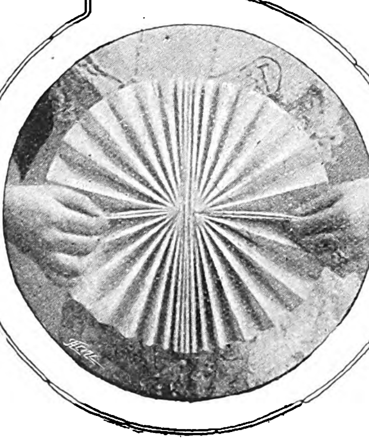


Fig. 5.—Holding paper as in Fig. 4, compress it, and you observe a "Rosette."

In the interesting entertainment which this article illustrates, the medium is usually a good thick cartridge paper, strong enough to stand being folded again and again, and yet not too stiff. The folding is fairly simple in itself, but owing to the great exactness required and the considerable pressure that has to be used in making the many folds, is apt to be rather troublesome. Hence, we should certainly recommend the beginner to purchase his paper ready folded for use, and, for this purpose, really excellent paper can be procured for a moderate sum at Hamley's, in Holborn and elsewhere.

The paper, it will be noticed, can be used in several forms—that is to say, with one, two, or three folds open, each fold providing an almost endless variety of subjects to choose from. The beginner should thoroughly acquaint himself with the paper in all its forms, and then have a try at some of the studies depicted here, using the paper with all the folds shut at first. Even in this form there are some pretty studies to be made which are quite simple and very easily picked up, such as a church window, made by gathering two of the ends together, and holding the paper vertically upwards, or a rosette, in which the four corners are gathered together, and the whole paper compressed like a concertina. With the various folds open, another variety of subjects may easily be made, such as a mushroom or a Welsh girl's hat, a baby's bath or a sentinel box. The subjects are innumerable in their variety and in their absorbing interest, and a never-failing resource for a wet day.

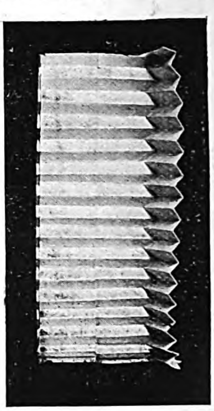


Fig. 6.—For the next series of figures open one fold.

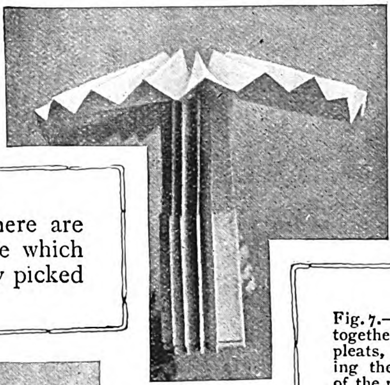


Fig. 7.—Press together the pleats, holding the ends of the middle fold together. This will allow the pleats of the open fold to form the top of the "Mushroom."

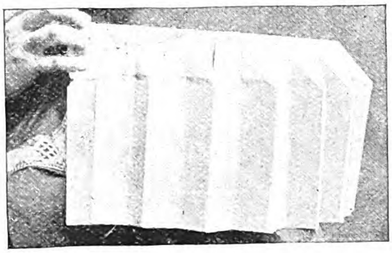


Fig. 8.—Press together the pleats, pull the corners of the open fold round to each side until they reach the ends of the 12in. side. Hold it to your shoulder and you will have a gigantic "Epaulette."

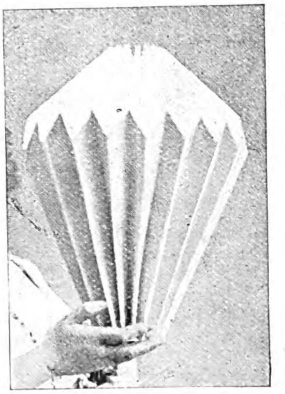


Fig. 9.—Leave the fold open and squeeze the extreme ends together, leaving the pleats in the middle fairly open. Thus you will get a very passable "Street Lamp."

After a little practice, the manipulation of the paper will become quite easy, and the more you try the more subjects you will be able to make out of the magic paper.

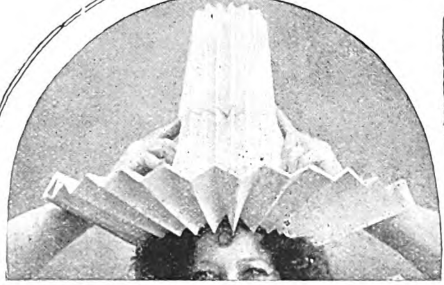


Fig. 10.—Reverse the "Mushroom" (Fig. 7) and you have a "Welsh Girl's Hat."

As in other entertainments, such as chapeaugraphy and the throwing of shadows upon a screen, a show must not be given until the performer can not only make as many and perfect studies as possible, but can do them quickly and dexterously. The name of the subject should be given and then, instantaneously, the paper must be manipulated to form that subject, as little time as possible being spent in the process.

Leave your subject in position for a few seconds then quickly release the paper, letting it fall to its normal aspect, whether with one or two folds open or all the sides folded. You may then proceed similarly with the next subject. Before giving the entertainment, open all the folds of the paper and hand it round amongst the audience to show the simplicity of it. This class of entertainment is suited to all, whatever their age or rank, requiring as it does no paraphernalia, no trouble, but only a little ingenuity and careful practice. Everyone who takes up the art of paper folding is instantly fascinated by it, and spends hours in seeking a new study or working out fresh subjects—an excellent way of killing time on an idle or wet afternoon. Try it, and you'll agree with me.

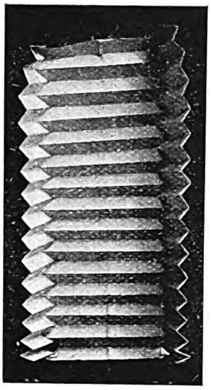


Fig. 11.—Open out another fold for the next series of representations.

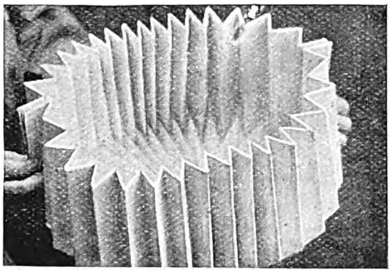


Fig. 12.—Draw the two ends together for a "Bowl."

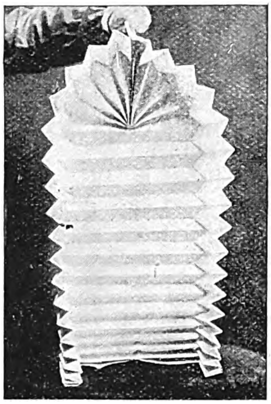


Fig. 13.—Hold Fig. 12 vertically and let loose one end. You have a "Sentry Box."

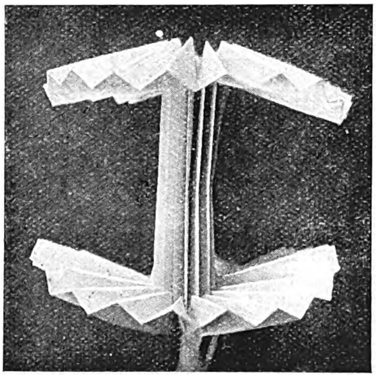


Fig. 14.—With two folds open press together the pleats in the 12in. section, folding the paper till the ends of the open folds meet. You have a "Pair of Wheels."

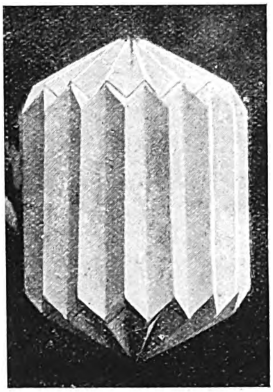


Fig. 15.—Make the sides of the whole paper meet to form a "Chinese Lantern."

Fig. 16.—The "Bowl" (Fig. 12) drawn outwards makes a small "Baby's Bath." These are but a few of the many interesting studies which can be made with this magic paper. You have only to experiment with the paper in order to discover innumerable other

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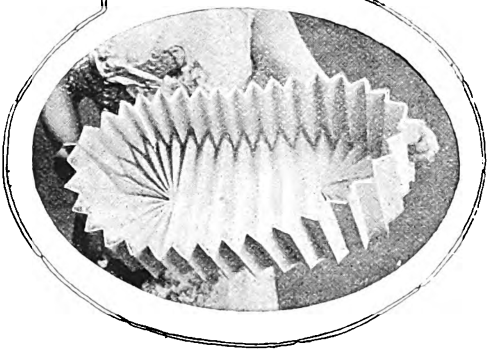
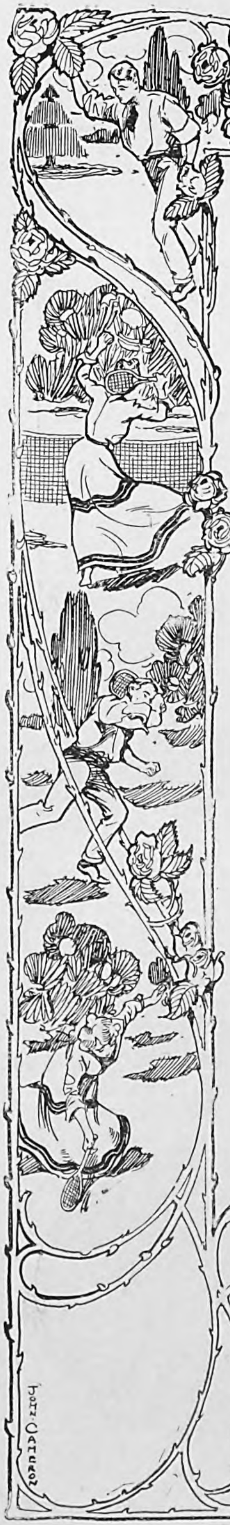


A TENNIS IDYLL



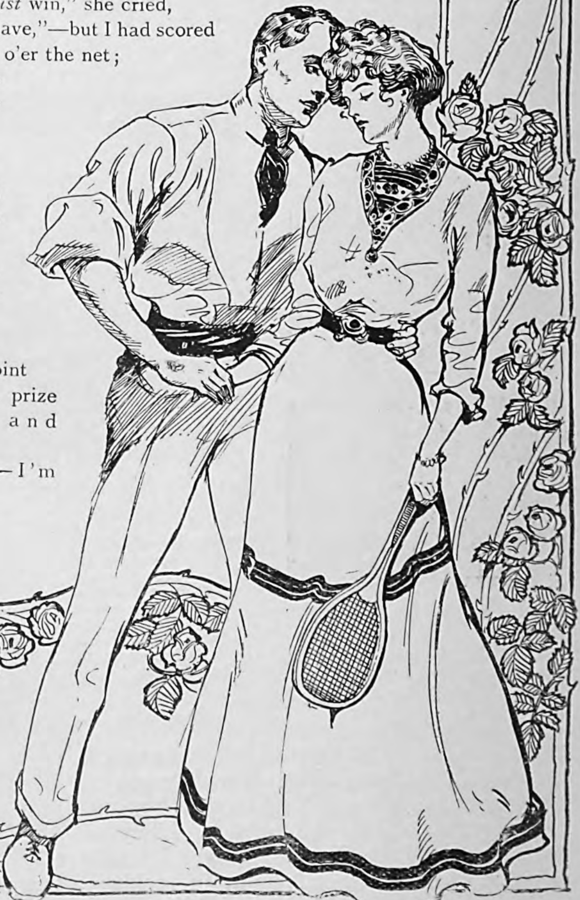
I played a single 'gainst my love;
And on the set, she made a vow,
Her "Yes" or "No" would all depend;
Five to her none I'd won and now—
Deuce was the score.

"Don't think you've won!" she gaily cried,
"I'll not so easily be wed."
One fault I served and then again,
A double! while the score now read—
Advantage out!

Triumphant, flushed, she slyly mocked,
"This point I'll win and still be free."
My next serve she sent spinning out,
While I breathed once again to see—
'Twas deuce—not game.

"A love set you *must* win," she cried,
"This game I'll have,"—but I had scored
Another point, just o'er the net;
And, while she raved, I fairly roared—
Advantage in!

But now she played my next serve well,
Two hard returns—and then she skied;
Hard down I hit, and won the point
And set, whose prize sat down and sighed,
"Love-set—I'm yours."



The Greystone Ghosts

A Ping-Pong Mystery.

By

A. Demain Grange.

PERSONS INVOLVED.

Squire Holcroft	A country gentleman.
Jack	His son.
Anne	His wife.
Elsie	Engaged to Jack.
Dawson	A manservant.
Stebbings	A maidservant.

Scene: The Library, Greystone Priory.

Time: Evening.

The scene represents the interior of a large double room furnished as a library. A wide arch at back leads into the inner division of the room, the floor of which is on a slightly higher level than that of the outer half. Through this arch is seen a table set out for the game of ping-pong. Two chairs near, with cardboard boxes containing ping-pong balls. A window, with curtains drawn. A brass rod with light curtains (practicable) across arch. (N.B.—These curtains should be of some thin material, through which the shadows of the nocturnal players can be distinctly seen.)

In the outer-room—a wide, old-fashioned fireplace on the right, with high, carved oak over-mantel; antique "dogs," fire-irons, etc. A deep, high-backed armchair drawn up by fire. A table, in the right centre, with two chairs. A sofa set obliquely in the left centre, with old-fashioned work-table standing near. Tall "pedestal" lamp with yellow shade up near arch. Doors on the right and left. A screen between armchair and door on the right, a short pair of steps standing by book-shelves. Pictures, old armour, etc., on walls. The curtains in the centre are drawn, showing the interior of the second room. Both rooms are brilliantly lighted.

(Jack and Elsie are discovered playing ping-pong in the inner room. They are both in evening dress, and are deeply engrossed in the game. Squire Holcroft, a genial, white-haired old gentlemen, also in evening dress, is seated in the armchair in front of the fire, dozing over a newspaper. His wife, Anne, a prim, old-fashioned dame, severely gowned in black, is sitting on the sofa, engaged upon some fine embroidery. As the curtain rises a clock in the distance chimes the half-hour.)

Anne *(looking up from her work)*. Dear, dear! That must be half-past ten striking. Tom!

Holcroft *(waking suddenly)*. Yes, my love!

Anne. Do you hear that?

Holcroft. Humph! The only thing I can hear are those confound—— Humph—I beg your pardon, Anne!—those infernal——

Anne. Tom!

Holcroft *(hastily)*. Eternal, Anne, eternal! Those *eternal* ping-pong balls.

Anne. I was alluding to the lateness of the hour, Tom. It has just struck half-past ten.

Holcroft *(looking at his watch)*. Egad! so it has, Anne, so it has. How time does fly to be sure!

Anne *(smiling)*. Yes, particularly when one is asleep.

Holcroft *(indignantly)*. Asleep! You thought I was asleep, eh?

Anne *(quietly)*. I did not *think* so, Tom. I was sure of it.

Holcroft. Eh—what, what? Asleep—fiddlesticks! Not much chance of sleeping with that con—— *(Anne holds up a warning finger)*. Humph! with that *perpetual* noise going on.

Anne. Now, Tom, do not be angry. I was not reproaching you. It is quite right that you should endeavour to obtain a little rest when you can. You did

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not get much sleep last night, I am afraid!

HOLCROFT. No, nor the night before! 'Pon my word, it is too bad, Anne—it really is! After all these years to have *that* cropping up again.

ANNE (*glancing towards the inner room*). Hush, dear! I would not let the young folk hear of it. It would only alarm them unnecessarily.

HOLCROFT (*lowering his voice*). Quite right, Anne, quite right! We must keep it to ourselves—as long as possible, eh?

ANNE. It is very annoying, Tom.

HOLCROFT. Plaguey annoying, Anne!

ANNE. And if it continues much longer, we are sure to have trouble with the servants.

HOLCROFT. Humph! Why that rascally old ancestor of ours cannot meet his lady-love at a more respectable hour, is what I should like to know. And he a monk, too! It is most un-ecclesiastical, to say the least of it.

ANNE. Surely, Tom, you do not believe in all that nonsense?

HOLCROFT (*quickly*). Certainly not, my love, certainly not. The idea is preposterous, of course. Still, the performance of last night was singularly accurate in all the legendary details. The creaking door—the mysterious footsteps——

ANNE. Perhaps after all it was only the wind in the wainscotting.

HOLCROFT. Humph! The wind can play strange tricks, it is true; but it could hardly play ping-pong!

ANNE. No, that is the most extraordinary part of it. Dear me! this terrible game has quite fascinated everybody — our family spectre included.

HOLCROFT. Humph! I do not see anything very *fascinating* about it. To my thinking it is absolutely idiotic, and an intolerable nuisance to boot!

ANNE. Indeed, yes! Even the servants have caught the infection. They are perfectly crazy over it, and it is all I can do to get them to attend properly to their work. Why, only this morning I caught Stebbings and Dawson playing in the servants' hall.

HOLCROFT. Playing ping-pong, eh?

ANNE. Yes. They are the worst! (*They regard one another thoughtfully for a few seconds.*)

HOLCROFT (*impressively*). Anne, if these strange noises occur again to-night I shall investigate.

ANNE. I certainly think it would be very wise, Tom. (*By this time* ELSIE *and* JACK *have finished their game.* ELSIE *throws down her racquet and comes quickly down the centre.*)

ELSIE. Hurrah! I have beaten him, Mrs. Holcroft.

ANNE. Have you, dear? (*Makes room for her on the sofa.*)

ELSIE. Yes — easily! He only got two games. (*Sits on sofa.*)

JACK (*coming down*). But then, you see, I had the light in my eyes all the time.

HOLCROFT. Come, come, sir! No excuses. Take your beating like a man.

JACK (*laughing*). You are quite right, guv'nor. I was a bit wild at losing the game. (*Comes to side of arm chair, where he stands watching* ELSIE).

HOLCROFT. Tut, tut! That is just like a Holcroft. We never could take a licking decently.

ELSIE. After all, it must be rather trying to have a light in one's eyes.

ANNE (*taking* ELSIE's *hands between her own*). Then you must be sorely tried to-night, dear. Your eyes are like two bright stars. (*Kisses her fondly.*)

JACK. Hear! hear! (*Leans over the back of the arm chair.*)

ELSIE (*aside to* ANNE). Then it is because I am so very happy. (*They converse.*)

HOLCROFT. You leave for London to-morrow, Jack?

JACK. Yes, guv'nor.

HOLCROFT. Going to do big things, eh?

JACK. I hope so, sir.

HOLCROFT. So do I, lad, so do I. It is a rough and tumble place—that world of London. Some swim—some go under. But remember this, Jack, there are many ways of winning the world's praise—aye, and its favours, too—but there is only one way of winning its *respect*. Always do the straight thing, Jack, and shame the—— (*Anne coughs warningly.*) Humph! Leave the dirty work to others.

JACK (*laying his hand on Holcroft's shoulder*). I will never do anything you need be ashamed of, guv'nor.

HOLCROFT (*patting Jack's hand affectionately*). I know it, my boy, I know it! There, there! I have had my say, and now I think I will take myself off to bed. It is the best place for old fogies like me, eh?

(*Elsie and Anne rise.*)

JACK (*concernedly*). You look a little fagged to-night, guv'nor.

HOLCROFT (*evasively*). Tol, lol! We are not as young as we used to be, Jack. It is a long road from twenty-one to sixty. And it tells, Jack, it tells!

JACK. Poor old guv'nor. (*Assists him to rise.*)

(*Enter Stebbings quickly from door on the left.*)

STEBBINGS. Did you ring, ma'am?

ANNE. No, Stebbings.

STEBBINGS. Beg pardon, ma'am. I thought I heard the drawing-room bell, but when I went to answer it I found nobody there.

ANNE. Indeed. Did you look at the indicator, Stebbings?

STEBBINGS. Yes, ma'am, but there was no change in it.

HOLCROFT (*sharply*). Then how did you know it was the drawing-room bell?

STEBBINGS (*in some confusion*). It—it seemed to come from there, sir.

HOLCROFT. Humph! (*Exchanges a glance with Anne.*)

ANNE. Thank you, Stebbings. There must have been some mistake.

STEBBINGS. Yes, ma'am. (*Crosses and goes out through door on the right.*)

ANNE. It is very strange.

ELSIE. Yes, isn't it?

JACK. Oh, I daresay it was only Stebbings' imagination after all. (*Goes over and speaks with Elsie.*)

ANNE (*coming to the centre*). Tom, something must be done.

HOLCROFT. I quite agree with you, my dear. Something must be done, and, confound it! if——

ANNE. Tom!

HOLCROFT. Humph! I beg your pardon, Anne. I was merely about to say that I had a plan——

ANNE (*quickly*). Not now, Tom. Wait until we get upstairs. (*Turning.*) Well, are you two young people ready for bed?

(*Elsie and Jack glance at one another hesitatingly.*)

JACK. May we not stay just a little longer, mater? We—we want to play off the final, you know.

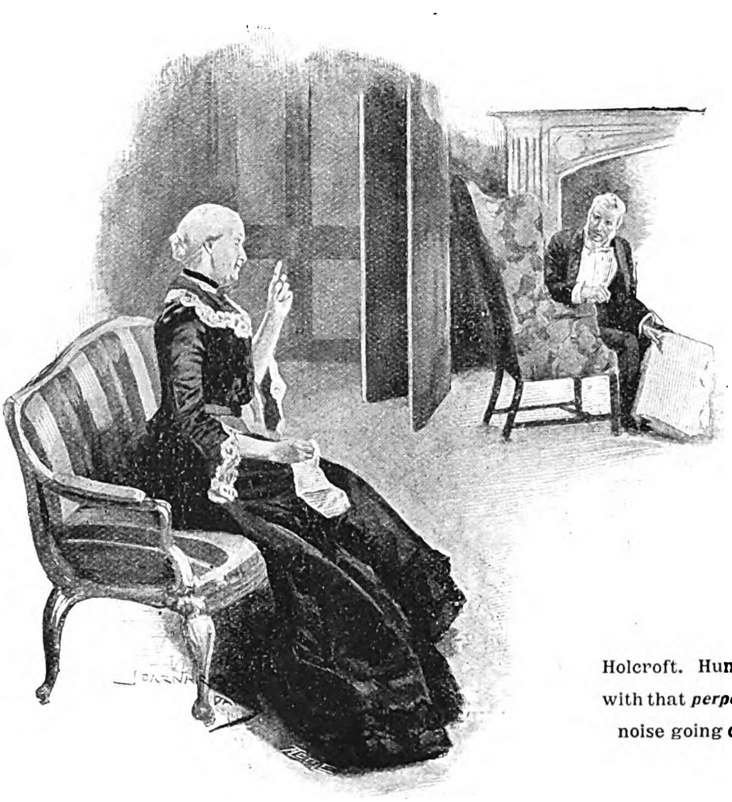
ANNE. Really——

HOLCROFT (*quickly*). Of course, Anne, of course! They must play off the final. It would never do for them to miss that. The final is the best part of the game, eh?

JACK. Decidedly. (*Goes up to door L.*)

ANNE. Very well then! But only a quarter of an hour. I will wait for you in the dining-room, Elsie. Mind, only a quarter of an hour! (*Goes up and speaks with Jack, who holds the door open for her.*)

HOLCROFT (*to Elsie*). Good night, little girl. (*Kisses her.*)



Holcroft. Humph! with that *perpetual* noise going on.

Elsie. Good night, Mr. Holcroft. I hope you will have a good night's rest.

Holcroft. Thank you, my dear. I trust you, too, will sleep well. No laying awake and thinking of all the nonsense that wonderful son of mine has been telling you, eh?

Elsie (*laughing*). Oh, no! I shall sleep sound enough!

Holcroft. Aye, that you will, I warrant—that you will! (*Goes up and follows Anne out through door on the left.*)

(*Dawson enters at door on the right and proceeds to turn down the lamp. Elsie goes towards the table and picks up the newspaper.*)

Jack. You need not put out the lights yet, Dawson.

Dawson. Not put out the lights, sir?

Jack. Not yet, Dawson. We shall want them a little longer to-night.

Dawson. Very good, sir.

(*Turns the lamp up again and then goes out on the left as Jack goes into inner room and collects ping-pong balls. Elsie glances over her shoulder and then runs lightly across to a step-ladder, quickly mounting to the top step where she sits pretending to be deeply absorbed in the newspaper.*)

Jack (*in inner room*). Elsie! I say, Elsie! (*Coming down with a box of ping-pong balls in his hand.*) Where on earth—— Oh, there you are!

Elsie (*putting down newspaper*). Yes, here I am!

Jack. What are you doing up there?

Elsie. Nothing. That is, nothing in particular.

Jack. Then stop doing nothing in particular and come and play ping-pong.

Elsie. Shan't!

Jack. I give you fair warning. (*Takes up one of the balls from box.*)

Elsie. Shan't—shan't—shan't!

Jack. Look out then! (*Proceeds to pelt her with the balls. Elsie shields herself with the newspaper.*)

Elsie (*holding her handkerchief above the newspaper*). I surrender! I surrender!

Jack. Come down, then.

Elsie (*lowering newspaper*). Are you so *very* anxious to play ping-pong?

Jack. Not *very!*

Elsie. Sure?

Jack. Yes—quite! As a matter of fact, I don't feel quite up to it.

Elsie. Then I will come *down.* (*She descends. Jack assists her.*)

Jack. Latest intelligence — gallant night attack — successful storming of a kopje —

Elsie. *One* prisoner taken!

Jack. After a long and desperate struggle—

Elsie. In which both sides fought with great pluck and determination —

Jack. Until the supply of bullets ran short —

Elsie. Seeing which the enemy magnanimously surrendered —

Jack. And was accorded an enthusiastic reception upon her arrival within the British lines. (*Takes her in his arms and kisses her.*)

Elsie. All of which means that, as usual, you have succeeded in getting your own way. (*Comes round to front of sofa.*)

Jack. Never mind, sweetheart, you shall have *your* way when we are married.

Elsie. Oh, yes! that is just what men always say! And we women are silly enough to believe they mean it. (*Sits on sofa.*)

Jack. Well, you generally do take us at our word, don't you? (*Comes to back of sofa.*)

Elsie. I—I suppose we do.

Jack. On the principle that one man's word is as good as another's?

Elsie (*turning to him*). No, Jack, on the principle that one man's word is *better* than all the others.

Jack. Darling! (*Attempts to kiss her: she leans back out of his reach.*)

Elsie. No, sir, you have just had one.

Jack. That was *hours* ago.

Elsie. Dear me, was it? Well, if you will promise to sit down and try to be serious for—for five more hours——

Jack. Five hours!

Elsie (*innocently*). Is that asking too much?

Jack. I should rather think it was. Five hours, indeed!

Elsie. Poor boy! Very well, say five minutes then——

Jack. Yes.

Elsie (*demurely*). You—well, you may, Jack.

Jack. Done! (*Comes round and sits by her, a pause ensues.*)

Elsie. Jack, don't you think that bell just now was rather funny?

Jack. Not having heard it——

Elsie. Oh! Now you are trying to imitate it!

Jack. I am perfectly serious.

Elsie. Then—seriously, Jack, what do you think of it?

Jack. I think it is more than likely that it never rang at all.

Elsie. But Stebbings heard it.

Jack. So she says.

Elsie. She could not have been mistaken.

Jack. No? I regret that I have not such entire confidence in Stebbings' infallibility.

Elsie. What do you mean, Jack? You surely do not think that she only *imagined* she heard it?

Jack. That is precisely what I do mean. I fear she, too, has been disturbed by our nocturnal visitor.

Elsie. The monk!

Jack. Yes, Elsie. She must have heard those strange noises last night, and her nerves have been a trifle upset in consequence. That would account for her manner at breakfast this morning, and also satisfactorily explain her thinking she heard a bell.

Elsie. Oh, Jack, is it not awful!

Jack. It was pretty lively last night. I only hope the guv'nor does not get to hear of it. It would worry the old man terribly.

Elsie. Do you think he believes in ghosts—*really*, you know?

Jack. Between ourselves, Elsie, I think he does.

Elsie. I think so, too, Jack, because yesterday when I asked him to tell me the legend of the Monk of Greystone, he seemed—well, quite angry and put out about it.

Jack. Poor old guv'nor! He is always giving himself away like that. It does so annoy the mater. (*Smiles reflectively.*)

Elsie (*suddenly*). Jack, will you tell me the legend?

Jack (*uneasily*). Will I? Oh, don't be silly, Elsie. What earthly use can there be in repeating such nonsense? Let us talk about something more cheerful—that is, more interesting.

Elsie. But what could be more interesting? I simply love creepy things!

Jack (*hastily*). Yes, yes, of course. But I do not think——

Elsie. I think you believe it, too!

Jack. I? Certainly not.

Elsie. Yes, you do, Jack. I know you do, because you are saying the very same thing that Mr. Holcroft did. Come, now, own up, sir! You are afraid.

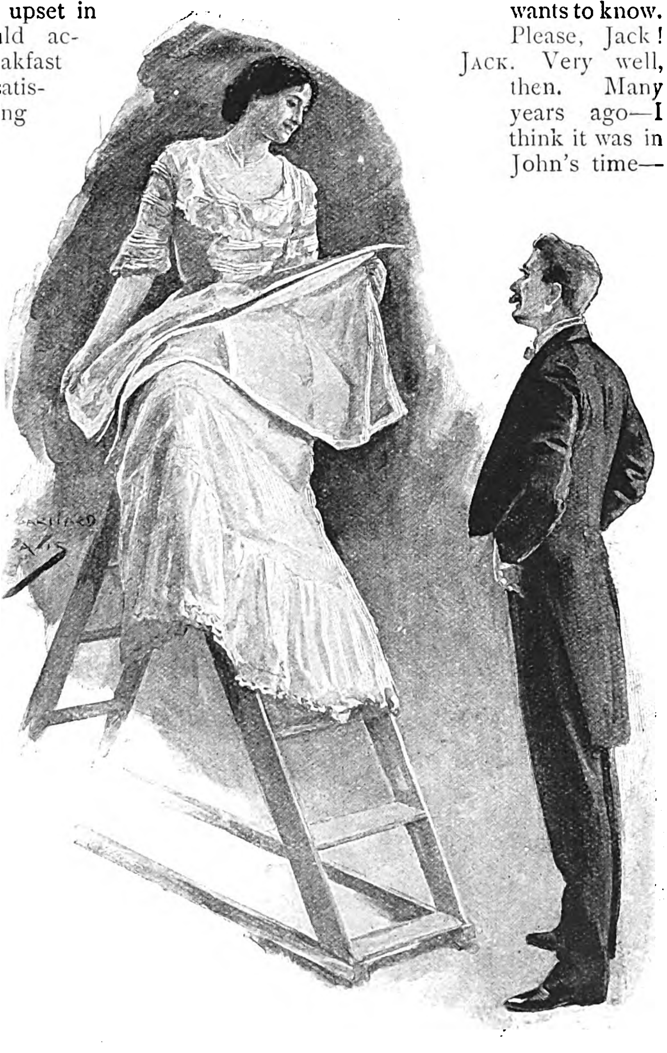
Jack (*indignantly*). Afraid? Well, I do like that!

Elsie. Then why won't you tell me, Jack?

Jack (*sententiously*). The proverbial curiosity of a woman!——

Elsie. Is best cured by telling her what she wants to know. Please, Jack!

Jack. Very well, then. Many years ago—I think it was in John's time—



Elsie. Are you *very* anxious to play ping-pong?

or was it in the reign of Henry the Third——

ELSIE (*impatiently*). Never mind about that, Jack. Do go on!

JACK. The Old Priory of Greystone—on the site of which the present building was erected in fifteen hundred and——

ELSIE. And something. Yes?

JACK. Was originally in the possession of the ancient religious Order of—of——"

ELSIE. Monks!

JACK. Er—precisely. Well, in thirteen hundred and ninety-seven or——

ELSIE. Or *thereabouts.*

JACK. One of the monks of Greystone, an ancestor of mine, in direct defiance of every——

ELSIE. Of everything.

JACK. Committed a great sin.

ELSIE. Oh! What did he do?

JACK. He fell in love with the daughter of a humble forester, whose cottage stood close to the Priory Gates.

ELSIE. I do not see anything so very dreadful in that!

JACK (*smiling*). No? But you forgot that he was a monk.

ELSIE. Poor man! What difference did that make?

JACK. A lot, as the event will show. He contrived somehow to meet the maiden secretly, and ultimately it was arranged that she should enter the Priory dressed in the garb of a monk.

ELSIE. Dressed in what, Jack?

JACK. In the garb of a monk.

ELSIE. Oh. I thought only Scotchmen wore *garbs*. But go on.

JACK. Well, this she succeeded in doing, and all went well until one fine day the Prior found him kissing her in the library. Then the whole thing came out.

ELSIE. That was very hard on them.

JACK. It was. Or rather, the Prior was. He had them securely bricked up in the wall, and there he left them to meditate upon the evil of their ways until they died of hunger.

ELSIE. What a brute!

JACK. And ever since then, on the stroke of midnight, their ghosts are said to come out and wander about hand in hand, looking for something to eat.

ELSIE. Poor things! How hungry they must be. Jack, I think that Prior was a beast.

JACK. He was severe, I admit. But then, consider the enormity of their crime.

ELSIE. I don't care—he was a beast!

JACK (*rising*). Very well, dear, if you think so, he was. And now I have told you the story, and as the five minutes are more than up, don't you think that I deserve my reward?

ELSIE. Yes, Jack, I—I think you have earned it.

JACK. Then, having earned it, I shall enjoy it all the more. (*Draws her to him and kisses her.*)

(*A loud noise is heard outside door on the left.*)

ELSIE (*breaking away*). Jack!

JACK. Confound it!

(*Enter Dawson L.*)

DAWSON (*innocently*). Beg pardon, sir, I thought——

JACK. All right, Dawson, you can put out the lights now.

DAWSON. Yes, sir. (*Goes into the inner room and turns out the lights there.*)

JACK (*looking at his watch*). By Jove, we shall catch it!

ELSIE. And I promised to stay only a quarter of an hour. I must go at once. Good night, Jack.

JACK. Good night, darling. I shall see you before I leave to-morrow. (*Kisses her.*)

ELSIE. Of course you will, sweetheart.

JACK. I wish I wasn't going, old girl.

ELSIE. So do I, Jack. But there! London is only London after all! And I know it will some day be as proud of my boy as I am! (*Kisses him, and then runs up to door on the left.*)

JACK. Good night, little woman!

ELSIE. Good night, little man!

ELSIE (*She blows him a kiss from the tips of her fingers, and then goes out. Jack crosses slowly to fireplace. Stebbings enters from door on the right and crosses to the left centre, where she pushes back the sofa and takes up the work-table. Dawson comes out of the inner room, draws the curtains across the arch, and then comes down and picks up the ping-pong balls.*)

JACK (*thoughtfully*). London is only London after all. Dear girl! how truly she believes in me, how sure she is of my success. I only wish I were half so confident! Her faith makes failure seem all the more unbearable. Well, well, why should I fail? A stout heart and a cheerful courage will carry the hardest day. And London—yes, London is only London after all. (*Stands looking into the fire.*)

STEBBINGS (*aside to Dawson as she passes him*). To-night, 'Enry?

DAWSON (*aside*). Yes, Jane.

STEBBINGS. Same hour?

DAWSON. Twelve—punctual.

STEBBINGS. All right, only don't do the groaning so loud this time. They might hear you. (*Runs up to door on the right, where she turns and blows him a kiss before going out.*)

DAWSON. Go along with you! (*Throws a ping-pong ball after her.*)

JACK (*turning*). Dawson.

DAWSON (*with alacrity*). Yes, sir.

JACK. See that my luggage is sent on to the station early to-morrow, and order the dog-cart to be round at nine sharp. I will drive myself. (*Goes up to door on the left.*)

DAWSON. Very good, sir.

JACK. Good-night.

DAWSON. Good-night, sir. (*Jack goes out. Dawson places the box of ping-pong balls inside the curtains, and then, after putting out the lamp, retires by door on the left. The stage is left in darkness, except where the fire casts a faint red glow over the hearth-rug. A pause ensues. Presently a sound is heard as of someone gently closing a door upstairs, shortly after which the door on the right is pushed open and Holcroft enters, clad in a long dressing-gown and old-fashioned night-cap. In one hand he carries an ancient blunderbuss, and in the other a lighted candle, which he holds high above his head as he advances slowly to the centre of the room.*

HOLCROFT (*looking round cautiously*). Humph! No sign of our worthy friend and his ghostly sweetheart as yet. It may be this is not one of their nights out. Well, well, so much the better—so much the better! (*Places the candle on table, and examines the priming of his gun.*) I do not at all relish the idea of sending a charge of small shot into the more sacred portion of my reverend ancestor's anatomy—even though the attention may cause him no appreciable inconvenience. It appears to me to savour too much of discourtesy, not to say a want of proper respect. And then he might naturally resent the intrusion, which would be deucedly awkward for me! Yes, yes, it is a ticklish business altogether, and I wish I were well out of it—I wish I were well out of it. (*Takes up the candle and goes over to arm chair, in which he sits after drawing the screen round.*) Humph! it must be near midnight now. His Ghostliness should be here soon, unless he means to disappoint the lady. (*Laughs nervously.*) Egad! I never thought of that! It would be confoundedly embarrassing if she turned up first. I could hardly be so ungallant as to send a charge of small shot into a lady's legs, if I could! (*Snuffs the candle and sits staring into the fire. After a short pause, the door is opened quietly and Jack enters, also clad in a dressing-gown, and carrying a lighted candle and a heavy walking-stick.*)

JACK (*aside*). I am certain I heard something moving about in here! (*Crosses slowly towards fireplace. Holcroft suddenly starts to his feet and presents his gun full at Jack, who starts back and raises his stick threateningly.*)

HOLCROFT (*excitedly*). Move an inch and I fire!

JACK (*lowering his stick*). Guv'nor!

HOLCROFT. Why, confound it, if it isn't Jack!

JACK (*turning the gun aside*). It won't be Jack long if that ancient weapon goes off!

HOLCROFT. Egad no! But what are you doing here, lad?

JACK. I might reasonably ask you the same question, sir.

HOLCROFT. Humph! Up to some monkey trick, I'll be bound!

JACK. You are not far wrong, guv'nor, only you should have said "monkish" instead of "monkey."

HOLCROFT. Monkish! Then you know, Jack?

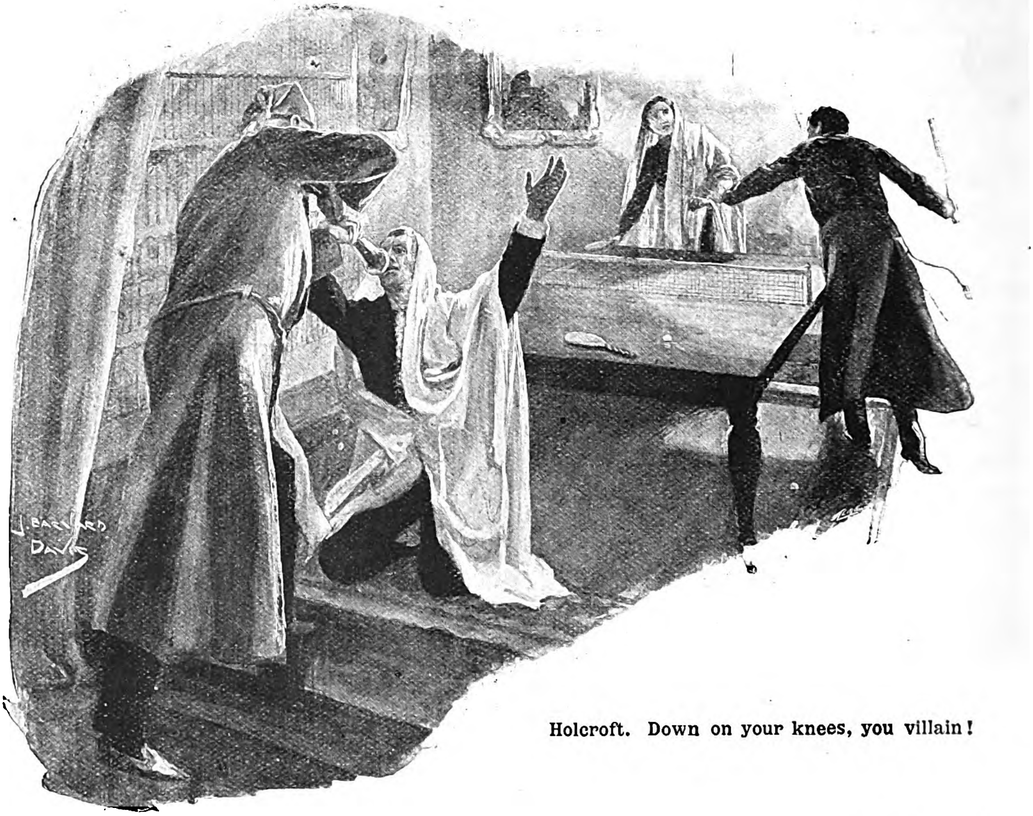
JACK. On the contrary, it is because I *don't* know that I came down here to-night.

HOLCROFT. Humph! My case precisely.

JACK. Then suppose we see it through together?

HOLCROFT. Certainly, certainly, my boy. You and I together should be more than a match for a beggarly, half-starved Monk, eh?

JACK (*pointing to the gun*). Not to mention the family ordnance, Guv'nor. Hark! (*A clock is heard chiming the hour of twelve. Jack draws Holcroft behind the screen, and blows out the candle. As the last note dies away a door is heard to bang in the distance. This is followed by a loud creaking noise, and the sound of footsteps stealthily approaching. Suddenly the door on the left opens, and two*



Holcroft. Down on your knees, you villain!

white muffled figures glide into the room. Holcroft raises his gun and is about to fire, when Jack stops him. One of the figures utters a deep groan, and then both disappear through the curtain C. swiftly.)

HOLCROFT. Tut, tut! (*In an excited whisper.*) I could have bagged him nicely!

JACK. Wait a bit, Guv'nor, let us see what they will do next. They cannot escape now. Listen!

(*Voices are heard whispering behind the curtains, followed by a low chuckle and the striking of a match. Immediately the lights in inner room are turned full on, throwing the shadows of the two cloaked figures on to the curtains. These are seen to move about, draw together, embrace one another, and finally to engage in a game of ping pong. Jack and Holcroft come from behind the screen and stand watching the shadows in astonishment.*)

HOLCROFT. Humph! Most extraordinary—most extraordinary!

JACK. Quite a new departure in monastical accomplishments.

HOLCROFT. Well, well! they say there is nothing new under the sun. Egad! I believe it after this.

JACK. They seem to play uncommonly well, too!

HOLCROFT. Humph! Uncommonly well! I should say this is not the first time they have played the game.

JACK. No, but it will be the last. Come! You take one curtain and I will take the other. We will soon put an end to this game!

(*Goes up, followed by Holcroft. They each take hold of a curtain, and on a signal from Jack draw them swiftly apart. Stebbings and Dawson are discovered, picturesquely draped in white table cloths and holding ping-pong racquets in their hands. Jack dashes in and seizes Stebbings by the arm, she screams and struggles violently. Holcroft covers Dawson with the gun.*)

HOLCROFT. Down on your knees, you villain!

DAWSON (*dropping on his knees and holding up his hands*). Don't shoot, sir, don't shoot!

HOLCROFT. Dawson!

DAWSON. Yes, sir, it's me!

JACK. Stebbings!

STEBBINGS. Y—yes, sir!

(*Enter Elsie and Anne quickly from door on the right and the left.*

ANNE (*excitedly*). Tom, are you hurt? (*Goes to him.*)

ELSIE (*rushing to Jack*). Oh, Jack, what has happened?

JACK. Nothing to be alarmed at, dear. We have merely succeeded in surprising our nocturnal visitors, that is all.

ELSIE. Stebbings!

ANNE. Dawson! I thought so!

HOLCROFT. Humph! A pair of rascally, impudent baggages! (*Turning fiercely.*) Out of this house you go to-morrow, both of you!

STEBBINGS (*still weeping*). Oh, sir, don't be hard on us. We—we couldn't help it, sir!

HOLCROFT. Stuff and nonsense!

ELSIE. You couldn't help it, Stebbings?

STEBBINGS. Oh, no, miss. It's all through that ping-pong. It does get such a hold of you. I—I wish I'd never heard of it, I do! (*Weeps afresh.*)

HOLCROFT. Humph! So do I!

DAWSON. Yes, sir. It's that insinyvating you'd never believe it! I'm very, very sorry, sir, and if you'll only forgive us this time, sir, it won't ever occur again.

HOLCROFT, I will take precious good care of that!

JACK (*to Stebbings*). And so it was to indulge your infatuation for ping-pong that you thought of impersonating the Greystone Ghosts?

STEBBINGS (*sobbing*). Y—yes, sir! We—we thought that if you heard the noise you would think it was the ghosts, sir.

ELSIE. But why did you dress up like that, Stebbings?

STEBBINGS. So that if by chance you saw us, you — you shouldn't follow us, miss.

ELSIE (*aside*). Quite right—I shouldn't!

DAWSON. We found it all in that old book the master threw away.

HOLCROFT. The deuce you did! (*Turns to Dawson.*)

ANNE. Then I suppose that mysterious bell was a part of the performance?

STEBBINGS. Yes, ma'am. I was afraid the master might come down and catch us, so I did it to frighten him, ma'am.

HOLCROFT (*turning quickly*). Eh, what—what!

(*Elsie, Anne and Jack all turn towards Holcroft and burst out laughing simultaneously. Holcroft in vain endeavours to expostulate.*)

JACK. Come, guv'nor, after that ingenuous confession the only thing you can do is to forgive them.

HOLCROFT. Humph! I'll be hanged if I do!

ELSIE (*going to him*). Oh, please, Mr. Holcroft! I am sure they have been punished enough already.

HOLCROFT. You do, eh?

ELSIE. Yes, they haven't been able to finish the final. And the final, you know, is the best part of the game!

(*Holcroft smiles and shakes his head, reluctantly consenting as*

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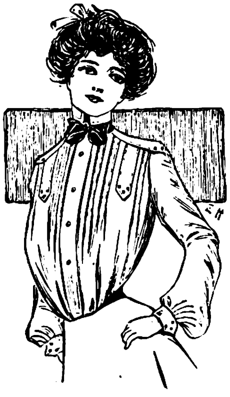
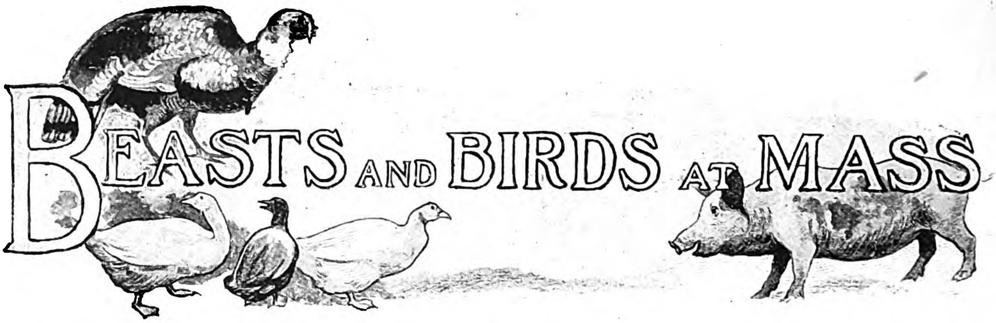


BEASTS AND BIRDS AT MASS



An Account of the Quaint Ceremony at Cuzco in Peru, when Domestic Animals of all kinds are Blessed in Church.

By A. Beaumont.

The illustrations are from sketches made on the spot.

We have read in the histories and lore of ancient and mediæval countries of certain animals held sacred to certain gods and, in some cases, taking part in the religious ceremonies and processions. For instance, in India, a white bull is sacred to the god Shiva, and the same animal was sacrificed in Rome, in its early days, to the gods. Cats, also, were amongst the things holy to the gods of the ancient Egyptians. But all these instances of animals held sacred are among heathens, and, in many cases, they entered the temples solely for sacrificial purposes.

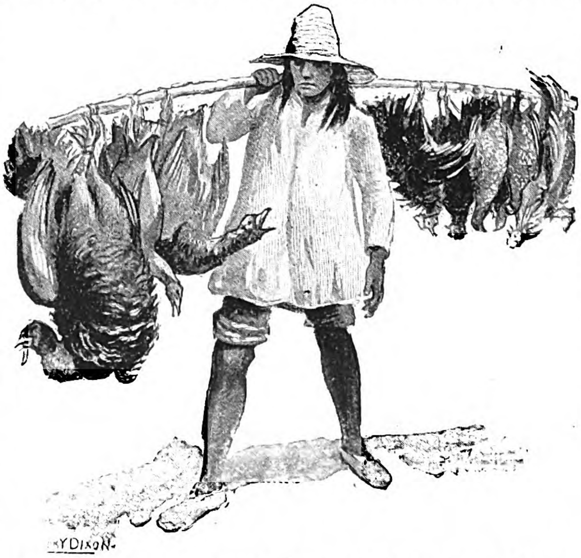
We can find, however, one instance in modern times of a general parade of domestic animals at church, not for purposes of sacrifice, neither in a heathen place of worship, but to attend Christian mass.

Far away in the wilds of Peru, beyond the rocky passes of the Andes, lies the little old-world town of Cuzco. Here are men born, here they die, seeing nothing of the outer world, knowing nothing. They drive their cattle to pasture, and when the evening sun sinks in that halo of glory found only in the tropics, drive their herds home again. This is their life, from day to day, unchanging, unceasing.

Thus it is no surprise to us to find customs of many centuries' standing, time-worn traditions dating back to the days when Spain sent her all-conquering galleys and her heavy-armed horsemen to denude the country of its historic beauties, to rob the temples of their accumulation of silver, and to butcher the innocent inhabitants.

Amongst these traditions one stands out with marked predominance. Early in April of each year the animals of the city and neighbourhood attend Divine Service, and are afterwards, in the majority of cases, presented to the church. Considering the size of the town, with its population of some five thousand whites and forty thousand Indians, it can readily be believed that the ceremony is a very important and serious one.

The church itself is of unusual interest. Built by the Inca Emperor Manco Capaa, it was once a temple in which the sun was worshipped. The date of its foundation would



An Indian bringing some turkeys and fowls to be blessed.

be about 900 A.D. The Spaniards, after their occupation of the country, about the middle of the sixteenth century, added to the temple a marble floor and two towers.

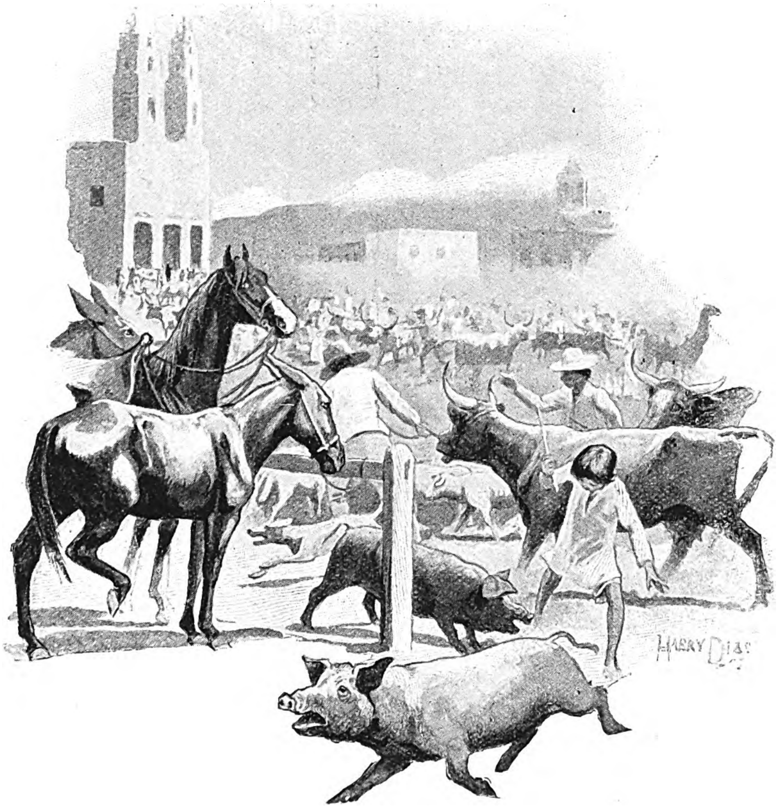
The sight in the market-place and the neighbouring streets on the day of this particular service is wonderful. The people are arriving with their beasts. Here is a man driving a couple of oxen, shouting strange words to them; here an Indian boy, a pole on his shoulders, to which are tied several hens and chickens, together with a couple of turkeys and geese, all crying aloud in indignation against this most uncomfortable mode of transport.

Small dogs, chiefly remarkable for the entire absence of fur of any description, run about, yelping at the larger animals and chasing the chickens which have escaped from their owners' clutches. These dogs are valued by the Indians second only to their children.

Now there is a commotion amongst the four-footed and feathered mass. An Indian boy has two pigs in his care. Pigs were born irreligious, and these two are no exceptions. They run round the plaza, to and fro, between the feet of the staid and solemn cattle, with an utter disregard for the serious ceremony in which they are soon to play a prominent part. In vain the wretched boy chases them—the little demons elude his eager clutches with rapid dartings here and there.

Now we come upon a cow and her calf, the mother regarding her young one with pride, not unmixed with anxiety. These sheep here, what fine fleeces they have! Surely, they have been washed with care before a ceremony so sacred. Here is an old woman with a couple of papooses on her back, their heads appearing quaintly above her shoulders. She is followed by one of the Perrochino, or hairless dogs, already mentioned. Despite her great load, the good soul carries a basket of eggs for the Monks of St. Dominic, as an "All Souls" offering.

The mules and asses, llamas and horses, stand apart, for they are beasts of burden and, as such, can take no part in the ceremony. Neither are they offered to the priests with the others.



Outside the church. It is no easy task to drive the animals into the sacred portals.

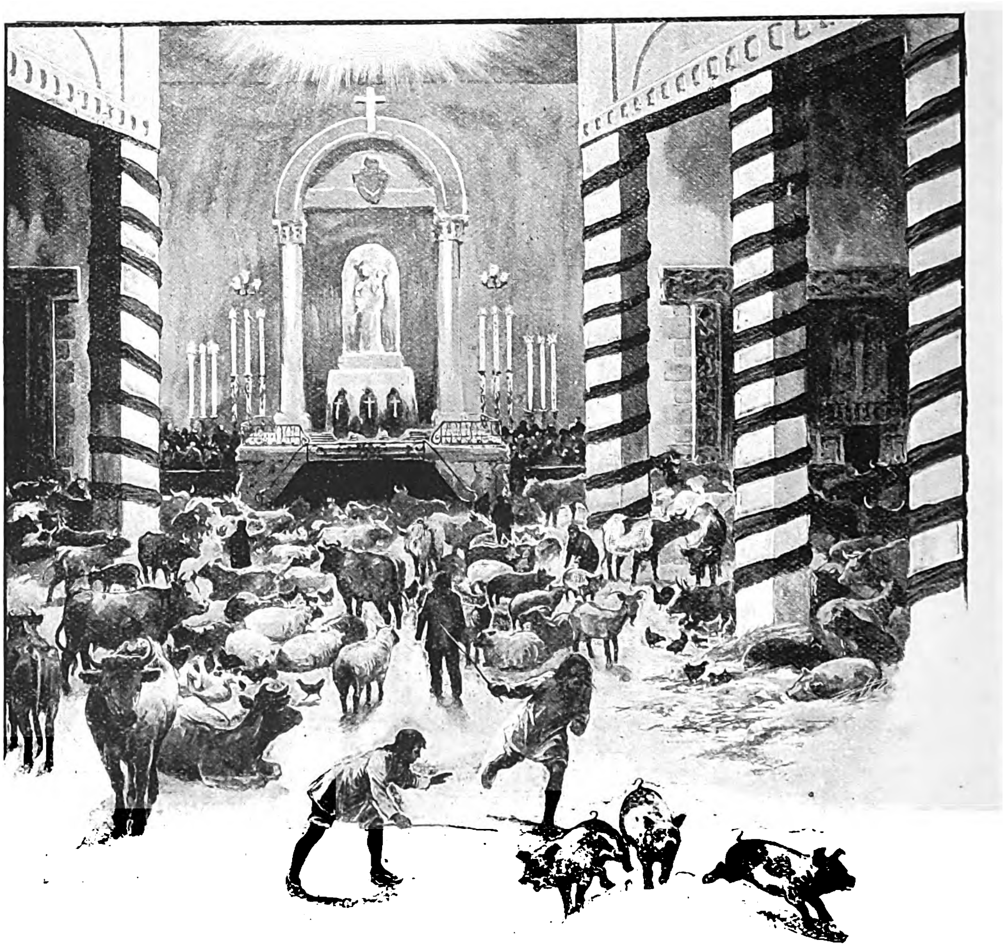
In that region of Peru money is scarce, and offerings to the church are given mostly in kind, cattle and sheep, turkeys, chickens, and ducks, or even eggs. The stipends of the clergy are usually made up from these sources.

This celebration, being also a mass for the dead, entails the draping of the church in black, which, added to the black vestments of the priests, presents in itself a gloomy effect. The vast floor of the church is soon packed with whites and Indians, surrounded by their animals, each regarding the solemn ceremony in the way peculiar to its breed. The cows look pained and puzzled, but otherwise, preserve a placid and calm exterior, sitting down and unperturbably chewing the cud. The sheep and lambs bleat plaintively, making attempts to move from their masters' sides, while the chickens and turkeys raise shrill voices in woeful lament at their forced presence there.

The entrance of the Padre, who, with the choir, intones the Introit, the "*Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine.*" ("Give them eternal rest, O Lord") disturbs the much troubled minds of the animals, who answer to the music dismally. As this is a Requiem Mass, there is no organ played, and the combination of the various vocal chords, strikes a weird and unnatural effect.

At the end of the service, the doors are opened, and instinctively every animal runs towards them. The crush is terrible and the noise redoubled; many of the lay brothers, having to come to the rescue of the bewildered Indians, and the still more bewildered beasts.

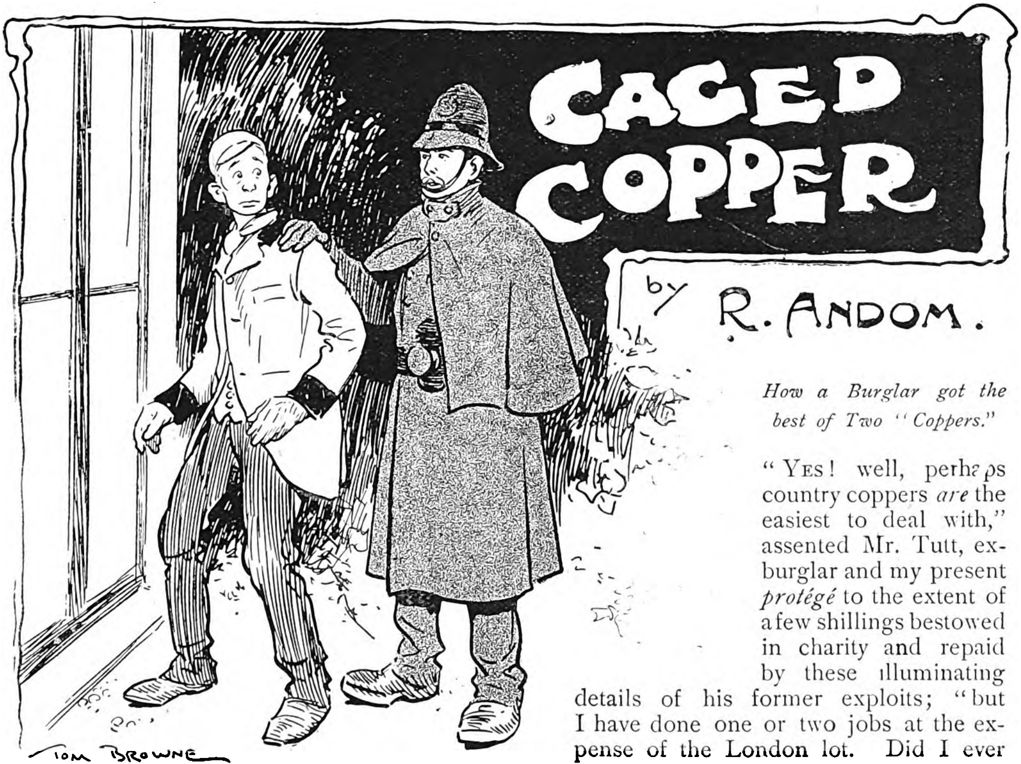
Once outside, however, peace reigns again, and the animals are given over to the Monastery by the lay brothers, and are driven off to the Convent, close by, or to the grazing grounds outside the town. It is pleasant to notice how the peasants give only the very best of their sheep, the sleekest of the cattle, or the handsomest of the turkeys, as offerings to the priest, a touching proof of their sincerity. To them the ceremony is no empty form, no customary obligation to be performed once a year.



The extraordinary scene inside the church while the animals are being blessed.

CAGED COPPER

by R. ANDOM.



How a Burglar got the best of Two "Coppers."

"YES! well, perhaps country coppers *are* the easiest to deal with," assented Mr. Tutt, ex-burglar and my present *protégé* to the extent of a few shillings bestowed in charity and repaid by these illuminating details of his former exploits; "but I have done one or two jobs at the expense of the London lot. Did I ever tell you about that affair out at W——?"

"You didn't, but you might," I suggested pointedly, and my shady companion with a nod of acquiescence complied.

"I had gone out on a general beat up, not knowing of anything in particular, but ready, as you might say, to take advantage of what was going.

"I was resting a bit and not particularly pushed, you know, having brought off a fairly decent little haul down Windsor way; but it doesn't do to get out of practice too much, and time and railway fare are well expended on trips like these.

"Maybe it is good luck, and maybe it ain't; but when you are doing a big job like as not you go free of interruption, and when you are doing nothing but walking out to get a breath of fresh air, as innocent as a babe in long clothes, up comes a copper, and before you know what is up you are bagged; and let me tell you, when once you are known, and they get you like that, it's long odds against you getting away again inside six months.

"Well, that's just how it was this time. I had stopped for a bit to rest after a longish walk, when a hand was suddenly clapped on my shoulder, and a voice said: 'What are you doing here?'"

"Whereabouts were you resting," I interrupted, growing suddenly interested.

"Outside the windows of a biggish house which had a sight of pretty things displayed about the tables, that made me think perhaps a marriage or something was going on," explained Mr. Tutt with a sly grin.

"It was a blue coated arm that belonged to that hand. I knew that much without looking, and I knew a few other useful things as well—as much almost as a suburban bobby.

"'Watching the presents,' said I, as easy and unconcernedly as I could make my voice sound.

"The bobby laughed, a nasty, short, spiteful laugh.

"'Cool,' said he.

"'Cool? Beastly cold I call it,' said I. 'One thing, the old man's a good sort with no teetotal nonsense about him, and there'll be a glass of something warming as well as a bob or two perks for me out of the job.'

"'Job?' said he.

"'Yes,' said I. 'What else do you suppose I'm standing in these blistering bushes for

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—the benefit of my health? Private, you know; laid on because the old buck thinks the local police are a blithering lot of fools and not to be trusted.'

"He squirmed; but he took his hand off my shoulder and got a bit more civil.

"'I heard something about it,' he remarked vaguely. 'The girl's getting married to that young chap up at the Towers to-morrow, isn't she?'

"'That's the size of it,' said I carelessly. 'And I only wish I had a few of the things she's taking with her for my own.'

"That cop was a youngish chap and very decent; but oh, so green! He told me all about himself, and that he'd come up from Norfolk, and had been in the force three years, and all about his beat and when the relief would be round. It was a perfect godsend to me, and I saw with half an eye that there was no reason why I shouldn't do the job after all—except for the cop himself.

"In a minute my mind was made up, and I resolved to chance it on a simple little plan that I had tried before and found to act like a charm.

"'You could do with a wet, I daresay,' said I, as he prepared to move on.

"He could! I have never met a policeman yet who couldn't.

"A flask I generally carry, and fortunately had with me, did the trick beautifully. It held whiskey—and other things. Knock-out drops the Yanks call them, and they are warranted to put a man to sleep inside five minutes.

"In half that time he was downright silly, and by the time I had led him round to the back of the house and got him into an old woodshed he was past being interested in anything.

"When I left the stable I was wearing my prisoner's helmet and boots and big coat, which turned me into a pretty fair sort of policeman, and it is as well they did, for I had barely got buttoned up and tidied when the short, springy step of a horse sounded on the road a little below me.

"Should I lay low and say nothing? If I did the chances were that the inspector—I knew from information received that he was due—would in all probability cover the beat and then, not seeing anything of the man on duty, would begin to make inquiries. I am of a sensitive retiring disposition, and I was particularly anxious just then that inquiries should not be made. Besides, it was unkind to the poor chap in the shed, who might get a wigging and lose his promotion for something which he couldn't help. I believe in justice without any law attached, and so, as I knew he wouldn't recognise me in the dark, I stepped out of the gate and flashed the lantern on the horse and rider opposite me.

"He was a dry, withered-up looking little beast of a chap, and his voice was a positive snarl.

"'What are you lounging in there for, Brant? Smoking again, I suppose?'

"'Smoked and cured by now, sir,' said I, saluting. It was difficult to be civil, but that was part of the game I was playing.

"'It's burglars, sure enough, sir,' I explained. 'Watched them for half-an-hour from behind the bushes, and would have nabbed them clean, only in sneaking round they heard me and bolted. After the presents, I think, sir.'

"'Confound you for a fool!' was the comment of the ungrateful brute. 'Why the deuce couldn't you go down to point and get assistance? Which way did they go?'

"'Two went across into the woods opposite, sir,' said I with simple dignity. 'The other chap stopped with me. Big chap, too! I believe it's the Lipwood gang, and we've got the leader.'

"'Got him, Brant! got him!' snapped my superior officer.

"Fancy making all that fuss about catching a poor wretched burglar! I could have kicked the beast for the gloat his tone conveyed.

"'Yes, sir. Trussed up in the stable and seeming very unhappy about something,' said I innocently.

"'That's good! I'll see you are mentioned for this, Brant,' said he patronisingly.

"'My word, I'll bet you will,' thought I, only I didn't say it. 'May be if I lay low and keep quiet the others will come back, sir,' I suggested instead.

"'Yes, or drop into the station below and save us trouble,' said he sarcastically. 'Let's have the one you've got and make certain of him. Where's your badge?'

"Thoughtlessly leaning forward to pat the horse, my coat had come within range of the light, and as sharp as a flash came the query.

"'Torn off in the struggle sir, I expect,' said I, looking more surprised than I felt to notice that it was missing.

"'Umph. What sort of a fellow did you say he was, Brant?'

"'Big, sir, big and vicious,' said I. 'It'll be a bit of a job to get him along to the station without assistance.'

"'Oh we'll see about that,' said he

bumptiously. 'Just catch hold of my horse.'

"He dismounted, and under his direction I fastened his steed to the gatepost, and then led the way round to the back premises.

"My first idea had been to make one bin serve for the double load of official dust I had gathered up, but a little easy reflection showed me that this wouldn't do at all. I wasn't at all sure of the state of things at the woodshed then. This interview had occupied a considerable number of good and useful moments, and I couldn't tell just how my captive might have been employing them. If he had come to he might put me in a very awkward position.

"There was no lack of suitable sheds and outhouses, fortunately, and selecting one that seemed to be devoid of windows and provided with a stout and useful bar to serve as a fastening to the door I led the way across to that, with the inspector following eagerly in my wake.

"I peered in hurriedly as if oppressed with a momentary anxiety, and then in tones of chastened joy and pride I whispered: 'There he is, sir. Just over by that heap.'

"'I don't see anything, Brant,' said the inspector crowding past me in his eagerness.

"'Well see if you can smell it, then,' said I, seizing the opportunity and my superior officer and giving him a heave which sent him sprawling over the unalluring heap.

"Before he could recover himself I was well outside the shed and had the door barred, and my second capture for that night was complete.

"'Now for the third,' said I to myself meaning, of course, the plate and property in that drawing-room. But my luck had changed while I was enjoying it, and when I got round to the front again I found a fresh enemy in the field. A white-haired, high-class old cock he was, and I didn't want telling to know that the loot was lost to me for that go anyway.

"'Anything wrong, policeman?' he asked stepping through the French windows that opened out on to the path in front of the house.

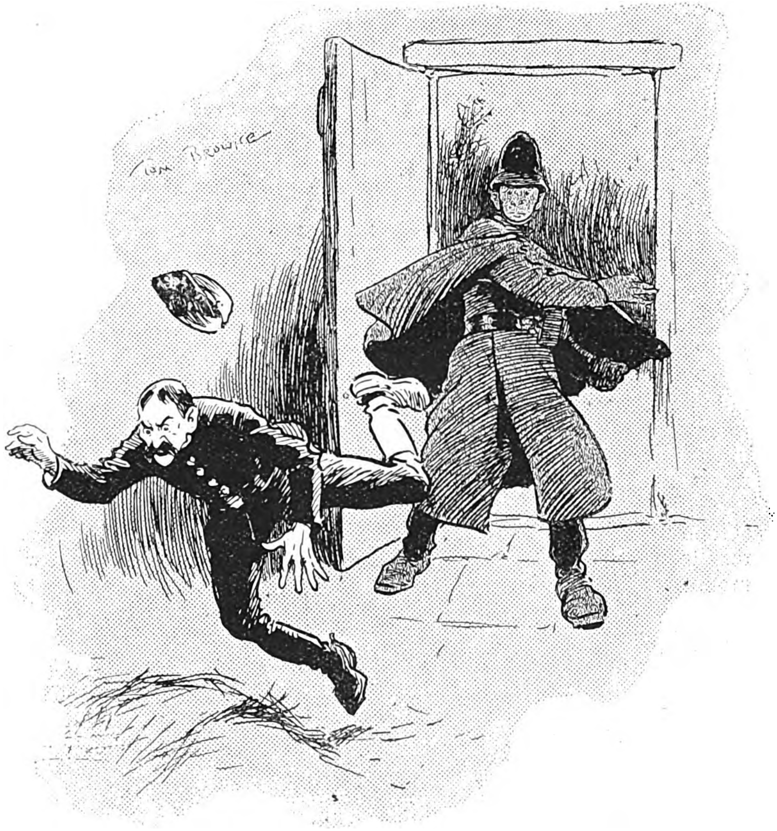
"'No, sir,' said I promptly saluting 'Thought I heard suspicious sounds round the house, sir—taking special precaution to-night, sir.'

"'That's right, my man. Here's half-a-crown to drink my daughter's health with to-morrow. Dismal night you have got for —— What's that?'

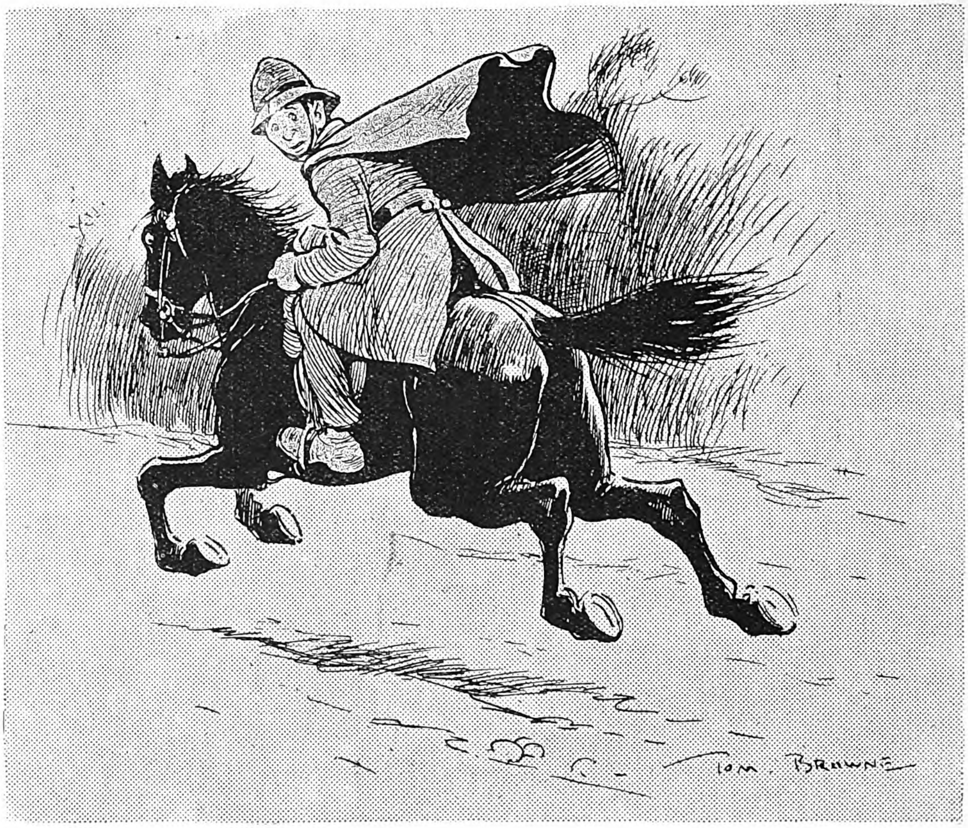
"As a matter of fact it was the inspector raising Cain with a stout regulation boot against the door of the shed, and it was so pronounced that I abandoned my first intention of pretending that I couldn't hear anything.

"'One of the horses, I expect, sir,' I suggested. 'Sounds like kicking.

"'Ah, very likely,' he agreed. 'It's that



" . . . Giving him a heave which sent him sprawling over the unalluring heap.'



"I was in the saddle and pelting down the road before you could say 'Jack Robinson.'"

young colt, vicious brute! Best go and see if I can quiet it, though. It'll kick the stable to bits and perhaps injure one of the other——'

"A splintering crash interrupted him, and it didn't need the appearance of the sergeant round the corner to tell me that one of my birds was at liberty again, and if I would retain mine I'd best make tracks.

"I did—without even stopping to say 'Good-night.' Skipping through the gate, I recollected with the sight of it the inspector's mount, and hastily detaching the reins I was into the saddle and pelting down the road before you could say 'Jack Robinson.'

"Having put a good and useful seven miles of main and cross-country road between myself and the scene of my exploit, I began to grow a bit anxious about dropping my disguise and getting into safe quarters.

"Of course I could have abandoned the horse along with the helmet and cloak, but that meant a long walk at the best, and under the circumstances it was decidedly dangerous. Ordinary people like you have no idea of the attention that is paid them should they go strolling about in strange localities at night. If you don't believe me, try some little provincial town; leave your hat behind, and hang about a bit as if waiting for the first train for anywhere. Possibly you won't recognise it for what it really is; but you won't be on view half-an-hour before a friendly policeman asks the time, or for a match, and he'll ask a lot of other things as well which you won't in the least mind talking about.

"I didn't want any of that, and I didn't want a long walk. Luckily I saw how to dodge both when I came across an empty hay waggon drawn up by the side of the road, the driver asleep or drunk inside it, and everything looking as straight and simple as if it had been specially arranged to help a poor chap like myself out of a difficulty.

"The man was sleeping like a log, and I got his cap and put the policeman's helmet in its place, in case the poor chap should take cold, without disturbing him. The cloak I wrapped round him, and chucking the breeches, which I had worn over my own, and the lantern into the cart and changing boots with him, I put the officer's mount in the shafts in place of the cart-horse, and went lumbering off on that, sitting sideways, and too sleepy and surly to do more than grunt a heavy 'good-night' to the policemen I passed.

"I crossed the Epping road just before daybreak, and on the crest of the big hill which dips down into Waltham I calculated on letting the horse go and taking a short cut through the trees and bushes of the forest which borders the road on both sides. I had got off for this purpose when a chap with a bike showed up halfway down the hill. He was shoving it along in front of him, and looked as if he'd had a pretty fair doing.

"'Come far?' said I, when he got opposite me and stopped to take a breather.

"'Far enough,' said he. 'Broxbourne; but I don't get on with these beastly things at all. Going uphill you have to shove 'em, and going down they run away with you and do their level best to break your neck.'

"'You should have one of this sort,' said I, nodding towards the horse. 'They don't want shoving, and they won t run for anything you can do or say. Looks a decent jigger Do you mind me having a go? I can ride all right and won't crock it up.'

"'It ain't that,' said he. 'But you might forget to come back.'

"'What, and leave you with the guvnor's horse? That's very likely, ain't it?' said I. 'I may be yokel, but I ain't quite a fool, mister!'

"'Oh, no offence,' said he hastily. 'Of course I didn't think of the horse. Yes, you can try it if you like.'

"I did try it, and I liked it so much that I kept trying it all the way into Edmonton. What shocking liars some chaps are! That fellow told me he had come from Broxbourne, and the first chap I met in Edmonton butted me off the bike and swore I had stolen his machine.

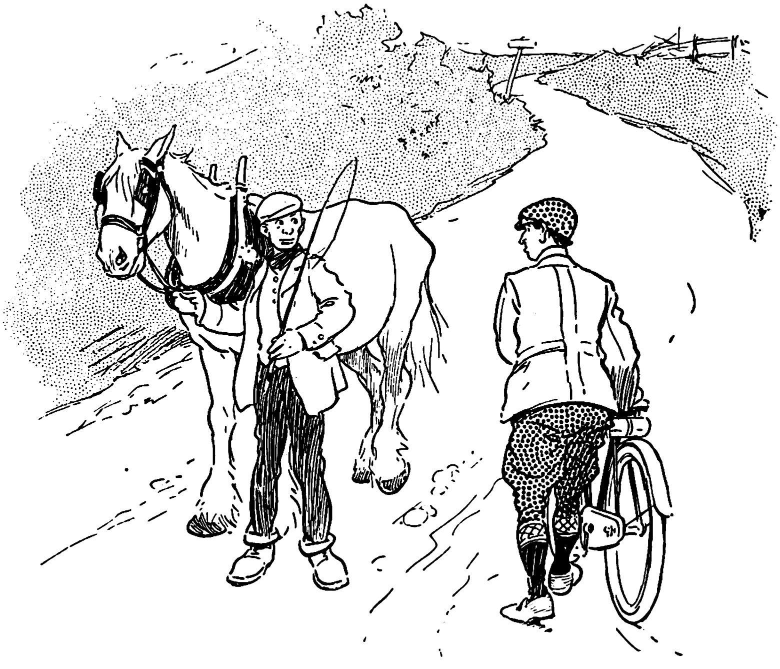
"It was awkward — very awkward. Of course, I hadn't stolen the machine, leastways, I hadn't stolen it from him. But he insisted that I had; the police seemed to think it very likely I had, and the magistrate was so positive I had that he gave me six months, and that was what I got for all the trouble and risk I had been exposed to. I daren't squeal, I daren't dare to say a word in defence of myself in case they sent me for trial and found out things which I preferred they shouldn't know. So I took the six months and did 'em, though I was as innocent as a new born babe."

"What became of the horse?"

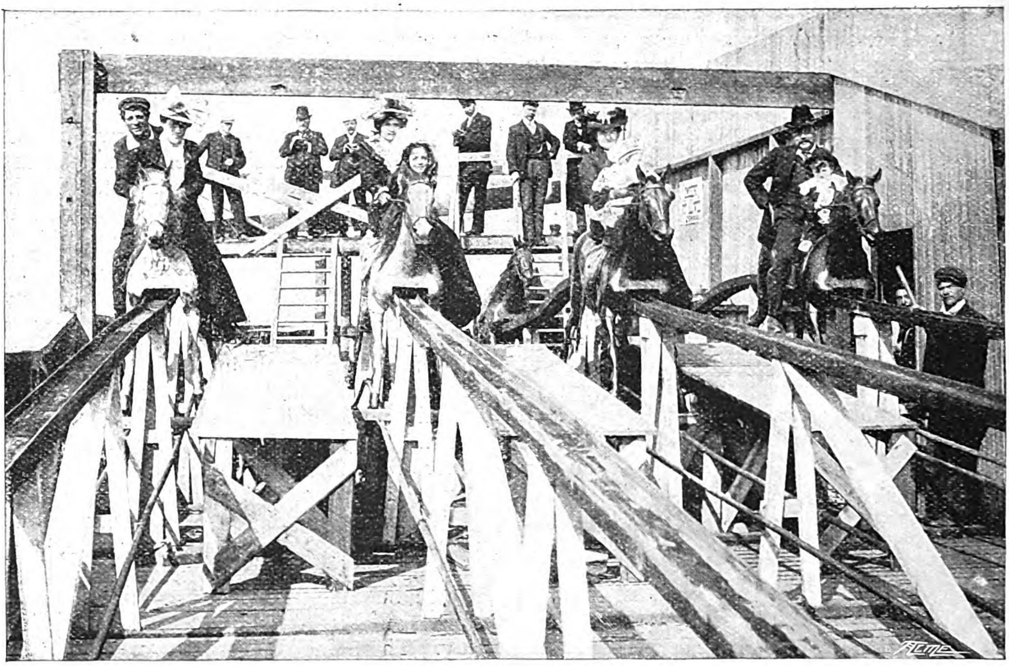
"I never learnt, though I took considerable pains to," said Mr. Tutt. "Not, of course, that I cared a frippence about the brute; but I felt that I wanted to meet the low-down thief I left it with just for half a jiffy. There was a thing or two I needed to tell him, too, which, though he might not have wanted to hear, would have been good for him to listen to."

"Um," said I doubtfully. "Have a drink?"

"Right you are," returned Mr. Tutt.



"'You should have one of this sort,' said I."



The start in the Gravity Steeplechase. The horses make nothing of carrying two jockeys—in fact, this only makes them run faster.

A GRAVITY STEEPLECHASE.

All About a Curious Racecourse, where the Horses are made of Wood, yet Trot, Jump, and Gallop, and are able to carry two or three riders at the same time.

By Leonard W. Lillingston.

We are often accused of taking even our amusements seriously. Whether that be so or not, it is certain the responsibility of providing new amusements is a serious enough matter. The public palate requires to be continually tickled by some new sensation.

We seldom pause to think of the immense expenditure of ingenuity, time and money which go, either one or all of them, towards the provision of a new form of entertainment. For example, the latest innovation, the Gravity Steeplechase Racecourse, cost many thousands of pounds to build, whilst a ship load of timber went to its construction.

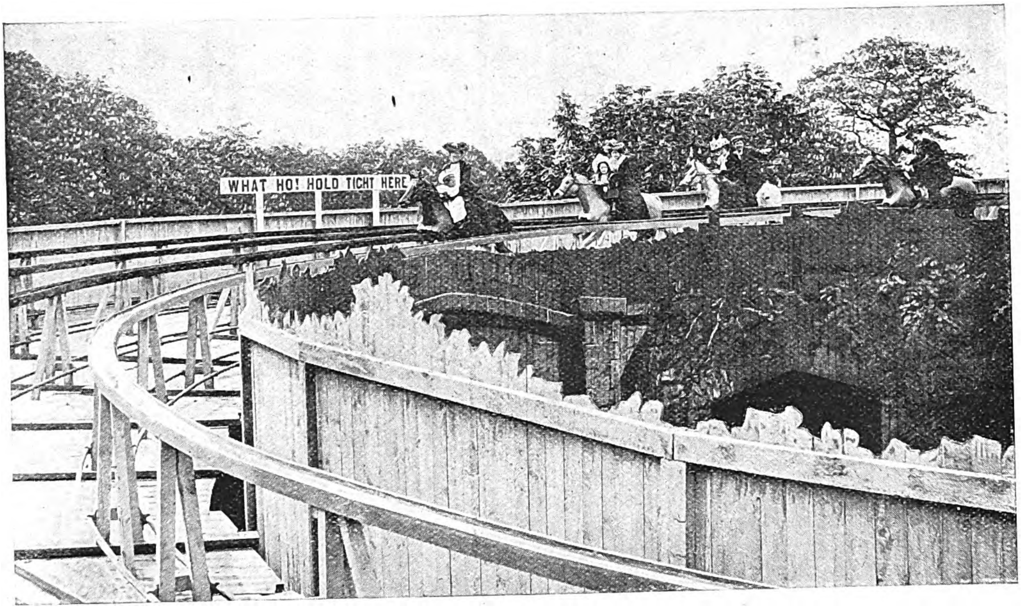
The grounds of the Alexandra Palace are the home of this strange-sounding amusement. There the writer had the pleasure lately, not only of inspecting the steeplechase itself, but of taking a trial ride in company with Mr. J. W. Cawdery, the inventor and patentee.

We Britishers have been famed from time immemorial as breeders of racers. Mr. Cawdery may be said to have further improved the breed. By a simple but ingenious device he has done away with the necessity for racing stable, trainer, and all other costly equipments. For—you may have guessed it already—his steeds are of wood! They weigh about two hundred pounds apiece, and they present a more than tolerable likeness to the real animal.

The course is graded like the course of a switchback railway—with successive hills and valleys to enable a good, but not a dangerous, speed to be kept up. Each horse runs along a rail, raised above the course on stout upright posts; and when the rider mounts his steed, and is started with a gentle push, the useful force of gravity takes the matter in hand, and sees horse and rider safely to the end of their ride.

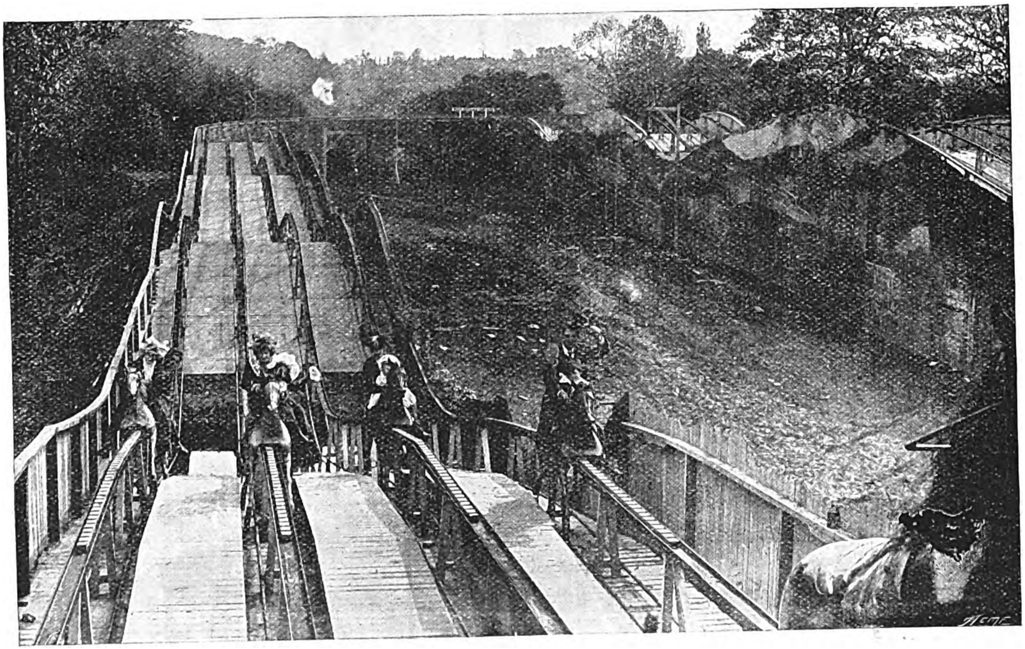
There is another point about the Gravity Steeplechase. When you have paid the modest fare, and have had your ride there still remains a great deal to be seen. In the inclosure formed by the course you will find all sorts of side-shows and shops well worth a visit. And, besides, you can watch the racing.

For it is real racing, remember. You can accelerate or diminish the pace of your steed



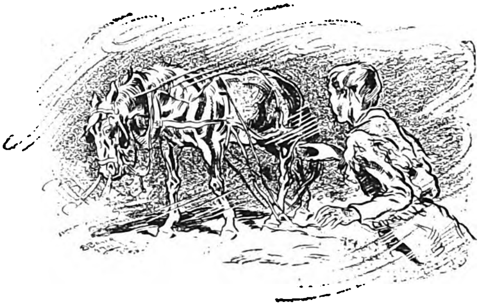
The "Tattenham Corner" ot the Gravity Steeplechase Course. Those who ride are cautioned to hold tight here, as the horses come round the corner down an incline and at a swinging "gallop."

by the simple expedient of throwing your weight forward or backward. In fact you may practise all the arts known to the jockey with two exceptions—these horses do not go the faster by application of whip and spur. There is a *bonâ-fide* water jump, just before you reach the winning post, which adds a decided touch of realism.



Coming up the straight; the water jump has just been passed, and only a few more yards of the course remain. The winner of the race is the horse on the extreme right, who has had the inside course; but the one to come in second is the third horse from the right, so it will be seen that speed depends a good deal on jockeyship.

AT THE STROKE OF NINE.



By

Charles Major.

A

Wolf Story.

Late one afternoon—it was the day before Christmas—Balser and Jim were seated upon the bench in the fireplace reading. Mrs. Brent was sitting in front of the fire in a rude, home-made rocking-chair, busily knitting while she rocked the baby's cradle with her foot, and softly sang the refrain of "Annie Laurie" for a lullaby. Snow had begun to fall at noon, and as the sun sank westward the north wind came in fitful gusts at first, and then in stronger blasts, till near the hour of four, when Boreas burst forth in the biting breath of the storm.

How he howled and screamed down the chimney at his enemy, the fire! And how the fire crackled and spluttered and laughed in the face of his wrath, and burned all the brighter because of his raging! Don't tell me that a fire can't talk! A fire upon a happy hearth is the sweetest conversationalist on earth, and Boreas might blow his lungs out before he could stop the words of cheer and health and love and happiness, which the fire spoke to Jim and Balser and their mother in the gloaming of that cold and stormy day.

"Put on more wood," said the mother in a whisper, not to awaken baby. "Your father will soon be home from Brookville, and we must make the house nice and warm for him. I hope he will come early. It would be dreadful for him to be caught far away from home in such a storm as we shall have to-night."

Mr. Brent had gone to Brookville several days before with wheat and pelts for market, and was expected home that evening. Balser wanted to go with his father, but the manly little fellow had given up his ardent wish, and had remained at home that he might take care of his mother, Jim, and the baby.

Balser quietly placed a few large hickory logs upon the fire, and then whispered to Jim:

"Let's go out and feed the cows and shut them up for the night."

So the boys went to the barnyard to feed the horse and cows. They drove the sheep into the shed, and carried straw from the huge stack, placing it against the north sides of the barn and shed, to keep the wind from blowing through the cracks and to exclude the snow. When the cows were comfortable, cosy, and warm, the boys milked them and brought in the house four buckets full of steaming milk, which they strained and left in the kitchen, rather than in the dairy, that it might not freeze overnight.

Darkness came on rapidly, and Mrs. Brent grew more and more anxious for her husband's return. Fearing that he might be late, she postponed supper until Jim's ever-ready appetite began to cry aloud for satisfaction, and Balser intimated that he, too, might be induced to eat. So their mother leisurely went to work to get supper, while the baby was left sleeping before the cheery, talkative fire in the front room.

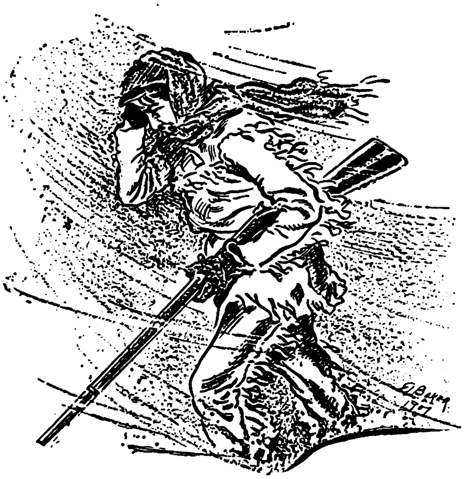
A venison steak broiled upon wood ashes, eggs fried in the sweetest lard, milk steaming hot from the cows, pan-cakes floating in golden syrup and yellow butter, sweet potatoes roasted in hot ashes, and a great slice of mince pie furnished a supper that makes one hungry to think about. The boys were hungry without thinking, and it would have done your heart good to see that supper disappear.

As they sat at the table they would pause in their eating and listen attentively to every noise made by the creaking of the trees or the falling of a broken twig, hoping that it was the step of their father. But the supper was finished all too soon, and the storm continued to increase in its fury; the snow fell thicker and the cold grew fiercer; still Mr. Brent did not come.

Mrs. Brent said nothing, but as the hours flew by her anxious heart imparted its trouble to Balser, and he began to fear for his father's safety. The little clock upon the shelf above the fireplace hoarsely and slowly drawled out the hour of seven, then eight and then nine. That was a very late hour for the Brent family to be out of bed, and nothing short of the anxiety they felt could have kept them awake.

Jim, of course, had long since fallen asleep, and lay upon a soft skin in front of the fire, wholly unconscious of storms or troubles of any sort. Mrs. Brent sat watching and waiting while Jim and the baby slept, and to her anxious heart it seemed that the seconds lengthened into minutes and the minutes into hours by reason of her loneliness. While she rocked beside the baby's cradle Balser was sitting in his favourite place upon the seat next to the fire.

He had been reading, or trying to read "The Pilgrim's Progress," but visions of his father and the horse lost in the trackless forest, facing death by freezing, to say nothing of wolves that prowled the woods in packs of hundreds upon such a night as that, continually came between his eyes and the page, and blurred the words until they held no meaning.



Balser . . . took down his gun . . . and started out in the . . . storm.

Gradually drowsiness stole over him, too, and just as the slow-going clock began deliberately to strike the hour of nine his head fell back into a little corner made by projecting logs in the wall of the fireplace, and, like Jim, he forgot his troubles as he slept.

Balser did not know how long he had been sleeping when the neighing of a horse was heard. Mrs. Brent hastened to the door, but when she opened it, instead of her husband, she found one of the horses, an intelligent, raw-boned animal named Buck, standing near the house. Balser heard his mother call, and quickly ran out of doors to the horse.

The harness was broken, and dragging upon the ground behind the horse were small portions of the wreck of the waggon. Poor Buck's flank was red with blood, and his legs showed all too plainly the marks of deadly conflict with a savage, hungry foe. The wreck of the waggon, the broken harness, the wounds upon the horse told eloquently as if spoken in words the story of the night. Wolves had attacked Balser's father, and Buck had come home to give the alarm.

Balser ran to the beacon upon the hill and kindled it for the purpose of calling help from the neighbours. Then he went back to the house and took down his gun. He wound a thick woollen comforter tightly about his head, and started out in the blinding, freezing storm to help his father, if possible.

He followed the tracks of the horse, which, with the aid of a torch, were easily discernible in the deep snow, and soon was far into the forest, intent upon his mission of rescue.

After the boy had travelled for an hour he heard the howling of the wolves, and hastened in the direction whence the sound came, fearing in his heart that he would find his father surrounded by a ferocious pack.

Soon he reached the top of a hill overlooking a narrow ravine which lay to the eastward. The moon had risen, and the snow had ceased to fall. The wind was blowing a fiercer gale than ever, and had broken rifts in the black bank of snowcloud, so that gleams of the moon now and then enabled Balser's vision to penetrate the darkness. Upon looking down into the ravine he beheld his father standing in the waggon, holding in his hand a branch, which he used as a weapon of defence. The wolves jumped upon the waggon in twos and threes, and when beaten off by Mr. Brent would crowd round the wheels and howl to get their courage up, and renew the attack.

Mr. Brent saw the boy starting downhill toward the waggon, and warned him to go back. Balser quickly perceived that it would be worse than madness to go to his father. The wolves would at once turn their attack upon him, and his father would be compelled to abandon his advantageous position in the waggon and go to his relief, in which case both father and son would be lost. Should Balser fire into the pack of wolves from where he stood he would bring upon himself and his father the same disaster. He felt his helplessness grievously, but his quick wit came to his assistance. He looked about him for a tree which he could climb, and soon found one. At first he hesitated to make use of the tree, for it was dead, and apparently rotten; but there was no other at hand, so he hastily climbed it, and seated himself firmly upon a limb which seemed strong enough to sustain his weight.

Balser was now safe from the wolves, and at a distance of not more than twenty yards from his father. There he waited until the clouds for a moment permitted the full light of the moon to rest upon the scene, and then he took deliberate aim, and fired into the pack of howling wolves.

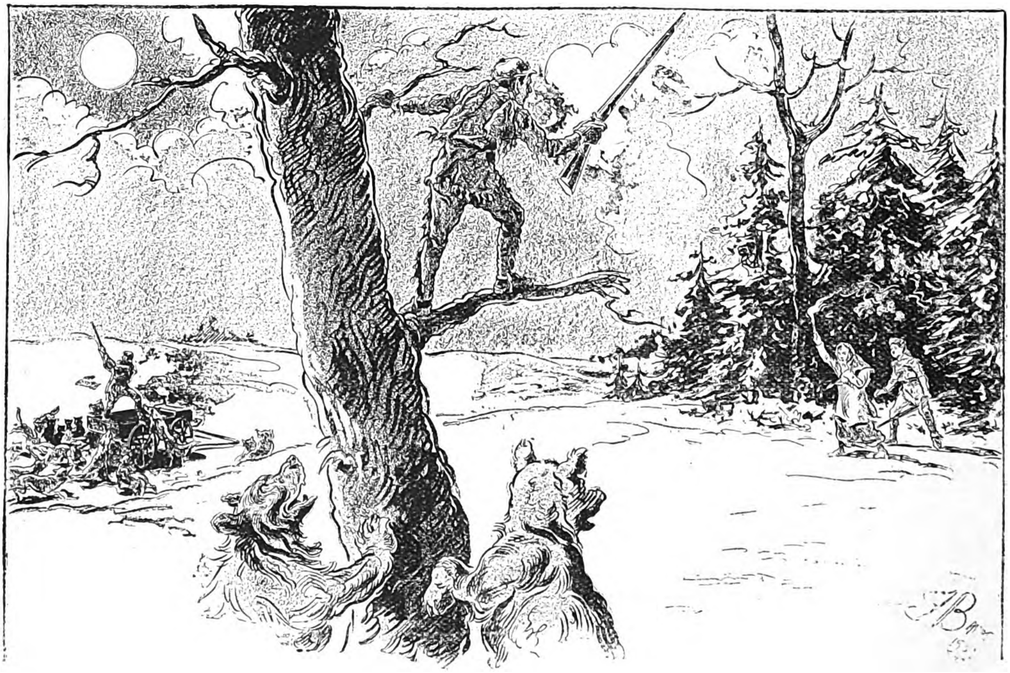
A sharp yelp answered his shot, and then a black seething mass of growling, fighting, snapping beasts fell upon the carcase of the wolf that Balser's shot had killed, and in less time than it takes me to tell you about it they devoured their unfortunate companion.

Balser felt that if he could kill enough wolves to satisfy the hunger of the living ones they would abandon their attack upon his father, for wolves, like cowardly men, are brave only in desperation. They will attack neither man nor animal except when driven to do so by hunger.

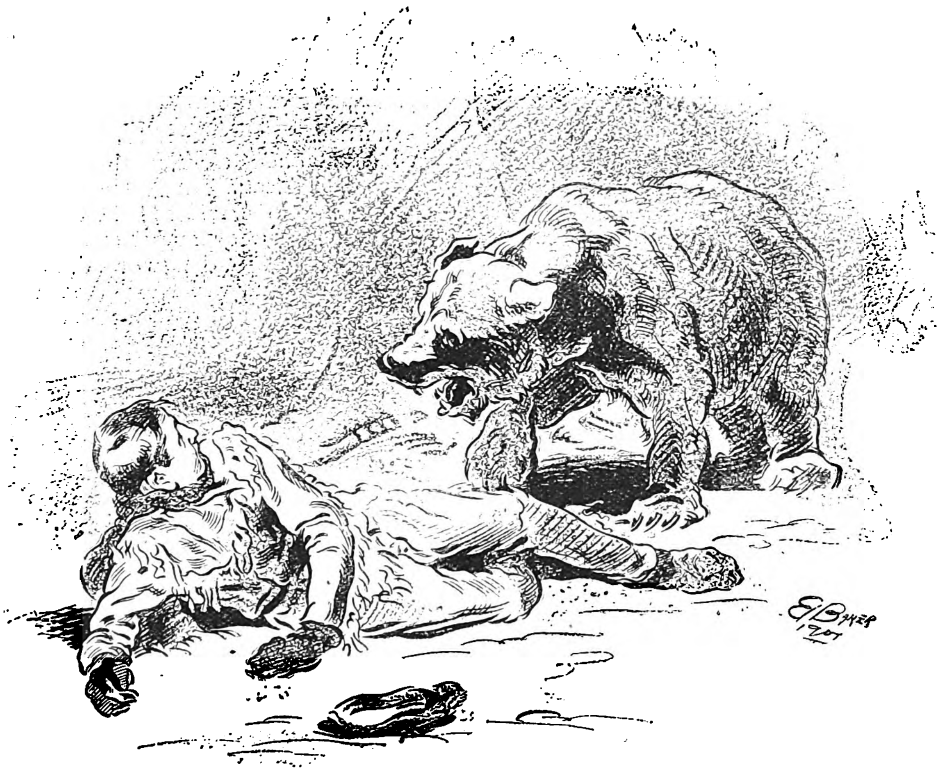
After Balser had killed the wolf, clouds obscured the moon before he could take another shot. He feared to fire in the dark lest he might kill his father, so he waited impatiently for the light which did not come.

Meanwhile, the dead wolf having been devoured, the pack again turned upon Mr. Brent, and Balser could hear his father's voice and the clanking of the iron upon the branch as he struck the wolves to ward them off.

It seemed to Balser that the moon had gone under the clouds never to appear again. Mr. Brent continually called loudly to the wolves, for the human voice is an awesome sound even to the fiercest animals. To Balser the tone of his father's voice, mingled with the howling of wolves, was a note of desperation that almost drove him frantic. The wind increased in fury every moment, and Balser felt the cold piercing to the



He called to Liney and Tom and motioned them frantically to go back.



One of the bears immediately seized Balser.

marrow of his bones. He had waited, it seemed to him, hours for the light of the moon again to shine, but the clouds appeared to grow deeper, and the darkness more dense.

While Balser was vainly endeavouring to watch the conflict at the waggon, he heard a noise at the root of the tree in which he had taken refuge, and looking down he discovered a black monster standing quietly beneath him. It was a bear that had been attracted to the scene of the battle by the noise. Balser at once thought: "Could I kill this huge bear his great carcase certainly would satisfy the hunger of the wolves that surround my father." Accordingly he lowered the point of his gun, and, taking as good aim as the darkness would permit, fired upon the bear. The bear gave forth a frightful growl of rage and pain, and, as it did so, its companion, a beast of enormous size came running up, apparently for the purpose of rendering assistance.

Balser hastily reloaded his gun and prepared to shoot the other bear. This he soon did, and while the wolves howled about his father the two wounded bears at the foot of the tree made night hideous with their ravings.

Such a frightful bedlam of noises had never before been heard.

Balser was again loading his gun, hoping to finish the bears, when he saw two lighted torches approaching along the path over which he had just come, and as they came into view, imagine his consternation when he recognised the forms of Liney Fox and her brother Tom. Tom carried his father's gun, for Mr. Fox had gone to Brookville, and Liney, in her addition to her torch, carried Tom's hatchet. Liney and Tom were approaching rapidly, and Balser called out to them to stop. They did not hear him, or did not heed him, but continued to go forward to their death. The bears at the foot of the tree were wounded, and would be more dangerous than even the pack of wolves howling at the waggon.

"Go back! Go back!" cried Balser desperately, "or you'll be killed. Two wounded bears are at the root of the tree I'm on, and a hundred wolves are howling in the hollow just below me. Run for your lives!

Run! You'll be torn in pieces if you come here!"

The boy and girl did not stop, but continued to walk rapidly toward the spot from which they had heard Balser call. The clouds had drifted away from the moon, and now that the light was of little use to Balser (for he was intent upon saving Liney and Tom) there was plenty of it.

The sound of his voice and the growling of the bears had attracted the attention of the wolves. They were wavering in their attack upon Mr. Brent, and evidently had half a notion to fall upon the bears that Balser had wounded. Meantime Liney and Tom continued to approach, and their torches, which, under ordinary circumstances, would have frightened the animals away, attracted the attention of the bears and the wolves, and drew the beasts upon them.

They were now within a few yards of certain death, and again Balser in agony cried out: "Go back, Liney! Go back! Run for your lives!" In his eagerness he rose to his feet and took a step or two out upon the rotten limb on which he had been seated. As he called to Liney and Tom and motioned to them frantically to go back, the limb upon which he was standing broke, and he fell a distance of ten or twelve feet to the ground, and lay half-stunned between the two wounded bears.

Just as Balser fell Liney and Tom came up to the rotten tree, and at the same time the pack of wolves abandoned their attack upon Mr. Brent and rushed like a herd of demons upon the three helpless children.

One of the bears immediately seized Balser, and the other one struck Liney a fearful blow with its horny paw and felled her to the ground. By the light of the torches Mr. Brent saw all that had happened, and when the wolves abandoned their attack upon him he hurried forward to rescue Balser, Liney and Tom, although in so doing he was going to meet his death. In a few seconds Mr. Brent was in the midst of the terrible fight, and a dozen wolves sprang upon him. Tom's gun was useless, so he snatched the hatchet from Liney, who was lying prostrate under one of the bears, and tried to rescue her from its jaws. Had he done so, however, it would only have been to save her for the wolves.

But his attempt to rescue Liney was quickly brought to an end. The wolves sprang upon Tom, and soon he, too, was upon the ground. The torches, which had fallen from the hands of Tom and Liney, continued to burn and cast a lurid light upon the terrible scene.

Consciousness soon returned to Balser, and he saw with horror the fate that was in store for his father, his friends, and himself. Despair took possession of his soul, and he knew that the lamp of life would soon be black in all of them for ever. While his father and Tom lay upon the ground at the mercy of the wolves, and while Liney was lying within arm's reach of him in the jaws of the wounded bear, and he utterly helpless to save the girl of whom he was so fond, Balser's mother shook him by the shoulder, and said: "Balser, your father is coming."

And Balser sprang to his feet, looked dazed for a moment, and ran half-weeping, half-laughing, into his father's arms just as the sleepy little clock had finished striking nine.

Capt. Freeman, of ss. *Roddam*, who tells the story of his awful experiences in Martinique.

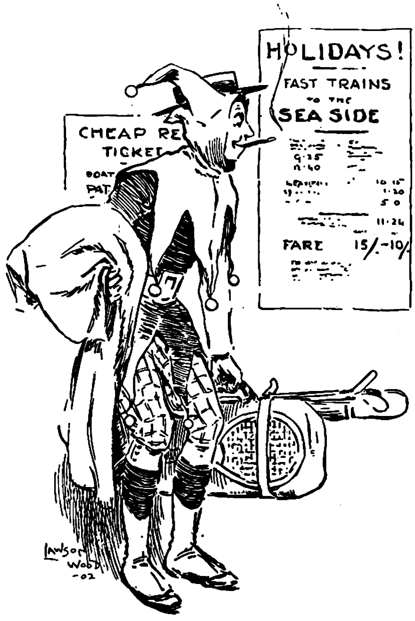
The Martinique Disaster.

The terrible disaster at St. Pierre, Martinique, that swept out of existence in a minute and a half the whole town with its forty thousand inhabitants, is fresh in the minds of all.

Captain William Freeman, of the ss. *Roddam*, almost the only eye-witness who has lived to tell the tale, has written an authoritative and unique account of his own miraculous adventures and escape.

This intensely interesting narrative will appear in the September Number of PEARSON'S MAGAZINE (published on August 30th). It will be wise to order your copy now, as the demand for this issue is sure to be exceptionally large.

CAP AND BELLS



A LITTLE boy was visiting an old lady, and, to amuse him, his kind hostess showed him some silhouette portraits of her father and mother, explaining to him who they were intended to represent. Dickie listened very attentively, and then said:

"Were they chimney-sweeps?"

* * * * *

A LAW OF NATURE.

It's easier for ten wise men
Their knowledge not to show,
Than it is for one fool not to hide
That which he doesn't know.

* * * * *

A Loss.

THE PLUTOCRAT: "I am £100,000 richer than I was yesterday."

WIFE: "You don't seem happy over it!"

THE PLUTOCRAT: "No; I'm two days older."

* * * * *

A SLIGHT OVERSIGHT.

MRS. SHOPLEY: "Oh, George! I bought a really handsome set of books to-day, on the instalment plan. All I have to pay is five shillings a month."

MR. SHOPLEY: "For how many months?"

MRS. SHOPLEY: "Dear me! I forgot to ask!"

* * * *

"Why, no. The stolen Gainsborough was not a hat—it was a picture."

"Oh, I thought from the value it was a hat."

The busier you are, the fewer disappointed hopes you will have to occupy your valuable time.

* * * * *

"I hear that when Wingdrop, the tragedian, proposed to Miss Carter, he paused when half through."

"Waiting for?"

"Waiting for the applause, I suppose."

* * * * *

Auntie: "So your mother promised you a piece of cake if you were good?"

Little Johnny: "Yes."

Auntie: "Well, then, why have you been so bad?"

Little Johnny: "'Cause she gave me the cake beforehand."

* * * * *

GAVE THEMSELVES AWAY.

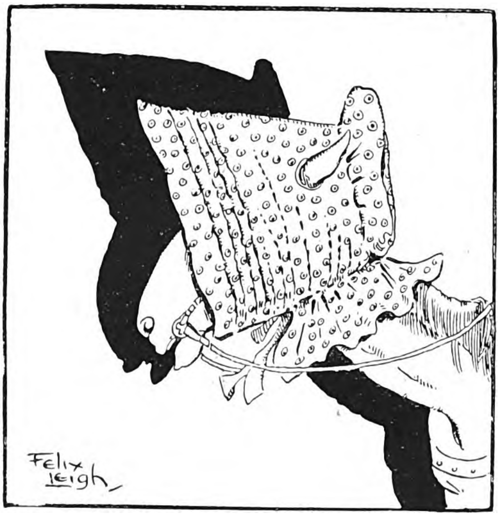
SHE: "And I am really and truly the first girl you ever kissed?"

HE: "Do you doubt it, darling?"

SHE: "Yes; your manner savours of long experience."

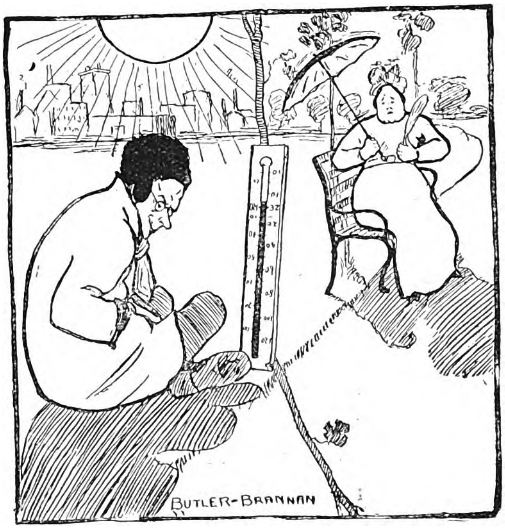
HE: "How do you know it does?"

* * * * *



"A MATTER OF OPINION."

Mrs. G. Gee: "Straw hats are no good, and rush toques are an absurdity. The only thing that really keeps one's head cool during the hot weather is a good old-fashioned *sun-bonnet*, and *I* think they are very becoming into the bargain!"



A SIMPLE REMEDY.

Upon the hottest summer days
I do not fume and frown;
I just take my thermometer
And hang it upside down.

The mercury, as it climbs up,
Marks less and less degrees,
Until on very torrid days
I often nearly freeze.

* * * * *

HAROLD: "What did she say when you turned out the gas and kissed her?"

RUPERT: "Said she felt as if she never wanted to see my face again."

* * * * *

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

"I don't see how he can be such a popular clergyman, when he abuses his congregation so."

"Easy enough. Everybody thinks he is talking about everybody else."

* * * * *

ON THE WEDDING DAY.

HE (to himself): "I suppose it would look unfeeling to read the paper. Poor darling; she's worrying over leaving home!"

SHE (to herself): "I wish to goodness I had had my theatre gown cut square instead of a 'V'!"

* * * *

UP-TO-DATE WARFARE.

Lieut. Hunt: "Do you see that Captain of the enemy five miles away?"

Gunner's Mate: "Aye, aye, sir."

Lieut. Hunt: "Let him have one of those ten-inch shells in the eye."

Gunner's Mate: "Which eye sir?"

EQUALLY TO BLAME.

"You needn't hide that letter you're writing. That's impolite. I wasn't looking at it."

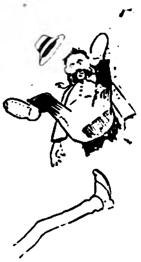
"You shouldn't have noticed that I was trying to hide it. That wasn't polite, either."

* * * * *

KNOTBEEN: "Did you find lodging high in Brighton?"

BINTHER: "Yes and no. I paid fifteen shillings a night for a bed in a basement."

* * * *



OBLIGING.

"Please give me something," the tramp said, as he came into the office; "anything will help me out."

So the man gave him his boot.

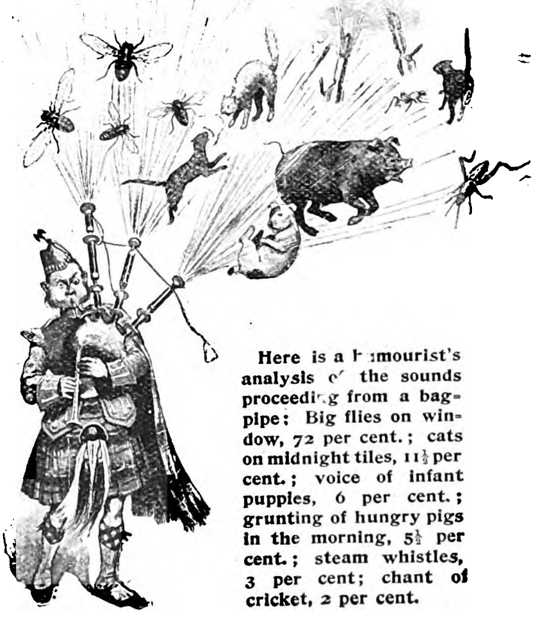
* * * *

A well-known German doctor was called in to attend a lady of high lineage: "Well, how do you feel, my dear madam?" inquired the doctor in the usually cheery manner.

"I am a marchioness, doctor," the lady replied, laying emphasis on the title.

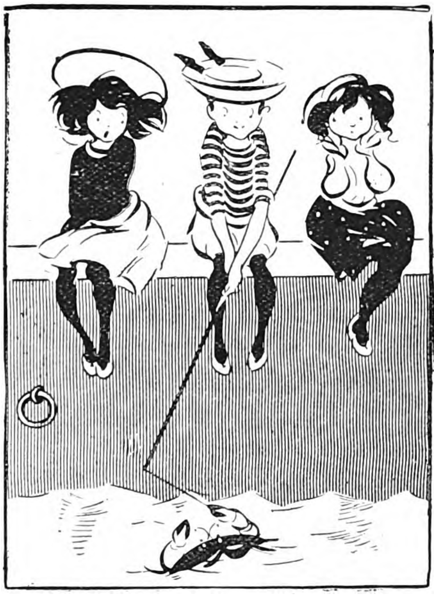
"Ah! I am sorry to hear it," said the physician, "as that is a complaint I am unable to cure." And so saying he snatched up his hat and departed.

* * * * *



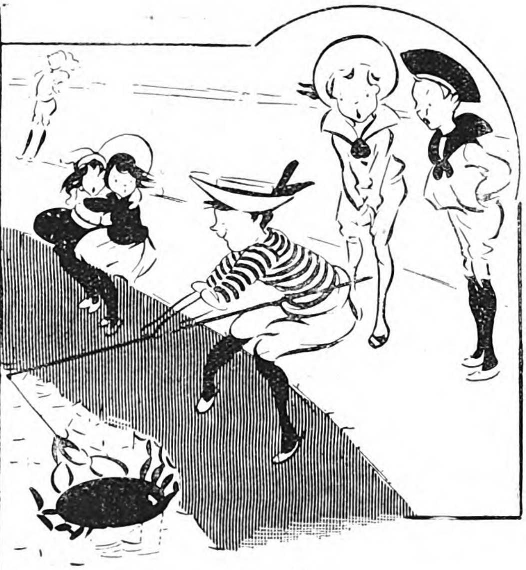
Here is a humourist's analysis of the sounds proceeding from a bagpipe: Big flies on window, 72 per cent.; cats on midnight tiles, 11½ per cent.; voice of infant puppies, 6 per cent.; grunting of hungry pigs in the morning, 5½ per cent.; steam whistles, 3 per cent; chant of cricket, 2 per cent.

WE AND THE CRAB.



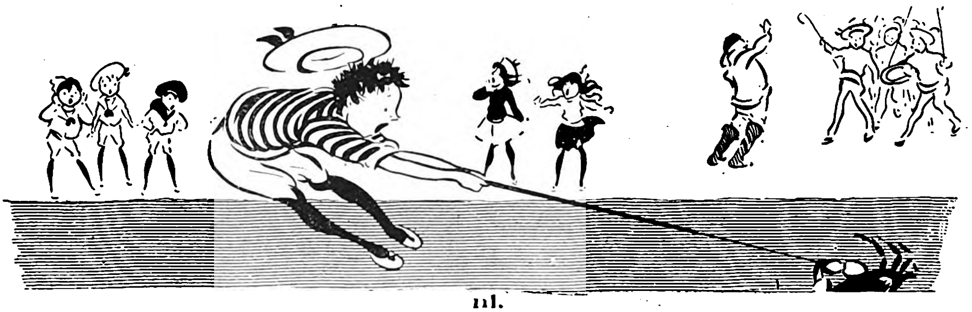
I.

"Hush! Not a word! I believe it's a bite!
Don't tremble! Don't speak! Don't breathe! Just sit tight!"



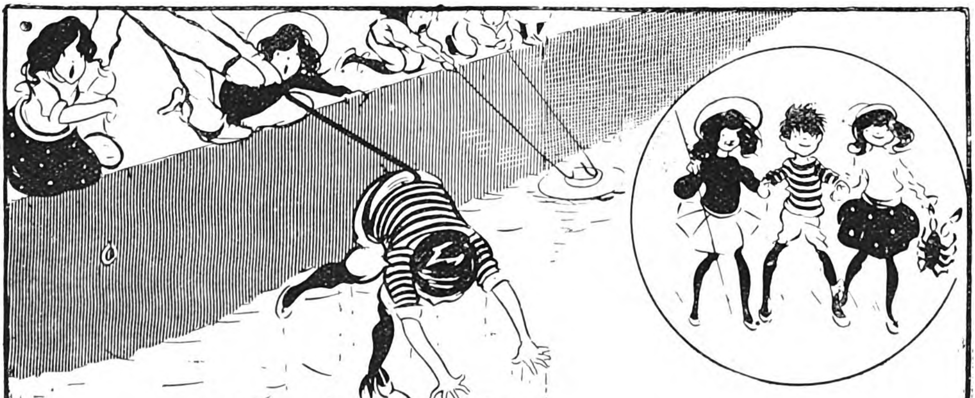
II.

"A beauty! I've got him!" "Oh, ho! let me look!"
"Be careful, don't jerk it, he's taking the hook!"



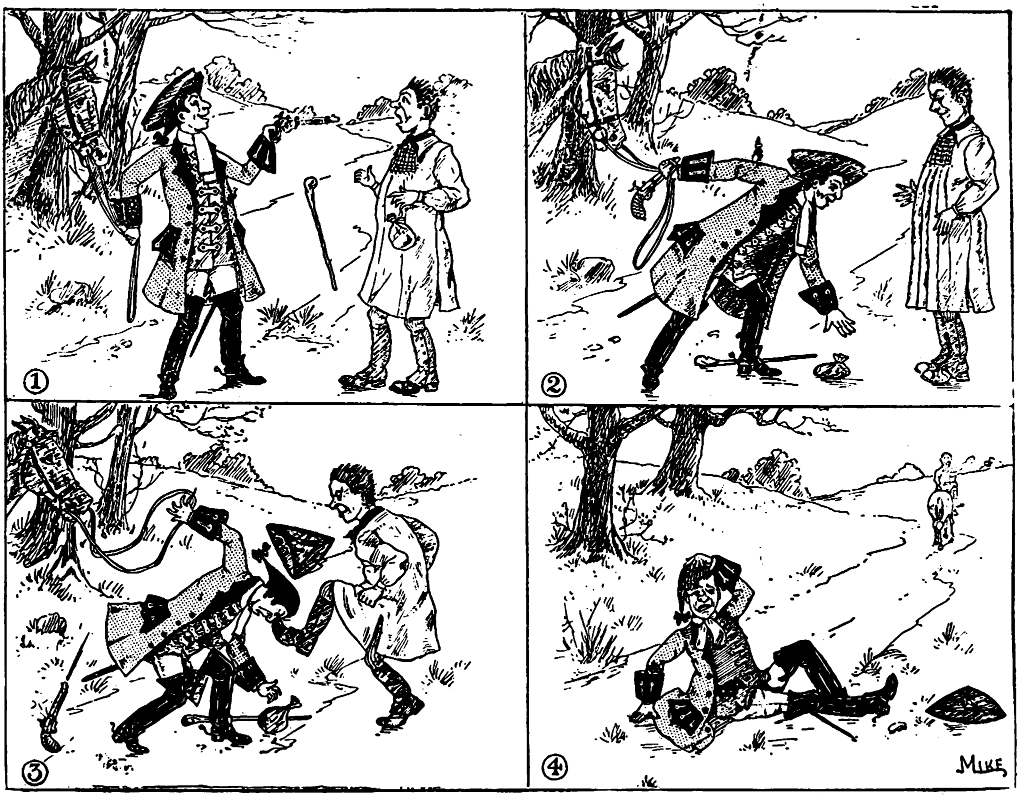
III.

"Good gracious! What's happened? he's swallowed the pin!"
"I've plenty of others, *if I weren't falling in!*"



IV.

"I'm sure you two girls should be grateful to me.
"Since but for my pluck, you'd have no crab for tea!"



LOVE PER FOUNTAIN PEN.

Dearest—
I take my pen in hand
To tell you how—(may curses light
On this invention! It must need
A shaking, for it will not write.)

To tell you how, from morn till eve,
I still am thinking—('twould appear
That the screw-nozzle's sprung a leak—
At all events, I've made a smear.)

Am thinking of my pet, my star,
My cherished Hen—(I must be quick
And close, for deluges impend
The line has changed from thin to thick.)

My cherished Henrietta! Now
Good-night! Thy

Eddie

—It was sure
To come!—I said so!—quite a flood!)
P.S. Excuse the signature.

* * * * *

The truth about the matter is that we are just about as glad to see our relatives as they are to see us.

HELPING HIM ALONG.

Tom: "Do you think your father would offer me personal violence if I were to ask him for you?"

Edith: "Hardly. But there's no telling what he will do if you don't say something pretty soon."

* * * * *

ON THE STREET.

CHESTNUTT: "What are you taking your hat off for?"

BURR: "Excuse me, but that last joke of yours is so venerable that I simply had to."

* * * * *

AN ECONOMIC PROBLEM.

Young Husband: "Seems to me, it is costing us a great deal to live."

Young Wife: "I know it is, but I can't imagine why. I always buy everything in very small quantities."

* * * * *

JUST LIKE A WOMAN.

BENHAM: "Why did that woman keep you standing at the door for half-an-hour?"

MRS. BENHAM: "She said she hadn't time to come in."

* * * * *

HOW IT ESCAPED.

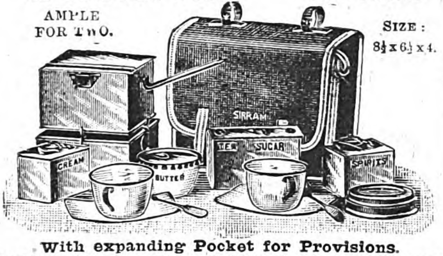
Mother: "There were two apples in the cupboard, Tommy, and now there is only one. How's that?"

Tommy (who sees no way of escape): "Well, ma, it was so dark in there I didn't see the other."

"SIRRAM" for Cyclists or Travellers.

AMPLE FOR TWO.

SIZE: 8¼ x 6¼ x 4.



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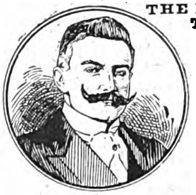
MEMORY AND SUCCESS.

THE BEST MEMORIES OBTAIN THE BEST POSITIONS.



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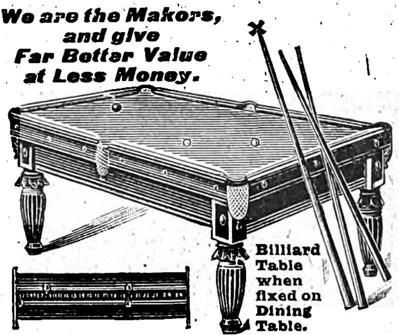
We are the Makers, and give Far Better Value at Less Money.



Billiard Table when fixed on Dining Table.

Best Slate, Mahogany Low Frost Proof Cushions, Adjustable Legs, Ivory Balls, 2 Cues, Marking Board, Level, Tips, Wafers, Chalk, and Rest.

SIZE.	CASH PRICE.	
4ft. 4in. by 2ft. 4in.	£4. 10. 0	or at 8/- per month
5ft. 4in. by 2ft. 10in.	5. 5. 0	„ 9/- „ „
6ft. 4in. by 3ft. 4in.	6. 0. 0	„ 10/6 „ „
SPECIAL QUALITY.		
6ft. 4in. by 3ft. 4in.	£7. 0. 0	or at 12/6 per month.
7ft. 4in. by 3ft. 10in.	9. 5. 0	„ 16/6 „

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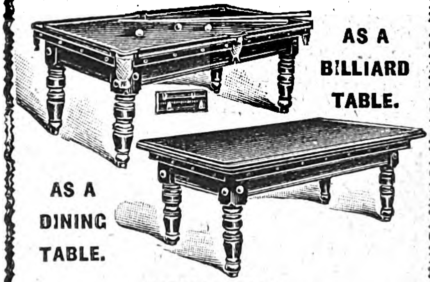

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CARRIAGE PAID.

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How can I influence another by my mind alone? What is personal magnetism? Why do only a few possess it? Could I cultivate it easily? Can I attract success and happiness by any system of mental training? What does it feel like to be hypnotized? Could I learn to hypnotize people and make them obey my commands? Is it, or is it not a dangerous power? Could I learn to heal the sick by magnetism? Could I learn to read the minds of others?

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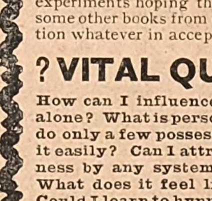

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IF you are not convinced from my previous advertising that my system of Physiological Exercise will do all that I claim for it, the fault is in the advertising and not in the system itself.

When I tell you that I teach a different kind of exercise, something new, more scientific, more rational, safer, and immeasurably superior to anything ever before devised, I am but repeating what thousands of prominent men and women are saying for me who have profited by my instructions. What is so strong as the testimony of others?

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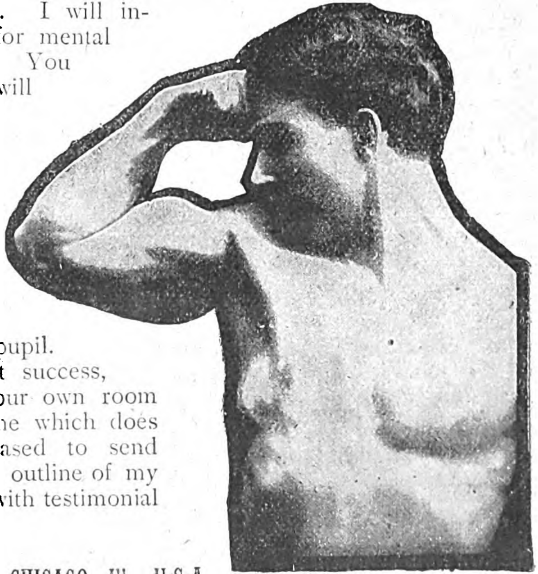
I have no book, no chart, no apparatus whatever. My system is for each individual; my instructions for you would be just as personal as if you were my only pupil. It is taught by post only and with perfect success, requires but a few minutes' time in your own room just before retiring, and it is the only one which does not overtax the heart. I shall be pleased to send you free valuable information and detailed outline of my system, its principals and effects, together with testimonial letters from pupils.



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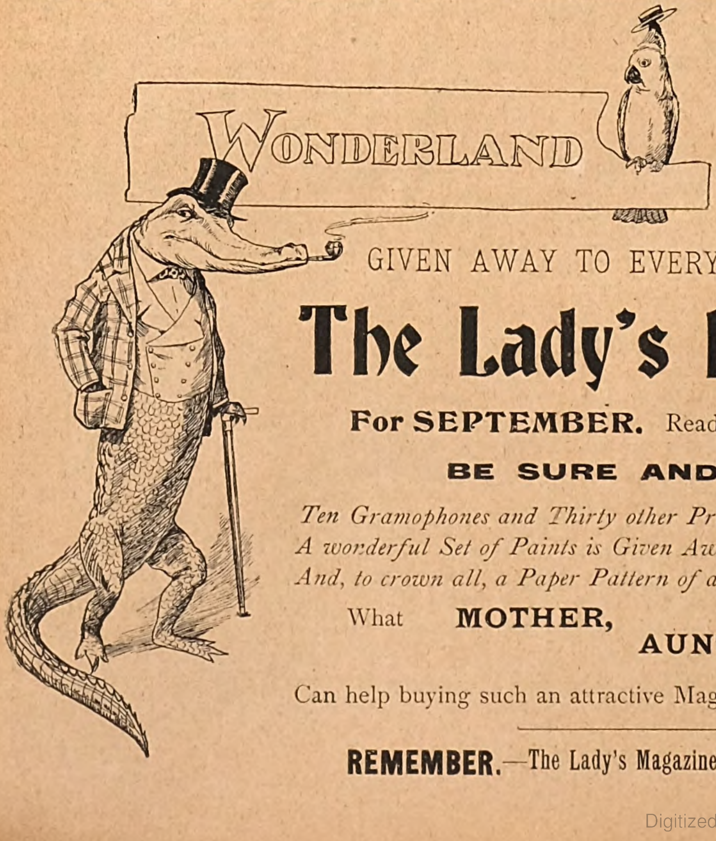

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A wonderful Set of Paints is Given Away.
And, to crown all, a Paper Pattern of a charming Blouse.

What **MOTHER,**
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Can help buying such an attractive Magazine?

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owes its popularity to the introduction of genuine

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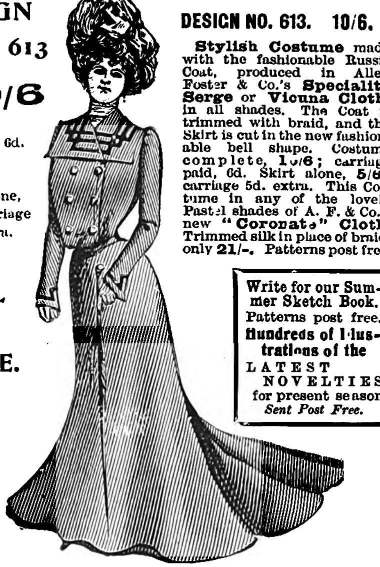

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Carriage 6d. extra.

Skirt alone, **5/6**; carriage 5d. extra.

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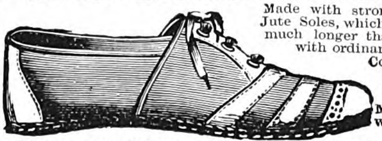

Made with strong Plaited Jute Soles, which will last much longer than leather with ordinary wear. Comfortable, healthful, noiseless.

Mr. MASON writes: "Got a pair 3 years ago, and have worn them every day since."— Mr. WILLIN writes: "Have worn them 12 years—feet never seem to get tired in them."

Enclose Length of Walking Shoe. Colour—White, Brown, or Black.	Prices (post free) Children's.	Ladies'.	Gents'.
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You need a health-giving beverage, which must be pure and unadulterated.

Cadbury's Cocoa

is universally admitted to be a health-giving drink—most refreshing, invigorating, and sustaining. It is beneficial to everybody: Men, Women, Boys, and Girls.

CADBURY'S Cocoa is Absolutely Pure, the *Lancet* pronouncing it "the standard of highest purity." It is Cocoa, and the Best Cocoa only, and has stood the test of time.

CAUTION.—How to test the Purity of Cocoas.—If treated with alkali and chemicals such cocoas will have a medicinal scent when the tin is opened, and will be a darker colour when in liquor. Cadbury's Cocoa has no addition of any kind, and is *guaranteed absolutely pure.*

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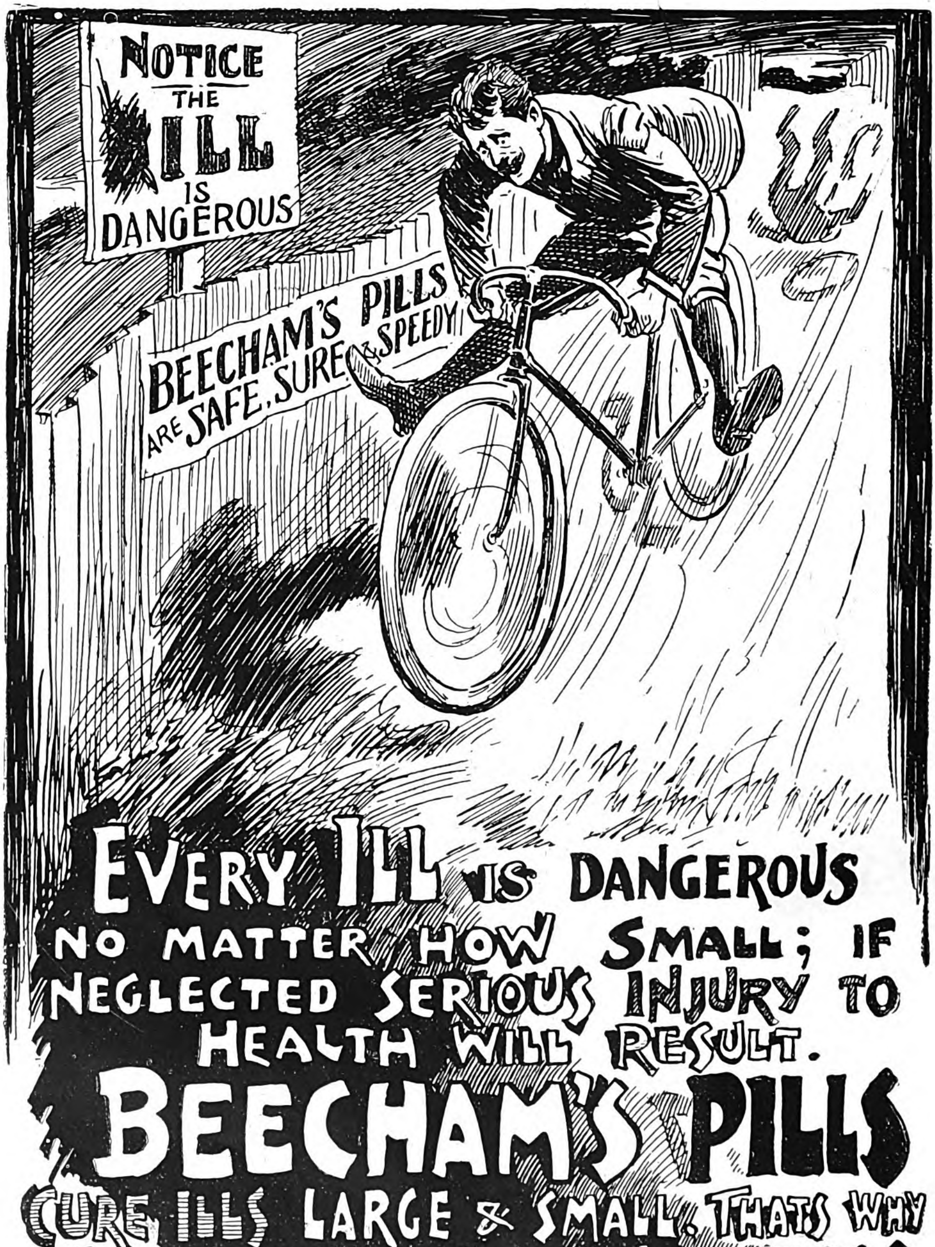
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The common idea when not feeling well is, 'I will wait and see—perhaps I shall feel better to-morrow'; whereas had a supply of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' been at hand, and use made of it at the onset, all calamitous results might have been avoided.

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It allays Nervous Excitement, Sleeplessness, Depression, and restores the Nervous System to its proper condition. It is Pleasant, Cooling, Health-giving, Refreshing, and Invigorating. You cannot overstate its great value in keeping the Blood Pure and free from Disease. It should be in every bedroom and traveller's bag (for any emergency). It acts as simply, yet just as powerfully, on the animal system, as sunshine does on the vegetable world, and removes all fœtid or poisonous matter (the groundwork of disease) from the Blood by Natural means. Always does good —never any harm.

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CAUTION.—Examine the bottle and capsule and see that they are marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' otherwise you have been imposed upon by a WORTHLESS imitation.

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S Patent.

A WARNING.

A WARNING.

A WARNING.

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A FULL DRESS LENGTH

of J.N. Cheviot Serge or Costume Coating (6 yds., 52 ins. wide) for

7/6,

carriage 8d. extra. COLOURS: Black, Navy, Brown, Myrtle, Fawn, Grey, and Royal Blue. Carriage paid on all orders of 20s. and over.

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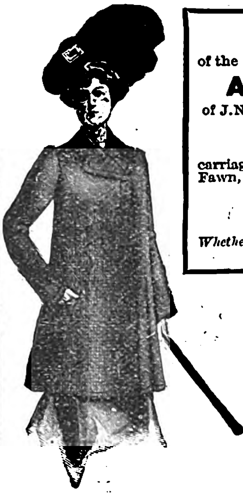
Whether cut from Fashion Magazines or any other source, made up skilfully and accurately by JOHN NOBLE, LTD.



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The Coat of the Hour. Lady's fashionable three-quarter Chesterfield, in good wearing heavy bird's-eye Tweed with full sacque back, bell shaped cuffs, and slit pockets. Unlined, length 36in., in Dark Grey only. Price **11/9**, carriage 6d. extra. An excellent well-tailored production.

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fit figures 34, 36, 38in. round bust (under arms), and 24, 26, 28in. round the waist, the Skirts being 38, 40, and 42in. long in front. Larger sizes **2/6** extra.

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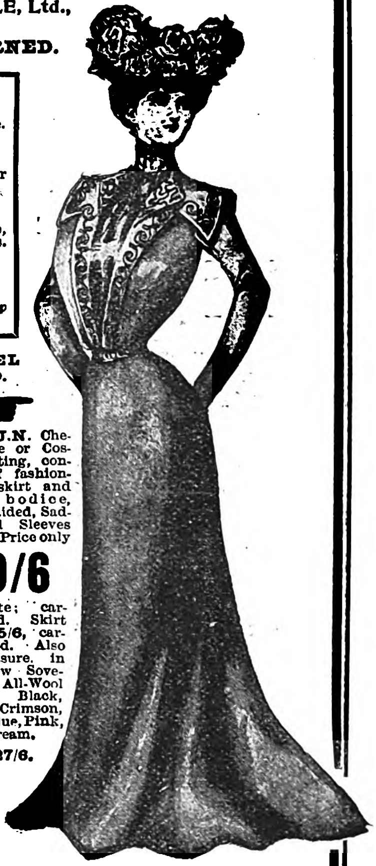


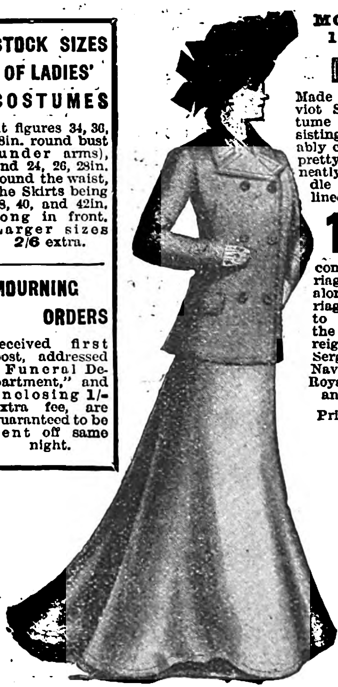
MODEL 1099.

Made in **J.N.** Cheviot Serge or Costume Coating, consisting of fashionably cut skirt and pretty bodice, neatly braided, Saddle and Sleeves lined. Price only

10/6

complete; carriage 6d. Skirt alone, **5/6**, carriage 5d. Also to measure, in the New Sovereign All-Wool Serge, Black, Navy, Crimson, Royal Blue, Pink, and Cream.

Price 27/6.



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Made in the **J.N.** Cheviot Serge or Costume Coating, fashionable Skirt and Tailor-cut Reefer Coat, either Sacque-back or Tight Fitting. Price 10/6, carriage 6d. Skirt alone, **5/6**; carriage 5d. Also made specially to measure in New Sovereign All-Wool Serge—Black, Navy, Crimson, Royal Blue, Pink, or Cream. Price **27/6**. A similar style for maids, Model 1110, is supplied in **J.N.** Cheviot Serge or Costume Coating at following prices:—

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Lengths 36in.	39in.	42in.	46in.	50in.
9/-	**9/6**	**10/-**	**10/6**	**10/6**

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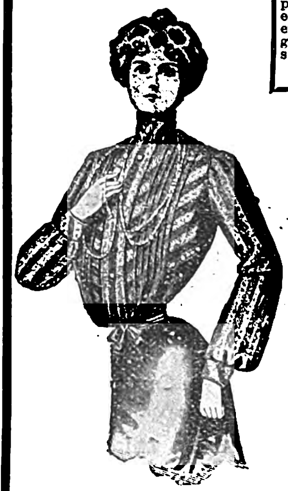

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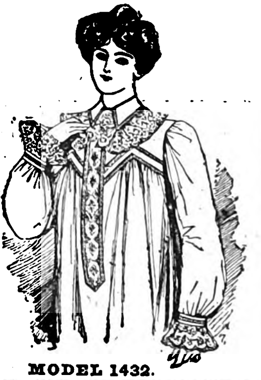

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Pink Flannelette Nightdress, trimmed feather stitching and torchon lace, **4/6**; Chemise to match, **2/3**; Knickers to match, **1/11½**. Complete Set of three Garments, **8/6**. Postage on single garments 3d. extra, and on the complete set 6d. extra.

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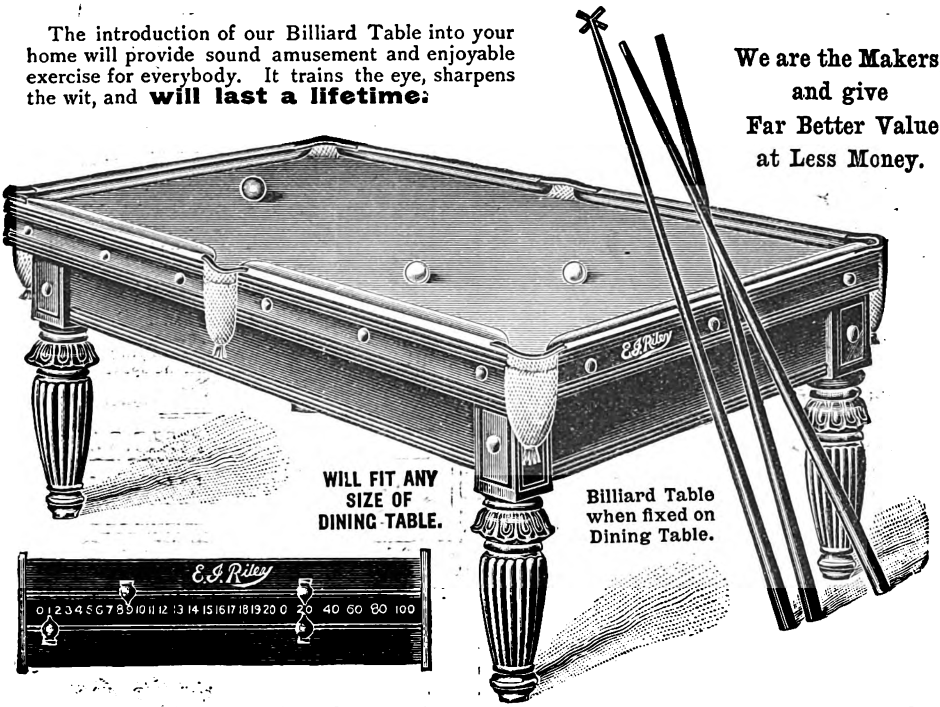
BILLIARDS AT HOME.

A Billiard Table ready to place on any Dining Table, and instantly removable.

CASH or EASY PAYMENTS.

The introduction of our Billiard Table into your home will provide sound amusement and enjoyable exercise for everybody. It trains the eye, sharpens the wit, and **will last a lifetime.**

We are the Makers, and give Far Better Value at Less Money.



WILL FIT ANY SIZE OF DINING TABLE.

Billiard Table when fixed on Dining Table.

Best Slate, Mahogany Low Frost Proof Cushions, Adjustable Legs, Ivory Balls, Two Cues, Marking-Board, Level, Tips, Wafers, Chalk, and Rest.

SIZE.	CASH PRICE.	
4ft. 4in. by 2ft. 4in.	£4 10 0	or at 8/- per month.
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6ft. 4in. by 3ft. 4in.	6 0 0	„ 10/6 „

SPECIAL QUALITY.

SIZE.	CASH PRICE.	
6ft. 4in. by 3ft. 4in. ...	£7 0 0	or at 12/6 per month.
7ft. 4in. by 3ft. 10in....	9 5 0	„ 16/6 „

Delivered Carriage Paid at Our Risk.

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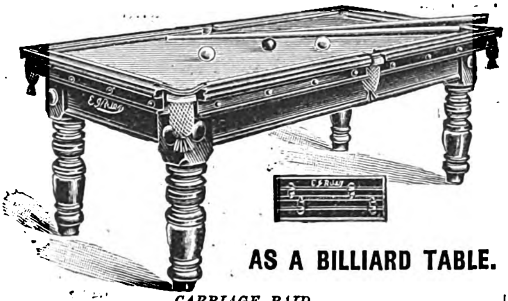
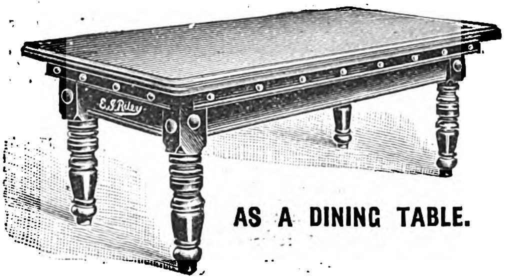


AS A BILLIARD TABLE.



AS A DINING TABLE.

CARRIAGE PAID.

In **Solid Mahogany**, with Dining Table Top in one or more pieces. Instantaneous action for raising and lowering. To those who cannot devote a room especially for Billiards, this Table is highly recommended for a perfect game.

Size of Billiard Table.	Size of Dining Table.	CASH PRICE.	
5ft. 4in.	5ft. 8in.	£12 0 0	or at 21/- per month.
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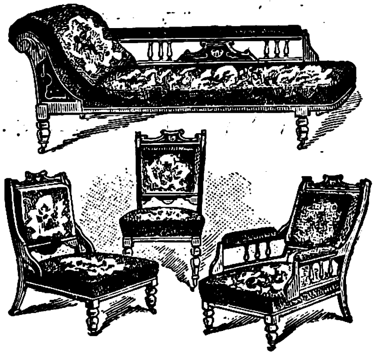

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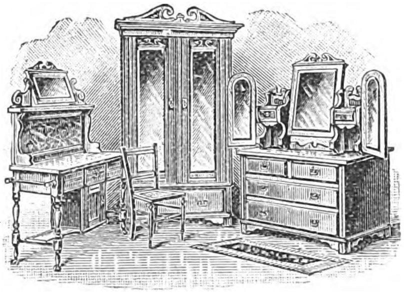

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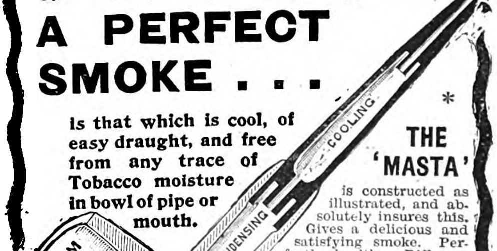

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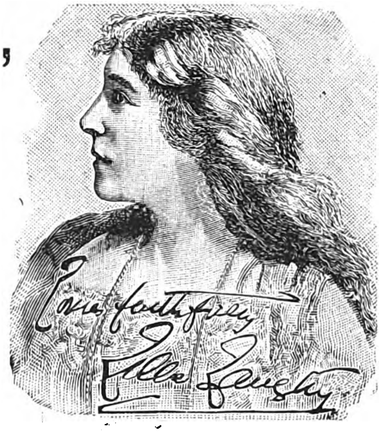

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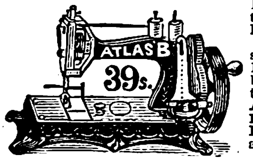

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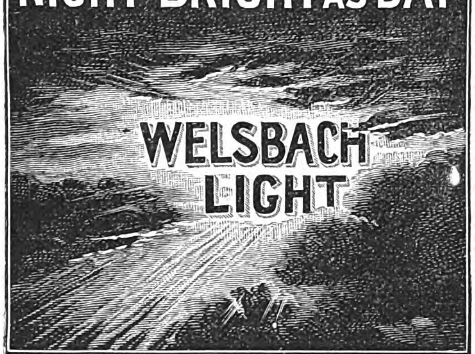

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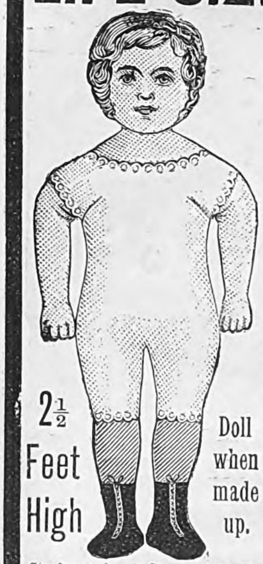

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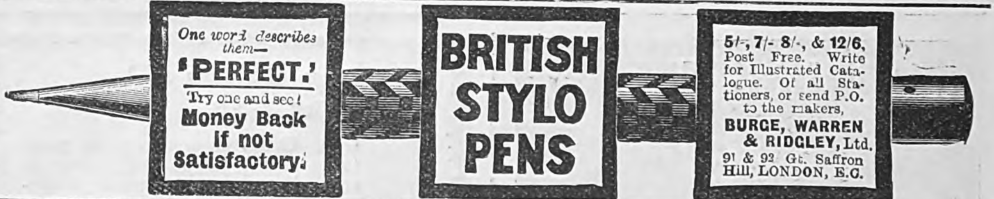

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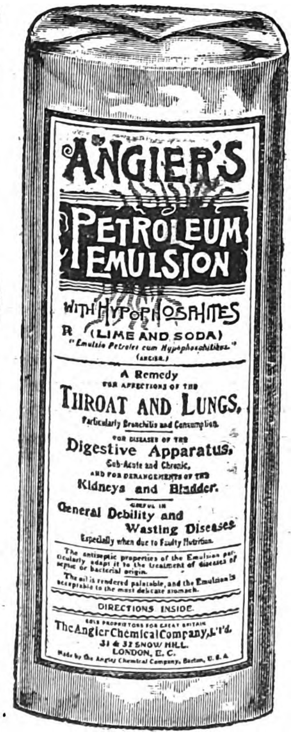
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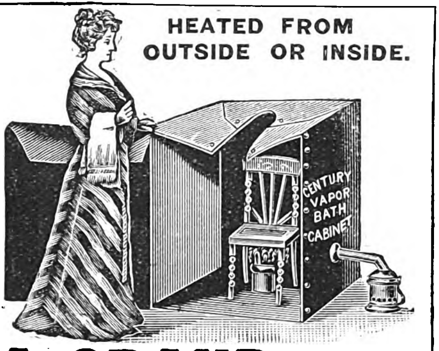

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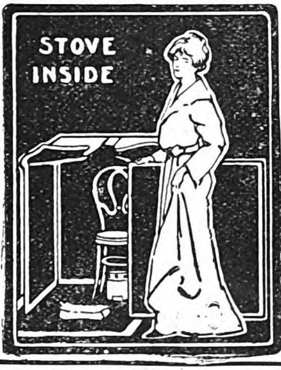

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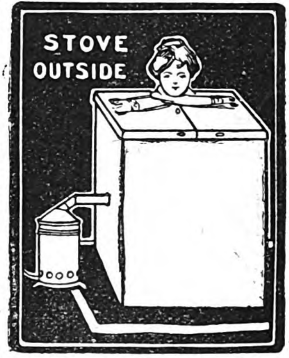

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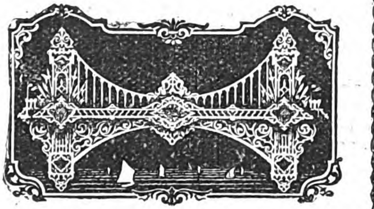

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Beware of Imitations. Their names are legion.

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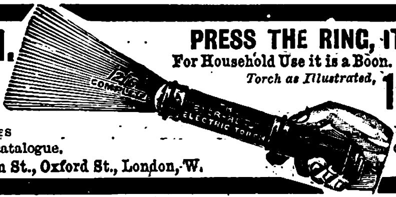

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Curls the hair naturally in a few days, and, what is more, the hair will keep in curl. Does not change the colour or destroy the hair, but makes it soft and silky, and will curl or friz into natural curls No tongs needed. Not sticky or greasy like other curling fluids, which only keep the hair in curl. After the hair has become curly it is not necessary to continue using Crimpoline. Give Crimpoline a trial—the result will astonish you. Use it for Ladies', Gents', and Children's Hair. 1/- and 2/6 per Bottle. Postage 3d. Ask Chemists or Hair Dressers to get Henderson's Peralia or Crimpoline for you; if they are out of stock, we will send it direct to you, secretly packed. **Have no other, or you will be disappointed.**

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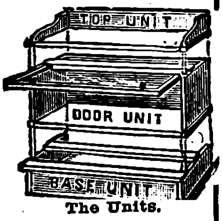

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ART POTTERY HIGHLY COMMENDED FOR UTILITY & BEAUTY

When you break your Crockery what do you do? Buy odd plates at fancy prices.

Why do this? When you can FURNISH YOUR HOUSE WITH CROCKERY for TWENTY-ONE SHILLINGS, by buying direct from the Potteries. For this small sum we give you a complete **Dinner Service**, a complete **Breakfast Service**, a complete **Tea Service**, for Six Persons. Printed in Beautiful Art Colours—Warranted finest Royal Semi-Porcelain. In addition we give you a full-size TOILET SET, 5 pieces in nice Floral Design. Such value never before offered. If you want the whole lot finished in rich Gold we will do it for you for Half-a-Guinea extra. Packed Free. No waiting. Satisfaction certain. 50 per cent. saved by buying this package. We can supply you with anything in the Crockery line. Special lines in Badged Goods and **Bazaar Parcels.**

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DRESDEN POTTERY CO.,
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When giving a Wedding Present let it be something useful; this is the ideal Present.

ALL FAT PEOPLE

Can be CURED by taking

TRILENE TABLETS

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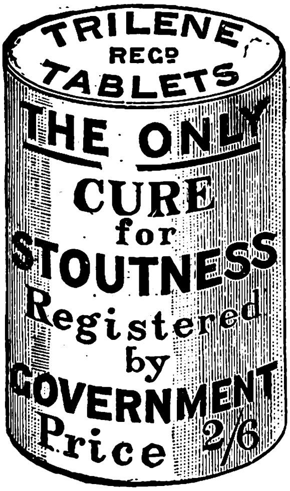
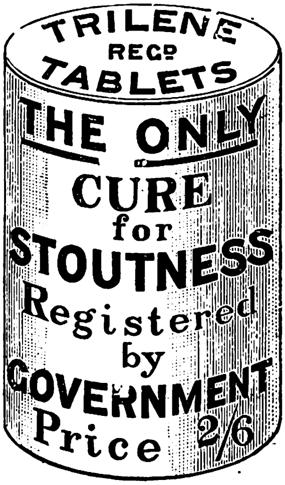


for a few weeks. They will safely REDUCE WEIGHT and CURE CORPULENCY PERMANENTLY, whether Abdominal or General. They are small, agreeable, harmless, sent privately, and never fail to improve both Health and Figure without change of Diet.

An ENGLISH COUNTESS writes: "Your Trilene Tablets act admirably."

Send 2s. 6d. to Mr. M. Wells, The ***Trilene Association,*** *66, Finsbury Pavement, London.*

An Interesting Book on Obesity accompanies each Box.



SAMPLES OF TESTIMONIALS.

Mrs. C. Sharp, of Grange Farm Cottage, Wellingborough, says: "Your Tablets have made me very much thinner. All my friends notice the great reduction in weight."

Countess Seckendorff, of Berlin, writes: "I have taken Tablets with success, and am recommending them to friends."

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"87, Alexandra Road, Norwich, 19th Oct, 1896.

"GENTLEMEN,—In reference to Trilene Tablets, I may say that my wife found the greatest possible benefit from the use of them and their action was rapid, as my wife was for many years growing too stout, but the Tablets soon reduced the same completely.

"Yours faithfully, **J. R. Canham.**"

Princess Liechtenstein of Landsberg, Austria, writes: "Pray send me your Tablets directly.

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Mrs. T. Boston, Cambridge Villas, Clifford Street, South Wigston, says: "I congratulate you on your wonderful Tablets. My weight at first starting them was 11st. 7lb., and I now weigh 9st. 11lb."

Mrs. Fenton, 11, Wood Street, Tyldesley, writes: "Been fat all my life, but now your Tablets tell a tale. I have lost 17lb. already, and am delighted. Suffered untold trouble previously, but now do my work with pleasure."

Mrs. O'Connor, 2, Kensington Square Mansions, London writes: "I am much less stout for taking them."

Mrs. Pearce, of Armstrong Road, Benwell, writes: "I am reduced from 12st. to 9½st., and do not get any heavier."

Count Ehrenwaud, of Liatorp, Sweden, writes, 9th Oct., 1899: "The person who took Tablets lost 18lb. during the cure."

Mrs. Kay, of "The Cross Keys," Upwood, writes: "Great benefit from Tablets. To my surprise they reduced me 8lb. the first week."

Mrs. Weaver, of Greenpits Villa, Station Road, Ross, Hereford, says: "I wish to say I have been reduced from 13st. 8lb. to 11st. by your Tablets, and can recommend them highly. You can use this publicly if you wish."

G. A. Gale, Esq., of Bothenhampton, Bridport, says: "Tablets most beneficial, and greatly reduced my weight. I feel better generally."

Father T. M. Byrne, of Holy Cross Abbey, Sligo, writes: "When I began your Tablets I was 12st. 5lb.; I now scale at 10st. 11lb.—my case, too, is hereditary."

Mrs. Mary Williams, of Old Yard, near Bedol, Bagillt, Wales, writes: "I have lost 28lb., and will do my best to make them known."

Miss Patient, of Woodberry, Theydon Bois: "Feel great benefit from Tablets. I have lost 2st., and am sufficiently reduced."

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Mrs. W. A. Radford, High Street, New Brinsley, Eastwood, says: "Before taking your Tablets, I was 46in. round waist. I am now 32in., and can get about in comfort, and hope soon to be 24in. You may use this as you please."

Miss Jane Carter, of Forthampton House, Tewkesbury, says: "The Tablets are of the greatest value. I am reduced many stone, and shall be pleased to recommend them."

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BORDERED.
Children's ... 1/3 per doz.
Ladies' ... ... 2/3 „
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HEMSTITCHED
Ladies' ... ... 2/9 per doz.
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LINEN COLLARS, CUFFS & SHIRTS.

Ladies', from 3/6 per doz.
Gents', 4-fold, 4/11 „
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Matchless Shirts, fine quality Long Cloth, with 4-fold pure Linen Fronts, 35/6 per half-dozen; to measure, 2/- extra. Old Shirts made good as new, with good materials in neck-bands, cuffs, and fronts, for 14/- the half-dozen.

IRISH DAMASK TABLE & HOUSE LINEN.

Fish Napkins, 2/11 per doz.
Dinner „ 5/6 „
Table Cloths, 2 yds. square, 2/6 each.
Table Cloths, 2½ by 3 yds., 5/6 each.

Kitchen Table Cloths, 11½d. each. Real Irish Linen Sheeting fully bleached, 2 yds. wide, 1/11 per yard.

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But it is not often that the payment of £1 down can secure you such excellent value as . . .

HARDMAN'S £1 BEDDING BALE

It is the highest value for money ever offered to the thrifty housewife. It contains:—

1 Pair White Cloth Blankets, 84 inches long, 66 inches wide, 7 lbs. weight, good, soft and fleecy; 1 Single Cloth Under-Blanket, 72 inches by 59 inches; 1 Handsome Fringed Quilt, fast colours. 3 yds. long, 2¼ yds. wide, in Pink and White, Sky and White, or Crimson and White, pretty Floral Patterns; 1 Pair Heavy Pure Twill Sheets, 2¼ yds. by 1¼yds.; 1 Pretty Swiss Dress Table Table Cover, 45 ins. long, 12 ins. wide, an artistic Open-Work Cover.

The whole Parcel, and with **A FREE GIFT FOR** of 1 Long White Pillow-Slip and 2 Short Frilled ones for £1. Carriage, 1s. to any part of British Isles, 5s. to any part of Europe, 10s. to any Colony in the Empire. **£1**

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The 10/- HOUSEHOLD PARCEL

Contains:—1 Pair White or Ecru Lace Curtains, 3 yds. long, 50 ins. wide, handsome pattern, Woven Edges; 1 Pair White or Ecru Lace Curtains for Bedroom, 2¼ yds. long, 45 ins. wide, Woven Edges; 1 White Damask Tablecloth, Hemmed, pretty Floral Design, fine quality, 63 ins. square; 1 Coloured Damask Table Cover, pretty Floral Combinations of Crimson and Gold or Crimson and Blue, 63 ins. by 63 ins.; 2 Large White Honeycomb Towels; 2 Large Check Glasscloths.

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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OUTSIDE COVER designed by Howard Somerville.

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The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions, whether literary or pictorial, and, where stamps are enclosed, will make every endeavour to ensure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he cannot hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

Cases for Volumes I.—VII. of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE are now ready, and can be obtained at the Publishing Office, price 1/- each, or post free, 1/2.

Bound Volumes 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 may also be had, price 4/- each, post free, 4/6.

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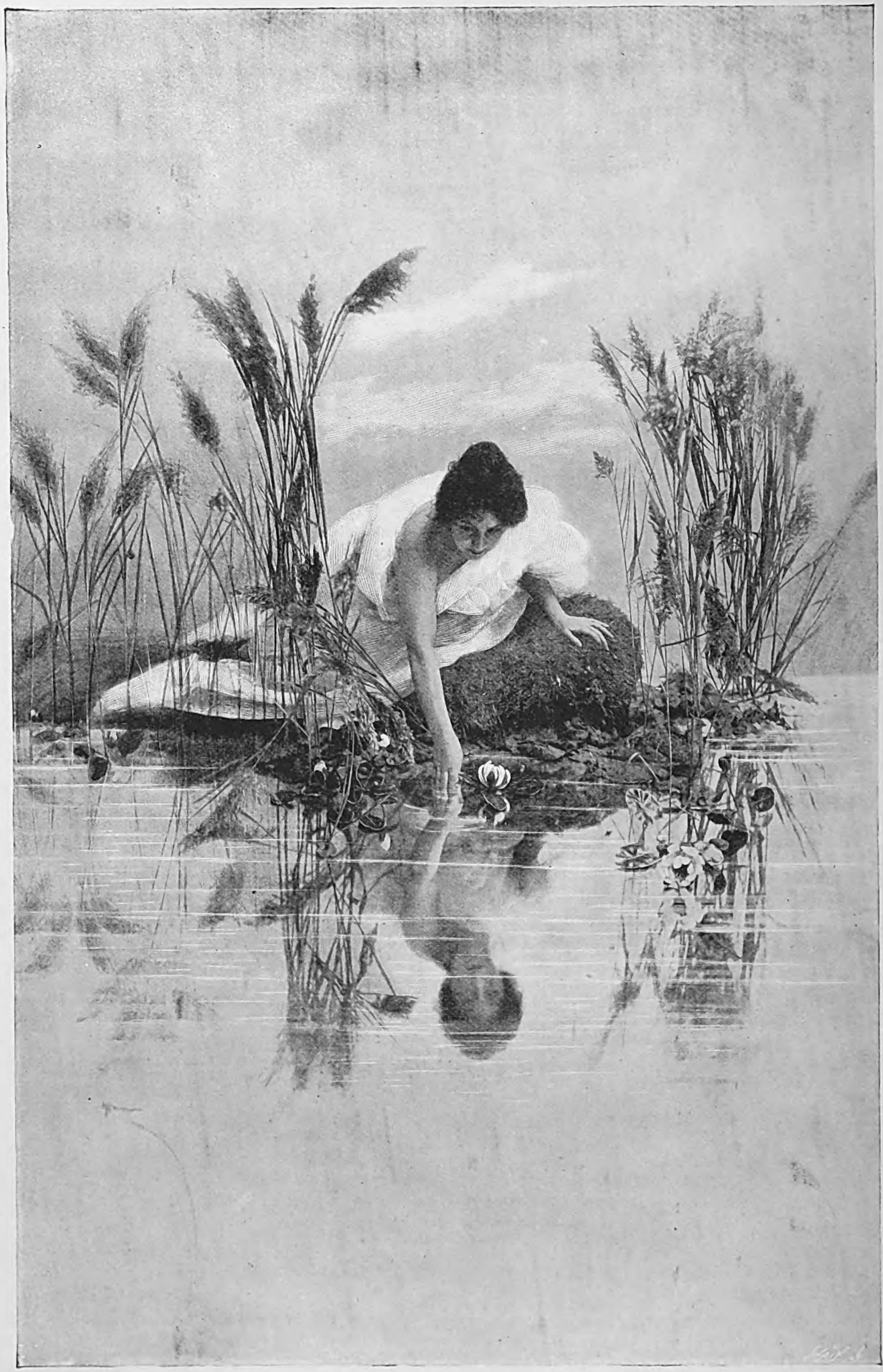
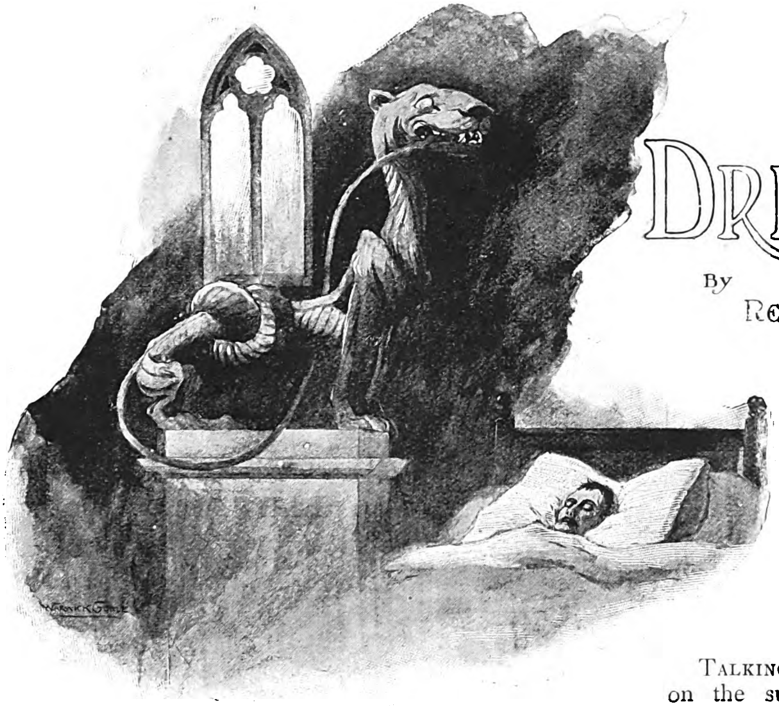


GATHERING WATER LILIES.



A burlesque of the lion which once adorned the cover of the ROYAL MAGAZINE, visits the dreamer and goes through a weird performance for his benefit.

DREAMS

By

REGINALD MAINGAY

Why they come, and what they mean; some interesting Dream Experiments, and many weird and terrifying experiences in the dead of night.

TALKING one day to a friend on the subject of dreams, I happened to relate a very unpleasant experience of mine—a dream for which he had been indirectly responsible. Most of you remember, no doubt, the heraldic lion which made several appearances on the cover of the ROYAL MAGAZINE some months ago—a fine enough animal in its proper place.

Now, in the dream I described to my friend I found myself alone in a large room with Gothic windows, and on a pedestal in the centre of the room stood the live presentment of the ROYAL lion.

I say the live presentment, for though very much changed in appearance, something assured me—of course you know that mysterious something which always accompanies us on our dreams?—that the creature I saw on the pedestal was the original of the stately animal we all have admired on the bookstalls. But how altered for the worse! How fallen from beauty! It had lost its lordly mane and the fur on its legs; its noble shape had become elongated like the body of a dachshund, and, terrible to relate, it possessed not a particle of skin, and looked like one of those melancholy rabbit carcases you see hung up in small poulterer's shops.

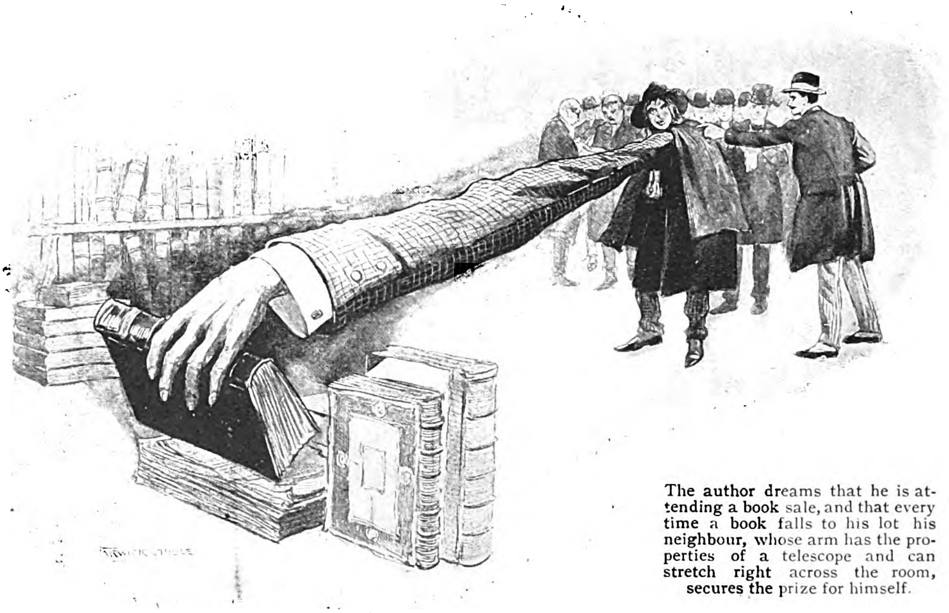
Just now I designated my dream as very unpleasant, and have, perhaps, led you to suppose that this dreadful monster made at me in some way or other. It did, however, nothing of the kind. It simply started contorting itself for my benefit: grinning from ear to ear; thrusting out an indecently long, curled tongue; stretching itself; tying its skinned body into a knot; standing first on its hind legs, then on its forelegs; swallowing its tail, and going into many other strange and appalling convulsions and postures. I tell you it was nothing short of hideous; and when I woke, after what seemed an eternity, I felt for a while physically sick.

Well, I related this dream to my friend, whose responsibility for the wicked show I had witnessed rests on the fact that he is the editor of the ROYAL, and after offering me a suitable apology, he pondered awhile and then made a proposal.

"What do you say to an illustrated article on dreams?" he asked. I thought it a good notion, so we put our heads together—and this is the result.

What is a dream?

Vol. VIII.—October 1902.—No. 48.



The author dreams that he is attending a book sale, and that every time a book falls to his lot his neighbour, whose arm has the properties of a telescope and can stretch right across the room, secures the prize for himself.

Now, I think such a question grossly unfair to put before an unscientific writer with limited space at his disposal! For learned men have written long books on the subject of dreams, and after a cursory perusal of some of these books, I have arrived at the conclusion that the authors all agree on one point—to disagree with each other.

However, here is what seems to me the most plausible explanation of a dream. The mind of a sleeping person is not, as some people suppose, in a state of unconsciousness; it is simply relaxed: that is to say, its powers of concentration are in complete abeyance.

Thoughts and sensations which enter the sleeping brain are not "harnessed," so to speak, and regulated like those which a waking person entertains; they are allowed to wander about at their own sweet will, to mix themselves with other thoughts and sensations, to suggest ridiculous side issues and impossible pictures—to do, in short, just what they please. And this jumble of thoughts, sensations and pictures that passes through the passive mind of the sleeper is what we call a dream.

If we take this to be a correct explanation, I think we must admit that dreaming is not the on-and-off state which people generally imagine it to be; rather, that there is no such thing as a perfectly dreamless sleep; that from the moment a person closes his eyes at night to the moment he opens them in the morning his mind has been continuously active.

"Oh, but," I hear you say, "I wake up six mornings out of seven without the slightest recollection of dreaming." My dear friend, that means nothing at all. I think most authorities are practically one in believing that the only dreams or portions of dreams you remember are those which occur just before you awake, and even then you forget them unless they contain some strongly defined pictures or incidents.

You have, of course, heard people talking in their sleep. If you ask them the next morning what they have been dreaming about they will, as likely as not, tell you that their sleep has been perfectly dreamless, simply because they did not happen to awake the moment they were talking—a moment when their dreams certainly took a very dramatic turn, as you would have found out had it occurred to you to rouse them.

Before writing this article I tried a few simple experiments, one of which was to get my wife to awake me whenever she heard me talk in my sleep. Up to the time of writing this has occurred twice, and in both cases I have been roused in the middle of a violent dream scene.

In the first instance, I had been calling out: "It's mine! It's mine!" several times, and when I awoke, remembered that in my dream I had found myself at a crowded book sale (a function I have never attended in my life) at which I invariably outbid everybody present. But immediately a book fell to my lot, my neighbour, a fearsome creature, with preposterously long red hair and an Inverness coat, thrust out his arm, which had the properties of a telescope and could stretch right across the room, seized the book, and tucked it away under the cape of his Inverness.

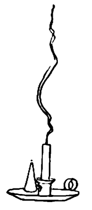
This he did time and again, and all the answer he vouchsafed to my furious protests was to look me in the face and display his long teeth in an insulting grin. I forget what happened finally; anyhow, my blood still boils when I think of him!

My wife tells me that when she roused me in the second instance, she failed to make any sense out of what I was saying. But I think the sounds I made must have been inarticulate cries for help, for the dream she mercifully awoke me from was a dream of being drowned, one I have endured more than once and am seriously rather superstitious about, boating being my favourite pastime.

Another experiment which I have tried, in order to prove the theory of continuous dreaming, has been to get my wife to awake me by different methods when, judging from appearances, I appeared to be sleeping quite peacefully. On the whole, I have not been dissatisfied with the results.

In the first place, she was to arouse me on three occasions with a smart dig in the ribs. Once I awoke in mere unreasoning terror, but with a vague feeling that dreams of some kind preceded my awakening. The second time, I was cruelly torn away from one of those delightful jumble-dreams of the "Alice in Wonderland" variety. In the last instance, the dig in the ribs cut short a most interesting interview with Mr. Pierpont Morgan, in which I was seated in a pretty drawing-room by the side of the great financier, while he partook of afternoon tea and swallowed, to my respectful amazement, a perfectly indecent amount of sponge cake—a dream which has since caused me to wonder whether there may not be some mystic connection between a sponge cake and ocean liners.

The other methods employed to rouse me from apparently dreamless slumbers were fourfold; dropping cold water on my hand, fanning my face, calling my name, and, finally, holding a spray of heliotrope to my nose and then rousing me with a shake. Variations on these methods were also adopted, and in almost every instance I awoke with a distinct recollection of preceding dreams.



In more than one case, however, the dream was intimately connected with the action which broke my slumbers, as for example when water was dropped on my hand. My wife tells me that she let fall about ten drops of water before I awoke, and that the whole operation cannot have lasted much over a quarter of a minute. And yet, in that time I went through a period of agony which should have covered months at least!

I dreamed that a little white worm bored into my flesh just above the wrist, and continued wriggling its way under the skin down to the fingers. Nothing I could do had power to free me of this horror. I went to my doctor, who, by the way, had the face of quite another friend of mine, and he turned me out of the house with a gesture of disgust.

I travelled over to Germany and consulted an old schoolmaster of mine, but to no purpose. I wandered from place to place, and finally, I remember boarding a large fishing smack, one in which I had often sailed in the flesh, and starting off for Japan presumably to get the advice of a Japanese doctor, my worm-eaten hand dangling over the side of the ship into the sea.

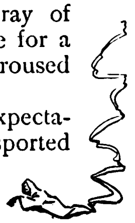
And all this happened in a quarter of a minute! Which proves pretty conclusively that dreams make a fine hash of time and space.

But I was most pleased with the results which followed on holding a spray of heliotrope to my nose; they were quite unique and gave me one of the strangest and most beautiful of dreams.

You all know what extraordinary power a smell (fragrant or otherwise) has of stirring the memory and bringing back to the mind bygone scenes or events which happen to be connected with its peculiar flavour. In my case the scent of heliotrope invariably reminds me of a garden I often visited when a child; a beautiful old garden, one sheltered corner of which was devoted entirely to heliotropes. There were certainly thirty or forty separate plants there, and as you may well imagine, the air on hot days was almost oppressively sweet.

Now it struck me, when making my dream experiments, that should I inhale this scent in my sleep, a dream of the heliotrope garden would, in all probability, be the result. And so it was settled that a spray of heliotrope was to be held to my nose for a few seconds, after which I was to be roused with a gentle shake.

And the results fully justified my expectations. The scent immediately transported

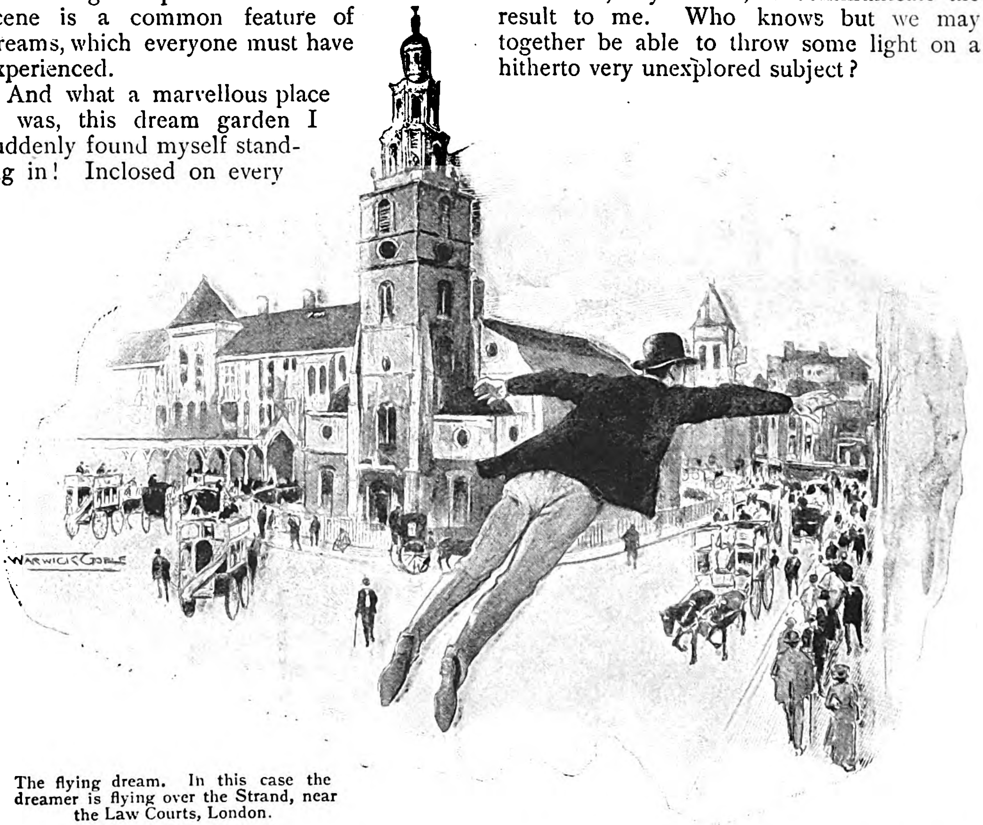


me in spirit to the old garden of my childhood. The old garden, I say, though the dream scene differed totally from it in every respect—differed totally, indeed, from any other garden in the world. Yet I told myself—or that mysterious something already alluded to told me—that I was in the heliotrope garden, and I don't remember doubting this for an instant or feeling the least astonishment at its novel appearance. The changed aspect of a familiar scene is a common feature of dreams, which everyone must have experienced.

And what a marvellous place it was, this dream garden I suddenly found myself standing in! Inclosed on every side by a hedge of regularly woven thorn, leafless, but flaunting here and there large crimson blossoms, it was simply one mass of flowers of every imaginable form and colour—flowers which certainly never had their earthly counterparts. They were all, more or less, huge, and most of them complicated in shape like orchids. One I recall more vividly than the rest—an enormous flat pink bloom, six or seven feet in diameter, the pistil of which was overrun with fat, honey-coloured beetles. Another flower I remember exhaled red vapour, and a third, brilliantly blue and shaped somewhat like a vast pansy, puzzled me considerably; for it persisted in moving its petals in so life-like a manner that I was never certain whether it was a flower or a butterfly.

A beautiful dream, was it not? and one which I would gladly have dreamed a little longer.

Now, I want any one of you who is at all interested in dreams to try some experiments such as those I have described above and any others which may occur to you, and afterwards, if you care, to communicate the result to me. Who knows but we may together be able to throw some light on a hitherto very unexplored subject?



The flying dream. In this case the dreamer is flying over the Strand, near the Law Courts, London.

Many doctors are of the opinion that dreams foretell diseases. Supposing an unusual dream recurs night after night, it is a sure sign that something is wrong. A man in apparently good health repeatedly dreams that he is being attacked by burglars, who slash his chest with knives. On examination it is discovered that his liver is out of order. Another dreams night after night that he is surrounded by flames; to all appearance he is well enough, but the doctor finds that his heart is affected.

There are a certain number of dreams which most people seem to have dreamed some time or other, and Mr. H. G. Hutchinson, in his admirable book on dreams and their meanings, has classified them roughly as follows:—1. The falling dream. 2. The flying dream. 3. The dream of more or less inadequate clothing. 4. The dream of not being able to get away from some beast or injurious person or thing that is pursuing you. 5. The dream of being irresistibly drawn to some dangerous place. 6. The dream that some darling wish has been gratified. 7. The dream of being about to go on some journey, and being unable to get your things in your trunks.

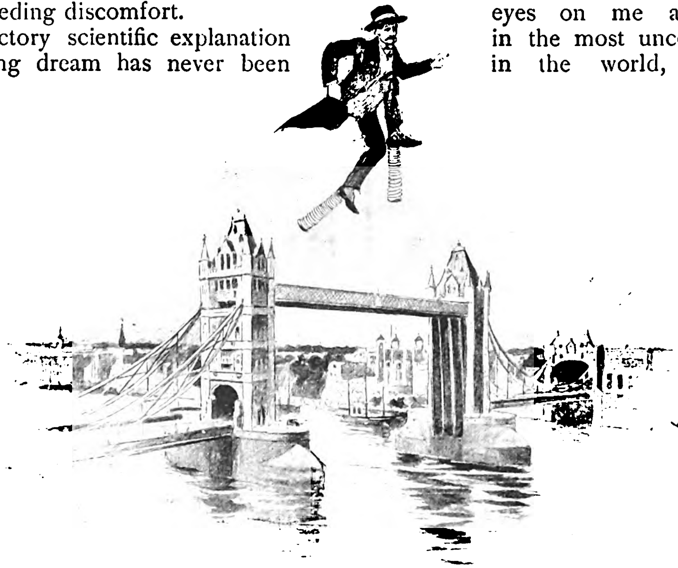
The falling dream is the most frequent of all, and full of interesting variations, the commonest occurring in that half doze which usually precedes sleep. You are generally standing, and about to take a step forward; then, somehow, you lose your equilibrium, the consequence being that you wake with a violent start which is followed by a delicious feeling of content when you find yourself safely in bed.

In the other two most ordinary varieties of the falling dream you imagine yourself precipitated down a flight of steps or dropping down a narrow black hole. Happily, people invariably awake before reaching the bottom. Both dreams may come under the heading of unpleasant, but it is doubtful whether the satisfaction you feel on finding yourself safe and sound does not amply compensate for the preceding discomfort.

A satisfactory scientific explanation of the falling dream has never been discovered—at least so far as I am aware. The following in Mr. Hutchinson's book is ingenious but not very plausible. The writer, who is evidently a disciple of Darwin, suggests that the dream may be a weird reminiscence of the time when our ape-like ancestors slept on the branches of trees and in moments of unusually sound slumber, lost balance and tumbled to the ground like ripe apples. Well! well!

That the flying dream is one of the most enjoyable you, who have been happy enough to experience it, will readily agree. It generally takes the form of what may be described as a delicious swim in the air. For the usual position of the dreamer is essentially that of a swimmer, and it is with actions very similar to swimming that he urges himself along. He seldom rises very high, but skims forward a few feet above the ground.

A friend who often experiences this dream tells me that his flights always take place above the London streets—the Strand for preference—at a height of about fifteen or twenty feet. "The dream," he tells me, "would be perfectly enjoyable were it not for the irritation and disappointment I feel at the stolid indifference with which the man in the street regards my prodigious feat! I always start my flight with the exultant assurance that now at last I shall attract widespread notice and admiration. But the Londoner, if he deigns to cast eyes on me at all, does so in the most unconcerned manner in the world, as though an



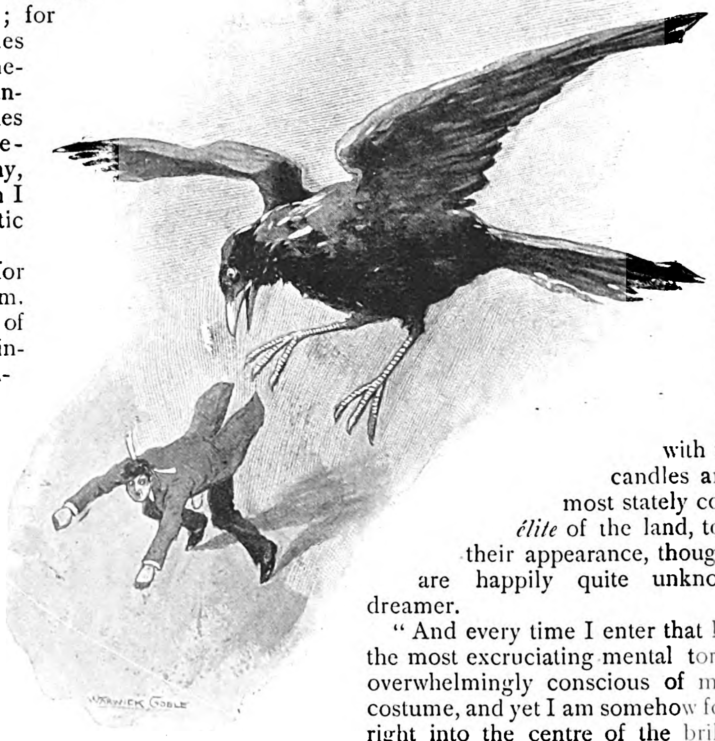
A weird dream—in which the dreamer travelled half across Europe with a pair of "spring heel" boots.

aerial swimmer were quite an everyday spectacle."

One of the queerest dreams I ever had was so closely connected with flight that I should not omit to mention it here. I dreamed that I had invented the most wonderful pair of "spring-heel boots" the world has ever seen. Sitting on a bench in Hyde Park, I fixed them on to my feet and started on a mad career. The boots, I remember distinctly, had immensely long springs, much the same in appearance as those which animate Jacks-in-the-box. I had only to press one of these to the ground, and, hey presto! I was shot over roof and tree top, alighting after a protracted flight only to spring once more into the air.

In this fashion I must have travelled half across Europe; for it was sometimes London, sometimes the country, sometimes France, sometimes Germany, through which I took my erratic way

So much for the flying dream. The dream of more or less inadequate clothing, which comes third in Mr. Hutchinson's classification, is less common than those just described. But I have met several people who seem to be quite familiar with it, and I myself remember distinctly having dreamed it at least on one occasion.



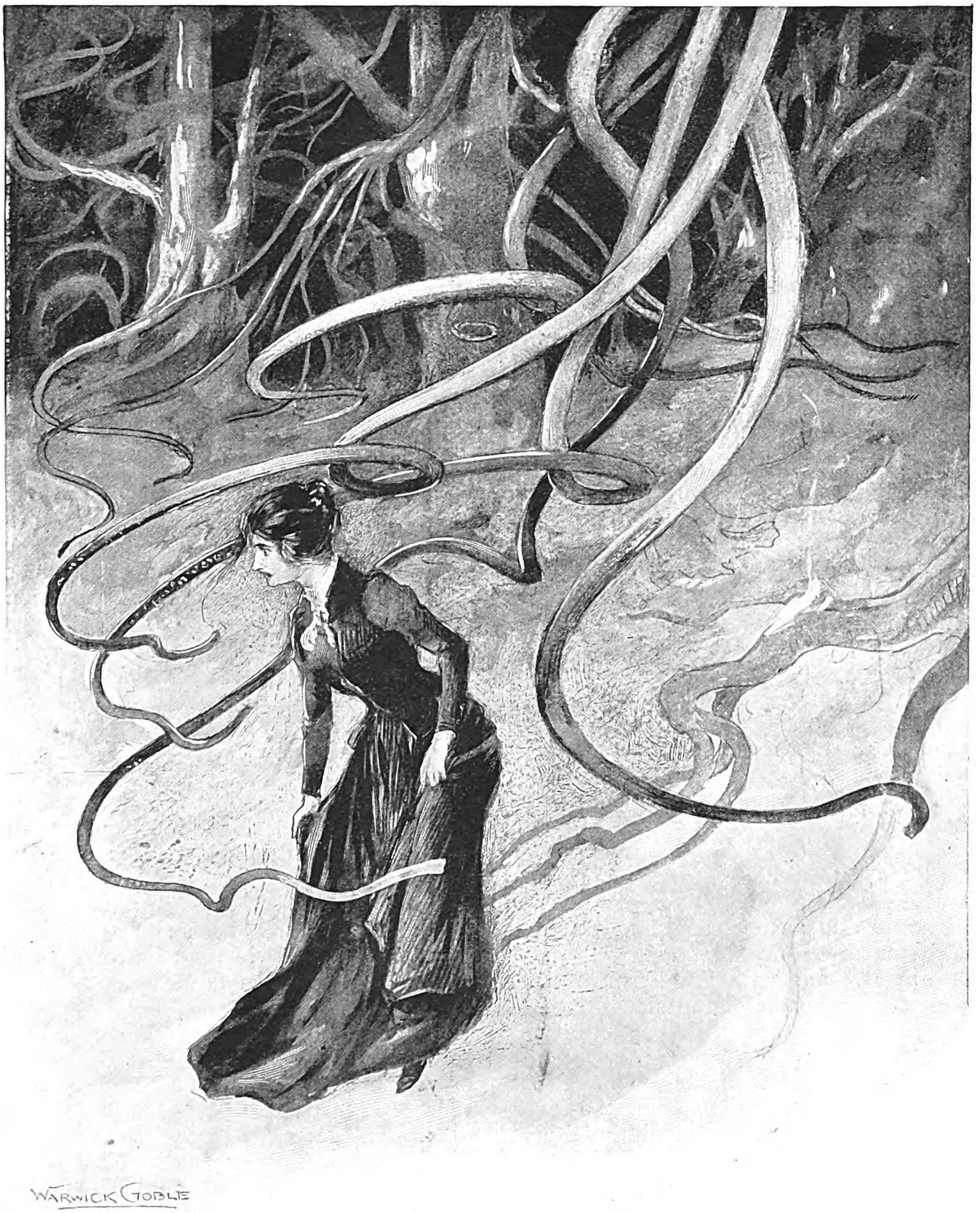
In this dream the dreamer was first of all pursued by a policeman, then by a huge blue raven, but happily he awoke before being caught.

In my case the dream led me in my sleeping garments down a hill in Guernsey, on the top of which I had lived years ago. Now, the Guernsey hill had fields on either side of it, hedges, and trees; the hill in my dream was bordered with houses; and yet I told myself that this was the Guernsey hill, and, as far as I remember, felt as little astonishment at its novel aspect as I did in the dream of the magic flower garden which I have already described.

My strongest sensation was one of dread lest anybody should see me in my airy costume, and I was acutely conscious of the cold. When I awoke I found that I had kicked off my bedclothes, and that a strong draught was blowing on me from the open window.

A friend tells me of a vivid dream of inadequate clothing which visits him at intervals and with few essential variations. Dressed in a pink flannel shirt embellished with epaulettes of a bygone fashion—this and nothing else, poor man!—he enters a magnificent hall brilliantly illuminated with thousands of candles and full of a most stately company—the *élite* of the land, to judge from their appearance, though their faces are happily quite unknown to the dreamer.

"And every time I enter that hall I suffer the most excruciating mental torture. I am overwhelmingly conscious of my ridiculous costume, and yet I am somehow forced to walk right into the centre of the brilliant throng. Queerly enough, nobody takes the slightest notice of me." Truly, a supernaturally well-bred company! And strictly between ourselves, dear reader, I am inclined to believe that this dream is sent to my friend by a humorous providence in order to teach him a very necessary lesson. For of all men I have ever met he is the most painfully careful of appearances, and the most fearful of that silly bogie, the opinion of others, which sensible



A horrible dream of being lost in a forest of "devil-trees."

folk (like you and me) don't care a rap about.

Illustrative of the dream of some beast or injurious person that is pursuing one, another friend tells me of a very unpleasant experience which roused him, perspiring with terror, not very long ago in the small hours of the morning. Walking peaceably along the street—he earnestly assures me he had been breaking none of the commandments—he happened to turn his head, when lo! an infuriated "bobby" hot in his wake, and brandishing *a sword!*

Sheer panic—not an evil conscience, he would have us believe—gave wings to his feet and away he sped at a supernatural rate.

After a while he glanced over his shoulder; the "bobby" was no longer there, but in his stead was a huge blue bird, which save for its colour, had the general appearance of a raven, "but which for some mystic reason, I connected with my tailor. I fled on, but felt that the dreadful beast was gaining on me with every step, and the last thing I remember before waking was the consciousness that a pair of huge, half-outstretched wings seemed about to encompass me."

There is one point about the dream which seems to me singularly apt—I mean the connection between the raven and the tailor. For are not both creatures peculiarly rapacious, and should either pursue you, is he not always armed with a bill?

Another weird specimen of the escaping dream was told me lately by a young lady who declares that it is the only dream she has ever remembered, and one, moreover, that she is never likely to forget. She is an admirable hand at yarning, so I can't very well do better than give the dream in her own words.

"In my dream," she says, "I found myself roaming about on some very wild hills overlooking a broad river. As far as I can remember I was dressed in an ordinary riding habit, for what reason I cannot say. I had neither been riding, nor was a horse near at hand.

"Happening to glance down the river, I was terribly startled to see a whole fleet of vessels pushing rapidly upstream. They were shaped like Roman galleys, and each was crammed with men in antique armour.

"'The Romans have invaded Britain,' I told myself, and gathering up my skirts, fled away from the river as fast as my legs could carry me.

"Darkness must have fallen on my flight, for after a while I found myself in a forest under a dead black sky, the only light there was being diffused by the trees, which gave out a weird, phosphorescent glimmer. I think I must have raced some time through this mystic wood, my one thought being to get away from the invading Romans, when I perceived that each tree was alive, was a 'devil-tree,' in fact—one of those appalling and happily legendary monsters with tentacles instead of branches and very carnivorous appetites.

"Immediately this unpleasant knowledge dawned on me, the 'devil-trees' seem to have become aware of my presence and began stretching out their horrid arms to catch me. Of the rest of the dream all I can recollect is a frightful impression of massed and tangled tentacles, and myself, mad with terror, scratching, biting, kicking and tearing myself free."

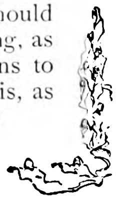
A remarkable instance of the dream of being drawn to some dangerous place occurred, I remember, to a French boy, boarding at the same school as myself. Night after night in succession he roused the dormitory with frightful and prolonged screams, and those who rushed to his bedside found him in such a state of terror that it was impossible to touch, or even get near, him; he struck at you, bit and scratched like a maniac. This lasted a few minutes only, and when it passed off the poor boy was so exhausted as to be almost unconscious.

The reason of these fits was, I heard afterwards, a horrible dream of being drawn towards the crater of a volcano which belched vast globes of red fire. The boy was put under medical treatment, and left the school after a term of rather mysterious seclusion.

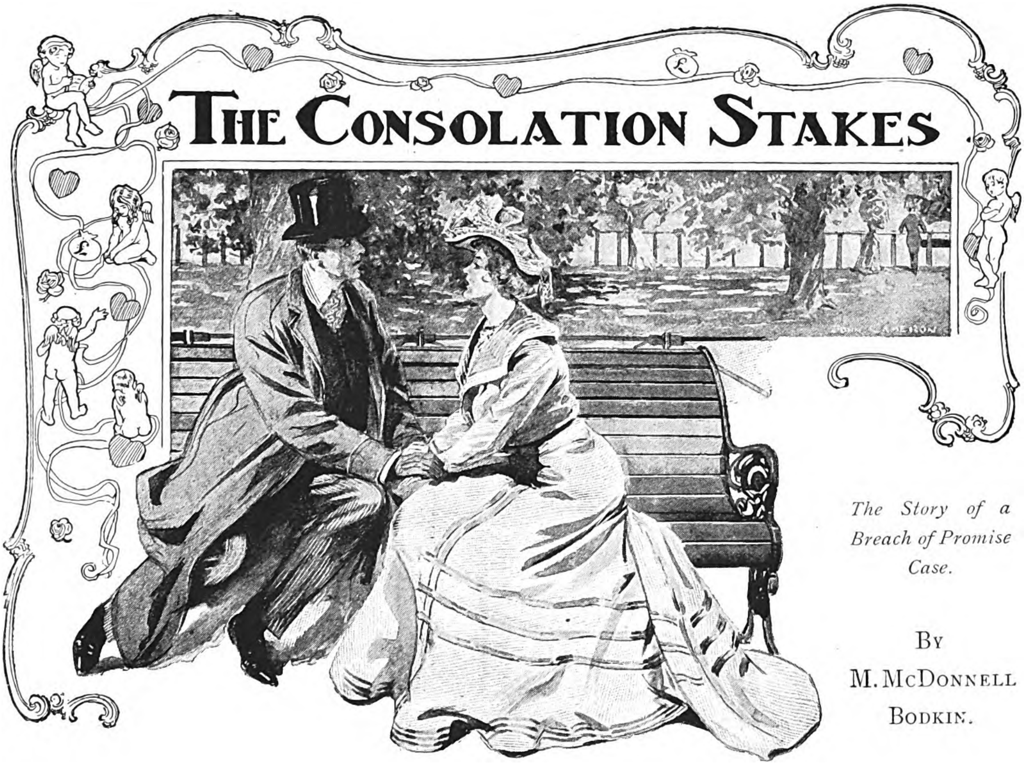
The dream of having a darling wish gratified! Come now, have we not all experienced it some time or other? And together with its miserable sequel—the awakening to the grey old world of reality—is it not the saddest dream of all? Personally, I have dreamed it often enough, and have always opened my eyes with that unhappy sense of disillusion we all of us know only too well. And I suppose I shall go on dreaming it until the darling wish has been really gratified—in which case, I fear, I must be content with dreams to the end of the chapter. What a sad world it is!

Mr. Hutchinson's seventh dream, that of starting on a journey and being unable to get your things into your trunk, I, personally, have never experienced, nor, as yet have I met anyone who has. But as it is evidently a stock dream, many of you, doubtless, know all about it. And I don't think I envy you your superior knowledge if the dream is at all like the reality!

Well, I should dearly like to talk on a long while still, for the subject of dreams is very fascinating, is it not? and lends itself so admirably to an endless comfortable chat. But you, I daresay, and my friend the editor, I know, have had quite enough; so if you should happen to read this article in the evening, as is only right and proper, all that remains to be said is *Schlafen sie wohl!* which is, as you know, the German for—Sleep well!



THE CONSOLATION STAKES



The Story of a Breach of Promise Case.

By M. McDonnell Bodkin.

Robyn Hood chose the Bar for a profession. His father wanted him to vegetate as squire elect, waiting till death promoted him. His mother wanted him to be a soldier.

Robyn differed from both. He had no relish for idleness, in uniform or out of it. He was in no hurry for his father's death, or his own, and there was nothing in the least romantic, he thought, in being shot down in a crowd for no particular reason, by an unseen enemy a mile away.

His father took his disappointment placidly, as was his wont, making the very easy stipulation that Robyn would each year give a month to the shooting, and a month to the hunting at Sherwood Hall.

His mother Robyn convinced by ingenious argument.

"You see," he said, "I will best be able to—to—well, let us say to do charity in the old-fashioned Robyn Hood fashion as a lawyer."

"That's not the lawyer's reputation, Robyn. They steal more from the poor than from the rich."

"But I needn't do that, mum, and I promise you I won't. I have money enough of my own, and I'll play the game for the game's sake—for love, if you like that word better. I'll give the honest poor a lift when I can, and the greedy rich a tumble."

A kiss closed the controversy and sealed his mother's consent to his choice.

His somewhat curious notion of the opportunities of the profession were vindicated in his very first case.

He had been some months "practising"—or waiting for practice. The process was not laborious. Robyn sat reading light literature in an inner chamber while a clerk made pretence to work in the outer. He was a staid, grave, middle-aged man, was the clerk, and his pretence was more effective than other people's work.

"Mr. Cornelius D. Macken," said the clerk one morning, holding the door open with ceremonious dignity as for the head of a firm of City solicitors at least.

A tall, rather good-looking young fellow, well dressed, yet not too well dressed, stepped before the clerk into the room and closed the door after him.

At the sound of the name Robyn put the French novel down, and swung round on the cushioned chair to greet him.

"Morning, Corney; squattez vous. Halloa!"—his voice changed as he caught sight of the glum face of his visitor—"you look

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like a clouded full moon. What's up now?"

"Everything is up," responded Cornelius with dismal brevity, as he dropped heavily into a seat close beside a side table with soda syphon and whisky decanter on it.

"A girl, of course?"

Cornelius nodded silently, tragically.

"Little Lily Lavin?" said Robyn.

"How the blazes did you know that?" roused to sudden animation. "Who told you?"

"My own eyes told me, of course," Robyn answered placidly. "I saw you looking at her from a box in the Merriment Theatre; that was enough."

"Oh, Robyn; she's the sweetest, truest, prettiest, dearest——"

"Cut that short, old man. Mark it as 'said'; they all are. But I rather think she is a trifle over the average."

Cornelius gave him a sidelong, suspicious look, as a boy who caught another poaching near a bird's nest he had just found.

"Do you know her?" he asked gruffly.

"Only as the audience knows the stage. Oh, go on, like a decent fellow. She is a particularly nice style of girl, but she is not my style."

Cornelius didn't know whether to be annoyed or relieved.

"Shows your bad taste," he said. "I'm crazed about her."

"So I guessed; go on, go on."

"My heart is broken."

"Then she doesn't care for you; loves another chap, perhaps?"

"Other chap be blowed!" cried Cornelius indignantly. "She loves me dearly, as I love her. We have been engaged for over six months. I'm the happiest fellow in the whole world."

"Then why in the name of fortune are you broken-hearted?" inquired Robyn, pertinently enough.

The beaming face of Cornelius relapsed into gloom.

"It's the 'gov,'" he said dismally.

"Nonsense! Chaps don't break their hearts about 'govs' when the best girl is all right," said Robyn.

"Don't chaff, like a decent fellow; it's too confoundedly serious. The 'gov' refuses his consent, and says he'll cut me off without a shilling if I marry without it. I could earn an income, of course—after a while."

"After a while," Robyn assented gravely.

"Meanwhile, I could live on sixpence a day quite comfortably."

"Quite comfortably," Robyn repeated with immovable gravity.

Cornelius D. Macken looked up quickly in his face, but it was as grave as his voice. Cornelius's allowance was two thousand a year, and he was in debt.

"So far as I am myself concerned," he added, after an awkward pause.

"Of course," said Robyn, with the ghost of a smile. "It would just suit you, but I doubt if Miss Lily Lavin would care particularly for threepence-a-day diet."

"You are wrong there, old chap, you are, indeed. Lily wants to get married at once, to spite the governor. It's I that am hanging back. It's a confounded awkward situation for me."

"Confounded awkward. She might slap a breach of promise action at you any moment."

"She wouldn't do that." He smiled at the bare notion of it, but it was an uneasy smile. "She knows how I love her."

"Love doesn't count in a law court. Any letters?"

"Lots. Of course we wrote sometimes; that is, I did; four times in the day."

"Poetry?"

Cornelius blushed to the roots of his blonde hair in mute confession of the poetry.

"It will all sound very pretty before a jury," said Robyn drily.

"Now you are getting at me, old man," said Cornelius. "Lil would never do such a thing."

"When girls have rights they generally use them," Robyn retorted sententiously. "You'd have to own up and your governor would have to pay up, that's all."

"Oh, the 'gov' would be willing enough to pay any amount to get me out of 'the scrape,' as he calls it. But the thing is absurd. Lil would never dream of it."

"Give her the chance," said Robyn laconically. "Tell her what I told you and await results."

"By Jove! I will, and we will laugh together at the notion. I say, Hood, you are a Job's comforter when a chap is down on his luck."

Cornelius finished his whisky and soda, lit a second cigarette, and disappeared.

He had another visitor at a still earlier hour next day.

"My dear Miss Lavin," he cried, as he leaped up from his seat to welcome her, "this is indeed a treat. Not at home to anyone, Jeremiah"—this to the grave-faced clerk.

"Now sit down and make yourself comfortable. No, the easy chair. Allow me to take your bag; it's pretty heavy. I fancy I can guess what's in it."

"Now to business, if you please, Mr. Hood. I came about our case, of course."

"Our case! I didn't even know that you and I had a case. Yet——"

"Don't chaff, please," she retorted sweetly. "It isn't professional. This is strict biz. Corney told me all about your talk yesterday. Isn't he innocent? He hadn't a glimmer of what your little game was.

"Mr. Robyn Hood," she continued with sudden formality, "I desire to engage you as my counsel in an action for breach of promise of marriage."

Then with a sudden sob and catch in her voice: "He has trifled most shamefully with my young affections, and broken my sensitive heart. How will that do for the jury?"

There were tears, actual tears, in the bright brown eyes, but the laughter shone through them.

"A little too, too," he answered critically; "but you'll improve, no doubt, on rehearsal. Remember, it's tragedy you've got to play this time, Miss Lavin, not light comedy, and you must play your level best, for there will be a full house, I promise you; and big pay, or I'm no judge. But I cannot take a retainer from you."

"No?" she said, with a sudden clouding of the bright face. "Why not? Surely Corney hasn't been beforehand with me?"

"Oh, it's not that," he answered, smiling; "but I can only act through a solicitor—professional etiquette, you know, and all that kind of thing."

"But the solicitor will get you for me."

"Well, yes, if you insist on it."

"You bet I will!"

"Probably he will strongly recommend someone else; some counsel of experience and—ahem!—reputation, whom he is in the habit of employing."

"He can keep on recommending. I have the call—haven't I?"

"Well, yes."

"Then you're my man."

"Do you mean that professionally, Miss Lavin—or——"

"Business! business!" she cried, holding up a reproving forefinger. "I have got here a bag of what you lawyers call documents. They are just the cream of the collection. Can you look at them now?"

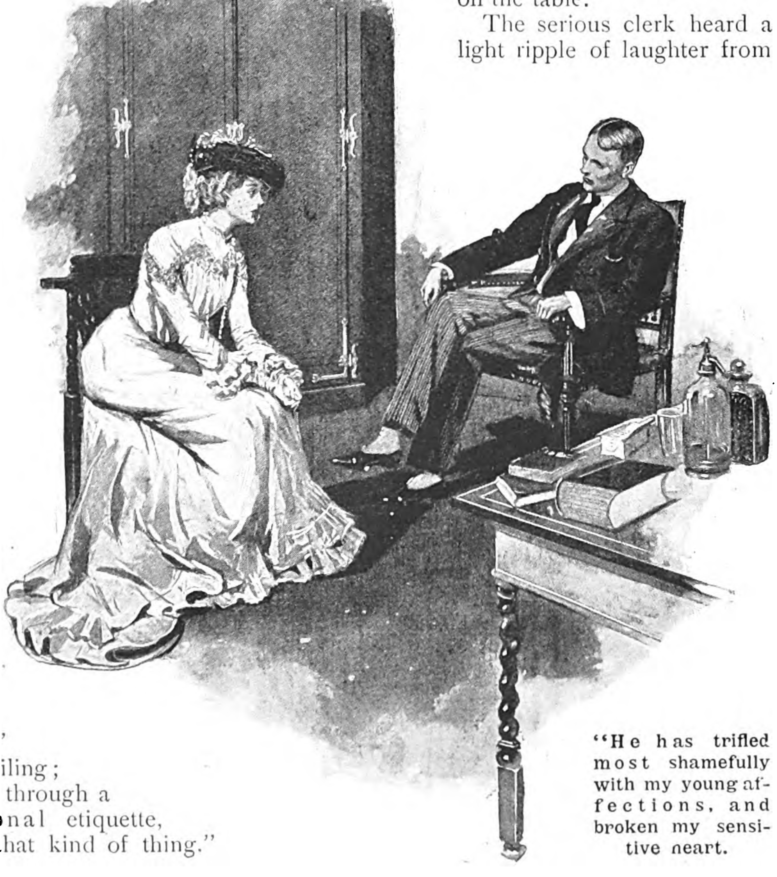
Curiosity conquered etiquette.

"Well, as a lawyer, it would be hardly regular, but as a friend——"

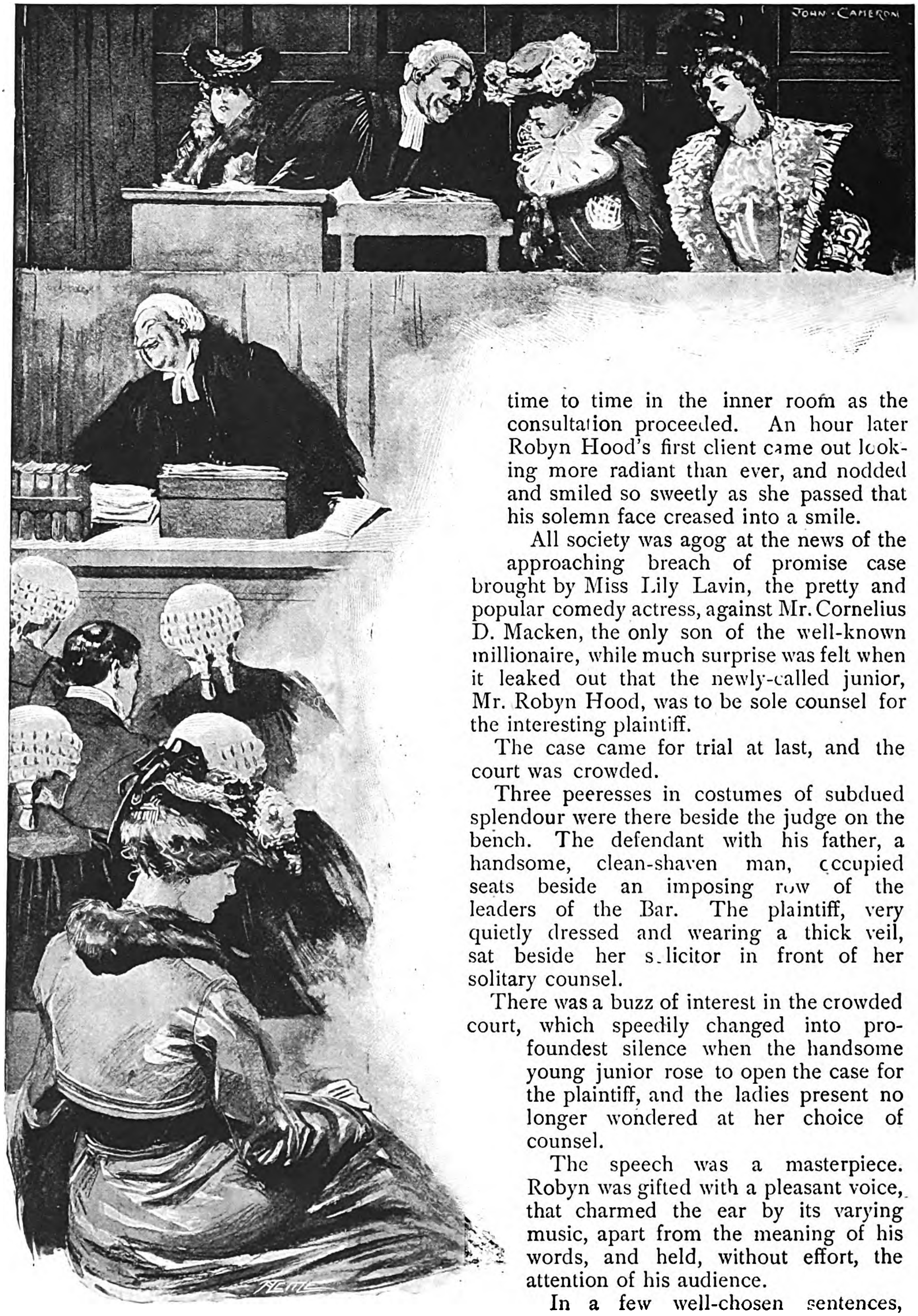
"All right, as a friend, then."

She took the Russian leather bag by the corners as she spoke and emptied out a pile of letters on the table.

The serious clerk heard a light ripple of laughter from



"He has trifled most shamefully with my young affections, and broken my sensitive heart.



Even the grave-faced judge condescended to smile.

time to time in the inner room as the consultation proceeded. An hour later Robyn Hood's first client came out looking more radiant than ever, and nodded and smiled so sweetly as she passed that his solemn face creased into a smile.

All society was agog at the news of the approaching breach of promise case brought by Miss Lily Lavin, the pretty and popular comedy actress, against Mr. Cornelius D. Macken, the only son of the well-known millionaire, while much surprise was felt when it leaked out that the newly-called junior, Mr. Robyn Hood, was to be sole counsel for the interesting plaintiff.

The case came for trial at last, and the court was crowded.

Three peeresses in costumes of subdued splendour were there beside the judge on the bench. The defendant with his father, a handsome, clean-shaven man, occupied seats beside an imposing row of the leaders of the Bar. The plaintiff, very quietly dressed and wearing a thick veil, sat beside her solicitor in front of her solitary counsel.

There was a buzz of interest in the crowded court, which speedily changed into profoundest silence when the handsome young junior rose to open the case for the plaintiff, and the ladies present no longer wondered at her choice of counsel.

The speech was a masterpiece. Robyn was gifted with a pleasant voice, that charmed the ear by its varying music, apart from the meaning of his words, and held, without effort, the attention of his audience.

In a few well-chosen sentences, Robyn told of the inception of the defendant's wooing. He had seen the plaintiff on the stage and admired her, as did all who had the good fortune to see her.

But the defendant's admiration speedily warmed into love. He was constant, eager, importunate in his suit. His earnestness won his way to a heart that was besieged by so many adorers. The plaintiff had no idea of his brilliant prospects when she accepted him. She believed him to be honest, tender, and true. Oh, how bitterly she was deceived — how basely she was deserted!

At this there was a murmur of sympathy in court.

Poor Cornelius crimsoned. His fists clenched hard and he scowled fiercely at the young advocate whom he had once regarded as his friend.

But Robyn went on, blandly unconscious.

"The defendant," he said, "does not look like a poet." The opera glasses were all instantly levelled at the blushing face of the unhappy defendant, and there was a ripple of laughter in court. Even the grave-faced judge condescended to smile.

"You may judge, then, gentlemen of the jury," Robyn continued, "of the intensity of the passion which inspired the defendant to poetry. I shall not attempt to read to you all the letters he wrote," —there was visible disappointment in court—"to do so would necessitate an adjournment over the Long Vacation. We will submit them to your inspection in bulk"

Here the solicitor for the plaintiff emptied on the table from a capacious black bag a huge pile of letters, all neatly tied in packages with bands of blue and pink ribbon. Again the court rippled with merriment, and Cornelius blushed more furiously than ever; but the young advocate never so much as smiled.

"My client," he went on, "cherished those passionate, if not always well-written, or correctly spelled, declarations of devotion as her dearest possession."

His client hid her face in her hand and shook with emotion.

"A few choice specimens," continued Robyn, "retained from the pile I hold in my hands, and with his lordship's permission I will read to you.

"'My own ducky darling Lily Pilly,'" Robyn gravely proceeded, wholly unmoved by the tittering in court,—"'Your Corney boy has not slept a wink last night, dreaming of his dear little diddle-dums:

"'I would I were a chocolate cream
To touch your lips so sweet,
My Lily Dilly then might deem
Her Corney nice to eat;
For when I think of you, my dear,
My heart goes pitty-pat;
I always wish to have you near,
You may be sure of that.
And if you love me, Lily, true,
As I love you, my pet,
In spite of all the world can do
We will be married yet.'

In the concluding line, gentleman," said Robyn gravely, at the close of a burst of laughter, "you find there is a distinct promise. You will observe, when the letter is passed up to your box, instead of a signature, several cabalistic signs—crosses, in short—which possibly your experience may enable you to interpret. One other letter, and I am done.

"'My own ownest Di Do Duck of Diamonds,—Wear this little brooch for my sake. The diamonds in it will be ashamed when they look at your eyes.

"'They—your eyes I mean, of course—dazzle me so I can see nothing else afterwards. But I don't want to see anything else but you, my Tiddle Tums, always and for ever. I hate the thought that anyone should have leave to look at you except myself. I'd like to put you into a gold cage and feed you all day with sugar and love.'

"A pleasant prospect, gentlemen, but just a little monotonous, perhaps. Again the defendant breaks out into poetry:

"'My own dear Lily,
It drives me silly
Whenever I think of you;
For day and night
You're my delight,
Whatever you say or do.
Of food or drink
I never think,
As you may plainly see;
For, Lily, dear,
To have you near
Is food and drink to me.
I'll never part
From you, sweetheart,
Whatever may come to pass;
But I can't explain
My heart's deep pain—
I'm such a blooming ass.'"

The last line was too much for the court, which went off in a shout of laughter. It was fully five minutes before Robyn was able to resume his speech.

"I will not quarrel," he said, "with the defendant's description of himself, though perhaps a harsher word might better fit his subsequent conduct. His 'hot love' quickly burned itself away. A word from his father sufficed to make him desert his sweetheart.

"Money was the motive of his desertion. She was beautiful, virtuous, true; but she was poor, and therefore no fit bride for the only son of a millionaire. The father arrogantly commanded; the son submissively obeyed. It is for you, gentlemen of the jury, to express, in the only fashion the law allows, your opinion of the proceeding. The father has, I understand, declared that he cares not what price it costs to save his son from this entanglement. His riches are beyond count. It is for you to fix the price he has got to pay."

The judge was indulgent to the applause that followed the close of the speech. Even in the jury-box there was a suspicious stamping of feet.

Miss Lily gave her evidence with a dove-like demureness that won all hearts. Her voice was very low, but very clear. There was no trace of anger on the one hand, or of flippancy on the other; only the sorrowful resignation of a broken-hearted girl. The performance would have made her fortune on the stage.

Both the defendant and his father, to the surprise of every one, were suddenly called as witnesses for the plaintiff.

Cornelius was too simple and loyal to utter one word of complaint or reproach against the girl of his heart. He confessed his own assiduous wooing. He believed the plaintiff, he said, to be a true-hearted, virtuous girl. It was his father that prevented the marriage, and he could find none but a mercenary motive for his father's conduct.

There was a certain pity and sympathy excited by his manly simplicity. But it only intensified the general indignation against the father, who had meanly marred this most interesting love-match.

He had the grace to look heartily ashamed and uncomfortable, with all eyes fixed on him as he sat in the witness-chair.

Under Robyn's skilful treatment he made a lamentable exhibition of himself. Though he wasn't in reality a purse-proud man, he was made to appear as a heartless, mercenary tyrant. Robyn put objectionable words into his mouth, which, in his nervousness, he adopted for his own.

"The girl," he said, "was a good enough girl in her way, but she was no wife for his son. Yes, it was he stopped the marriage, and he was not ashamed of himself. He was able and ready to pay for what he had done."

At the heel of this bumptious declaration the millionaire was turned ignominiously out of the witness-box. For one glance at the jury told Robyn that he would be taken at his word so far as payment was concerned.

Robyn's closing speech was brief and passionate, without a touch of levity. The judge's charge was scarcely less passionate. The jury, without leaving the box, found a verdict for twelve thousand pounds, and the verdict was received with tumultuous applause in court and in the hall outside.

The day after the trial Robyn had yet another visitor in his chambers—a decent young fellow enough, but terribly conscious of the splendour of his regiment—the Guards.

"Sit down and have a drink, Warner," quoth Robyn. "Any news?"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Hood," retorted the other stiffly, "but I have no claim to your hospitality. I came with a message from my friend, Mr. Cornelius D. Macken."

"Well, what's up with him now?"

"He requires satisfaction at your hands. If you cross over together by the morning's boat to Boulogne you can easily—— But I need not trouble you with those details if you will kindly refer me to your friend."

"Will you kindly tell Corney, with my compliments, not to make an ass of himself?"

"Sir!"

"Well, you need not put it that way if you do not like. Tell him, then, that if he does not come to these chambers within a week to apologise to me, I will pink or shoot—whichever he pleases."

"This is most unusual—most irregular," he said with intensified stiffness.

"That cannot be helped, old man. Don't be so bloodthirsty. It merely postpones the killing for a week, if the worst comes to the worst. Sure you won't have a drink? Good morning."

Three days later, before the staid clerk could rise from his chair to announce him, Corney himself burst impetuously into the chambers, flushed and radiant.

"Come to kill me, Corney?" queried Robyn laughingly.

"How can I ever thank you, old man?" blurted out the excited Cornelius.

"That's the lie of the country, is it—not bloodshed? Tell me all about it."

"But why didn't you two tell me at the beginning?"

"Because you'd have spoiled our little

game with your honesty. Go on, man—go on. What happened after the trial?"

"There's little to tell, but the little is good. The 'gov.' did not seem half pleased with himself when he got his own way. He was silent or snarling all the time. 'She's a nice little girl,' he said that evening, 'and you're a confounded young fool.' Then he sat down and sent her right away a cheque for thirteen 'thou'—a thousand for the costs, you know. But that's not my story.

"As I was sitting early this morning on a quiet seat in the park, dead down on my luck and longing to put a bullet through you, old man, who do you think popped down beside me quite close?"

"I can guess."

"Well, she whipped the cigarette out of my mouth and tossed it away on the grass. Then she popped the question to me just the same way as I had popped it to her; called me her dearest, sweetest angel, and all that sort of thing, and swore she couldn't live without me. Then she kissed me all of a sudden—the first time of her own accord. 'We'll get married next week, my beloved Corney,' she said.

"'But I haven't a brass farthing, Lil,' I answered. I hardly knew whether I was on my head or my heels.

"'You silly boy, you forget I'm a matrimonial catch: I've got enough for two; I lodged your father's cheque in our joint names this morning. Run away now, and get Mr. Robyn Hood to be best man, or I won't marry you.' So here I am."

"I'll be delighted, old chap. May I bring a special friend to the wedding?"

"Do I know your friend?"

"Well, yes, I think you do a little, and you'll be glad to see him; but I'm not quite sure he'll come, though."

But he did come. Robyn found Mr. Macken, senior, much easier to persuade than he had hoped.

When he heard that Lil with her thirteen thousand and her profession was going to marry his son without a penny or the chance of making it, he gave in at once.

"She's the right sort," he said, "and I'll be there."

But he kept in the background during the ceremony in the church.

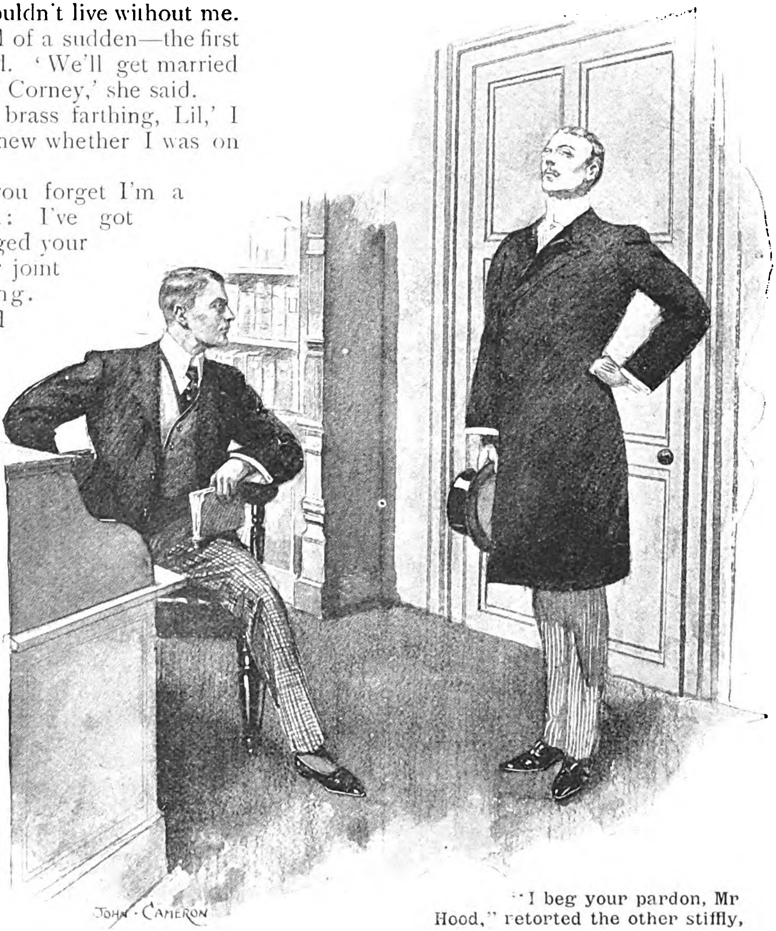
It was only in the sacristy, when Robyn stepped forward briskly to claim the best man's privilege, a strong hand put him quietly aside.

"The father first," said the deep voice of Mr. Macken, senior, as he saluted his new daughter in fatherly fashion.

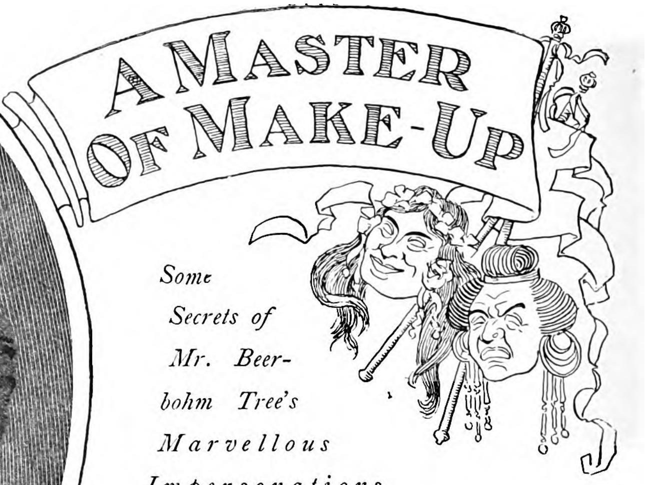
"That's what I get for my good nature," Robyn said plaintively to the blushing bride.

She blushed rosier still as she answered:

"The lawyer is worthy of his fee," and paid it, while Cornelius looked on approvingly.



"I beg your pardon, Mr Hood," retorted the other stiffly, "but I have no claim to your hospitality."

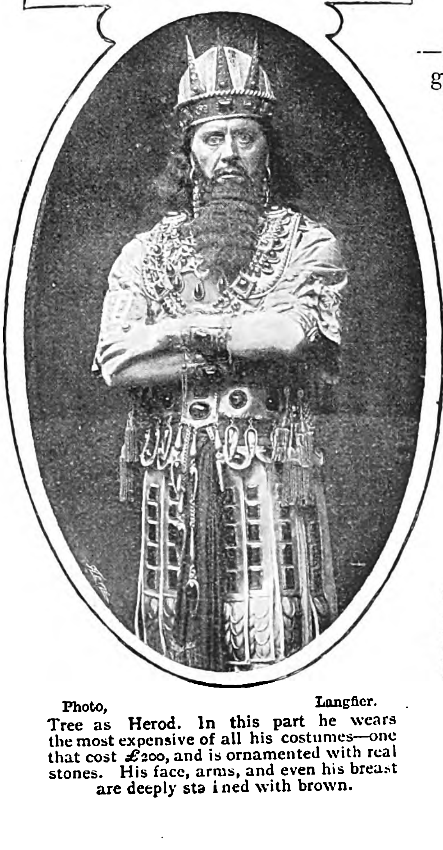


A MASTER OF MAKE-UP

Some Secrets of Mr. Beerbohm Tree's Marvellous Impersonations.

By Marcus Woodward.

Photo, London Stereoscopic.
Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree, the most versatile of actors, as himself.



Photo, Langfier.
Tree as Herod. In this part he wears the most expensive of all his costumes—one that cost £200, and is ornamented with real stones. His face, arms, and even his breast are deeply stained with brown.

In Mr. Tree's minute dressing-room in His Majesty's Theatre—it measures, at a guess, about five yards by four—there hangs on the wall opposite the door a mirror, on which two studies of heads have been painted—studies so vivid, so clever, that they at once hold the eyes of those who are fortunate enough to visit the great actor in his inner sanctuary, after a performance.

The heads have been painted in grease-paint—delightful stuff, by the way, to work with on glass. The one on the right is by Sir Philip Burne-Jones, and is a study of Tree as Svengali, done in the days of "Trilby." The other is the head of Mr. Lionel Brough, as made up for the part of Bardolph. It is the work of Mr. Tree himself, and thereby hangs a moral.

For this sketch reveals one of Mr. Tree's talents that is little known—his extraordinary skill as an impressionist artist. Tree, as a fact, is a marvellous caricaturist. He will catch a speaking likeness with half-a-dozen strokes. And in this talent lies one of the chief reasons of his success in "making-up."

Tree should be numbered among the greatest portrait-painters. His masterpieces are done on a smooth, thin, pallid, ascetic face, with a high forehead, a straight nose, and a big, mobile mouth—a face marked with three prominent lines, one between the eyes, one running downwards from either side of the nose. Setting to work on this face, with grease-paints, rouges, black pencils and powders, in three or four minutes, after vigorous rubbings with the hands, slap-dash strokes with paints apparently at random, a careful little touch here with the pencil, a bold sweeping stroke there, he will transform it into the jolliest, roundest, coarsest countenance that ever moved in sympathy with Falstaff's broad jests since Shakespeare created the jovial knight.

Or, as readily, with a few strokes, he will transform the pallid face into the heroic mould of an Ulysses—or into the face of an age-stricken Rip Van Winkle, a haughty Malvolio, or the face of a Herod who out-Herods all conceptions of the Jewish King.

Though everyone knows with what art Tree merges his own self into the personalities that he makes to live on the stage, few realise the extraordinary skill with which he paints the portraits, before he endows them with life. His system of making up is on the principle of gaining the greatest effects with the fewest strokes. As easily and quickly as he can make his face appear like fat, jovial Falstaff's, he can change it into that of the hollow-cheeked, lantern-jawed Gringoire, of "The Balladmonger," or into that of the tall, thin Malvolio—the characters that offer the greatest contrast to Falstaff.

In this connection, hear a story. It happened three or four years ago that Tree was giving a matinée benefit performance at the Haymarket, in which the great Frenchman, Coquelin, was displaying his powers in a favourite *rôle.* Tree, made up as Falstaff, met Coquelin in the wings. The French actor was spellbound in his admiration of Tree's appearance. After taking in every point, "Excuse me," he said at last, "I must really see how your cheeks are padded," and he tapped Tree's cheeks with his fingers. Then he fell back, overcome with astonishment. "*Sacré nom!*" he exclaimed, "there is nothing."

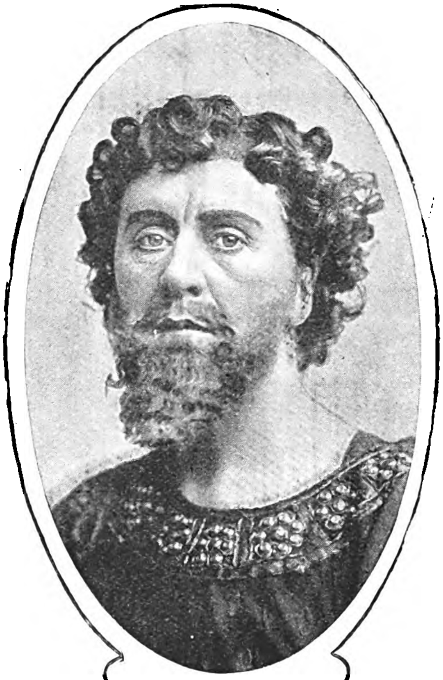
Nor were the cheeks padded in any way, in spite of their vast appearance. The effect of fatness Tree gains entirely with his paints, never resorting to layers of plaster or pads of wadding.

Probably no actor spends less time in making-up than does Tree. He has never been known to spend more than ten minutes in painting his face for Falstaff, or more than five minutes in dressing. One dresser only assists him in the task.

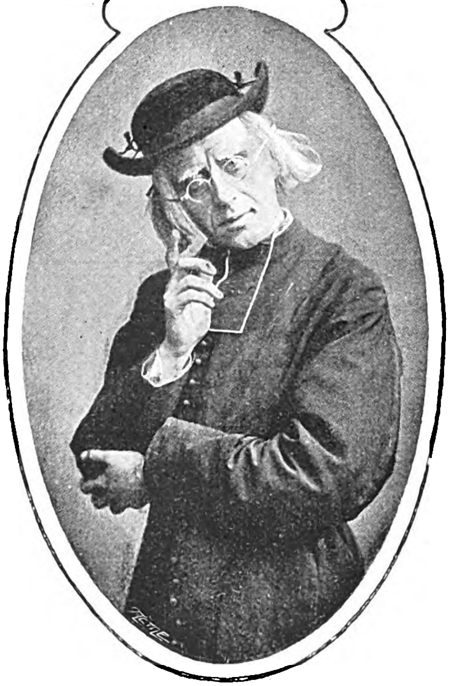
And even the dresser could not describe in exact detail how Tree makes up his face; one might watch the process a thousand times without being any the wiser. What happens in outline is this:

Seating himself at his little dressing-table, he rubs a ground-work grease-paint into every crevice of his face; glaring into the little looking-glass, he applies, one after the other, the half-dozen little sticks of colours that lie on the table; grabbing up a fringe of white whiskers and beard, he fastens it in place with a drop or two of spirit-gum.

Then a white wig is crammed on the head,



Mr. Tree as Ulysses; every curl of his wig was made separately.



Photos, London Stereoscopic.

Mr. Tree is very life-like in the part of an old man in "A Village Priest."

Photo, Biograph Co.

The great contrast between Tree as the young and the old Rip Van Winkle. To insure exact reality, Tree ordered duplicate perfect costumes to be made in the first place—one to wear as the young Rip——

and a thin white moustache is attached to the upper lip; and now, dexterously, freely, here, there, everywhere, over head and face and beard, powder is scattered, new effects appear—and the make-up of the face is complete.

It has been done by instinct, and probably Tree himself could not say more.

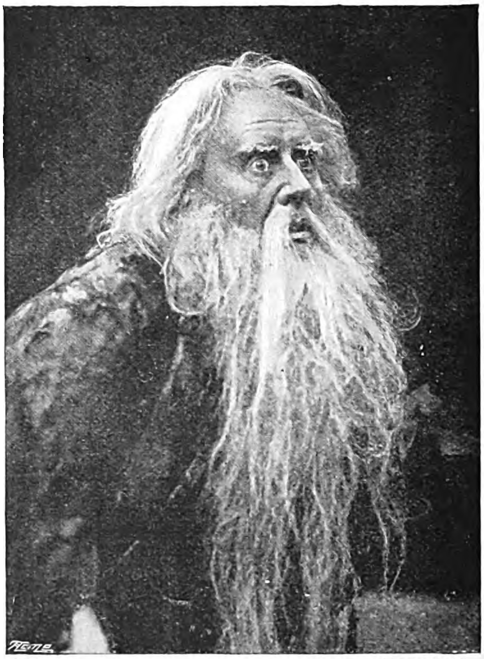
To cast off conventional clothing, and don a suit of the thinnest conceivable underwear next the skin, is a matter of seconds. Then the dresser picks up a suit, which, when lying over a chair, appears more like a mattress than anything else—so thickly padded is it with horse-hair. This enormous garment covers body, arms, and legs. Another strange-looking garment is taken in hand—an arrangement of gutta-percha, so made that it can be inflated with air until it swells out into a size large enough to fill Falstaff's gigantic waist-belt.

The outer garments are quickly put over the inflated air-bag—the long coat and the big cloak, the great baggy top-boots and the gauntlets—and the tall, slim Tree, lurches out of the dressing-room as the short, enormously fat Sir John Falstaff, ready for any adventure with the merry Windsor wives.

And when the wives have done with him, and the curtain has been rung down finally, one may conceive how ready he is for the three baths that he invariably takes to restore freshness—one hot, one cold, and one of eau-de-Cologne.

And *apropos* of Tree's costumes I am told an extraordinary instance of the conscientious way in which every detail is perfected. It sometimes happens that a costume, originally fresh and clean, must become soiled and bedraggled in the course of a play. In a case of this kind Tree invariably orders duplicate perfect costumes to be made in the first place. On one he then sets to work to make it as shabby as the nature of the case requires—sometimes falling upon it with knives and scissors, ripping it to shreds, and douching it with water, or smearing it with paint—so that in the end it shall be in a perfectly natural state of damage.

This treatment he meted out to one of a pair of perfect Falstaff costumes, so that after he has "lived to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal, and to be thrown in the Thames"—as the action of the play requires—his appearance is true to Nature. In "Rip Van Winkle," too, he first appears



Photo, Biograph Co.

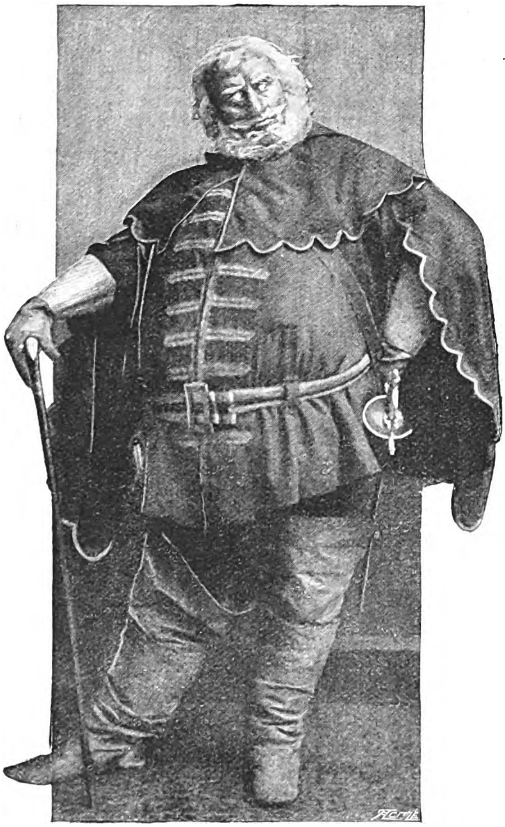
——the other to tear and soil until it became as the natural dress of a man who has slept for twenty years on the mountains. The wonderful effect of age is largely obtained by the free use of powders on face and hair, Tree probably gaining greater effects with powders when making-up than any other actor.

in the dress of a young man. The dress he wears when he awakes after his twenty years' sleep was originally a duplicate, though now so worn and threadbare that it would hardly be recognised.

All Mr. Tree's methods are stamped with originality—are utterly different from those of other actors. Compare the ten minutes that he never exceeds when "making-up" with the hour that Sir Henry Irving spends on his make-up when playing "Waterloo."

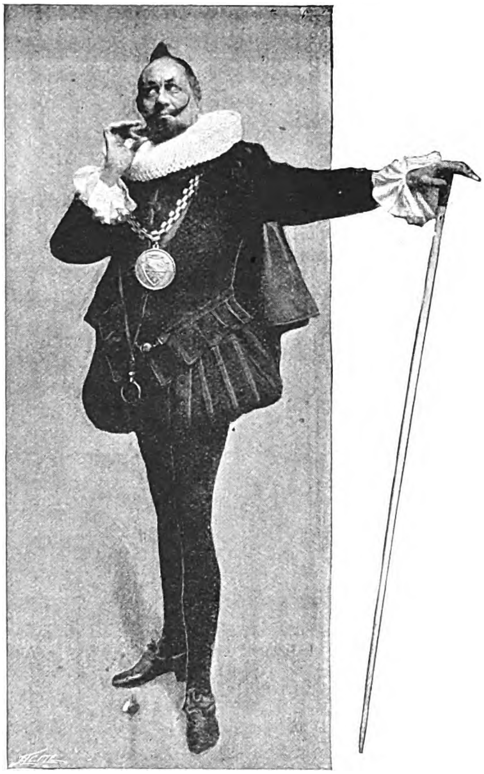
Again, Mr. Tree studies neither the manner in which he shall play a part, nor his make-up for the part. He has never been known to declaim speeches in private, or to practise gestures before a looking-glass—a knowledge of the thing to do and the way to do it comes to him by instinct when he first reads a part through.

His memory is uncanny. He learns a long part merely by reading it through two or three times, and when once learnt, it is never forgotten. A recent revival was a favourite piece, "The Red Lamp." Though Tree had not played it for twelve months, he did not find it necessary to refresh his memory in the slightest particular.



Photo, London Stereoscopic.

Tree at his fattest—as Falstaff. The huge bulk is obtained chiefly by the inflation of a hollow rubber suit beneath the outer garments; he does not pad his cheeks, but gets the effect of fatness with his paints.

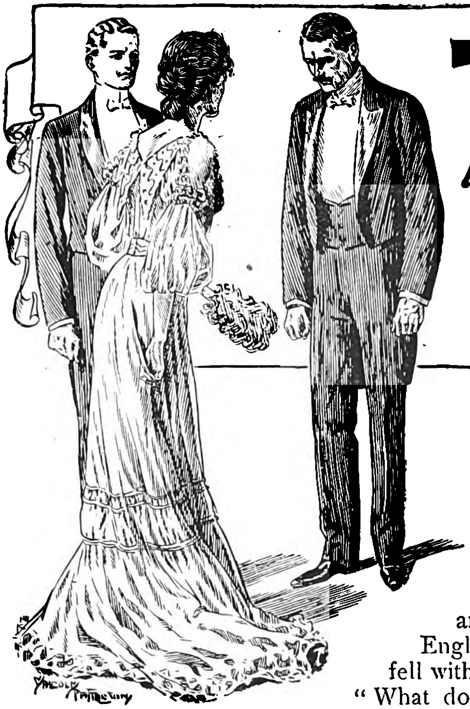


Photo, Histed.

Tree at his thinnest—as Malvolio. Naturally tall and thin, the effect is heightened by the almost unrelieved blackness of the clothes, and by the protrusion of long, thin legs from a wide, baggy doublet. Tree, who hates wigs, in this case wears on his head only his natural hair.

Finally, a word as to wigs and noses. The great Clarkson has made some of his finest masterpieces for Mr. Tree. So perfect was the arrangement of the false hair and beard for Tree's Falstaff, that when Signor Verdi produced the Falstaff opera at Milan, he insisted on being supplied with an exact copy. The wonderful long white hair worn by Tree in "Rip Van Winkle" was secured only after all London had been searched for old people who would part with their natural white hair—and it was necessary to go abroad for some of the faded hair in this make-up.

For false noses, Mr. Tree has a great dislike. That which he wore when playing Svengali caused him endless trouble, more than once dropping off—and the false bridge to the nose that he wore at one time when playing Falstaff worried him so greatly that he prefers now to gain an effect of broadness by one of his magical touches with paint.



THE SOUND OF A VOICE

By E. Burrowes.

I.

"Maxwell, if I were only as other men are—if I were not a miserable, helpless being—I'd work my level best to win that woman for my wife."

Above the babel of tongues which filled the great room, with its fashionable crowd of men and women who flocked to do honour to one of England's heroes, Bourke's emphatically spoken remark fell with distinctness on the ears of his friend.

"What do you mean, old fellow? What woman are you speaking of? You can't——"

He stopped short, and Terence Bourke laughed a little sadly.

"I can't see her, you were going to say, Jim; that's true enough, dear old chap. I never shall see her, but—I can hear her voice. And if it is possible for one to fall in love with a voice—with a person one has never seen—then that is just what I have done. Who is she, Jim? The woman who is standing rather to my left—with her back almost to us I should say, with a deep, soft, beautiful voice. That's the only description *I* can give you of her. But she can hardly be anything but good to look at with that voice, otherwise she would be an anomaly in Nature."

Maxwell looked about him with a puzzled frown wrinkling his forehead. He was as eyes to his friend, for Terence Bourke was blind.

In exactly the place where Bourke had pointed out with that marvellous acuteness which he was beginning to learn, Maxwell found the owner of the beautiful voice. She was standing with her back half turned to them, and he noted the lovely curves of her white arms, and the firm throat which rose straight as a pillar from her magnificently proportioned shoulders. The owner of such a voice—and such a figure—could not be anything but beautiful. Her soft, thrilling laugh rang out just then, and she turned towards them, as she moved to speak to someone. In that moment Maxwell caught sight of her face, and he started.

The impossible had happened with her; her voice—her figure—her very walk were perfection, but her face—he said to himself that she was surely the most hideous woman ever seen on earth. A moment later he modified his opinion, for her smile tore away the mask-like sternness which set her lips in a thin hard line, and gave a steely gleam to her deeply set eyes, and harsh lines to her ugly face. She was merely ugly. Even so—he glanced at Bourke, and for the first time he thought that where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise.

"Well," said Bourke's eager voice, "well, old chap, have you spotted her?"

"Yes—I have; her voice is the best part of her, old fellow; her figure and hair are magnificent, but——"

"That's enough; I knew she must be good to look at. Why, Jim, that voice would soothe the most savage animal spirit in a man's breast. I never heard the like. Who is she? Could you find out?"

"Of course I can. Pamela Dunbar is speaking to her now. I'll go and be introduced."

He made his way through the little throng amidst which he could see the owner of the

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beautiful voice and magnificent shoulders, talking to his old ally—and one whom some day he hoped to call something far dearer than that—Pamela Dunbar. A word in her ear was enough, and a moment later saw him bowing before the ugliest woman — she certainly was that—in the room.

"Miss Dallas—Captain Maxwell."

So the deed was done.

Joanna Dallas turned a pair of dark, keen eyes on Maxwell: she had seen and noticed him, as what woman did not? She noted the splendid physique and the delightful smile which had made so many friends for him, and as she spoke the beauty of her voice blinded him to the ugliness of feature and face colouring which was more than remarkable in her. He ventured tentatively to speak of Bourke, and she rose to the occasion with unconscious eagerness.

"Ah! He is blind, isn't he? Poor, poor fellow: yes, indeed, I have heard of him often, and I saw him a moment ago in that corner; yes, he is still there. What a terrible affliction to have come upon so brave a man?"

"If I might introduce him to you?"

"Please do," and that was how the owner of the beautiful voice was brought into Bourke's life.

"May I," he said, with repressed eagerness, as Maxwell came up to escort him home, "may I call on you, Miss Dallas?"

"Of course you may—I shall be glad to see you, and I am always at home on Sundays," said Miss Dallas, and Maxwell saw the look of tenderness which swept into her deep, dark eyes as they rested on the face of the blind man.

Bourke delivered himself of many sentiments that night as he and Maxwell walked slowly home through the soft June dusk. Once he pulled himself up sharply.

"But—I am forgetting my miserable state," he said, "you must think me mad, old fellow—but if only——"

"I know, dear old chap. But after all I don't see that *that* should debar you from happiness if the woman looks at it from the proper point of view. And if Miss Dallas is all you think she is—all I have always heard she is—she is not the woman to allow worldly considerations or the opinions of her neighbours to influence her life—or that of the man she loved. Courage, old chap!"

"Impossible!" said Bourke with emphasis. "It would be abominable to even dream of linking the life of that beautiful creature with that of a helpless, blind fellow—who is only fit to be led about by a dog at the end of a string! Think, man, what it would be—for nothing but pity could ever tempt a woman to such a sacrifice and—I will not be pitied!"

Maxwell was silent.

A vision rose before him of Joanna Dallas, and then he glanced at Bourke. *He* believed her to be the most beautiful thing in creation; he had fallen in love with the voice, and invested the body with all the beauty of that one attribute, and he, Maxwell, had not the cruelty or the courage to undeceive him.

He remembered an old saying: "What the eye does not see, the heart does not feel." After all, there was a blessedness in being blind. So he held his tongue, and forced himself to listen to Bourke's eulogies on the subject of Joanna Dallas which broke out now and again, as each week—almost each day—their intimacy grew and strengthened.

II.

"NEXT week," said Miss Dallas, with difficulty, "I—I am going away."

It was four o'clock on a warm July afternoon, some four weeks later. London was beginning to empty; the world and their respective wives were fleeing to the country, to cures abroad, to Scotland, and regions beyond the sea, in the search of rest after a particularly gay and tiring season.

"*Going away?*" echoed Bourke blankly, and found nothing else to say for a minute. It was such a blow — expected though it should have been, for who in their senses stays in London during the silly season? Certainly he was not going to, but he had not made his plans as yet; he was unconsciously waiting for Miss Dallas to give him a lead.

He suddenly awoke to the fact that she was speaking.

"I go first to Scotland and then to the country—you know I have a place in Devonshire, where I always like to spend the greater part of the summer and early autumn—and then I suppose I shall come back to town."

"And I must live—without you," said Bourke suddenly. The words seemed to be dragged from him almost against his will, and there was a momentary silence, during which he lived through an agony of mingled hope and despair. He could not see the look of rapture which swept over the woman's face; he could not guess that the happiness of all her life hung upon the balance of what the next moment would bring forth.

With the conviction strong upon him that this was madness and worse than madness—

for Bourke was almost morbid on the subject of his helplessness—he got up unsteadily from his chair.

"Then—this," he said slowly, "is—must be—good-bye?"

The light faded from Miss Dallas' eyes; with a supreme effort she gave him her hand, and he caught the tremor in her voice as she said:

"Yes—I suppose it is . . . ."

"Then—No! Joanna!—I can never say good-bye. Dear, is there any shadow of hope for me?"

"*Hope?* Ah! my dearest——"

And Terence Bourke entered into Eden.

* * * * *

Their marriage was a nine days' wonder. People called it the most romantic thing they had ever heard of. But to Bourke—and his friend, Maxwell—it was more than that. To the one it was a glimpse of Paradise and a never-ending source of blissful wonder, that he, Terence Bourke, should have won the love of so priceless and beautiful a woman as Joanna Dallas; to the other, it was the most pitiful of tragedies.

And to the woman herself? She lived in a golden dream out of which she felt that some day she must awake to the horror of reading disillusion in Bourke's face. She knew that he believed her to be the most beautiful thing on God's earth—and her mirror told her the ghastly truth every day. She had overheard someone ask whether there was any hope of Bourke's ever getting back his sight, and the answer had filled her with sudden terror.

"I don't think so; it is his earnest desire—his constant prayer, but——"

"Fortunately the gods do not grant all the prayers of men," said a man significantly; "are you going? Then, good-night."

* * * * *

Joanna Bourke sat alone in her room. It was the height of the season; she had half-a-dozen engagements for the afternoon, and some half dozen more for the night. Yet she sat still and quiet, waiting for a verdict which meant her life's happiness. She had never realised it so vividly as now.

The clang of a distant door—footsteps ascending the stairs—sent it flying away, to be replaced by tenderness and a terrible anxiety. There were times—more in number than the sands of the sea—when she thanked Heaven on her knees for Bourke's blindness. Yet she was not a selfish woman.

The door opened and Bourke came in. With a horrible sinking of her heart she saw at once the light on his face, a new vigour in his walk—the signs of hope confirmed and strengthened.

She forced herself to speak; the sound of her voice was always as beautiful music to his ears. He drew her down on the sofa at his side.

"Well, dearest?"

He smiled and patted her hand.

"It *is* well, little woman. More than well; Sir James gives every encouragement. He speaks of an operation, and—the return at last—please God—of my sight. It seems too good to be true, Joanna."

"*Too good!*" she echoed, and in her own ears her voice sounded harsh and strained, but Bourke noticed nothing. He went on talking, holding her hand in his, and driving, as it were, a knife into her heart with every word.

"He thinks it had better not be delayed; in fact, he spoke of coming to make arrangements with you about it in a day or two. I shall be very helpless at first, Joanna; I've grown so accustomed to the dark that I shall be dazzled by the light when it comes. But I shall have you, sweet, to be my guide—as you have been during these dark days."

"Have they been so dark?" she said passionately. "Terence—I—shudder when I think that—perhaps you may be disappointed—in me."

He slipped his arm round her with a happy laugh.

"In *you*, dear heart? *Impossible*. You will always be as you have always been, the dearest and the most beautiful of women. You will never know with what terrible longing I have longed to be able to see you. You, the noblest of women, to tie yourself to a blind log; I've been little else, but, please Heaven, there's a better time coming for us now, Joanna."

A better time!

Would there ever be as good a time as that one short, sweet year which they had spent together—in the dark? The knowledge that the time was near at hand when the veil would be torn from his blind eyes, when he would at last see her as others saw her—not in the light of his imagination—filled her with horror.

She looked at herself in the mirror and after the examination hid her face in her hands and wept surely the bitterest, most terrible tears that woman ever wept. Wept not only for herself and the happiness which hung by a slender thread, but for

Bourke. What disillusion would descend upon him! She was fully aware of all the hideousness with which she was so richly endowed. She had no delusions about the matter, and the only question which recurred to her again and again with horrible persistence was that unanswerable one:

"Could things be the same—*afterwards?*"

The specialist advised an immediate operation. Joanna saw him alone, and with difficulty framed the one question which she dared to ask.

"Is—is there any risk?"

The great man looked at her attentively. He had heard the strange story of the Bourke-Dallas marriage; he saw dimly the tragedy which was being played out, in which he was to take such a prominent part. His heart misgave him as he looked at Mrs. Bourke's strained face.

"Let me be quite frank with you, Mrs. Bourke; there *is* a certain amount of risk. Your husband's heart is not in quite as good a state as I should wish, but the danger is so slight that, seeing his intense anxiety about the matter, I advised the operation. Remember, I say, there *is* risk, I can say no more. With care and——"

"Nothing," said Mrs. Bourke, with difficulty, "could compensate me for—any accident. You understand what I mean, Sir James; there is yet time to reconsider the matter."

A sudden loophole had been opened for her escape by the doctor's cautious words. If there was risk, then Terence might never live to see the light for which he longed so intensely. Better blindness for ever than—*that!*

The great man watching her silently, saw and understood. He was very human; a great pity filled him, as he pressed her hand.

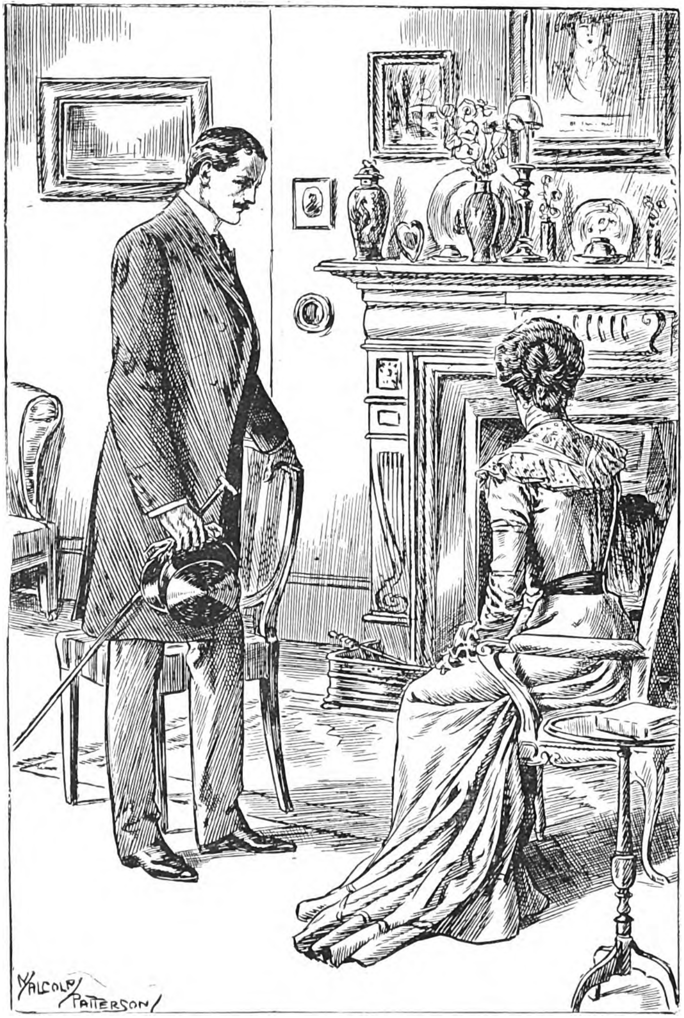
"Of course, you must consider all that," he said. "I have been perfectly frank with you, Mrs. Bourke. You will let me know what final decision is arrived at."

Two days later a message reached him that Captain Bourke was quite prepared for the operation. The great man shrugged his shoulders.

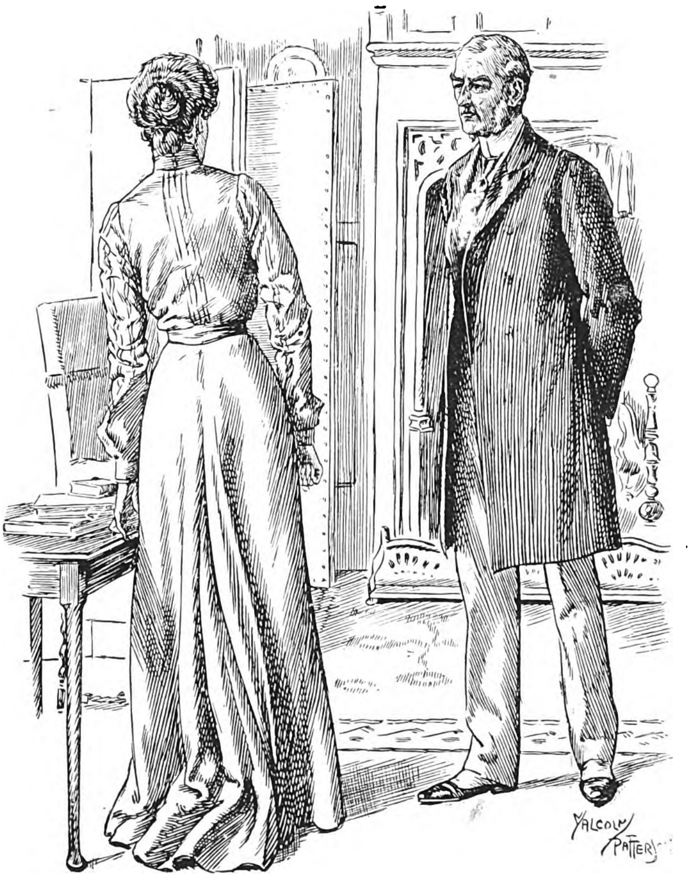
"She's had a hard fight for it, poor soul," he muttered. "Her happiness against his sight. It's a risk either way; how will it end?"

* * * * *

It was all over. In the next room Bourke lay with bandages across his eyes. The doctors spoke of a successful case; they conversed in low tones together, but Joanna



"Then—this," he said slowly, "is—must be—good-bye?"



"Nothing," said Mrs. Bourke, with difficulty, "could compensate me for—any accident."

hardly heard them. The conflict of the past few weeks had aged her inexpressibly; her haggard face sent a thrill of pity to the apparently hardened heart of the specialist, by whose doing she knew the happiness of her life was killed.

It was impossible, so she thought, that Terence could love her as she really was. He was all unprepared; he had never known or guessed, and yet at the last she had tried so hard to tell him a little of the truth at any rate, but he had only laughed gaily at her, and told her she was fanciful and foolish, and she had given up the struggle with hopelessness.

A stir in the sick room brought her to her senses. The doctors had hurried back to the patient. She rose to her feet, wearily; then a sudden panic sent her out of the room to the closed door.

It was opened by the great man.

"Is he——" she breathed rather than spoke.

Sir James laid a warning hand on her arm.

"Let me beg of you to be calm," he said kindly. "Unsatisfactory symptoms have appeared—but there is no immediate danger—of course, there is always that risk of the heart, of which I told you, but at present there is every hope—yes—you may come in."

The cool grey dawn was creeping in through the closed blinds; every sound of the terrible night was imprinted indelibly on her heart.

It was light before he spoke.

"Joanna?" he said clearly.

She took his hands in hers.

"I am here, dearest."

"I can't see—is the blind up? Ah! these bandages—and they told me I should see you soon. I believe I can dimly see—something—something white—Joanna!"

He flung himself up in the bed, and with a sudden access of strength tore away the bandages from his eyes.

"I can see!" he cried. "Where are you, my sweet? Joanna!"

But as she started forward in horror—even as the nurse hurried towards the bed, Bourke sank back on his pillows.

"It's a mis—take—" he gasped, "I—can see—nothing——"

And with that he died.

* * * * *

And a heart-broken woman framed an odd thanksgiving through the tears which choked her.

"*Thank—God,*" she whispered to the silence of the night, "*he never saw me.*"

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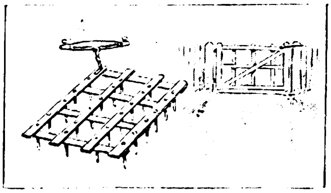
A UNIQUE PRIZE OFFERED TO MAGAZINE READERS.



CORRECT SOLUTION: HARROGATE.
INCORRECT SOLUTIONS: (1) HARROW: Because it comprises fewer letters than Harrogate. (2) GATE (for same reason).

NOTE THAT

The prize of 5s. a Day for Life will *not* be divided—it will be won outright by *one* person (perhaps *you*).

The sum of £100 will be divided amongst those who come next.

No attempts should be sent in until the closing date is announced in the *Royal.*

All competitors should carefully read the conditions.

What you have to do - - - -

ON THE NEXT PAGE you will find twelve pictures. Each of these pictures consists of a certain number of objects. These objects, either singly or collectively, represent the name of a town or place in the United Kingdom.

What you have to do is to find the town or place with the longest name entirely from the names of objects depicted in each picture (or from their phonetic equivalents).

An "object" does not include sky or shading necessary for correct drawing.

Before you begin, examine the example shown above, which will make the matter clear.

Taking this as a guide, you have now to examine the twelve pictures on the next page, and discover the name of the town or place which each of them represents. When you have done this write the name down in the space provided, and keep the pages by you.

☛ Another set of pictures will appear in the November number of the *Royal.* ☚

CONDITIONS.

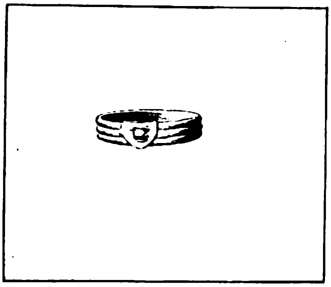
1. The names must be clearly written in ink. (*Use a fine pen*).
2. Only one name is allowed under each picture.
3. No alterations are to be allowed in the words. If you have made a mistake in the spelling, cross the word out and write it again.
4. When you have filled up your list, cut it out and keep it by you until the closing date is announced in the *Royal.*
5. You may forward as many sets of pages as you like. Each set will be accepted independently, and the pages composing it must be pinned together.
6. The name of the place with the greatest number of letters depicted in each picture is the correct solution, but if there are two or more such names of places depicted in one picture with an equal number of letters, then each will be counted correct.
7. No competitor may receive the assistance of professional competition solvers who send out circulars, or whose advertisements appear in the Press. Every person who enters for this competition must do so only on this understanding, and winners will be asked to satisfy us that they have not contravened this condition.
8. In the event of a tie a further, or, if necessary, several further, sets of pictures will be submitted to the tieing competitors, until one shall win the prize outright.
9. The first prize—that is, 5s. per day for life—will be payable monthly to the winner, who shall not be entitled to require that it be capitalised.

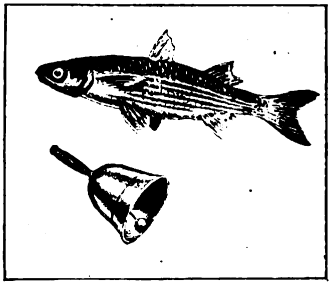
- - THE PRIZE OF 5s. A DAY FOR LIFE - -

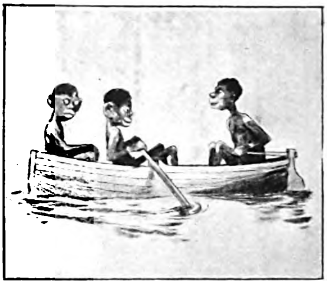
Will be given to the competitor from whom the Editor of the *Royal Magazine* receives a set of pages containing the greatest number of correct solutions.

The sum of **£100** will be divided, at the discretion of the Editor, amongst those who come next.

All the names depicted in the sketches will be found as printed in the list of Provincial Post Offices in the Post Office Guide, which may be consulted at any Post Office, or may be purchased for 6d.







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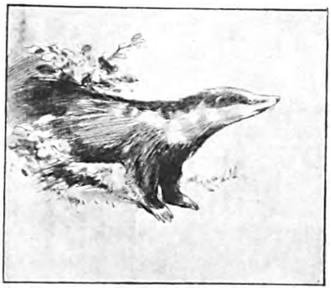

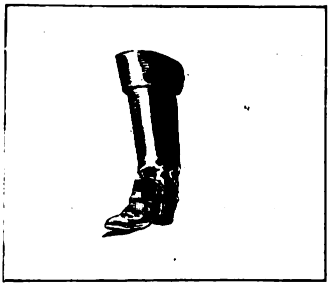

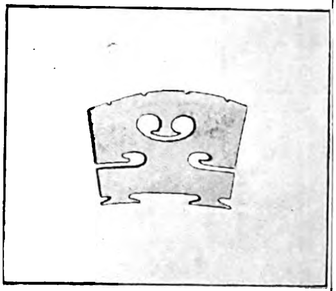

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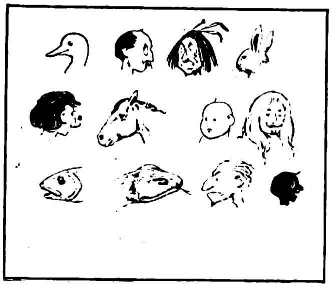

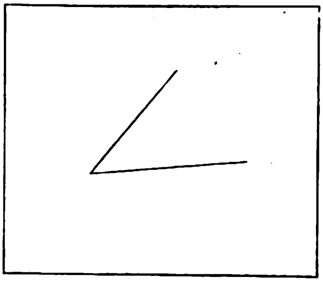

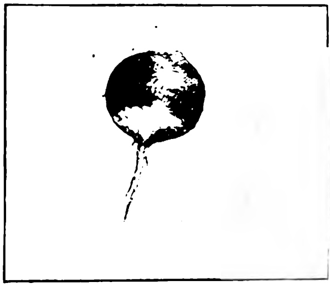

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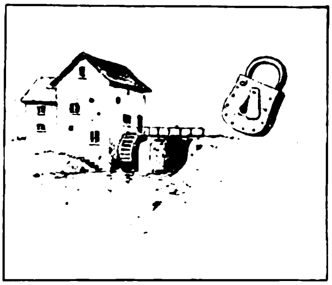

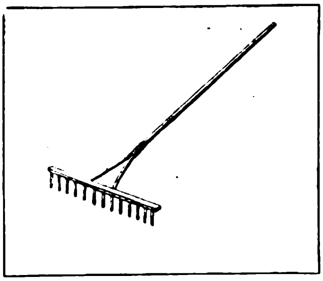

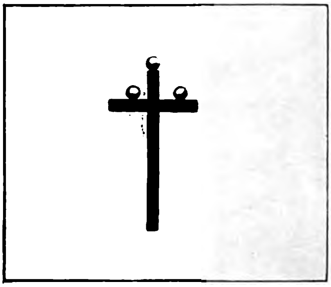

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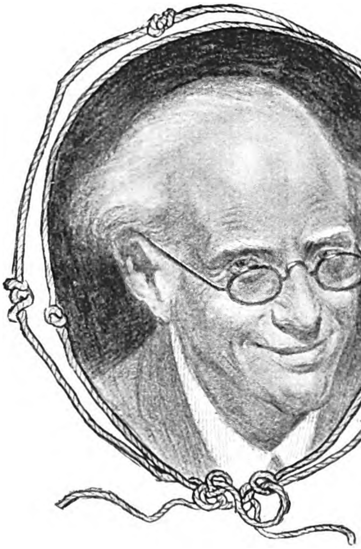
Name.. *Address*.......................... ....

Keep all your sets of pictures by you until the competition is finished.

THE BIRMINGHAM MYSTERY.



Being the Seventh of a Series of Stories entitled "The Mysteries of Great Cities."

Illustrated by P. B. Hickling.

BY

BARONESS E. ORCZY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE MAN IN THE CORNER *who tells the story to the*
LADY JOURNALIST.
THE EARL OF BROCKELSBY.
THE HON. ROBERT INGRAM DE GENNEVILLE *(his brother).*
TIMOTHY BEDDINGFIELD *(lawyer).*
CORONER.
PETER TYRREL (*night porter*).
MR. TREMLETT (*cashier at the Castle Hotel, Birmingham*).

I.

THE man in the corner rubbed his chin thoughtfully, and looked out upon the busy street below.

"I suppose," he said, "there is some truth in the saying that Providence watches over bankrupts, kittens, and lawyers."

"I didn't know there was such a saying," I replied, with guarded dignity.

"Isn't there? Perhaps I am misquoting; anyway, there should be. Kittens, it seems, live and thrive through social and domestic upheavals which would annihilate a self-supporting tom-cat, and to-day I read in the morning papers the account of a noble lord's bankruptcy, and in the society ones that of his visit at the house of a Cabinet minister, where he is the most honoured guest. As for lawyers, when Providence had exhausted all other means of securing their welfare, it brought forth the peerage cases."

"I believe, as a matter of fact, that this special dispensation of Providence, as you call it, requires more technical knowledge than any other legal complication that comes before the law courts," I said.

"And also a great deal more money in the client's pocket than any other complication. Now, take the Brockelsby peerage case. Have you any idea how much money was spent over that soap bubble, which only burst after many hundreds, if not thousands, of pounds went in lawyers' and counsels' fees?"

"I suppose a great deal of money was spent on both sides," I said, "until that sudden, awful issue——"

"Which settled the dispute effectually," he interrupted with a dry chuckle. "Of course, it is very doubtful if any reputable solicitor would have taken up the case. Timothy Beddingfield, the Birmingham lawyer, is a gentleman, who—well—has had some misfortunes, shall we say? He is still on the Rolls, mind you, but I doubt if any case would have its chances improved by his conducting it. Against that there is just this to be said, that some of these old peerages have such peculiar histories, and own such wonderful archives, that a claim is always worth investigating—you never know what may be the rights of it.

"I believe that—at first—everyone laughed over the pretensions of the Hon. Robert Ingram De Genneville to the joint title and part revenues of the old barony of Genneville, but, obviously, he *might* have got his case. It certainly sounded almost like a fairy tale, this

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claim based upon the supposed validity of an ancient document over 400 years old. It was *then* that a mediæval Lord De Genneville, more endowed with muscle than common sense, became during his turbulent existence much embarrassed and hopelessly puzzled through the presentation made to him by his lady of twin-born sons.

"His embarrassment chiefly arose from the fact that my lady's attendants, while ministering to the comforts of the mother, had, in a moment of absent-mindedness, so placed the two infants in their cot that subsequently no one, not even—perhaps least of all—the mother, could tell which was the one who had been the first to make his appearance into this troublesome and puzzling world.

"After many years of cogitation, during which the Lord De Genneville approached nearer to the grave and his sons to man's estate, he gave up trying to solve the riddle as to which of the twins should succeed to his title and revenues; he appealed to his liege lord and King Edward, fourth of that name, and with the latter's august sanction he drew up a certain document wherein he enacted that both his sons should, after his death, share his titles and goodly revenues, and that the first son born in wedlock of *either* father should subsequently be the sole heir.

"In this document was also added that if in future times should any Lords de Genneville be similarly afflicted with twin sons, who had equal rights to be considered the eldest born, the same rule should apply as to the succession.

"Subsequently a Lord De Genneville was created Earl of Brockelsby by one of the Stuart kings, but for four hundred years after its enactment the extraordinary deed of succession remained a mere tradition, the Countesses of Brockelsby having, seemingly, no predilection for twins. But in 1878 the mistress of Brockelsby Castle presented her lord with twin-born sons.

"Fortunately, in modern times, science is more wide-awake, and attendants more careful. The twin brothers did not get mixed up, and one of them was styled Viscount Tirlemont, and was heir to the earldom, whilst the other, born two hours later, was that fascinating, dashing young Guardsman, well known at Hurlingham, Goodwood, London, and in his own county—the Hon. Robert Ingram De Genneville.

"It certainly was an evil day for this brilliant young scion of the ancient race when he lent an ear to Timothy Beddingfield. This man, and his family before him, had been solicitors to the Earls of Brockelsby for many generations, but Timothy, owing to certain 'irregularities,' had forfeited the confidence of his client, the late earl.

"He was still in practice in Birmingham, however, and, of course, knew the ancient family tradition anent the twin succession. Whether he was prompted by revenge or merely self-advertisement no one knows.

"Certain it is that he did advise the Hon. Robert De Genneville—who apparently had more debts than he conveniently could pay, and more extravagant tastes than he could gratify on a younger son's portion—to lay a claim on his father's death to the joint title and a moiety of the revenues of the ancient barony of Genneville, that claim being based upon the validity of the fifteenth century document.

"You may gather how extensive were the pretensions of the Hon. Robert from the fact that the greater part of Edgbaston is now built upon land belonging to the old barony. Anyway, it was the last straw in an ocean of debt and difficulties, and I have no doubt that Beddingfield had not much trouble in persuading the Hon. Robert to commence litigation at once.

"The young Earl of Brockelsby's attitude, however, remained one of absolute quietude in his nine points of the law. He was in possession both of the title and of the document. It was for the other side to force him to produce the one or to share the other.

"It was at this stage of the proceedings that the Hon. Robert was advised to marry, in order to secure, if possible, the first male heir of the next generation, since the young earl himself was still a bachelor. A suitable *fiancée* was found for him by his friends in the person of Miss Mabel Brandon, the daughter of a rich Birmingham manufacturer, and the marriage was fixed to take place at Birmingham on Thursday, September 15th.

"On the 13th, the Hon. Robert Ingram De Genneville arrived at the Castle Hotel in New Street for his wedding, and on the 14th, at eight o'clock in the morning, he was discovered lying on the floor of his bedroom—murdered.

"The sensation which the awful and unexpected sequel to the De Genneville peerage case caused in the minds of the friends of both litigants was quite unparalleled. I don't think any crime of modern times created quite so much stir in all classes of society. Birmingham was wild with excitement, and the employees of the

Castle Hotel had real difficulty in keeping off the eager and inquisitive crowd who thronged daily to the hall, vainly hoping to gather details of news relating to the terrible tragedy.

"At present there was but little to tell. The shrieks of the chambermaid, who had gone into the Hon. Robert's room with his shaving water at eight o'clock, had attracted some of the waiters. Soon the manager and his secretary came up and immediately sent for the police.

"It seemed at first sight as if the young man had been the victim of a homicidal maniac, so brutal had been the way in which he had been assassinated. The head and body were battered and bruised by some heavy stick or poker, almost past human shape, as if the murderer had wished to wreak some awful vengeance upon the body of his victim. In fact, it would be impossible to recount the gruesome aspect of that room and of the murdered man's body such as the police and the medical officer took notes of that day.

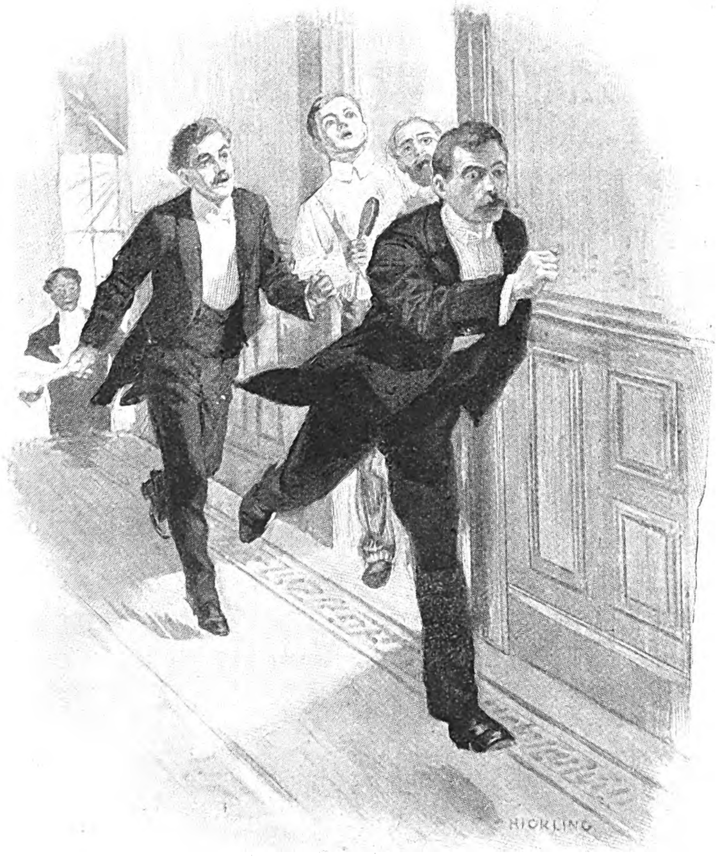
"It was supposed that the murder had been committed the evening before, as the victim was dressed in his evening clothes, and all the lights in the room had been left fully turned on. Robbery, also, must have had a large share in the miscreant's motives, for the drawers and cupboards, the portmanteau and dressing bag had been ransacked as if in search of valuables. On the floor there lay a pocket-book torn in half and only containing a few letters addressed to the Hon. Robert De Genneville.

"The Earl of Brockelsby, next of kin to the deceased, was also telegraphed for. He drove over from Brockelsby Castle, which is about seven miles from Birmingham. He was terribly affected by the awfulness of the tragedy and offered a liberal reward to stimulate the activity of the police in search of the miscreant.

"The inquest was fixed for the 17th, three days later, and the public was left wondering where the solution lay of the terrible and gruesome murder at the Castle Hotel."

II.

"THE central figure in the coroner's court that day was undoubtedly the Earl of Brockelsby in deep black, which contrasted strongly with his florid complexion and fair hair. Sir Marmaduke Ingersoll, his solicitor, was with him, and he had already performed the



The shrieks of the chambermaid . . . . had attracted some of the waiters.

painful duty of identifying the deceased as his brother. This had been an exceedingly painful duty owing to the terribly mutilated state of the body and face; but the clothes and various trinkets he wore, including a signet ring, had fortunately not tempted the brutal assassin, and it was through them chiefly that Lord Brockelsby was able to swear to the identity of his brother.

"The various employees at the hotel gave evidence as to the discovery of the body, and the medical officer gave his opinion as to the immediate cause of death. Deceased had evidently been struck at the back of the head with a poker or heavy stick, the murderer then venting his blind fury upon the body by battering in the face and bruising it in a way that certainly suggested the work of a maniac.

"Then the Earl of Brockelsby was called, and was requested by the coroner to state when he had last seen his brother alive.

"'The morning before his death,' replied his lordship, 'he came up to Birmingham by an early train, and I drove up from Brockelsby to see him. I got to the hotel at eleven o'clock and stayed with him for about an hour.'

"'And that is the last you saw of the deceased?'

"'That is the last I saw of him,' replied Lord Brockelsby.

"He seemed to hesitate for a moment or two as if in thought whether he should speak or not, and then to suddenly make up his mind to speak, for he added, 'I stayed in town the whole of that day, and only drove back to Brockelsby late in the evening. I had some business to transact, and put up at the Grand, as I usually do, and dined with some friends.'

"'Would you tell us at what time you returned to Brockelsby Castle?'

"'I think it must have been about eleven o'clock. It is a seven mile drive from here.'

"'I believe,' said the coroner after a slight pause, during which the attention of all the spectators was rivetted upon the handsome figure of the young man as he stood in the witness-box, the very personification of a high-bred gentleman, 'I believe that I am right in stating that there was an unfortunate legal dispute between your lordship and your brother?'

"'That is so.'

"The coroner stroked his chin thoughtfully for a moment or two, then he added:

"'In the event of the deceased's claim to the joint title and revenues of De Genneville being held good in the courts of law, there would be a great importance, would there not, attached to his marriage which was to have taken place on the 15th?'

"'In that event, there certainly would be.'

"'Is the jury to understand, then, that you and the deceased parted on amicable terms after your interview with him in the morning.'

"The Earl of Brockelsby hesitated again for a minute or two, while the crowd and the jury hung breathless upon his lips.

"'There was no enmity between us,' he replied at last.

"'From which we may gather that there may have been—shall I say? a slight disagreement at that interview?'

"'My brother had unfortunately been misled by the misrepresentations or perhaps the too optimistic views of his lawyer. He had been dragged into litigation on the strength of an old family document which he had never seen, which moreover is antiquated, and, owing to certain wording in it, invalid. I thought that it would be kinder and more considerate if I were to let my brother judge of the document for himself. I knew that when he had seen it, he would be convinced of the absolutely futile basis of his claim, and that it would be a terrible disappointment to him. That is the reason why I wished to see him myself about it, rather than to do it through the more formal—perhaps more correct—medium of our respective lawyers. I placed the facts before him, with, on my part, a perfectly amicable spirit.'

"The young Earl of Brockelsby had made this somewhat lengthy perfectly voluntary explanation of the state of affairs, in a calm, quiet voice, with much dignity and perfect simplicity, but the coroner did not seem impressed by it, for he asked very drily:

"'Did you part good friends?'

"'On my side absolutely so.'

"'But not on his?' insisted the coroner.

"'I think he felt naturally annoyed that he had been so ill-advised by his solicitors.'

"'And you made no attempt later on in the day to adjust any ill-feeling that may have existed between you and him?' asked the coroner, marking with strange, earnest emphasis every word he uttered.

"'If you mean did I go and see my brother again that day—no, I did not.'

"'And your lordship can give us no further information which might throw some light upon the mystery which surrounds the Hon. Robert De Genneville's death?' still persisted the coroner.

"'I am sorry to say I cannot,' replied the Earl of Brockelsby with firm decision.

"The coroner still looked puzzled and thoughtful. It seemed at first as if he wished to press his point further; every one felt that some deep import had lain behind his examination of the witness, and all were on tenterhooks as to what the next evidence might bring forth. The Earl of Brockelsby had waited a minute or two, then at a sign from the coroner had left the witness box in order to have a talk with his solicitor.

"At first he paid no attention to the depositions of the cashier and hall porter of the Castle Hotel, but gradually it seemed to strike him that curious statements were being made by these witnesses, and a frown of anxious wonder settled between his brows, whilst his young face lost some of its florid hue.

"Mr. Tremlett, the cashier at the hotel, had been holding the attention of the court. He stated that the Hon. Robert Ingram De Genneville had arrived at the hotel at eight o'clock on the morning of the 13th; he had the room which he usually occupied when he came to the 'Castle,' namely, No. 21, and he went up to it immediately on his arrival, ordering some breakfast to be brought up to him.

"At eleven o'clock the Earl of Brockelsby called to see his brother and remained with him until about twelve. In the afternoon deceased went out, and returned for his dinner at seven o'clock in company with a gentleman whom the cashier knew well by sight, Mr. Timothy Beddingfield, the lawyer of Paradise Street. The gentlemen had their dinner downstairs, and after that they went up to the Hon. Mr. De Genneville's room for coffee and cigars.

"'I could not say at what time Mr. Beddingfield left,' continued the cashier, 'but I rather fancy I saw him in the hall at about 9.15 p.m. He was wearing an Inverness cape over his dress clothes and a Glengarry cap. It was just at the hour when the visitors who had come down for the night from London were arriving thick and fast; the hall was very full, and there was a large party of Americans monopolising most of our *personnel*, so I could not swear positively whether I did see Mr. Beddingfield or not then, though I am quite sure that it was Mr. Timothy Beddingfield who dined and spent the evening with the Hon. Mr. De Genneville, as I know him quite well by sight. At ten o'clock I am off duty, and the night porter remains alone in the hall.'

"Mr. Tremlett's evidence was corroborated in most respects by a waiter and by the hall porter. They had both seen the deceased come in at seven o'clock in company with a gentleman, and their description of the latter coincided with that of the appearance of Mr. Timothy Beddingfield, whom, however, they did not actually know.

"At this point of the proceedings the foreman of the jury wished to know why Mr. Timothy Beddingfield's evidence had not been obtained, and was informed by the detective-inspector in charge of the case that that gentleman had seemingly left Birmingham, but was expected home shortly. The coroner suggested an adjournment pending Mr. Beddingfield's appearance, but at the earnest request of the detective he consented to hear the evidence of Peter Tyrrell, the night porter at the Castle Hotel, who, if you remember the case at all, succeeded in creating the biggest sensation of any which had been made through this extraordinary and weirdly gruesome case.

"'It was the first time I had been on duty at "The Castle," he said, 'for I used to be night porter at "Bright's," in Wolverhampton, but just after I had come on duty at ten o'clock, a gentleman came and asked if he could see the Hon. Robert De Genneville. I said that I thought he was in, but would send up and see. The gentleman said: "It doesn't matter. Don't trouble; I know his room. Twenty-one, isn't it?" And up he went before I could say another word.'

"'Did he give you any name?' asked the coroner.

"'No, sir,'

"'What was he like?'

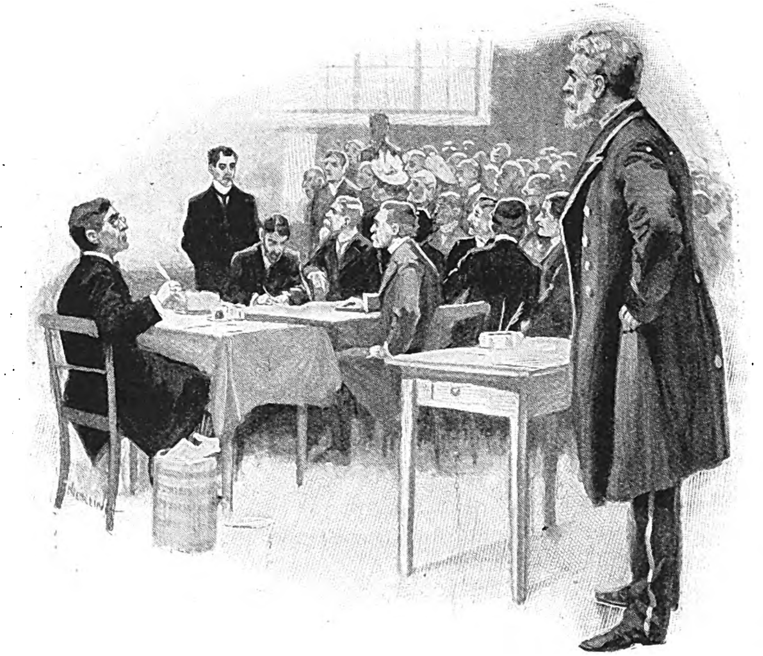
"'A young gentleman, sir, as far as I can remember, in an Inverness cape and Glengarry cap, but I could not see his face very well as he stood with his back to the light, and the cap shaded his eyes, and he only spoke to me for a minute.'

"'Look all round you,' said the coroner quietly, 'is there anyone in this court at all like the gentleman you speak of?'

"An awed hush fell over the many spectators there present as Peter Tyrrell, the night porter of the Castle Hotel, turned his head towards the body of the court and slowly scanned the many faces there present; for a moment he seemed to hesitate—only for a moment though, then as if vaguely conscious of the terrible importance his next words might have, he shook his head gravely and said:

"'I wouldn't like to swear.'

"The coroner tried to press him, but with



"I wouldn't like to swear."

true British stolidity he repeated: 'I wouldn't like to say.'

"'Well, then, what happened?' asked the coroner, who had perforce to abandon his point.

"'The gentleman went upstairs, sir, and about a quarter of an hour later he come down again, and I let him out. He was in a great hurry then, he threw me a half-crown, and said: "Good-night."'

"'And though you saw him again then, you cannot tell us if you would know him again?'

"Once more the hall porter's eyes wandered as if instinctively to a certain face in the court; once more he hesitated for many seconds which seemed like so many hours during which a man's honour, a man's life, hung perhaps in the balance.

"Then Peter Tyrrell repeated slowly: 'I wouldn't swear.'

"But coroner and jury alike, aye and every spectator in that crowded court had seen that the man's eyes had rested during that one moment of hesitation upon the face of the Earl of Brockelsby."

III.

THE man in the corner blinked at me with his funny mild blue eyes.

"No wonder you are puzzled," he continued, "so was everybody in the court that day, everyone save myself. I alone could see in my mind's eye that gruesome murder such as it had been committed, with all its details, and, above all, its motive, and such as you will see it presently, when I place it all clearly before you.

"But before you see daylight in this strange case, I must plunge you into further darkness, in the same manner as the coroner and jury were plunged on the following day, the second day of that remarkable inquest. It had to be adjourned, since the appearance of Mr. Timothy Beddingfield had now become of vital importance. The public had come to regard his absence from Birmingham at this critical moment as decidedly remarkable, to say the least of it, and all those who did not know the lawyer by sight, wished to see him in his Inverness cape and Glengarry cap such as he had appeared before the several witnesses on the night of the awful murder.

"When the coroner and jury were seated, the first piece of information which the police placed before them was the astounding statement that Mr. Timothy Beddingfield's whereabouts had not been ascertained, though it was confidently expected that he had not gone far and could easily be traced. There was a witness present who, the police thought, might throw some light as to the lawyer's probable destination, for obviously he had left Birmingham directly after his interview with the deceased.

"This witness was Mrs. Higgins, who was Mr. Beddingfield's housekeeper. She stated that her master was in the constant habit—especially latterly—of going up to London on business. He usually left by a late evening train on those occasions, and mostly was only absent thirty-six hours. He kept a portmanteau always ready packed for the purpose, for he often left at a few moments' notice. Mrs. Higgins added that her master stayed at the Great Western Hotel in

London, for it was there that she was instructed to wire, if anything urgent required his presence back in Birmingham.

"'On the night of the 14th,' she continued, 'at nine o'clock or thereabouts, a messenger came to the door with the master's card, and said that he was instructed to fetch Mr. Beddingfield's portmanteau, and then to meet him at the station in time to catch the 9.35 p.m. up train. I gave him the portmanteau, of course, as he had brought the card, and I had no idea there could be anything wrong; but since then I have heard nothing of my master, and I don't know when he will return.'

"Questioned by the coroner, she added that Mr. Beddingfield had never stayed away quite so long, without having his letters forwarded to him. There was a large pile waiting for him now; she had written to the Great Western Hotel, London, asking what she should do about the letters, but had received no reply. She did not know the messenger by sight who had called for the portmanteau. Once or twice before, Mr. Beddingfield had sent for his things in that manner when he had been dining out.

"Mr. Beddingfield certainly wore his Inverness cape over his dress clothes when he went out at about six o'clock in the afternoon. He also wore a Glengarry cap.

"The messenger had so far not yet been found, and from this point—namely, the sending for the portmanteau—all traces of Mr. Timothy Beddingfield seem to have been lost. Whether he went up to London by that 9.35 train or not could not be definitely ascertained. The police had questioned at least a dozen porters at the railway, as well as ticket-collectors; but no one had any special recollection of a gentleman in an Inverness cape and Glengarry cap, a costume worn by more than one first-class passenger on a cold night in September.

"There was the hitch, you see; it all lay in this. Mr. Timothy Beddingfield, the lawyer, had undoubtedly made himself scarce. He was last seen in company with the deceased, and wearing an Inverness cape and Glengarry cap; two or three witnesses saw him leaving the hotel at about 9.15. Then the messenger calls at the lawyer's house for the portmanteau, after which Mr. Timothy Beddingfield seems to vanish into thin air; but—and that is a great 'but'—the night porter at the 'Castle' seems to have seen someone wearing the momentous Inverness and Glengarry half-an-hour or so later on, and going up to deceased's room, where he stayed about a quarter of an hour.

"Undoubtedly you will say, as everyone said to themselves that day after the night porter and Mrs. Higgins had been heard, that there was a very ugly and very black finger which pointed unpleasantly at Mr. Timothy Beddingfield, especially as that gentleman, for some reason which still required an explanation, was not there to put matters right for himself. But there was just one little thing—a mere trifle, perhaps—which neither the coroner nor the jury dared to overlook, though strictly speaking it was not evidence.

"You will remember that when the night porter was asked if he could, among the persons present in court, recognise the Hon. Robert De Genneville's belated visitor, everyone had noticed his hesitation, and marked that the man's eyes had rested doubtingly upon the face and figure of the young Earl of Brockelsby.

"Now, if that belated visitor had been Mr. Timothy Beddingfield—tall, lean, dry as dust, with a bird-like beak and clean-shaven chin—no one could for a moment have mistaken his face—even if they only saw it very casually and recollected it but very dimly—with that of young Lord Brockelsby, who was florid and rather short—the only point in common between them was their Saxon hair.

"You see that it was a curious point, don't you?" added the man in the corner, who now had become so excited that his fingers worked like long thin tentacles round and round his bit of string. "It weighed very heavily in favour of Timothy Beddingfield. Added to which you must also remember that as far as he was concerned, the Hon. Robert De Genneville was to him the goose with the golden eggs.

"The 'De Genneville peerage case' had brought Beddingfield's name in great prominence. With the death of the claimant all hopes of prolonging the litigation came to an end. There was a total lack of motive as far as Beddingfield was concerned."

"Not so with the Earl of Brockelsby," I said, "and I've often maintained—"

"What?" he interrupted. "That the Earl of Brockelsby changed clothes with Beddingfield in order more conveniently to murder his own brother? Where and when could the exchange of costume have been effected, considering that the Inverness cape and Glengarry cap were in the hall of the Castle Hotel at 9.15, and at that hour and until ten o'clock Lord Brockelsby was at the Grand Hotel finishing dinner with some friends.

That was subsequently proved, remember, and also that he was back at Brockelsby Castle, which is seven miles from Birmingham, at eleven o'clock sharp. Now, the visit of the individual in the Glengarry occurred some time after 10 p.m."

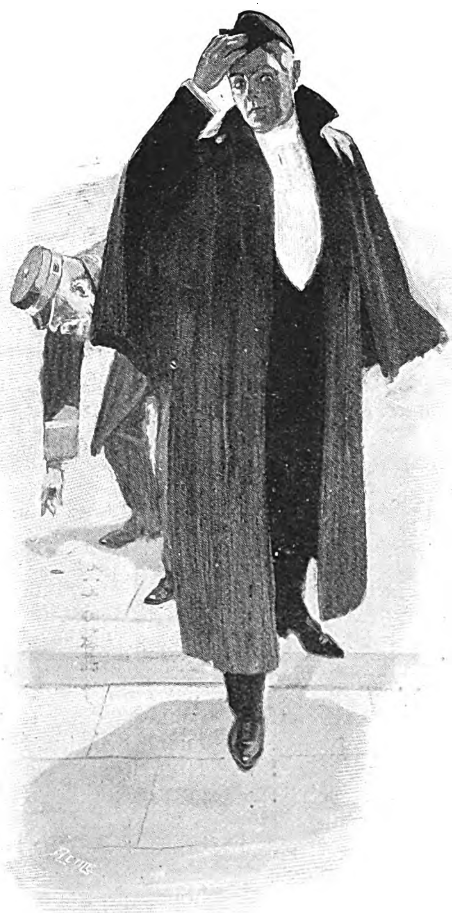
"Then there was the disappearance of Beddingfield," I said musingly. "That certainly points very strongly to him. He was a man in good practice, I believe, and fairly well-known."

"And yet see how simple it is!" cried my friend. "Only the police would not look further than these two men—Lord Brockelsby with a strong motive and the night-porter's hesitation against him, and Beddingfield without a motive, but with strong circumstantial evidence and his own disappearance as condemnatory signs.

"If only they would look at the case as I did and think a little about the dead as well as about the living. If they had remembered that peerage case, the Hon. Robert's debts, his last straw which proved a futile claim.

"Only that very day the Earl of Brockelsby had, by quietly showing the original ancient document to his brother, persuaded him how futile were all his hopes. Who knows how many were the debts contracted, the promises made, the money borrowed and obtained on the strength of that claim which was mere romance? Ahead nothing but ruin, enmity with his brother, his marriage probably broken off, a wasted life, in fact.

"Is it small wonder that, though ill-feeling against the Earl of Brockelsby may have been deep, there was hatred, bitter deadly hatred against the man who with false promises had led him into so hopeless a quagmire? Probably the Hon. Robert owed a great deal of money to Beddingfield, which the latter hoped to recoup at usurious interest, with threats of scandal and what not.



He slips out unrecognised.

"Think of all that," he added, "and then tell me if you believe that a stronger motive for the murder of such an enemy could well be found."

"But what you suggest is impossible," I said aghast.

"Allow me," he said, "it is more than possible—it is very easy and simple. The two men were alone together in the Hon. Robert De Genneville's room after dinner. You, as representing the public, and the police say that Beddingfield went away and returned half an hour later in order to kill his client. I say that it was the lawyer who was murdered at nine o'clock that evening, and that Robert De Genneville, the ruined man, the hopeless bankrupt, was the assassin."

"Then——"

"Yes, of course, now you remember, for I have put you on the track. The face and the body were so battered and bruised that they were past recognition. Both men were of equal height. The hair which alone could not be disfigured or obliterated was in both men similar in colour.

"Then the murderer proceeds to dress his victim in his own clothes. With the utmost care he places his own rings on the fingers of the dead man, his own watch in the pocket; a gruesome task, but an important one, and it is thoroughly well done. Then he himself puts on the clothes of his victim, with finally the Inverness cape and Glengarry, and when the hall is full of visitors he slips out unperceived. He sends the messenger for Beddingfield's portmanteau and starts off by the night express."

"But then his visit at the Castle Hotel at ten o'clock—" I urged. "How dangerous!"

"Dangerous? Yes! but oh, how clever. You see he was the Earl of Brockelsby's twin brother, and twin brothers are always somewhat alike. He wished to appear dead, murdered by someone, he cared not whom, but what he did care about was to throw clouds of dust in the eyes of the police, and he succeeded with a vengeance. Perhaps, who knows? he wished to assure himself that he had forgotten nothing in the *mise-en-scène*, that the body, battered and bruised past all semblance of any human shape save for its clothes, really would appear to everyone as that of the Hon. Robert De Genneville, while the latter disappeared for ever from the old world and started life again in the new.

"Then you must always reckon with the practically invariable rule that a murderer always revisits, if only once, the scene of his crime.

"Two years have elapsed since the crime; no trace of Timothy Beddingfield, the lawyer, has ever been found, and I can assure you that it will never be, for his plebeian body lies buried in the aristocratic family vault of the Earls of Brockelsby."

He was gone before I could say another word. The faces of Timothy Beddingfield, of the Earl of Brockelsby, of the Hon. Robert De Genneville seemed to dance before my eyes and to mock me for the hopeless bewilderment in which I found myself plunged because of them; then all the faces vanished, or, rather, were merged in one long, thin, birdlike one, with bone-rimmed spectacles on the top of its beak, and a wide, rude grin beneath it, and, still puzzled, still doubtful, I too paid for my scanty luncheon and went my way.

. . DON'T YOU? . .

I.

She was tripping down the churchyard in her Sunday gown,
As sweet a little maid as you might see—
She glanced behind her shoulder, and then looked coyly down
As she met th' admiring eyes of "Somebodie."
He offered his umbrella, it was raining so,
And they found that it was large enough for two,
She'd forgotten hers (she'd left it in the pew, you know),
But—I think it was an accident—don't you?

II.

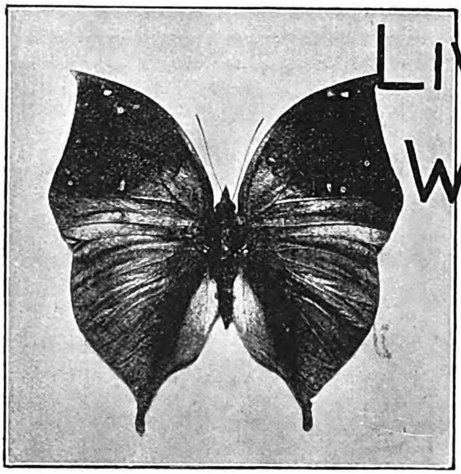
Dreaming happy dreams, down the lane went she,
Marguerites and "Meadowsweet" to find,
(She couldn't know, of course, that "Somebodie"
Wandered unobtrusively behind).
From the top of a style that was rather steep
She fell, and very tearful grew,
So "Sombodie" bent over her in consternation deep,
—He thought it was an accident—don't you?

III.

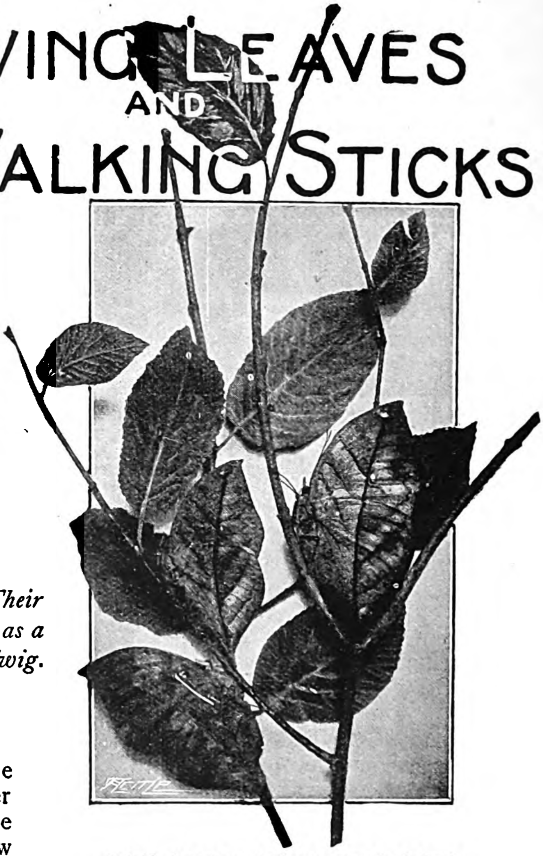
Gazing at the stars above the wood, was she,
Her pretty eyes were full of tenderness,
Struggling with a tiresome knot, was "Somebodie"
(The knot was 'neath her chin—you will guess),
A cloud obscured the moonbeams, the knot was tight,
And the naughty stars peeped down from out the blue,
They saw—a stolen kiss—and to steal isn't right,
But—they thought it was an accident—don't you?

G. Hubi-Newcombe.

LIVING LEAVES AND WALKING STICKS



The gorgeous Indian Kallima butterfly, when flying with its beautiful purple wings outstretched, is a temptation to every bird that sees it; but at the first suspicion of danger—



—it folds its wings, settles on some leafy bush, and vanishes! It has become to all appearances a dead leaf, the soft grey-brown under-side of its wings harmonising perfectly with its surroundings. Problem: find three butterflies on this sprig.

How Insects Protect Themselves from Their Natural Enemies by Disguising Themselves as a Dead Leaf, a Piece of Wood, or a Thorny Twig.

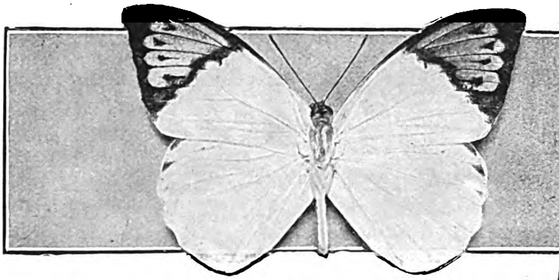
By Percy Collins.

By a decree of Nature one half of the world flourishes at the expense of the other half. Everywhere, from the tropics to the poles, we may trace the workings of this law in all their far-reaching consequences. The sparrow chases the butterfly, but the hawk chases the sparrow. The roach feeds sumptuously on the swarming May-flies, but the pike is ever ready to make a meal of the roach. For the problem of life is two-fold. It is not enough merely to eat; it is necessary to avoid being eaten.

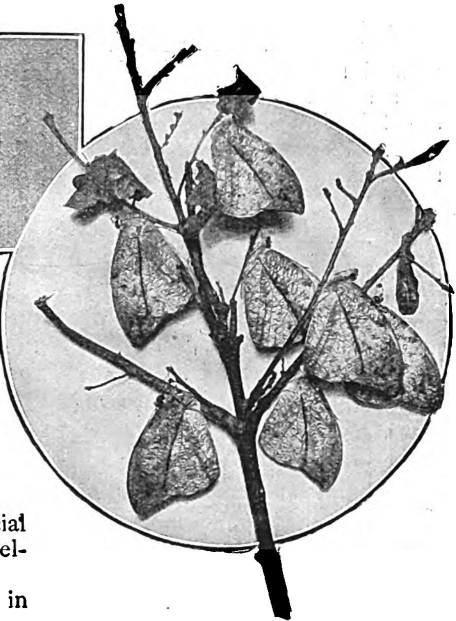
Yet Nature detests killing for killing's sake. Massacre forms no part of her great plan. So we see that every creature is provided with some more or less effective quality of defence, by means of which the attacks of its natural enemies are rendered less frequent or less deadly. Thus, the antelope, by means of its superior speed, at times escapes from the lion. The armadillo, rolled in its wondrous coat of mail, lies secure amongst a score of hungry, gnawing foes, while the white hare, scarcely distinguishable from the snow on which it crouches, is often overlooked by his foe, the fox.

But of all creatures, none have received more ample protection than the insects. Some of them possess stings, others bite, and a few puff out clouds of poisonous vapour to stupefy or blind their pursuers. Again, there are insects clothed in impenetrable armour, insects covered with sharp spines and prickles, and insects whose means of defence consists in nothing but a likeness to the objects which surround them. Of these last, none are more remarkable than those which bear a protective resemblance to leaves, sticks and grasses. Indeed, so exact is the imitation, and so complete the deception worked upon the beholder, that these "vegetable insects" are really the most surprising objects in the whole animal kingdom.

As a general rule, it is impossible to tell from the casual examination of an animal whether its colours and form are protective or not. A butterfly, seen for the first time in a cabinet drawer, conveys little to the mind.



Another species of butterfly—with wings white, except at the tips—is a striking enough object whilst flying—

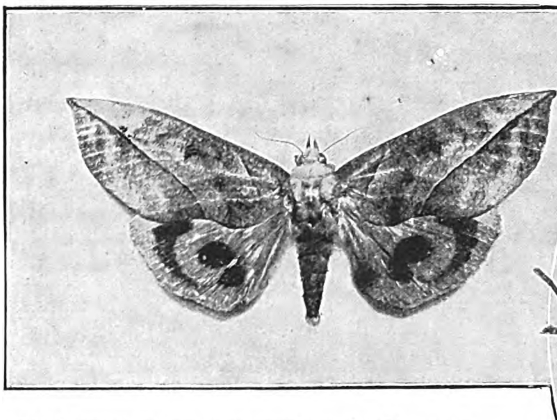


—but it settles on a twig and looks at once like a leaf growing out from it. This twig at first sight seems covered with foliage; it really is covered with butterflies—no less than seven of them.

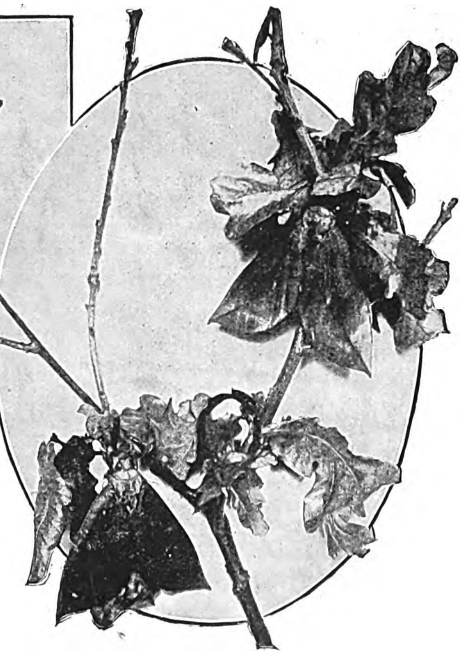
Its tints may seem beautiful, or its shape curious; but the observer learns nothing of the important part played by these details of appearance in the life history of their possessor. On the other hand, when the butterfly is alive, and seated in characteristic attitude amongst its natural surroundings, its special colour and shape are often seen to possess a marvellous significance.

The well-known Indian Kallima is a capital case in point. Flying in the full sunshine, its wings flashing with purple and orange, this butterfly is an exceedingly conspicuous object, calculated to attract every insectivorous bird in the neighbourhood. But directly it closes its wings, and settles to rest upon a twig, it becomes, to all outward appearances, a brown and withered leaf. Not only birds, but men—and naturalists to boot—are often completely at a loss to discover the exact whereabouts of a Kallima which has just settled under their very eyes.

The secret of this sudden transformation lies mainly in the fact that the under surface of the butterfly's wings is coloured in exact imitation of a dead leaf; but the deception is heightened by many deft structural touches. These, and the remarkable pose assumed

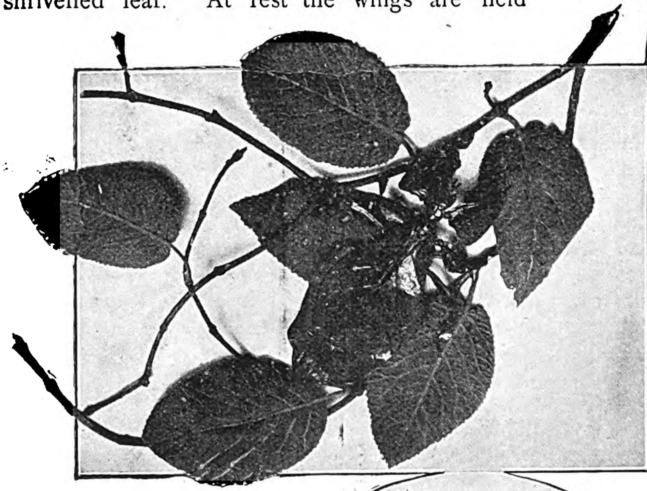


This Japanese moth, with its conspicuous markings, can at will become—

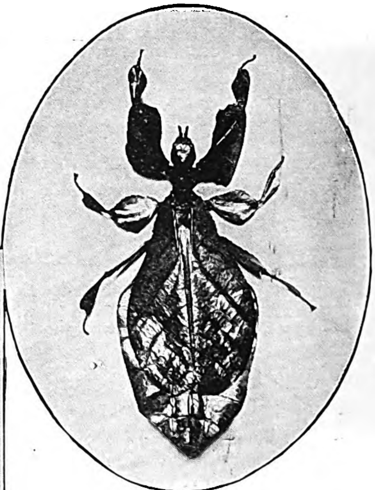


—two dead leaves on an oak tree. It hangs by its mouth, and even a naturalist, whilst searching, may pass it by, deceived by its wonderful likeness to the real leaves.

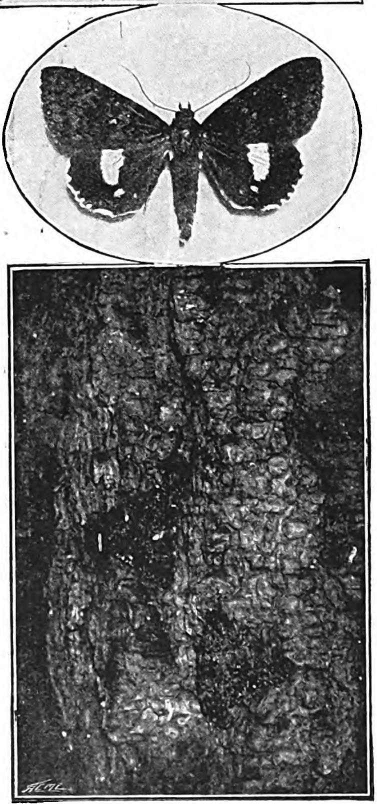
by the resting butterfly, are well described by Professor Poulton. He says: “The tip of the fore-wing is pointed like the apex of a leaf, and the hind-wing has a short tail like a leaf-stalk, while the outline of the folded wings between these extremities is exactly like that of a withered and somewhat shrivelled leaf. At rest the wings are held upright over the back, the head and antennæ are concealed between them, while the tail touches the branch to which the insect clings by its almost invisible legs. Along the supposed leaf runs a distinct mark like a mid-rib, with oblique veinings on either side.”



When it desires to hide itself, it merely flies or crawls into a green bush, and at once becomes invisible.



A wonderful Java insect that seems to be composed entirely of leaves. It is green in colour, and wherever seen might easily be mistaken for an ordinary leaf.



A Japanese moth that can hide itself most effectually by settling with wings outstretched on the coarse bark of a tree-trunk.

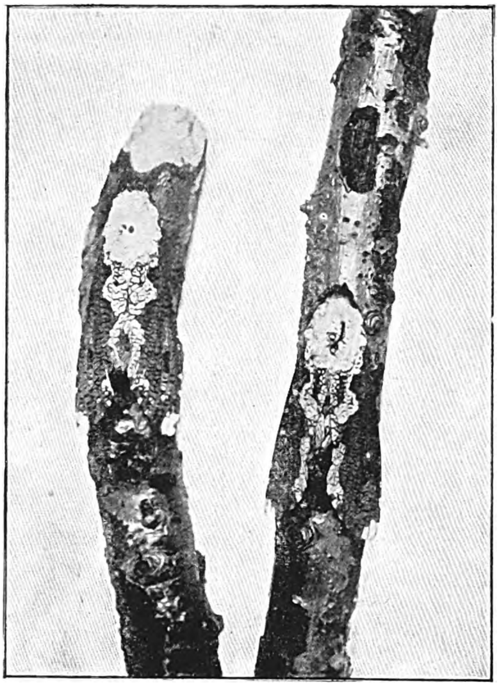
Moreover, just as dead leaves vary in colour, so a corresponding variety of tinting is seen on the undersides of individual Kallimas' wings—scarcely any two specimens being exactly alike. Again, leaves are often pierced by birds or insects; and this possibility is recognised in the butterfly design by a small spot, clear of scales, which exists in each fore-wing. When the insect is at rest, these spots are brought exactly opposite, and the transparent membranes produce the effect of a small, irregular hole.

Besides the Kallima, hundreds of butterflies and moths bear a more or less striking resemblance to foliage; but in most instances the likeness is to dead or withered leaves. In the case of a unique Javanese insect, however, it is the green and living leaf which is reproduced.

The creature is not a butterfly, but a distant relative of our grasshoppers and crickets. Its design of leaf mimicry is carried out in a most complete and business-like manner. Every portion of its anatomy seems to be sprouting. Its body is a leaf, its wings and wing-cases are leaves, whilst each of its legs is fitted with leaf-like appendages to match. To crown all, the insect is uniform vegetable green in colour, and when suspended amongst the sunlit foliage, it can defy detection, even whilst submitting to the closest scrutiny.

Not the least interesting examples of protective mimicry occur amongst those moths which pass the hours of daylight upon tree trunks or rocks. Many of these have their hind-wings conspicuously marked or brightly coloured, and were they unable to conceal them, they would inevitably fall victims to the first bird which happened to come their way. But the fore-wings which fold over the hind-wings like a roof when the insect is at rest, are tinted in soft browns or greys to match the special kind of bark or rock most commonly chosen as a resting-place by each variety of moth.

Moths which frequent beech woods have the fore-wings grey or silvery to match the beech bark; those which favour oak trees have darker wings, while others, whose dormitories are moss-incrusted rocks, have wings whose pattern is that of the green or golden lichen. Sometimes, as in the case of a remarkable Assam moth, the broken, rotting end of a twig is mimicked, while the wings are irregularly besprinkled with light patches in imitation of a fungoid growth.

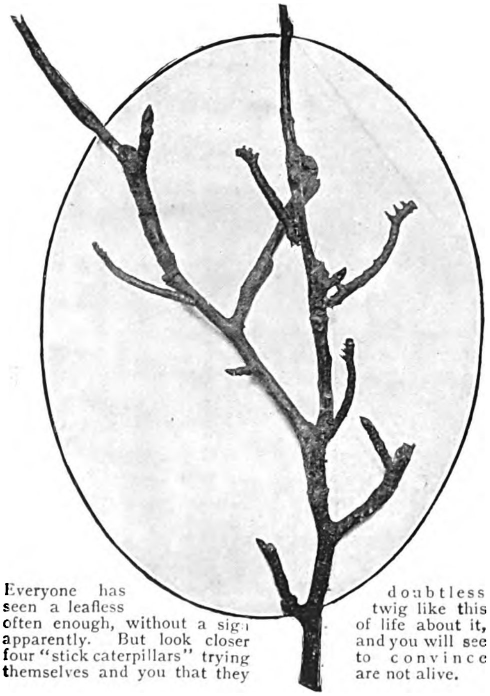


Puzzle—Find two moths. They are not easily seen, nevertheless there are two in the pictur —one on each stick. Their heads are white and their wings are of exactly the same texture as the bark.

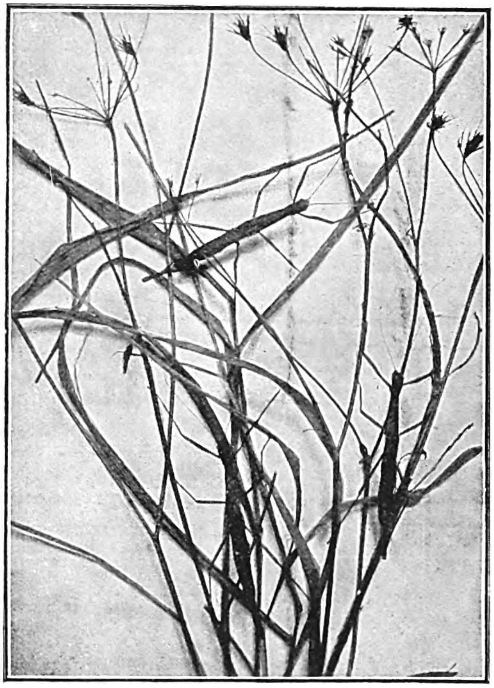
Sticks are at once some of the most common and the least attractive of natural objects. For this reason they are mimicked by a very large number of insect forms in all parts of the world. Even in the British Islands, where the conditions of life as compared with the tropics are easy and simple, some hundreds of caterpillars rely entirely for protection upon their likeness to sticks. Almost all other caterpillars possess five pairs of clasper legs—legs, that is to say, which are peculiar to the caterpillar state; but these stick-like species have only two pairs, disposed at the extreme end of the body. Then, close to the head, are the three pairs of "true" legs, as they are called—those which remain with the creature even when it gets its wings.

This remarkable disposition of the legs necessitates an ungainly, looping motion; but, coupled with the long, thin, cylindrical form of the body, it secures the desired stick-like aspect.

These "looper" caterpillars usually feed in the evening or at night, when their sworn enemies, the birds, are asleep. When the sun rises, they take firm hold of a twig with their four clasper legs, and, standing out stiff and straight, at an acute angle, they become—sticks. In this position they remain perfectly motionless hour after hour, and the bird who would discover enough of them to make a satisfactory meal must "keep his eyes skinned."



Everyone has doubtless seen a leafless twig like this often enough, without a sign of life about it, apparently. But look closer and you will see four "stick caterpillars" trying to convince themselves and you that they are not alive.



Grass-blade insects from Japan, that look just like crumpled grass-stems with smaller blades sticking out.

To lessen the strain which their extraordinary attitude imposes upon the body, many of these stick caterpillars spin a delicate thread from their mouth to the stem on which they rest. That the creature places considerable reliance upon this support may be judged from the fact that if the thread be severed the caterpillar falls back with a jerk.

For more striking examples of stick and grass mimicry, we must turn to exotic insects, many of which reproduce their vegetable surroundings down to the tiniest line or notch with absolute accuracy.

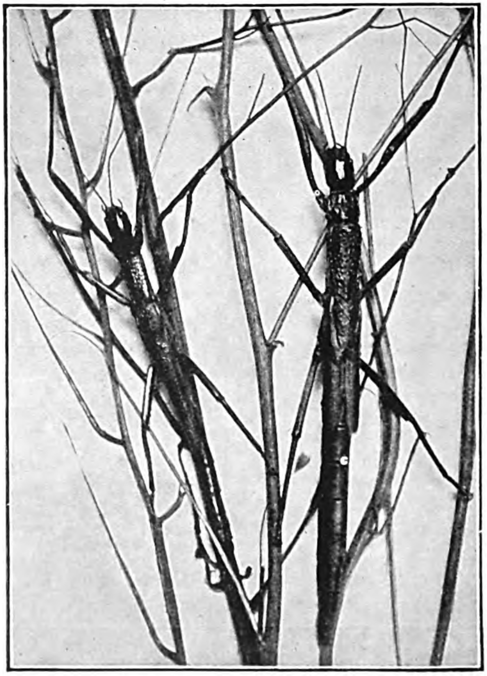
The Japanese phasmids, for instance, whose long, flat, green bodies exactly resemble the tip of a grass blade, afford some evidence of this strange method of passive protection; but many allied Central African forms are even more remarkable. Moreover, the habits of these insects are in every way calculated to assist and heighten the effect produced by their delusive appearance. The following passage, taken from Drummond's "Tropical Africa," is an excellent word picture of one of these natural curiosities :—

> Take two inches of dried yellow grass stalk, such as one might pluck to run through the stem of a pipe; then take six other pieces nearly as long and a quarter as thick; bend each in the middle at any angle you like, stick them in three opposite pairs, and again at any angle you like, upon the first grass stalk, and you have my "Chirombo." When you catch him, his limbs are twisted at every angle, as if the whole were made of one long stalk of delicate grass, hinged in a dozen places, and then gently crushed into a dishevelled heap. Having once assumed a position, by a wonderful instinct he never moves or varies one of his many angles by half a degree. The way this insect keeps up the delusion is indeed almost as wonderful as the mimicry itself, and you may turn him about and over and over, but he is mere dried grass, and nothing will induce him to acknowledge the animal kingdom by the faintest suspicion of spontaneous movement.

"Chirombo," it should be noted, is the native name for these creatures.

Stick insects are by no means always small. Many species, notably those from the extreme tropical regions, are immense creatures, a foot or more in length. Some of these are jointed or knotted in exact imitation of bamboos, canes, or rank grasses. Others, habitually frequenting thorny bushes and scrub, go so far as to reproduce the thorns and prickles upon the surface of their own bodies.

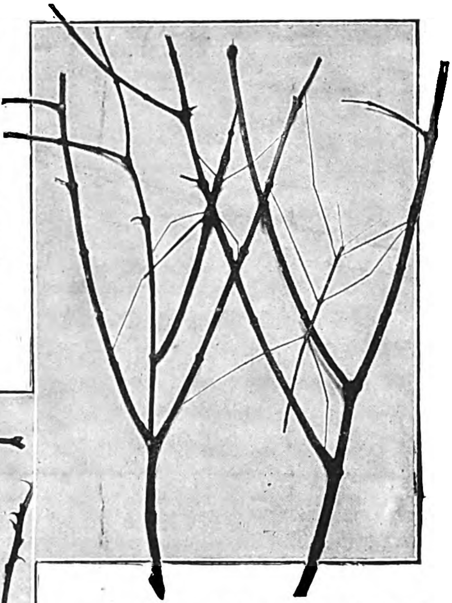
Indeed, there seems no end to the faithfully executed details which a long and arduous course of natural selection has



Bamboo-insects with bodies jointed just like bamboos. They are found in New Guinea, and often cannot be distinguished from the plants they settle on.

produced in these marvellous insect frauds. We should scarcely be overstating the case in asserting that every common form of tropical vegetation has its insect counterpart.

But mimicry is not always merely protective in its object. There are numerous, well-authenticated instances of aggressive resemblance. By this is meant a resemblance which makes it possible for the possessor to approach its prey unobserved, or which induces the prey to advance fearlessly to the very jaws of the would-be destroyer. Many stick insects, being cannibalistic or insectivorous in their habits, must probably be included under this heading.

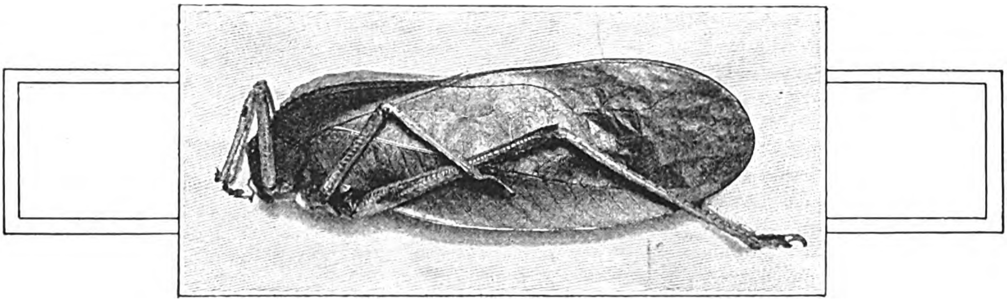


Extraordinary stick-insects, found in Brazil. They grow to an extraordinary length, and have long, straight legs that look like small off-shooting branches.

Prickly-stick insects which are chiefly found on thorny bushes. They imitate the thorns on the bushes, with thorns and prickles on their own bodies and limbs.

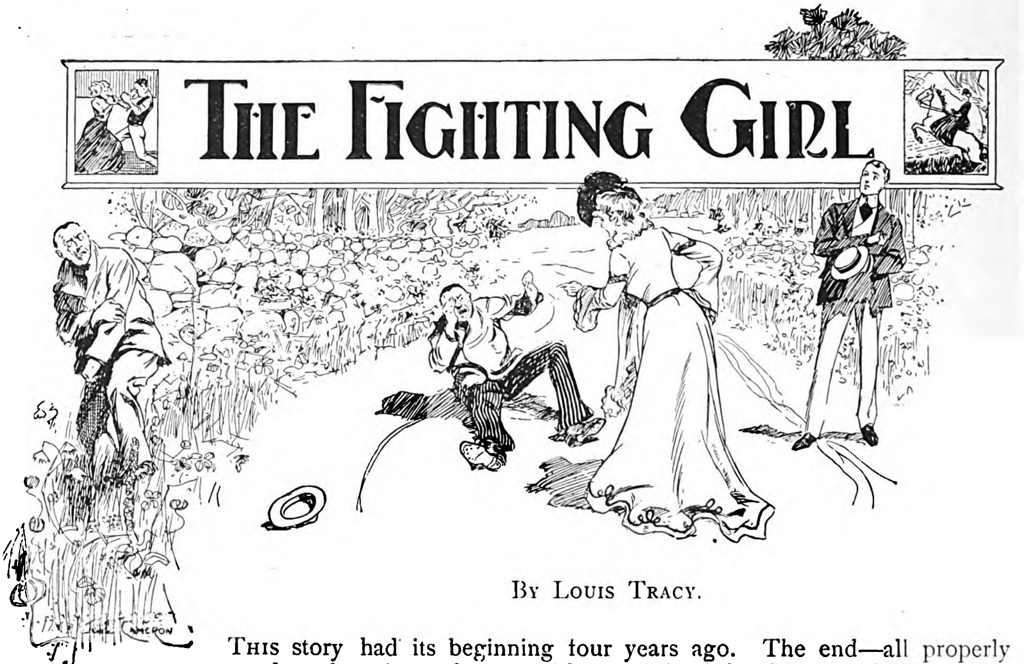
One extreme case of aggressive resemblance is of unusual interest. A curiously shaped Javanese mantis, whose colours are charming pink and white, actually hangs itself in an appropriate position amongst green foliage, and poses to imitate an orchid flower. The reason for this very remarkable behaviour is at first difficult to comprehend; but when we learn that the creature's favourite dish is butterfly *au naturel*, we gain some realisation of its deep seated subtlety.

As a matter of fact, and as an outcome of its unique shape and colour, the mantis is able to satisfy its appetite in a very simple manner. It merely waits passively in its flower-like attitude. Sooner or later a butterfly makes its appearance, and bent on sipping the sweet nectar of what it imagines to be a flower, it flies straight to the orchid-like mantis. Not until it is struggling in the cruel grasp of the shameless fraud does the butterfly realise that it has been trapped.



A huge New Guinea grasshopper, which, when seen in the grass, looks like a green leaf blown down by the wind. From end to end it measures over five inches.

THE FIGHTING GIRL



By Louis Tracy.

This story had its beginning four years ago. The end—all properly conducted stories end in a wedding—is fixed for the second Wednesday in next month. For all that, it is not common-place. No one who knew Gladys Horton could possibly expect that she would behave as other girls do. People who made her acquaintance for the first time were surprised, or shocked, according to their way of thinking, when they heard the facts about her.

Strangers who came to the little North Riding town of Holmfirth—anglers for the most part, the neighbouring becks being famous for their speckled trout—would lounge at times in the porch of the Black Bull. Suddenly their wandering gaze would light upon a very handsome girl, tall, blue-eyed, brown-haired, walking down the High Street with the swift ease of athleticism, carrying a tennis-racket, a golf-bag, a fishing-rod and pannier, or perhaps a small basket covered with a snowy towel, and neatly garbed in fashion appropriate to the errand of the hour.

Then there ensued an invariable formula of question and answer between the strangers aforesaid and the nearest domestic:

"Who is that?"

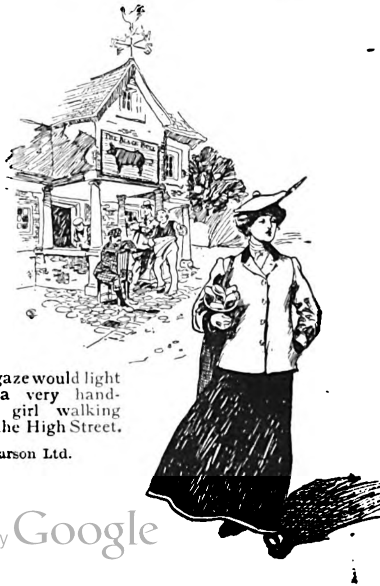
"That, sir? That's Awd Tommy Horton's daughter, Miss Gladys, an' a rare fine lass she be."

"And who is Old Tommy Horton?"

"Why, sir, he keeps t' Holmfirth Awd Bank."

It is odd, but true, that the guests of the Black Bull Hotel thenceforth found pretexts for business at the Bank, business that would bring them into personal contact with the manager, who, in early days—when Gladys was eighteen—could have dined at the Black Bull twice every night during the fishing season were he so minded. Three months' experience placed the genial old gentleman on guard against this insidious advance. During that period, Gladys "refused" one vicar, four subalterns, two stockbrokers, and a miscellaneous assortment of landed gentry, professional gentlemen, and merchants.

Then father and daughter, aided and abetted by Gladys's two strapping brothers, solemnly decided that their dinner list should be strictly limited to friends and acquaintances of at least twelve months' standing, any exception



Their gaze would light upon a very handsome girl walking down the High Street.

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to the rule being subject to the girl's veto. It was hard on Tom and Jim, and it diminished the receipts at the Black Bull, but some such regulation was necessary if the family was to continue to exist in the peaceful happiness of former years.

Towards the close of the following May, Mr. Horton received a tempting offer to sell his bank to a larger establishment. He yielded, somewhat unwillingly, but such was the tendency of the age, and neither of his boys cared for banking, one being destined for the army and the other for electrical engineering.

The Holmfirth Old Bank was to be bought out on the average trading of the past three years.

"I can't understand," commented the buyer's auditor, "why you transact so much business from the middle of March until the end of June. Last year it was most marked, and I find it is continuing now, though not quite so pronouncedly."

Being a Yorkshireman, Mr. Horton simply explained that the fishing season brought a good many temporary accounts.

"Well," remarked the other, "it is a capital thing for you, of course, and I only hope it keeps up."

"My youngsters tell me that the streams are improving steadily. The Black Bull is adding another wing, too, as bedrooms are scarce."

"Yes, that is all well and good, but why people should want to buy and sell stock, and transfer large sums to current account, during a fortnight's stay in Holmfirth, is beyond my comprehension."

And what more could Gladys's father say? He stipulated that when he sold out he should retire from the management. Hence, the North-Eastern Banking and Discount Corporation sent a young man down to Holmfirth from their Leeds offices to pick up the threads of local affairs. Simultaneously with his arrival this true record of events really got on its legs.

Walter Hepburn was a tall, thin person, who had been brought up on a system that developed his brains at the expense of his muscles. He was very clever, not at all bad-looking, and could speak French and German perfectly. But he did not know the hocks of a horse from the animal's withers, it was nothing to him that Yorkshire had set up a perpetual title to the cricket championship, and, although a resident in Leeds for two years, he had never heard of Jim Mace.

Gladys ignored him for quite six weeks. One day, by chance, he encountered her returning from a favourite pool in the Codbeck, and the density of his ignorance anent black gnats, May-flies, March browns, and running worms, appalled her. She told him so.

"I am willing to learn," he ventured.

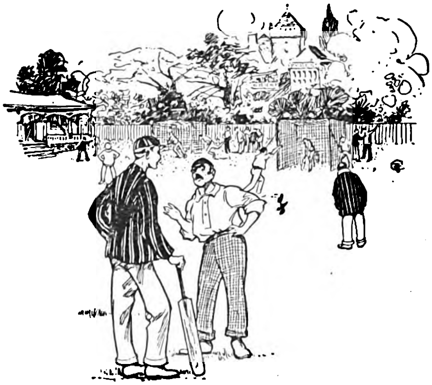
"Ah," she thoughtlessly replied, "I fear you are too old."

She was sorry the moment the words passed her lips, and then she was annoyed with Mr. Hepburn as the unwitting cause of her self-reproach.

They parted stiffly.

"What a horrid muff Mr. Hepburn is," she confided to her brother Jim. "I happened to mention spoon bait to him, and he asked me what kind of spoons I used; he thought the ordinary tea-spoon would be very heavy."

"He was probably thinking of another sort of spoon altogether," was the grinning and unsympathetic answer.



The cricket groundsman confidentially informed him that if he learnt the laws of the game, he would get more fun out of umpiring than playing.

But Walter Hepburn's face glowed with dusky red as he walked on alone to his lodgings.

"Too old!" he muttered. "Those are new words in my life."

So he joined the local tennis, cricket, and golf clubs, and arranged for a series of lessons in casting flies. At the end of a week he discovered that a close acquaintance with the differential calculus was of no avail in field sports. On the Saturday afternoon the cricket groundsman confidentially informed him that if he learnt the laws of the game, and watched a few good matches, he would get more fun out of umpiring than playing. That same evening his piscatorial tutor, a retired poacher, advised the purchase of a joint rod and a float.

"A'most anny fule can see a cork bobbin' up an' down," was the blunt Yorkshire explanation, "but it's a shameful weaste o' good tackle te see you a-tanglin' flies, maister."

More humiliated than he cared to confess, the young man went home, wrathfully swallowed his supper, and set out for a long country walk, thereby unconsciously adopting the best method of physical training yet invented.

The long June day was slow a-dying. In the richer meadows the hay already strewed the land in even swathes, and the pleasant scent mingled with the more delicate perfume of the briars and the woodbine in the hedges. By degrees his anger vanished. He smiled at his wounded vanity and drew forth a pipe, man's chief consoler in hours of torment. So the skilled reader will at once perceive that he was not in love. He admired Gladys Horton very much indeed, but he was plentifully endowed with common sense, and he realised that to permit the tiniest shoot of the human passion-flower to spring up in his heart would be a foolish experiment.

She would be rich, he was poor, with a widowed mother dependent on his exertions. Although a well-educated girl, her instincts were sporting; he took a keen interest in cuneiform inscriptions and beguiled his lighter moments by writing essays on physics. Her father and brothers, too, moved in a different world to his.

The budding engineer, it is true, occasionally sought his aid in solving some dynamic problem, and the banker listened with respect to his lucid analysis of clearing-house operations; but these were episodes—in everyday life they talked of horse and hound, records and aggregates, freshets, bags, baskets, reels, spills—a jargon of words new and strange to Walter Hepburn's ears.

Therefore he told himself, with a sigh, that Gladys was not for him. She would marry one of the fox-hunting squires, titled or otherwise, who drove up to the bank in high dog-carts, and called out Old Tommy Horton to see their latest trapper, bought at Darlington or Thirsk. If the banker's estimate approximated within a ten-pound note to the price paid, they trotted off in sedate glee, and, for the life of him, Hepburn could not understand why a big horse should be valued at £65, whilst a little one should fetch "something over a hundred."

About half-past nine he swung into a lane that would bring him back to Holmfirth in twenty minutes. At that moment a young lady, in a white muslin dress and a very large straw hat, sprang lightly over a stile, swinging an empty basket in her hand.

"You, Miss Horton?" he gasped.

"Yes, I, Mr. Hepburn. Is it so very amazing? I have been to Smith's Cottages A poor old woman there is very ill, and I visit her occasionally."

The basket, by the way, was not quite empty. A folded napkin reposed in the depths. Naturally, the two walked together towards the little town.

Now, even in the North Riding there are a few wicked people who occasionally require accommodation in a county gaol, and Holmfirth rejoiced in the possession of a huge iron-clamped building devoted to this purpose.

From the height of his newly found philosophy Walter was pleased to advise.

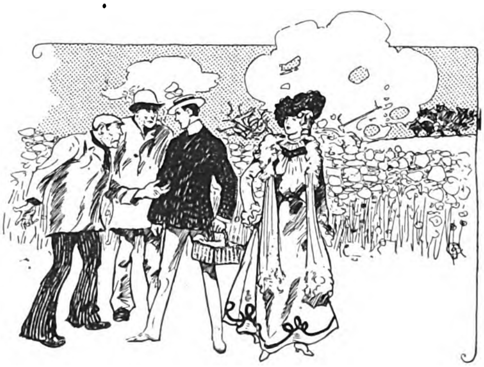
"Charity is an excellent thing," he said, "but do you think it is quite wise to wander unaccompanied about these lonely roads at a late hour? Of course, you know every inch of the ground and all the inhabitants. But, only last week, I read of a robbery committed by some discharged prisoners. They——"

Gladys laughed merrily.

"Show me your discharged prisoner," she cried. "He will not scare me, I promise you."

Then, to atone for that unkind remark at their last meeting, she led him on to talk of himself. He was a University man. The kindness of a friend obtained him an appointment in a London bank. There followed quick promotion to the clearing house, to Leeds, to Holmfirth, where his mother would join him, when——

"Oh, your mother is alive?" interrupted Gladys.



"Give us a match, young feller."

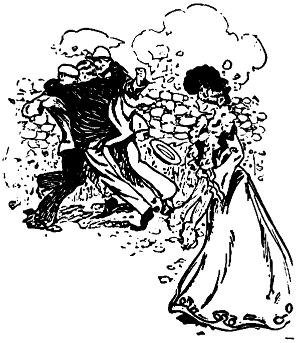
“ Yes, thank Heaven.”

“I envy you,” she said softly. “ My father and brothers are everything that is good, but you cannot tell how a girl misses her mother. No one on earth can take her place.”

Having found a topic of common interest, they hugged it. Walter forgot the higher mathematics in the simple annals of childhood. In five minutes Gladys and he saw each other in a fresh light.

But the phrase is metaphorical, for in actual fact the light was becoming very dim. The night was fine, there was no moon, and the white road stretched in front like a vague path to the North Pole, for the high hedges and clumps of trees shut out from view the scattered houses of Holmfirth.

Suddenly two men appeared from nowhere. One instant the lane was empty, the next, two tramp-like individuals barred the way, and a rough voice growled:



He sprang at both men, locking an arm round each rough neck.

“ Give us a match, young feller.”

Walter's heart throbbed, but he managed to maintain a cool semblance.

“ Certainly,” he answered, producing his match-box.

“ An' some 'bacca! ”

The speaker's surly tone would have excused a curt refusal. But Hepburn's well-developed bump of perception told him that the couple of rascals confronting him were only seeking a pretext for a quarrel. He would avoid such a thing by all means. He could not hope to combat even one of the men. Against two, the idea became ludicrous. And there was Gladys to think of. Yet a man, a young man, in the presence of a nice young woman, does not like to admit these well-reasoned arguments. His face became moist. The very roots of his hair tingled with shame.

Gladys, meanwhile, was quietly pulling on her suéde gloves.

Walter handed over his tobacco-pouch. The predominant partner of the pair gave the pouch to his companion, and instantly struck a match. He held the vesta so that its flickering rays illumined the young people. He evidently expected to see two village lovers, but he was quick to note their superior rank. He superciliously surveyed Hepburn's figure and general dimensions. The latter had not yet acquired the country habit of carrying a stick. He was quite defenceless. Down went the match.

“ Look here, mister,” came the imperative order, “ you an' the young lady must just hand over yer watches, jewellery an' money, or it will be worse for both of yer. Quick, now. We can't wait.”

Then Walter did a really plucky thing. His name showed that he came of a stock not unused of old to the “alarums and excursions of war,” and the blood of his ancestors must have leaped to his eyes, for he sprang at both men, locking an arm round each rough neck and clutching them with all his might.

“ Run, Gladys! ” he yelled. “ Don't mind me! ”

Even in his despairing frenzy he heard the chuckle of angry laughter with which the second foot-pad greeted this attempt at aggressive defence. With a scientific wrench the man twisted himself free.

“ Go through him, Bill,” he shouted. “ I'll look after the gal.”

He was mistaken. The girl looked after him. With the left, over the heart, she disabled him. With the right she closed his eyes for some hours, and decorated each eye with a “mouse” for a fortnight. With the left again, on the nose this time, she tumbled him, half insensible, into the ditch.

“ Bill ” was using Hepburn very badly. The unfortunate banker, hoping that Gladys was escaping, refused to be “gone through.” Indeed, he made such violent, if ill-directed, attempts to hurt his assailant that the man cried savagely:

“ Chuck it, you fool, or I'll out yer! ”

“ No, you won't,” said a pleasant voice close to his ear, whilst someone grabbed him by the collar, swung him free from Walter, and proceeded to deliver him the “ one, two, three ” treatment in prescribed order.

But he was a tall ruffian, and the second blow landed on his nose. Not that it was rendered more pleasant thereby, but he could still see. He tried to dodge the punisher intended for his jaw, and feebly countered, the result being that Gladys hurt her knuckles against his teeth. So, to make sure, she administered two rib-roasters, and Bill collapsed in the middle of the road.

“ Do you want any more? ” she inquired,

with an eye for his feet, as such men are often vicious.

"Gor-blime, no," he moaned, "what sort o' gal are you, anyhow?"

"Well, here is half a crown for you. Look after your friend. He is lying beneath the hedge. And get away from here as sharp as you can, or my brothers may come after you with dog whips."

"Your *brothers!*" was the whimpering answer. "For pity's sake, miss, don't send any more o' t' family. One's quite enough. We never meant to hurt you, I swear. We're hard up, just left t' stone joog this mornin' an' we thort——"

"You thought wrong," said Gladys, "Come along, Mr. Hepburn. I shall be late home."

She picked up her basket. Hepburn, amazed beyond words by the disillusionment of "Bill"—the only part of the encounter he had witnessed—walked by her side for yards.

"They have got my tobacco-pouch and match-box," he murmured at last. He could think of nothing else to say.

"Run back for them! I will wait here. If there's any trouble, call me, but don't—yes, you may. Just shout 'Gladys'."

There was no need to shout anything. The spoil was yielded readily, and Hepburn added another half-crown to the relief fund.

Gladys and he stepped out briskly towards Holmfirth. Once she stopped.

"Would you mind striking a match?" He obeyed. She examined a glove, badly split across the back.

"I feared that would happen," she cried with some temper. "It is too bad, but in such a bad light I hit a trifle wild."

"And would *you* mind telling me who taught you how to use your fists like a prize-fighter?" he asked, calmer now, but reviewing events with even greater astonishment.

"Why, my father, of course. Have you never seen his trophies in the dining-room?"

"Do you mean the silver on the sideboard?"

Then Gladys laughed, long and loud, with perhaps a secret joy at the excuse, for her nerves were just a wee bit excited.

"Silver! They're cups and belts. He was middle-weight amateur champion of England for five years, and fought the Walsall Pet privately for £500. That is, I mean, dad got nothing when he won, but if he'd lost he would have had to pay the five hundred."

Hepburn remembered his feeling of surprise when he first entered Dr. Horton's office and found the walls decorated with rare old prints of famous "mills," alternating with portraits of race-horses, all of which seemed to be lineal descendants of "Hermit" on the one side and "Blink Bonny" on the other.

"But," he said, still treading on air, "it doesn't follow that, because your father practised pugilism for amusement, you should be an expert. You—you don't look that sort of girl, Miss Horton."

"How odd! Perhaps I have created a type. Not many girls can box, you know."

"I have never before heard of one."

"Let me explain matters a little. Tom is a year older than I, Jim a year younger. Of course, dad taught them the noble art, and I often put on the gloves with them. When I was sixteen I could hammer both of them. Then my music mistress complained, so I had to stop it—see? But I have not forgotten the tricks, and I know exactly how and where to hit."

Candidly, Miss Gladys was conscious now of a keen desire to forget the affair. They were not far from the bank.

"Perhaps," she said slowly, "it would be best to say nothing about our adventure. My father might be alarmed in the future, though he *would* enjoy the story, too. Still——"

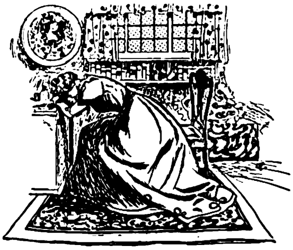
"I quite agree with you," broke in Hepburn. "I cut such an inglorious figure that——"

"You!" she cried, yielding to enthusiastic impulse. "You behaved splendidly! For me it was nothing. I was as certain of beating those two men as I am of lifting the latch of this gate. But for you to close with them so pluckily—and so hopelessly—was perfectly heroic. Believe me, Mr. Hepburn, you, at any rate, have no cause to condemn yourself."

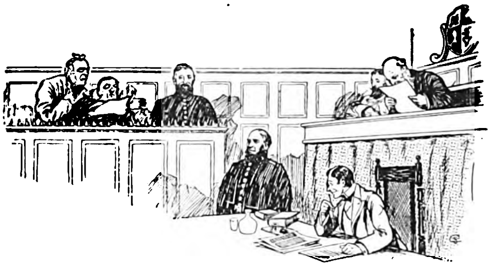
She bowed and left him. He strode through the High Street in a fever of conflicting emotions. The girl went straight to her room, closed the door, and began to cry.

"What could I do?" she sobbed. "Poor fellow! They would have killed him. Yet he thinks me unladylike, horrid, an absolutely dreadful—creature."

Next day the story was all over Holmfirth. The two tramps, when



The girl went straight to her room, closed the door, and began to cry.



"I call it 'ard," he said, "fer a feller ter be laid about as I was, an' then 'ave ter pay for it."

able to move, crawled back to the town, and exchanged the tip for beer. Their five shillings, went a very long way when others in the tap-room managed to extract the truth out of them.

Far worse, they were locked up, and came before Mr. Horton, as one of the local bench of magistrates, next morning.

"Bill" insisted on giving a full, graphic and gratuitous account of the mauling he and his mate received from a "slip of a girl in a white frock, and a big straw hat."

"Gen'elmen," he concluded, "whoever taught that lass how to use her dukes knew a bit, s'elp me!"

The chairman bent over the charge sheet to hide his face.

"Five shillings and costs, or seven days," he gurgled.

Then Bill's taciturn partner was moved to speech. "I call it 'ard," he said, "fer a feller ter be laid about as I was, an' then 'ave ter pay for it. Look at my eyes, guv'nor! Watch this lump on my jawr still growin'! I've 'ad more'n five bobs' worth, I 'ave."

"Downstairs!" cried the police usher, and the two disappeared.

Old Tommy Horton never moved a muscle, nor did he take part in the case. But he spoke a few words to the clerk, with the result that a policeman saw Bill and his mate into the next train for Middlesborough, and handed to each of them a ticket and half a sovereign.

Two months later Mrs. Hepburn made the acquaintance of Gladys.

"What a charming girl she is," said the mother to her son. "So unaffected, so sweet, so thoroughly womanly. Many girls nowadays think of little but aping the ways of men. Miss Horton reminds me of the days when I was young."

And when Walter abruptly changed the conversation, the old lady looked at him wistfully, wondering what manner of wife he would choose for himself.

That was four years ago. The other day Mr. Walter Hepburn, financial head of the enterprising firm of electrical engineers in which Jim Horton has just become a partner, was runner-up for the Holmfirth Golf Club bogey competition. Next year he hopes to win outright, as Gladys, after their marriage, intends to coach him seriously.

NOTE.—Excepting names of persons and places, the above story is a record of actual fact. The heroine is well-known to hundreds of admiring friends, and is famous, among other exploits, for having taken a hunter, bare-backed, and sitting in the orthodox lady's style, over a five-barred gate.

. . CONSOLATION. . .

LITTLE Miss Poor-but-Pretty
  Beheld with a wistful eye
The carriage of rich Miss Millions,
  Which rolled serenely by.
Little Miss Poor-but-Pretty
  In sadness hung her head.
"How nice to be rich like she is!
  I wish we could change!" she said.

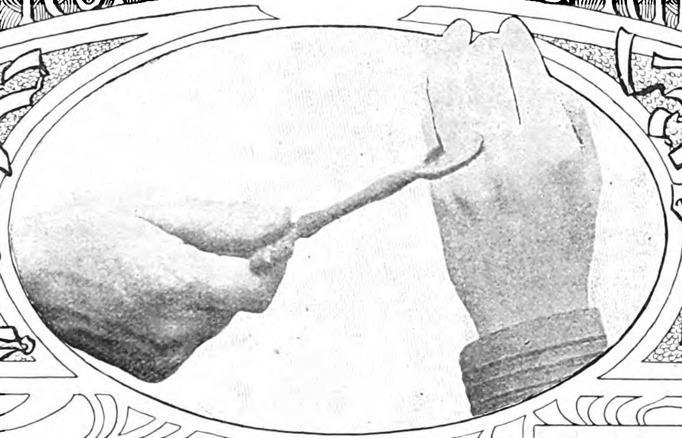
Little Miss Poor-but-Pretty
  Had somebody by her side,
Somebody sympathetic,
  Who consolation tried.
"Riches, they count but little,"
  Somebody rashly said,
"Perhaps Miss Millions gladly
  Would change with you, instead!

"Perhaps she'd like to be pretty,
  With eyes like a summer sky,
And a thousand charms and graces
  To tempt a lover's eye.
Perhaps"—and his tones were softer—
  "With wealth she would gladly part,
If she—like you—had someone
  Who loved her with all his heart!"

Little Miss Poor-but-Pretty
  Suddenly ceased her sighs,
Thought no more about riches,
  But looked in her lover's eyes;
And, reading there the story
  That never can grow old,
Little Miss Poor-but-Pretty
  Suddenly was consoled.

JESSIE CARR.

IMPROMPTU WEDDING RINGS



An Amusing Article that Tells of the Strange Substitutes Used when Careless Best Men let the Bridegrooms leave the Ring behind.

BY PHIL LANDER.

THAT is an awful moment in the life of a man when, at his own marriage ceremony, it suddenly flashes across his mind that he has forgotten to bring the wedding ring!

Think of the mental torture endured by the unfortunate being who has to acknowledge that he has made such a deplorable blunder! If the church floor were to open and swallow him, that man would regard it as a personal favour on the part of the church.

The kindly clergyman who is tying the knot whispers, perhaps, the gentle reminder:

"The ring."

But in a sort of shuddering gasp comes the response:

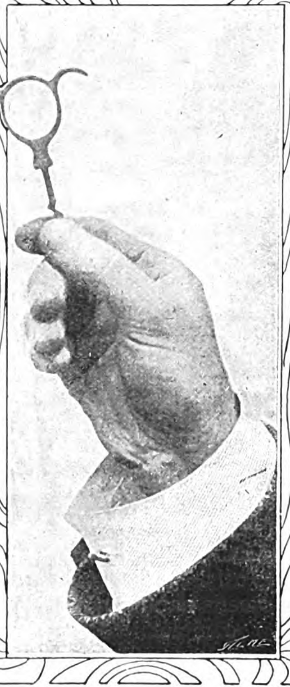
"I've forgotten it!"

What a glorious thrill of excitement runs through the spectators. Every man, woman, and child in the church realises the situation.

"*He's forgotten the ring!*"

And it is no excuse for the wretched bridegroom to say the best man ought to have reminded him. The best man always disclaims responsibility if anything goes wrong.

It is sufficient to state the fact that many such instances of forgetting the wedding ring have actually occurred. The only wonder is that the occurrence does not happen more frequently. It is, in fact, remarkable that the average man, on his wedding morning, can manage to keep a thought of a mere circlet of gold in his mind.



Two curious wedding rings, neither of which came out of a jeweller's shop. They were used at weddings when the bridegrooms had left the proper rings behind. The first is a church door-key—which has done duty as a wedding ring on other occasions—and the second is a corkscrew, which some one present happened to have in his pocket.

In the East End of London there is a church where, on certain days throughout the year, marriages take place on a wholesale scale, with reduced terms for a number. The good man whose duty it is to assist young couples into early trouble, knows his congregation, so he keeps a little stock of brass rings to meet emergencies, as the youthful bridegrooms sometimes do not grasp the fact that a visit to the jeweller's is a usual and necessary preliminary to entering the bonds.

A carpenter was once being married when he found that he had forgotten the ring. But he happened to have a screw-ring (used for hanging pictures) in his pocket, so he used that.

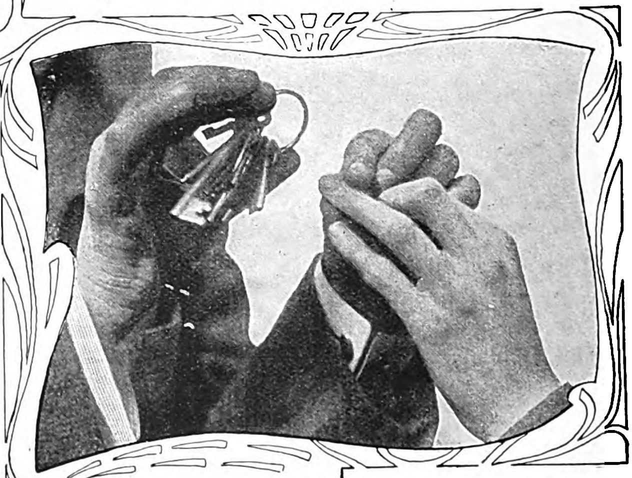
Most churches are not, however, fitted out with the same regard to detail in providing accessories for those aspiring to matrimonial honours. Therefore, should a bridegroom, in a short fit of mental aberration, leave the all-important band of gold behind him on the morning of mornings, a situation is apt to arise requiring some very diplomatic handling.

To complete the marriage ceremony, according to the laws of the church, a ring is absolutely essential. Fortunately, it has been decided that anything in the form of a circle will do in an emergency.

And so, the memory of man being but a frail thing, the annals of matrimonial contracts bear testimony to a number of substitutes for wedding rings which have from time to time saved the situation.

Not many months ago, in a Liverpool church, this incident occurred. A young couple had turned up at the appointed hour to have the matrimonial knot tied. All went well until the vital moment came for the production of the ring. But lo! the bridegroom had forgotten it, as many had done before. The wedding was a private one. The church held no guests, no kindly married lady to proffer the loan of a wedding ring. The officiating clergyman had no ring, the prospective bride was without even an engagement ring. What was to be done? The verger, the only witness, stood by, church door-key in hand. He proposed the door-key as a substitute for the orthodox wedding ring. There was nothing else to be done. The lady, against her will, assented, and the door-key did its new duty!

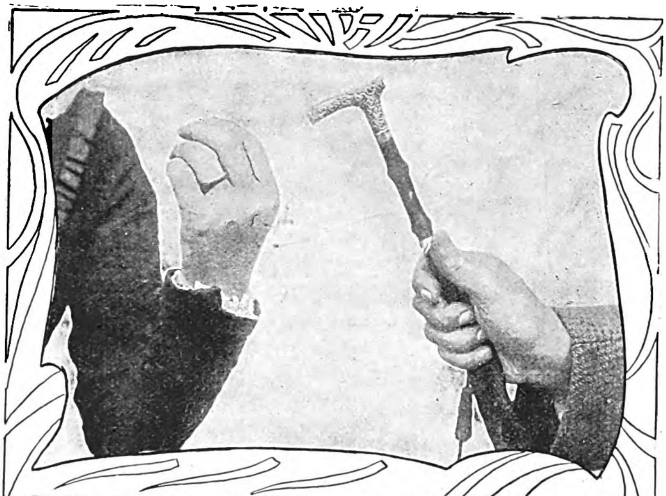
At another wedding, the awkward fact of the forgotten wedding ring being established, a substitute was sought for, but the only thing in the shape of a circle in possession of the limited company assembled, was, above all things, a corkscrew!



A key ring has more than once served as a wedding ring when the real one had been forgotten. A London registrar in a poor district uses his as a regular thing in the many cases where bridegrooms come without the proper article.

The curtain ring which married a happy-go-lucky Jack Tar to his sweetheart when he had been robbed of the one he had provided.

Another curious incident at a village wedding. The bridegroom was the village carpenter. In fumbling in his pocket, at the usual cue from the clergyman, for the real wedding ring (which he had forgotten) his trembling fingers

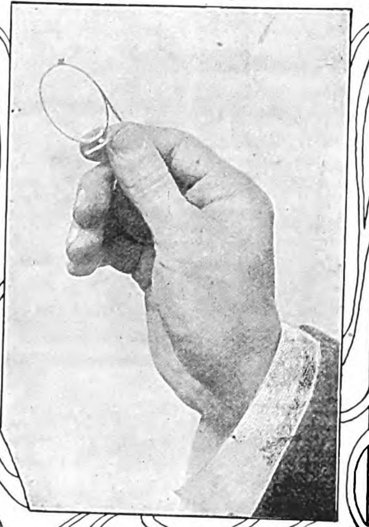


An india-rubber wedding ring, commonly used to keep an umbrella tightly rolled, has been known to tie the marriage knot just as tightly as the orthodox article.

touched a screw ring (for hanging pictures) which by accident happened to be there instead. He grasped the situation with wonderful astuteness for a yokel, and, with a muttered explanation, placed the ring on the bride's finger, much to her amazement.

A London registrar of marriages once informed the writer that in all cases of "forgotten" rings he lends his key-ring for wedding purposes.

Formerly, to save time, he used to keep a stock of cheap rings which he allowed the couples to retain, but the report soon got abroad that the "bloke at the weddin' orfis" presented all his clients with rings! The result was that amongst perhaps a dozen couples only one or two would take the trouble to come provided. So the system of wedding rings for nothing had to be stopped, and now, should the "forgotten the ring" excuse be made, the blushing bride has to be content with the use of the key-ring!

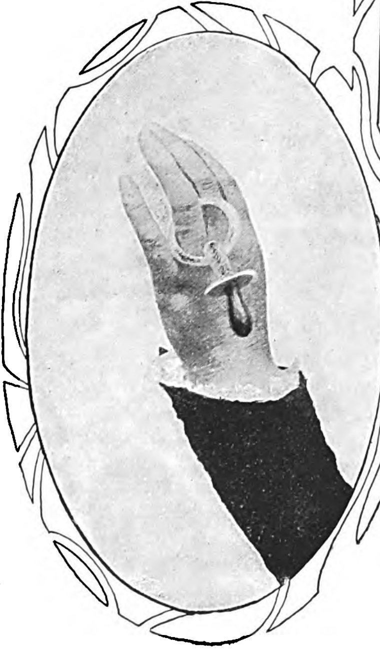


The rim of a *pince-nez* (the glass being removed) has also done emergency duty as wedding ring.

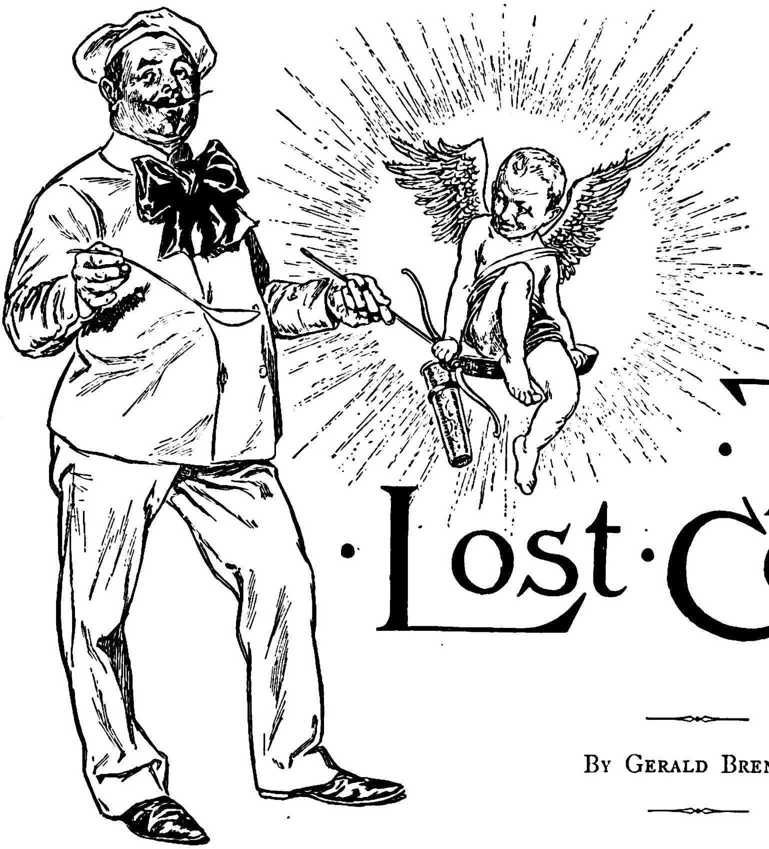
A Jack Tar who was seeking the hand and heart of a buxom Hampshire lass at Portsmouth came to have the knot tied with the assistance of a curtain ring! He explained with pleasing candour that he had got rather drunk the day before and was robbed of the real article, but he solemnly promised to buy another wedding ring as soon as he drew his pay.

An umbrella ring once came to the rescue of a wedding party in distress at Leicester quite recently. Even the ring of a *pince-nez* eyeglass has been known to satisfy the scruples of a bride.

But perhaps really the strangest substitute was the ivory ring of a baby's comforter. It was the same old story—the ring forgotten and not one to be found among the limited company present. There was, however, a small, fat baby with a comforter. This was requisitioned, and with its aid the contract was completed. The baby showed his disapproval of the whole proceeding by howling vigorously till the comforter was restored.



The ivory ring of a baby's comforter is certainly the strangest substitute for a wedding ring that can be imagined. It is nevertheless said to have been so used by a well-known London comedian.



The Lost Cook

By Gerald Brenan.

Lady Loughwell was in a state verging on despair; Sir Thomas had quite lost his usual pomposity of manner; and even Barbara, my laughing Barbara, seemed overcome by the appalling crisis in her family affairs.

Their *chef*, that king of cooks, the world-famous, the inimitable Petitpois, had disappeared. "Not one word," cried Lady Loughwell, "not one scrap of information has he left as to his whereabouts. If he cannot be found we are for ever disgraced. Our dinner to the Prince Imperial of Neustria is *irrevocably* fixed for Thursday evening. It was to have been the triumph of the season, and now ——! Call in the police, we will not. The affair would leak out, and the wretched papers would poke endless fun at us. And so, dear Mr. Shafto, we thought of you. We all know how clever you are——"

At this I blushed slightly. I am "dear Mr. Shafto," otherwise Cuthbert Shafto, of the Middle Temple, barrister.

"—— and we feel that if anyone can find Petitpois in time for the dinner to His Imperial Highness, you are the man. That was why we sent for you and asked you to come to Park Lane at once."

"There's nobody like an old and tried friend, after all," cried Sir Thomas, clapping me upon the back in his heartiest Threadneedle Street manner. Barbara's eyes were cast down; she felt ashamed of this rapid change of front on the part of her parents. Hardly a month before, I had been practically banished from the Loughwell house in Park Lane, and forbidden to pay my addresses to Barbara, whom I had known and loved since childhood. Yet that morning an urgent appeal had reached me from the young lady's parents, inviting my aid in the search for their vanished *chef*, Celestin Petitpois.

My first impulse had been to send a curt answer, regretting that important business prevented me from helping Lady Loughwell to find her domestic. But an inclosure bearing the familiar monogram "B. L." altered my views.

I am not going to tell you *what* Barbara wrote to me, but it amounted to this—that her father and mother had set their hearts

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upon the success of the banquet to H.I.H. the Prince Imperial, and that, without Celestin Petitpois, the banquet must prove a failure. If Petitpois was found, without the affair becoming common property, the gratitude of Sir Thomas and his wife would be very great; and who could tell whether a certain young couple might not make capital out of the incident?

After a letter like that I could hesitate no longer; so I entered the brougham sent for me by Lady Loughwell (such was her anxiety) and was driven to Park Lane, where Sir Thomas clapped me upon the back, his buxom consort complimented my cleverness, and Barbara kept her pretty eyes fixed upon the carpet.

"Can you not find another cook?" I hazarded.

"Another cook! I wonder at *you*, Mr. Shafto. Where can one be found to fill the place of Petitpois, especially at such short notice? Do you know what Petitpois is?"

"The Napoleon of the *cuisine*," I replied.

At this moment Barbara glanced up from the carpet, and her eyes met mine pleadingly.

"I'll do what I can," I said suddenly. "But you must tell me something about your *chef* and his little ways. For instance, when was he seen last, and how did he usually spend his time?"

On this subject Lady Loughwell was eloquence itself. Petitpois, it seemed, looked upon cookery as one of the fine arts, and held no intercourse with the other domestics. Every morning he took a stroll in the Park, "for inspiration," he declared, and every evening he went forth gorgeously attired to the theatre. He had been seen a number of times in the stalls of the "Hilarity," and in a box at the same abode of mirth.

During the week preceding his disappearance, nothing peculiar was noticed about his conduct, save that he threw out broad hints to the housekeeper, and even to Lady Loughwell herself, of a romantic passion, which was returned. "I shall cook a dinner to make the mouths of Europe water," he cried; "for the mind works best when the object of one's affections proves kind."

It was on Friday that Petitpois vanished. That morning he had behaved with unwonted consideration towards his assistants, complimenting everyone, and singing softly to himself as he superintended the arrangements. Immediately after dinner he went out in evening dress, carrying an enormous bouquet; and since then he had not been seen or heard of. Such was the data upon which I had to commence my search.

My first step was to visit the sitting-room recently occupied by the lost cook—his *atelier* he had been accustomed to call it. This apartment was in a condition of artistic disorder, for M. Celestin Petitpois allowed no rude hands to profane his treasures. There was a large desk strewn with papers, drafts of menu cards, half-finished *recipes*, suggestions for new dishes, and other incomplete "poems" of the oven and the stew-pan.

Amid the litter I found poetry of another kind as well, for Petitpois had been busy upon some languishing love verses in his native tongue. The lines were addressed to one "Mademoiselle Clarissa."

Clarissa was then the name of her for whom Petitpois had conceived his romantic passion; and it appeared highly probable that the large photograph, framed in silver, which occupied the place of honour on the desk, was Clarissa's counterfeit presentment. Indeed, I recognised the pretty, piquant face as that of Miss Clarissa Cripps, of the Hilarity Theatre, with whom half male London was said to be in love.

Surely it was rank presumption on Petitpois's part to aspire to so renowned a beauty as she—and yet, had he not given Lady Loughwell and the housekeeper to understand that his love was returned, his suit favourably received? Could Miss Cripps be in any way concerned in his disappearance?

My doubts on this score were soon set at rest by the discovery of a crumpled telegraph form, which had fallen under the table. I seized it eagerly and read:

"*Petitpois, care of Loughwell, Park Lane.—Meet you to-night after performance, corner Little Billington Street.—Cripps.*"

The message bore date of the previous Friday, some hours before our lovesick *chef* left Park Lane, dressed in his best, and carrying a floral offering. Little Billington Street, I remembered, contained the stage-door of Miss Cripps's theatre—the Hilarity.

I jumped into Lady Loughwell's waiting brougham, and hurried to the Buskin Club, where an acquaintance readily gave me the information I desired. Miss Clarissa Cripps lived in Tipton Road, St. John's Wood; and my friend added the very interesting news that Miss Clarissa was shortly to be married.

"Indeed!" I exclaimed. "I suspected something of the sort."

"True bill, I assure you. They say he's frightfully jealous. Pity Clarissa didn't pick out an Englishman; they make the easiest husbands in the long run."

Miss Clarissa Cripps was at home, and sent word that she would see me "in five minutes." I was ushered into a delightful room, all cushions and cosy corners.

"Mr. Cuthbert Shafto. On important business," she quoted from my card. "Dear me! That sounds quite dreadful. If you think I can bear the business, Mr. Shafto, I am ready to hear the worst."

"My mission is soon described. Lady Loughwell, of Park Lane, is anxious to know if you can give her any information concerning her *chef*, M. Celestin Petitpois, who is missing."

Miss Clarissa burst into a peal of laughter. "Oh, that ridiculous little mannikin!" she cried. "How could I ever forget him! For the last two months he has been pestering me night and day, coming to the theatre every performance, waylaying me at the stage-door, sending me flowers and sweets and—love-letters!"

"But is it not a fact that you are about to marry M. Petitpois?"

"To marry the cook!" shrieked Clarissa, hysterically. "How *dare* you, sir!"

"I beg your pardon," I faltered; "but I really heard that you were going to be married."

"So I am," snapped Clarissa; "but not to anybody's cook. . . . . I am engaged to Lord Carrickmacross."

"To 'Paddy' Carrickmacross?"

"The same old 'Paddy,'" she replied, her smiles returning. "I see you know the dear boy."

I certainly did know Viscount Carrickmacross as a harum-scarum young Irish peer, famous for practical jokes; so I congratulated the future Viscountess in customary form, and, by way of explaining my mistake, gave her a full account of Lady Loughwell's dire embarrassment, and the strange conduct of Petitpois.

When I described the telegram signed "Cripps" she was once more highly indignant, and assured me positively that no such invitation had ever been sent by her. Who, then, had summoned Petitpois to the tryst in Little Billington Street? We were gazing at each other in a puzzled fashion, when the door opened and a giggling servant appeared, carrying a large covered dish. At the same time the air was pervaded by a peculiar odour, such as one sniffs in farm-house kitchens about dinner-time.

"If you please, miss," said the girl, "Lord Carrickmacross sends his compliments, and begs you to try some more Irish stew."

Clarissa's face reddened angrily, and she stamped one of her little feet. "Take it away," she cried; "take the abominable stuff away. I will not be joked with—not even by Lord Carrickmacross."

"But please, Miss, his lordship says——"

"I don't care what his lordship says. I shall *not* taste his horrid Irish stew. Do you know, Mr. Shafto" (turning to me), "what new freak my precious *fiancé* has been up to? He seems to have become insane on the subject of Irish stew. On last Saturday a vast bowl of the greasy mixture arrived here with a request that I should taste it, and give my opinion as to its merits.

"Needless to say, I sent it back at once, and gave Master 'Paddy' a good wigging in the evening, at which he only grinned mysteriously, and assured me that it would be 'better next time.' Yesterday, as we were sitting down to luncheon, a second consignment of stew made its appearance, with the same message as before. I had it thrown out, and refused to see Carrickmacross when he called. Yet, instead of being sorry for his conduct, he now has the impudence to send me a third bowl, larger than the others. He is either mad, or this has some meaning which I cannot fathom. . . . Ugh! the horrid stuff."

Here she lifted the dish-cover, and exposed to my view a strange, heterogeneous mess, evidently containing many kinds of vegetable matter interspersed with scraps of meat, the whole partially submerged in a thick, greenish gravy, and smelling with a somewhat over-emphatic fragrance.

Clarissa bit her nether lip. "Take the thing away, and put it in the larder," she said to the servant. "When Lord Carrickmacross comes, he is to have it for his luncheon." At this there was a great shout of laughter in the entrance hall, and, as the maid carried away the stew, the frank, boyish, face of "Paddy" Carrickmacross appeared in the doorway.

"Been playing the eavesdropper," he said. "Sorry you don't like the stew. Bad news for the artist who made it. However, wait till to-morrow; my man will outdo himself. . . . . Hullo, Shafto! Didn't know you were on Clarrie's list of callers. Afternoon, Clarissa."

"*Good* afternoon, my lord," returned Clarissa, with freezing severity. "May I ask you to explain the unwarrantable repetition of this stupid joke?"

"Hoity toity, ain't we oratorical! You mean the Irish stew, I suppose. That stew, my dear lady, that apparently humble

Hibernian *olla podrida* is, or at least ought to be, a masterpiece."

"A nuisance, you mean."

"Nay, fair epicure, a masterpiece. 'Twas made, madam, by a master's hand. 'Twas made by the most exquisite of culinary artists——"

I sprang to my feet in excitement. "Not by Petitpois?" I cried. "You don't mean Celestin Petitpois, Lady Loughwell's *chef*?"

Carrickmacross put up his eyeglass. "How did you guess that?" he remarked, his coolness somewhat ruffled. "Well, yes, I may own that you are right. The wizard Petitpois has deigned to lay this delicate offering at the feet of his beloved Clarissa—of 'divine Clarissa, the empress of his heart.'"

"How *dare* you, Paddy?" cried Miss Cripps, tears starting to her eyes, her voice broken by sobs of mortified pride.

"Look here, Carrickmacross," I said, "you must excuse me if I ask you a question. Where, in the name of all that's mysterious, is Lady Loughwell's *chef*?"

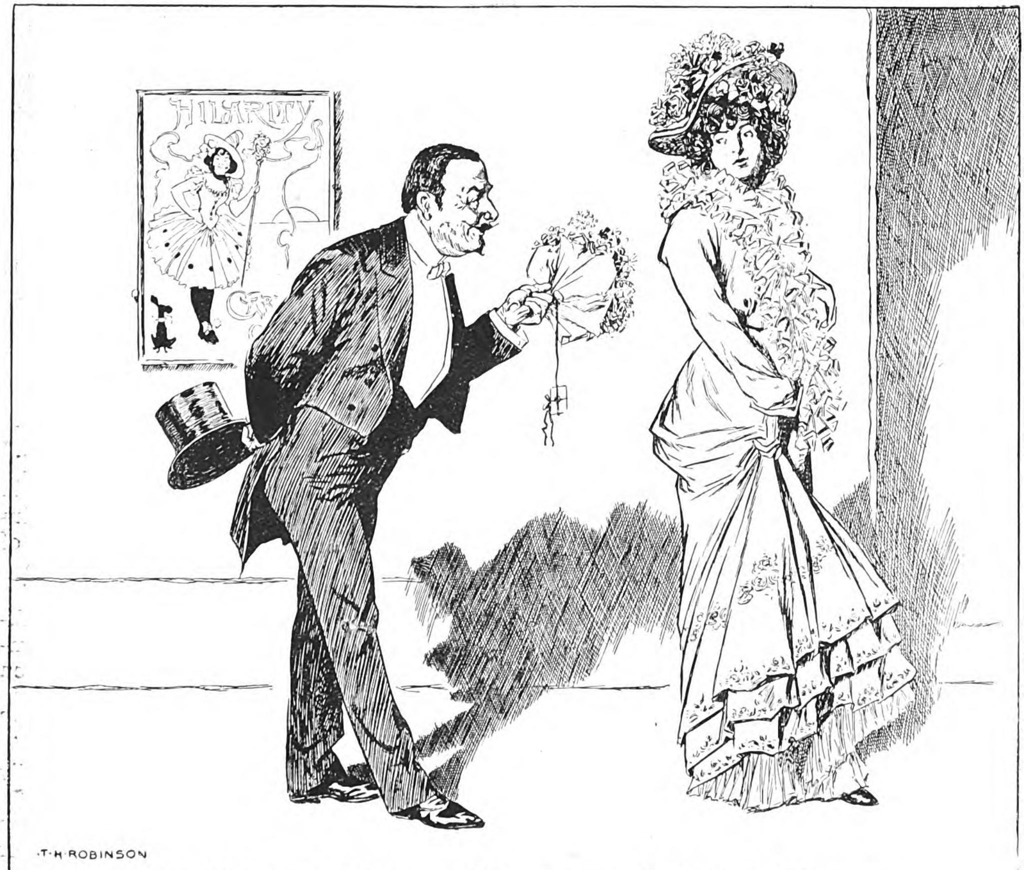
"Hullo! Are you after him, too? What have you got against the little fat fool?"

"I have nothing against him; but I am particularly anxious to discover his whereabouts." And I explained why, without mentioning Barbara Loughwell, of course.

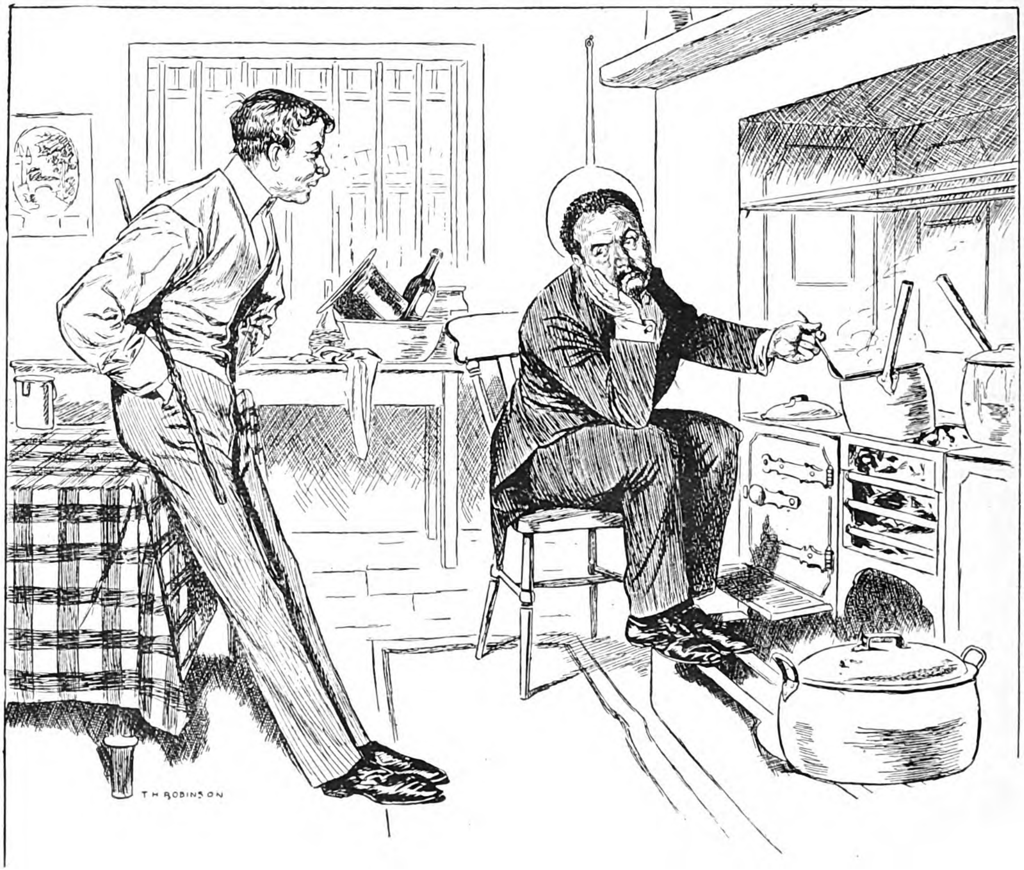
Lord Carrickmacross shrugged his broad shoulders resignedly. "Well, since you are all so interested in the fellow," he said, "I suppose I must abate the rigour of my vengeance, and let M. Petitpois off for the present. You asked me where he was. At this moment I believe him to be in the kitchen of my flat, learning to cook Irish stew under the blackguardly tutelage of my man, Larry Cassidy."

"In your flat? Petitpois?"

"Precisely. . . . . . You must know, my dear Shafto, that for the past two months this infernal French cook has had the cheek to



"He has been pestering me night and day, coming to the theatre every performance, waylaying me at the stage door, sending me flowers."



Larry and a stout blackthorn stick had been the constant companions of M. Petitpois.

run after Clarrie—Miss Cripps—I mean—sending her all sorts of things—flowers, bonbons, love-lorn doggerel, and so forth, in spite of my repeated warnings to desist. He even proposed marriage to her, and I've seen him hanging about the stage-door night after night. I don't say that she encouraged him —— "

" You had better not," from Clarissa.

" But the beast's impertinence got more than flesh and blood could stand. Twice I gave him fair warning, but without effect; either he could not or would not understand me.

" So, after long consideration, I hit on a novel and appropriate plan of punishment. Petitpois was lured from Park Lane by a false message from Clarrie, induced to enter a cab, and carried to my flat. There Larry Cassidy took matters in hand. Since Friday night Larry and a stout blackthorn stick have been the constant companions of M. Petitpois."

" You don't mean to say ——"

" No; the blackthorn was *not* used, but merely held in readiness."

" And you compelled the unfortunate *chef* to cook Irish stew?" cried Clarissa.

" Rightly guessed. He has done hardly anything but cook Irish stew ever since. It will take him down several pegs, and do him any amount of good. He, the creator of high-sounding dishes, has been doomed to a three days' course of Irish stewing, under persuasion of Larry Cassidy and his blackthorn. All his threats, entreaties, and imprecations have fallen upon deaf ears. When he makes a row, Larry sings joyously to drown his voice. He has been informed that until Miss Clarissa Cripps is graciously pleased to express approval of his daily offering, he must remain the slave of stew."

By this time Clarissa's wrath had given place to laughter. " You must let the poor fellow off, Paddy," she said. " He has been punished quite enough. As for the stew, you can tell him that I think it everything that a stew should be—in fact, that I never tasted the like in all my life."

"Admirably put! Petitpois shall be set free forthwith. If Shafto will accompany me to my flat, the prisoner can be handed over to his care."

An hour later we found ourselves at the flat in question, interviewing the amiable Mr. Cassidy, a tall Irishman with a roguish eye. "So he's to be let go at last," said the worthy. "Well, faith, I'm not sorry, for between himself an' the stew, I've had no peace since Friday."

Before the kitchen range crouched the limp form of Petitpois, ridiculously arrayed in the same suit of evening clothes which he had worn on leaving Park Lane. His face was begrimed and woebegone; he leaned his head dismally upon one plump and very dirty hand, while with the other he slowly stirred the contents of a large saucepan. Unmistakable odours of Irish stew were wafted abroad.

"My friend," said Carrickmacross in French, touching him on the shoulder, "Miss Cripps has at last approved of the stew. Your studies have not proved fruitless. We are proud of our pupil."

The *chef* sprang from his chair. "*Ah! Miserable!*" he shrieked. "How much longer am I to be tortured? How much longer am I to remain in this den of iniquity?"

"Now that your work is approved you can go at once," returned Carrickmacross coolly. "But remember—keep away from the stage door of the Hilarity Theatre. Mademoiselle Clarice, the empress of your heart, cannot resist Irish stew, and if she sees you in Little Billington Street, I shall be forced to bring you here again, so that you can make some more for her."

"Malediction on yourself and your stew!" roared Petitpois. "For three days I have eaten stew, drunk stew, smelt stew, and dreamt of stew. But I shall be revenged, milord. You tell me that I may go. *Eh bien*; I shall go. But——"

"Better have a wash first; you're beastly dirty, old man," interrupted Carrickmacross. "And as you can't go home dressed like that, I'll lend you an overcoat."

But Petitpois would stay neither for wash nor overcoat. He was impatient to visit Scotland Yard, there to pour his harrowing tale into the ears of the police. "Milord Carrickmacross shall go to the Tower of London for this!" he cried. "If the police deny me justice, I shall appeal to the French Ambassador." For some time I was at a loss how to shake this resolution, but at length it occurred to me to appeal to the Frenchman's vulnerable points—his sense of gallantry, and his conceit.

"M. Petitpois," I said, "has surely too much regard for a lady's feelings to keep Lady Loughwell in suspense. I am certain that before he visits the police he will be courteous enough to call at Park Lane and allay her ladyship's fears for his safety."

"Ah!" he remarked. "Milady is anxious, then?"

"The whole household is anxious. Your return will be a triumphal one."

"I will go to Park Lane, then," said Petitpois. "I would not keep Lady Loughwell any longer in suspense for worlds. Celestin Petitpois makes it his life study to serve the gentler sex; that is to say," he added, glancing savagely at Carrickmacross, "those of the gentler sex whose tastes do not betray them into eating Irish stew."

It took the combined efforts of Lady Loughwell, Sir Thomas, Barbara, and myself to dissuade Petitpois from making a scandal over the affair. A handsome diamond pin and an increase of salary silenced his complaints, and he consented not to clap Carrickmacross into the Tower for his misdeeds.

The dinner to H.I.H. the Crown Prince was a glittering success, and Petitpois surpassed himself in a multitude of elaborate dishes, as we hope he will do again in the wedding breakfast which he is to cook for Barbara and myself after Christmas. He still entertains the loftiest idea of his artistic importance; but he visits the "Hilarity Theatre" no more, and the very mention of Irish stew is enough to send him into hysterics.

A Pattern of a Charming Blouse, and a New Children's Supplement called
"WONDERLAND,"
containing a real Set of Paints, are some new features of the SEPTEMBER NUMBER of the LADY'S MAGAZINE,
Now on Sale.
Your children should enter for the Painting Competition.
Forty Prizes are offered, including ten splendid Gramophones, worth over £3 each.

Mrs. Reynolds, who suggested the idea of a living flag.

LIVING FLAGS.

A Novel Way of Amusing a Large Crowd of Children and at the same time of Providing a Striking Spectacle to Onlookers.

By Margaret Noel.

Of late years we have seen no small amount of bunting—the Jubilee, the Diamond Jubilee, and this year we have had the peace rejoicings and all the splendours of the Coronation. Yet, magnificent as our decorations have been, we have never yet manufactured a flag endowed with breath and real warm-blooded life.

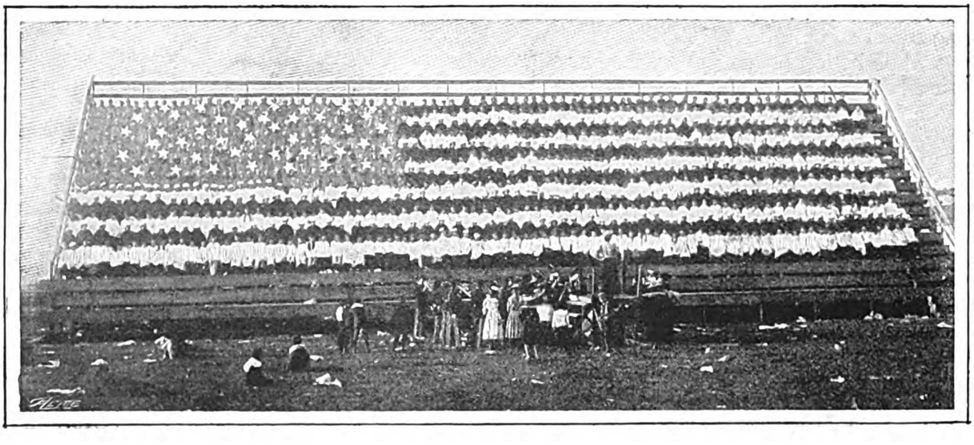
In this we have been anticipated by America, by a little out-of-the-way town in the middle of the central State of Iowa. Here, the citizens, young and old, showed the greatest enthusiasm and patriotism in the Hispano - American War. Every day were heard the strains of the "Star-Spangled Banner," "America," "Hail, Columbia!" and patriotic ditties more particularly dear to citizens of Iowa. Here was conceived, for the extra celebration of a military review, the idea of a living flag.

The credit for the invention, construction, and entire direction of this unique flag must be given to Mrs. Hortense R. Reynolds, the supervisor of music in the public schools of Des Maines, the capital of the State of Iowa.

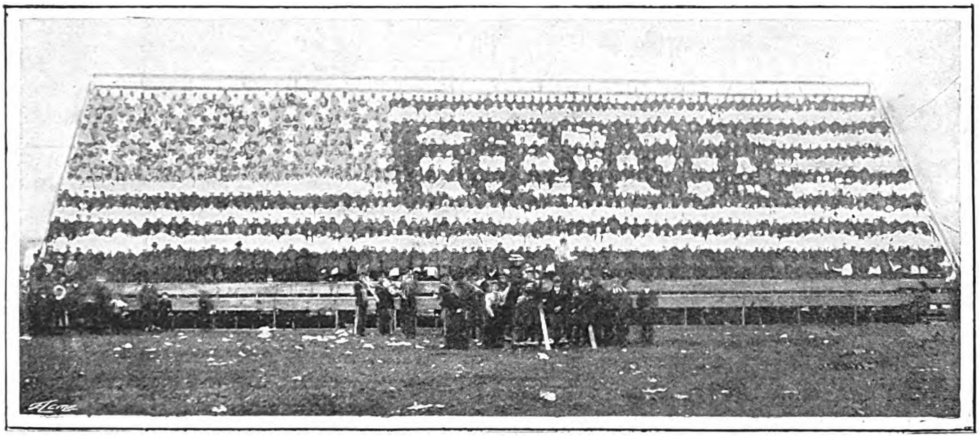
The various territorial regiments of this large and widely-extended State were mobilised and camped just outside Des Maines. This unusual display of military power raised the town to a magnificent pitch of enthusiasm and patriotic good feeling. These sentiments of national zeal spread to the school children, to whom the novelty of a large military camp gave the greatest excitement.

From these causes Mrs. Reynolds conceived the idea of an entirely novel celebration. With the pecuniary help of several rich citizens of the State, she arranged and had built a large platform, sloping at a sharp angle and filled with rows of benches, the whole giving the idea of a stand on a racecourse.

Collecting several thousand school children, boys and girls, Mrs. Reynolds attired them in blue for the boys, and white for the girls. She



The "Star-Spangled Banner" of the children of Des Maines, Iowa, the only flag that has ever breathed and sung its own praises.



At a signal the word "Iowa" appeared in black amid the stripes, and so formed the flag of that State.

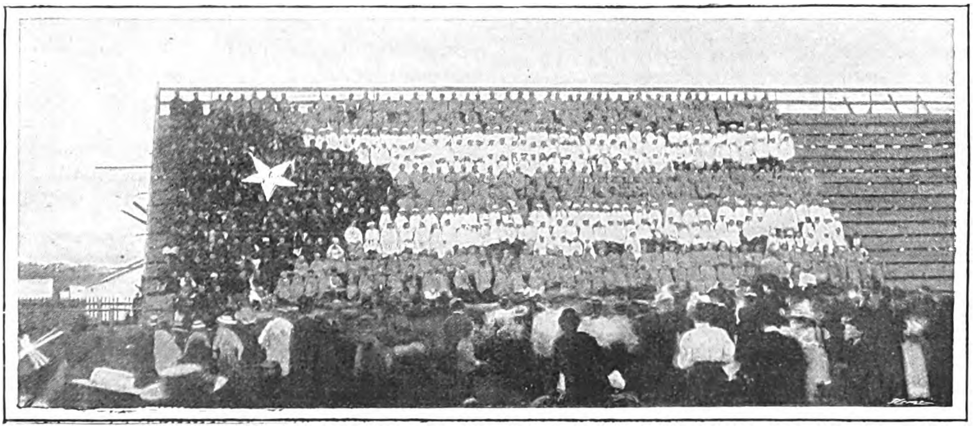
then arranged her small charges in alternate rows of boys and girls for the stripes; and the stars, of pasteboard, were held by the boys in blue. The result gave a wonderful illustration of the "star-spangled banner." Mrs. Reynolds, standing in front on a high platform, directed the singing of patriotic songs, the children joining in with enthusiastic cheers, as the regiments marched by and drew up in line in front.

Then the word "Iowa" suddenly appeared in black across the stripes. The children who formed the word wore black garments under their various colours, and, at a given signal, tore off their other garments, revealing the name of the State. The effect of this sudden transformation may be imagined. Cheer succeeded cheer, and patriotic songs followed each other in close succession, the children waving their handkerchiefs and shouting as heartily as any of the delighted spectators who thronged the grounds.

Mrs. Reynolds also introduced a swaying exercise amongst the children to give the impression of a flag undulating in the wind.

Notwithstanding the serious difficulties to be overcome in the production of such a giant venture, the large number of children to be employed, the band and the erection of the huge stand, mercenary motives were for once put aside, all joining in the scheme in a truly hearty spirit and a patriotic zeal seldom seen amongst so large a body.

The effect on young and old was certainly good. The children were taught a lesson never to be forgotten in true patriotism, and the soldiers of Iowa, who were shortly to proceed to the front, were encouraged in the fulfilment of their duties to their state and country.



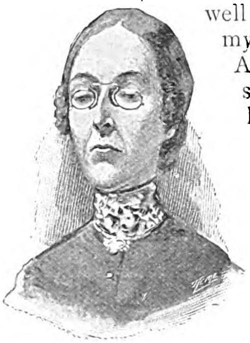
A great crowd of cheering citizens witnessed a representation of the Cuban flag.

THE TATLERS.

By Owen Oliver.

Miss PRIOR (to her friend, Miss TATTLE).

Yes, I said Mary Brown and young Bruce. . . . Double his age ?. Three times, my dear. . . . You may well say so! I've had my suspicions all along. A young man doesn't stop in a quiet place like this for nothing. Studying for an examination ? Then he's been doing most of his studying at her house. I've seen them down the garden together eight times this week; and if I had troubled to watch them. . . . But I am not one to pry into other people's affairs.



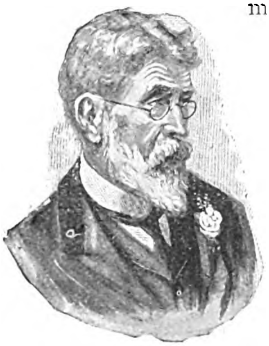
"I am not one to pry into other people's affairs."

Still you can't help noticing what is in front of your eyes. This morning they were sitting in the arbour from five past eleven till twelve o'clock; and at ten minutes to the hour exactly he went down on his knees to her. . . As sure as I am sitting here; and I saw her pat him on the shoulder.

A long way to see? *My dear, I had the opera-glasses!*

Mr. BUDD (of Budd, Bloom & Co.)

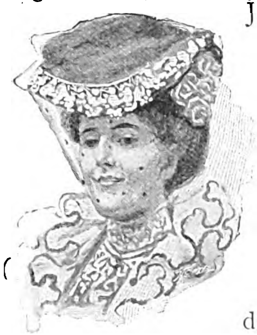
How's business ? Fair, William, fair. Might be better an' might be wuss. Things in this world is a mixter. Queer mixt.r, some of 'em. You're right. There's old Miss Brown, down street, an' the young chap wot goes callin' there, for instance. He's six feet odd, an she ain't five. He's 'bout three-an'-twenty, and she's fifty-five, lettin' her down easy. . . . Like enough they won't suit no wuss'n others.



"Four hours a day she's been watchin' 'em out of her back-window."

Believe it ? Well, Miss Prior gets a bit of truth now an' then—by accident like. An' she do work hard for it. Four hours a day she's been watchin' 'em out of her back-window, young Sairey Harris, wot's housemaid there, tole the missus. . . . No, I don't pay no attention to women's gossip, William; but I pay particular attention to a nice little account, maturin' in this here book, for flowers wot he's ordered to be sent to her. . . . Well off ? Why, bless you, she owns half Bell Lane. . . . Young men'll do anything for money nowadays.

Miss TITTLETON (to Mrs. JONES).



"I can't understand anyone thinking so much of dress."

Quite well, thank you. How are Mr. Jones and the children ? . . . I'm glad to hear it.

You've heard about old Miss Brown, of course ? No! You won't mention it to a soul, will you, because it was told to me in the *strictest* confidence. . . . She is engaged to that young Bruce. . . . Miss Prior heard him propose to her. . . . That's just what *I* said.

I don't like to speak ill of anybody, but really at *her* time of life ! . . . It's the third she's had this spring, beside a costume. . . Yes, at her age—and with her complexion. . . I can't understand anyone thinking so much of dress. . .

Only thirty shillings ! . . . Madame Tile's, you said ? . . . Well, if you are walking that way, I may as well come. You are *sure* it is a Paris model ?

Rev. JOHN BULL (to Mrs. BRUCE).

Mary Brown and young Bruce! Tut, tut,

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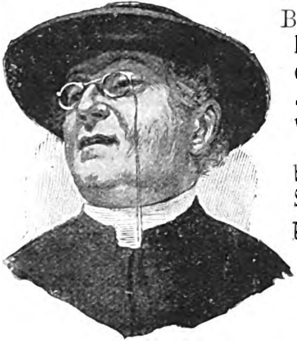
tut! My dear, you're talking nonsense. . . . No, no, my love. Certainly not. . . . Who told you?

Miss Tittleton? Ah-h! Then, of course, you don't believe it? . . . Well, *I* don't. Mary Brown is no fool. . . . Fiddlesticks!

On his knees? Why shouldn't he? What for? Dropped a sixpence, probably. . . . Well, I hope not. We really can't spare her from the parish work. A good little soul. . . . Yes, yes, my dear. I know you do. Everybody does, bless her! . . . Why should we be curious? It's her business, not ours. . . Umph!

No-o, I wasn't going to call to-day; but there's the Blanket and Counterpane Society. I ought to consult her about it, I suppose. Well, I think perhaps I *will* go this afternoon. . . . Of course not.

Mary Brown and young Bruce! Well, well! . . . Tut, tut! I don't believe a word of it!



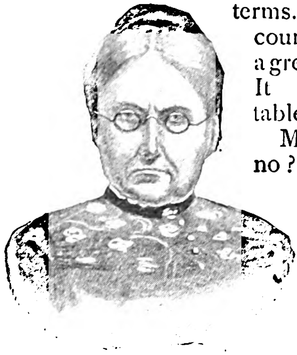
"Tut, tut! I don't believe a word of it."

Mrs. BROWN (to Mrs. CLACK).

You refer to my sister-in-law, I presume? . . . Pray, take another cup. Yes, the rumour *has* reached me, but I scarcely think . . . Fifty-eight next month . . . She has told me time after time that she would never marry. . . . She *is* rather peculiar. . . . The *best* of terms. . . . Of course, her money is a great temptation. . . . It is very regrettable.

Molly? Oh, *dear*, no? . . . It was on'y natural. . . . My daughter has no need to seek for admiration, fortunately.

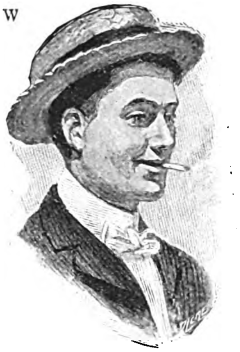
Expect her home? In about a week. She is enjoying herself very much, she writes. Remember you? With pleasure.



"Yes, the rumour *has* reached me."

Must you go? . . . Give my regards to Mr. Clack. I hope to call next week . . . *Good*-bye. Be *sure* to come soon. . . How many more times am I to tell you that I am not at home to Mrs. Clack?

I *do* hope that Molly had no idea of anything. I really thought. . . . The woman ought to be ashamed of herself!



"Bad job about Bruce, isn't it?"

FRED BROWN, Jun. (to TOM WICKET).

Bad job about Bruce, isn't it? I knew he was a bit hard up, but never dreamed it was bad enough for *that*. . . . It's no use slanging a fellow when he's down.

No. I had a letter this morning, but he only said he couldn't play on Saturday, as he was too busy preparing for the ordeal. The ordeal! No, I don't think she'll make him leave the club. She's a good old sort, really, but——

What? Look here, if you're going to talk any rot of that sort about my sister. . . . That's all right, old man. . . . Then don't go putting it into people's heads. . . . Not the slightest idea, I assure you. But it's not nice for a girl to—er——Just so. . . . Ta, ta! See you later.

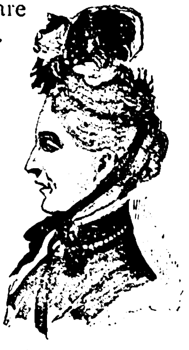
I wonder if the mater's written and told Molly? Someone ought to before she comes back. . . . She'll carry it off all right, but I know jolly well. . . Poor old sis!

Miss CARRIE TAYLOR (to Miss MOLLY BROWN).

Well, my dear, and how are you? . . . You look it.

I promised your mother I'd come and see you. . . . They're all very well. Your brother complains that he's dull, with no one to tease. . . . I expect he leads you a life. . . . I did not know you were so fond of one another.

What do you think of your aunt's engagement? . . . *Haven't* you?



"Well, my dear, and how are you?"

. . . Arthur Bruce. . . . I thought you weren't well. Shall I open the window? . . . Yes, the room *was* close.

It took us rather by surprise. . . . She *is* rather old for him, isn't she? . . . No doubt she's very nice, but . . . Oh, quite their own affair!

Sure it's true. Why, he was caught in the act of proposing to her. On his knees, I believe. He-he-he!

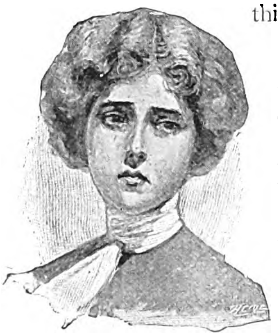
Tell your people you're well, and in great spirits? Certainly . . . *Good*-bye, my dear.

I *knew* there was something in it!

Miss MOLLY BROWN (to ARTHUR BRUCE).

DEAR ARTHUR,

I have heard of your engagement to my aunt. She is a very dear and good woman, and, if you love her, I wish you every happiness. If it is, as I fear, a matter of money—— Well, you know what I think. I will only say that it was hardly manly to leave me to hear the news casually.



"Well, you know what I think."

I will not pretend that it has not hurt me. It never occurred to me that you could be disloyal. Now, I do not know if I can even trust you to say nothing of the understanding that existed between us. If you ever cared for me in the least, spare me the pain of hearing about this from others; and do not meet me, if you can help it.

Yours truly,

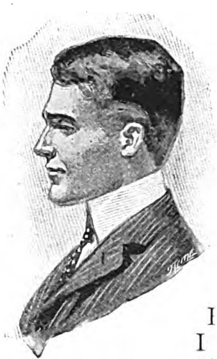
MOLLY BROWN.

P.S.—I return the bracelet. Please do not give it to her.

Mr. ARTHUR BRUCE (at Miss MOLLY BROWN'S).

Not in? . . . I *must* see her. . . . Molly. . . . Hear me first. . . . *Confound your aunt!* . . . How dare I? Because I love you. . . . Don't look at me like that.

Disloyal! I? No, it is you. . . You believe what any gossip chooses to say of . . . Of course t's not true. . . . Molly, darling! Don't, don't. . . Let me wipe your eyes. . . . My own little girl! And you thought I would marry money instead of you? . . . As if I could blame you for anything.



"Confound your aunt."

How did it get about? I haven't the faintest idea. . . . I'm sure she hasn't. . . . Oh, yes; we were excellent friends, and I often went there. She liked me because I like you. . . Of course I told her about it. . . . One of the best little souls that ever breathed. I wonder that no one ever . . . Died thirty years ago? Poor old Aunt Mary! We mustn't let her hear about this nonsense.

Miss BROWN, Sen. (to Rev. JOHN BULL).

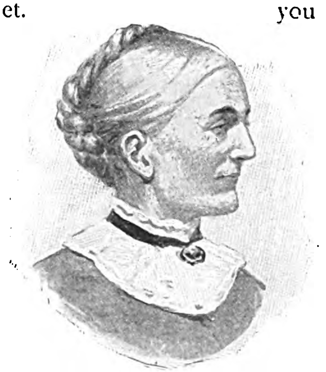
The rector? Ask him to come in, and make a nice cup of tea, there's a good girl. . . . I hope you're as well as you look. And Mrs. Bull . . . Very well, for an old woman. . . . Fie!

Blanket and Counterpane Society? If you'll make the blankets a little more substantial this year, I'll make my subscription correspond. . . . That's what money's for.

News? Not unless you call an engagement news. . . Yes, I *do* mean Arthur Bruce. What's the matter? . . . Bless the man! . . . Oh, they *do*, do they? . . . To my niece, of course. Molly, you know. . . . Well, I never!

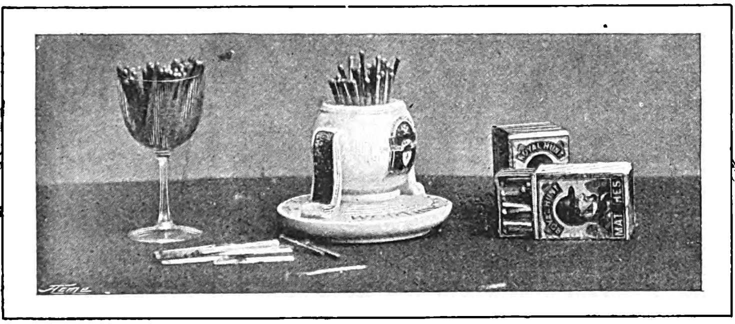
Mystery? There isn't any. The button came off his shirt collar. He is very tall and I am very short. I couldn't reach it comfortably when he stood. So he knelt. . . Upon my word!

Marry for their buttons' sake? Not nowadays. . . . Why not? Because they wear studs. . . . I'll give him a set for a wedding present when he marries—Miss Brown!



"Mystery? There isn't any. The button came off his shirt collar."

MATCH-PAGODAS

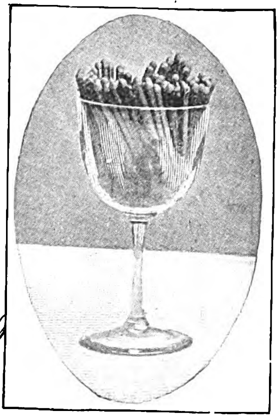


By R. Saxon.

An Exasperating After-dinner Game, Played with Matches.

There are several amusing games which require little or no preparation and can be played "across the walnuts and the wine," but there is not one more entertaining than the game of "Match Pagodas," which simply requires as accessories a box of ordinary wooden matches and a wine-glass.

Any number of players can take part in it, from two upwards, and there is no trickery in it whatever. It is an excellent amusement for the Christmas dinner table, and in fact may be played anywhere—except, perhaps, in a railway carriage, or upon the "devil's back" of a palpitating motor-car. Physical strength will not avail you, delicacy of touch and a mild temper being the chief essentials of success.



(1.)
All the apparatus required to play the game of Match Pagodas—a wine-glass and some matches. The matches are placed in the glass, heads up, and then——

First get your matches, which should be of the old-fashioned red-headed phosphorus kind. (Those which strike only on the box have smaller heads as a rule, and are harder to catch hold of.) Then place them in a wine-glass, heads upwards, using the whole of the contents of an ordinary box for a fair-sized port-glass.

The game begins by the first player drawing out a match and placing it horizontally across the tops of the others. The next player does the same, and the rest follow suit, until a pagoda-like pile begins to rise in the air.

Now the crucial moment approaches, for every match taken away to add to the pagoda weakens the latter's foundations. Before long there is bound to be a grand catastrophe. Meanwhile the height of the pagoda increases, and so does the interest, which becomes breathless.

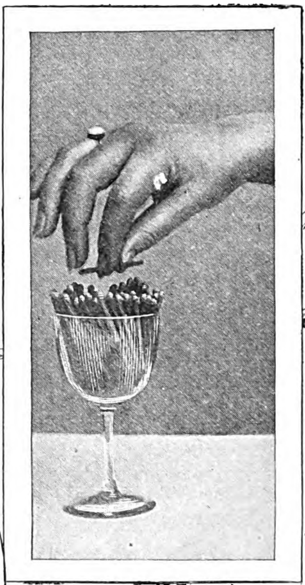
Talk of digging for diamonds, spearing for eels, dipping in a bran-pie, or drawing in a lottery—all these things pale before the excitement of extracting these matches from under the tottering pile. Whenever a match is dislodged and drops on the table, the offending player drops a point: he who loses fewest points wins the game. The player who at length overthrows the pagoda altogether is penalised a number of points that must be decided before the game starts—generally about five.

On one occasion, it is said, the game of Match Pagodas was proposed at a small suburban bachelor dinner party. One of the guests had played it before, the rest had never even heard of it. A box of matches was produced, a small round table brought in, and the game began.

The weary parlourmaid waited in vain for the signal to clear away. When at last she ventured to enter the room she vanished hastily before a baleful frown and curt "presently, Mary"—from her master.

Evening turned to night "and all the land was dark," and still the host and his guests played on with undiminished zeal, and when dawn came at last a magnificent Pagoda was absorbing their breathless and undivided attention.

Rumour says they are playing still.



(2.)
The game begins. Any number can play and each player in turn has to draw a match from the glass and lay it across the rest Every match so placed——

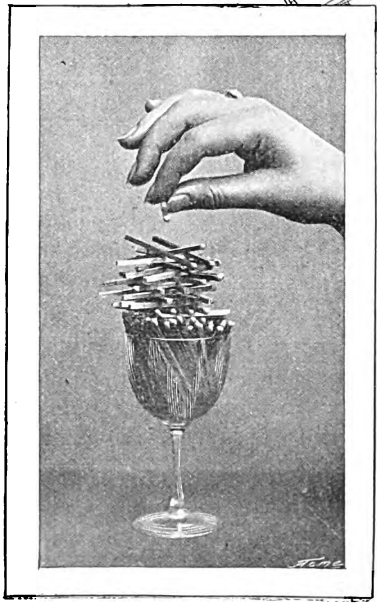
(3.)
——makes it more difficult to draw fresh matches from beneath. And for each match a player dislodges in doing so he loses a point.

But to return to our game! Each player continues to take his turn in drawing out and adding his match. The pagoda continues to rise until, eventually, the last match becomes, figuratively speaking, the last straw, and by breaking the camel's back ends the game.

The glass should not on any account be moved, touched, shaken or passed round. It should be placed on the table so that all the players can come up to it and play. If the table is a small one the glass should stand exactly in the centre.

Match Pagodas, can, of course, be played with counters. Every player who makes a match fall must pay a counter to each of the other players. The player whose clumsiness puts an end to the pagoda has to pay each of the others a given number of counters, and he who has most counters at the finish wins the game.

As will easily be seen, any ordinary match-box or match-stand will do quite as well as a wine glass—those choice specimens of antique china, for instance, ornamented with replicas of labels advertising somebody's whiskey or somebody else's tea. They are to be found in most smoking rooms, billiard-rooms, and restaurants—quite ready for the game, bristling with a sheaf of matches, and literally inviting you to begin.

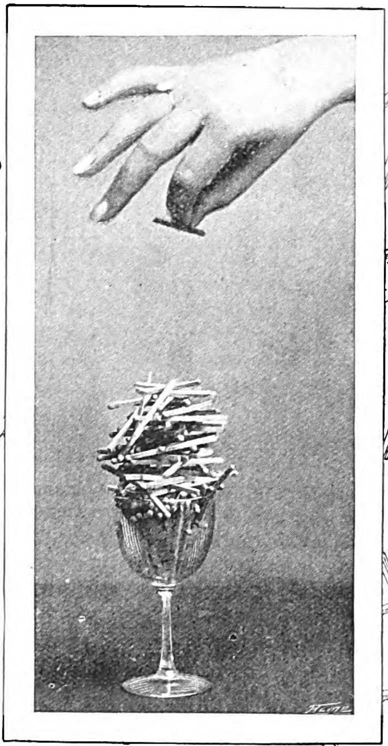


(4.)
But still the Pagoda—as the pile of matches is called—continues to grow——

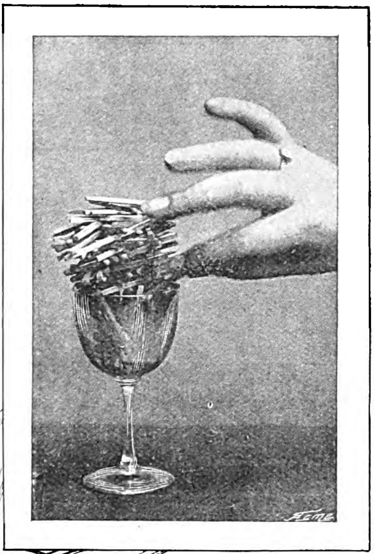
When played with a match-box instead of a glass, Match Pagodas will be found easier of accomplishment, as the matches are not nearly so difficult to extricate as when in a glass, but it is not really the game proper.

It is wonderful what a hold this game has upon all who play it. The fascinations of golf over its votaries are bad enough, but the fascinations of Match Pagodas over its victims are worse. To those who have once played it, its charms are irresistible.

There is a danger of its giving birth to a new species of fiend—like the golf or the cycling fiend. I have heard of a man who has drawn up a set of scientific directions for playing the game; he is of opinion that county clubs should be started, and a Match Padoga County Championship instituted.



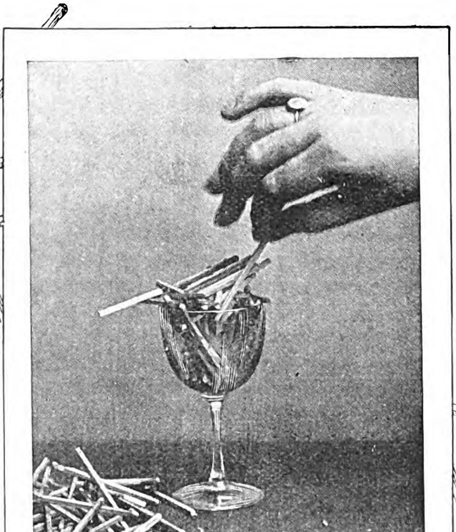
(6.)
—or even three inches, above the wine-glass. The greatest care and deftness must now be used in pulling out each match, and also in laying it on the top of the pile—



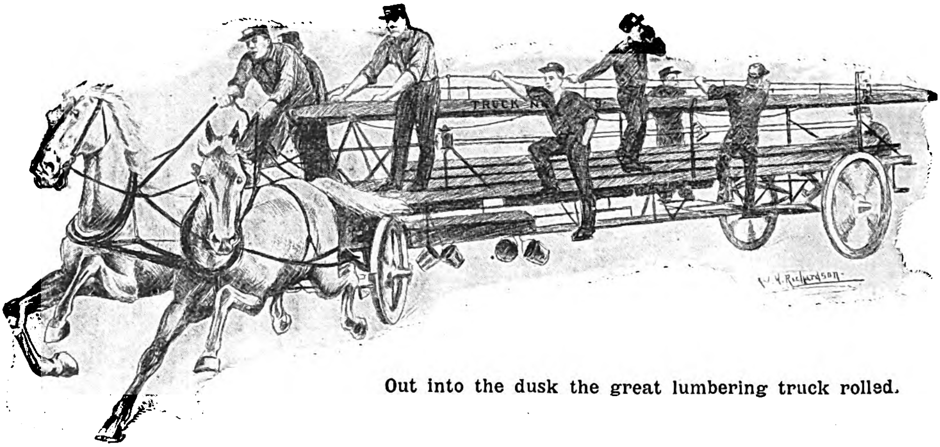
(5.)
The difficulty of withdrawing matches increases. Nevertheless, with care, the total overthrow of the flimsy structure is long postponed, and the pagoda may grow to a height of two—

There is a certain amount of skill required, and, like most games, the more it is practised the better it can be played. You want the taper fingers of the Heathen Chinee himself to excel in it, but no wax on them, please, for that isn't fair. You also want steady hands, and a neat way of lightly dropping the extricated match on the top of the pile without knocking down half-a-dozen of the others.

Do try it. It is all so easy, so simple, and so—exasperating!



(7.)
—but at last one too clumsy player overthrows the Pagoda altogether, and the game is at an end.



Out into the dusk the great lumbering truck rolled.

"LITTLE NOZZLE."

A Tale of the American Fire Brigade.

By Reginald Charles Sherlock.

The newspapers said next morning, in recounting the story, that the accident was bound to have occurred sooner or later. Poor Parkson had just knocked off from work, when the bang of the gong within the engine-house told that a fire had been discovered. The horses, no less keen for a run than their masters, once loosened from their stalls, scampered to their places; the men jumped, with accustomed swiftness and true to habit, to positions assigned them; in a trice the last snaffle had been fixed, the heavy doors swung round on their hinges, and out into the dusk of October the great lumbering truck rolled, dispatched to succour—but in this case to overpower and lay cold in death the wayfaring citizen who, arrested by the clang of the bell, had hesitated a moment too long in the path of the ponderous machine.

Poor Parkson's death made a paragraph for the papers, with an incidental note that there was a widow and a child.

The firemen hoped the rumour was not true that the widow's case had been taken up by a smart lawyer, who would "make the town pay for its carelessness."

"Heaven knows," said Alf Abbott, "Tom Croker is sore enough, without lugging the thing into the courts, to have it picked apart for a jury. It was tough all round, and nobody's half as sorry as Tom; and he's no more to blame than me, and I never see'd the fellow till the hind wheels went over him."

The boys were subdued those days, and it was clear that they felt the awfulness of their experience. But they were beginning to grow out of their melancholy, and actually had courage to take down the draught-boards when Little Nozzle came to them as a reminder of the grimmest day in all their lives.

Stricter rules than had ever been in force were issued by the chief engineer the day after Parkson was killed, prohibiting loitering in front of the engine-house, and holding the captains of the companies responsible for disobedience or violation of the rule.

Small boys would persist in flattening their noses against the narrow panes of the door, while they peeped in and wondered in their little minds if, in the Providence of things, they would ever be firemen.

Captain Frank MacAllister had a tender spot for boyhood, for, as a father bereft of a little hopeful, with blue eyes and a curly head, he felt that not an urchin drew the breath of life but responded somewhere to affection. But Captain MacAllister made the boys of the neighbourhood think he was the veritable monster of fairyland, when he routed them all in a scurry from the door.

One day he came on them unawares.

"Get out of this, you young rascals," he cried, "don't you know you're liable to be killed at any moment? I'm after ye."

And off the pack darted on their tiptoes as if the catastrophe threatened was at their heels. All except one.

He, the tiny wisp of a boy, unusually pale, but sweet in expression, a lock of his tow hair drooping over his forehead, stood his ground. The captain, whose mouth had relaxed into a smile as he turned to go in, nearly stumbled over the youngster.

"Hello, there!" said the captain, "clear off, too, or I'll feed the horses in there with you."

But my brave little hero never budged.

"How many times have I got to fire you ragamuffins out; tell me that, you young tramp?"

All this while, and it was not long, the boy stood knocking his toes on the walk to warm them, waiting with a tremor of alarm for the tirade or the captain to end.

"I ain't a bit afraid of you, like the other boys; for my mamma told me you were a real nice man, and didn't kill my papa," was the child's remark in a lisping tone.

"She did, eh? And didn't your mother tell you to keep away from here? And, if she didn't, she ought to. Now clear out before a house falls on you."

Then the captain tried to look savage, and made a mess of it.

The quick eye of the boy, a mere child as he was, was not deceived.

"Yes, sir," he went on, "my mamma said you sent her flowers for my papa, when they put him in the ground, and she said I might come over and thank you; and she was crying. My mamma cries all the time now, my mamma does."

"Cries all the time, eh? Well, I'm sorry, my little man. Come in and we will find out who you are," and the brawny hand took the little one, and in they went.

"Who's your mamma?" he asked.

"Mrs. Parkson is my mamma."

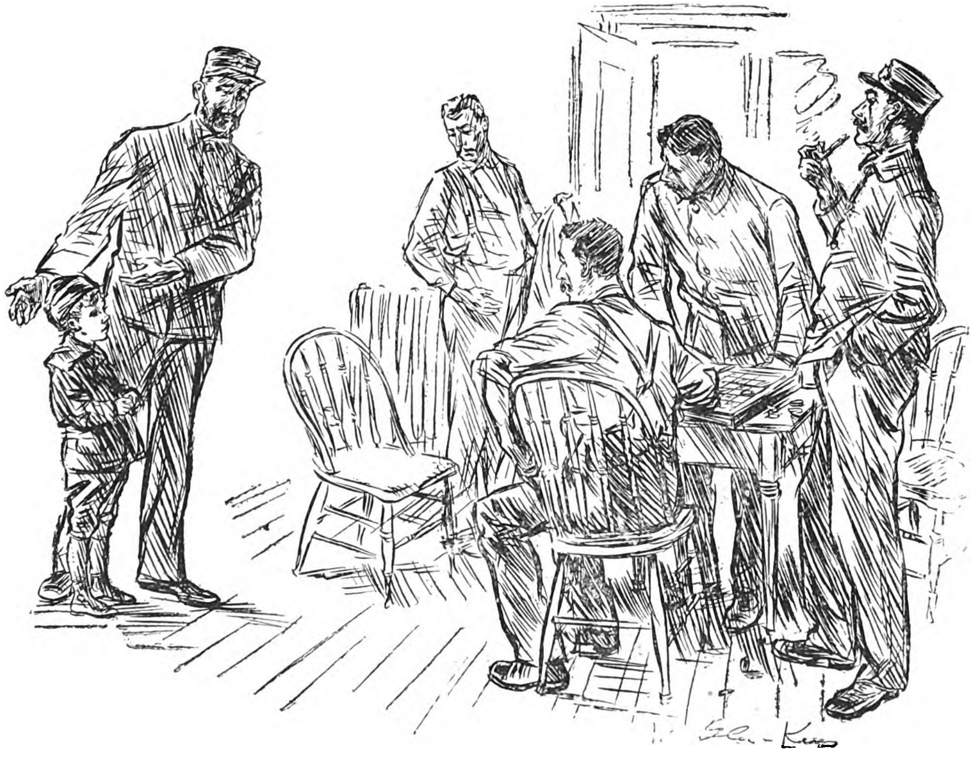
The laughter on the lips of all died into a sigh, which heaved in every heart in the room.

Captain MacAllister stooped, and, looking into the child's face, tried to frame words into a question.

"Was the man—are you—is your mother—my poor little fellow, where—where do you live? Don't be afraid."

Then the child told what the captain and his men would fain not have heard, but with an innocence which softened the blow. This was the orphan of poor Parkson. The boys knew where he lived with his mother, but he minutely described the simple surroundings of his home in the fourth front of the tenement around the corner.

It had been drawn from the boy that he



"Come in and we will find out who you are."

had been able to identify Captain MacAllister, as the benefactor of his mother, by the cry of alarm sent up by the others crowded about the doors when they were sent off in a hurry. As he talked on, the boys also heard from his lips an assurance that the widow harboured no ill-feeling toward them, but had kept the bunch of roses their money had bought on the day of the funeral.

Little Nozzle was the pet name the men had for him. The air of the engine-house had for him a curious charm, hung as were its walls with old prints of flaming fires and firemen running about in attitudes only seen in pictorial and melodramatic art; its mighty machine, glittering with burnished brass ; the stables in the rear, in which were such horses as boyhood mounts his heroes on ; the clanging bells and electrical devices, and a world of accoutrements in which brave men arm themselves to battle with the flames —all these things struck the active fancies of the boy with fervid wonder, and set his imagination running at a breakneck pace.

Little Nozzle was more pleased than can be guessed when he found all his new playmates calling him by the odd name. They told him he must call them "the boys" as everybody else did. So it became "Little Nozzle" and "the boys."

"Boys," the youngster would say to the big men, who were his sworn friends, "my mamma says I may come over to see you, and she says I may stay an hour."

And that hour would be a merry one. The boys had not much notion how his mother looked, and they rather feared the consequences of her coming, as Little Nozzle promised some day she would.

But when the year rolled round, and the anniversary of poor Parkson's death arrived, an event they knew was marked in Little Nozzle's home, because he himself mentioned it the day before—the florist on the square had orders to send a basket of his choicest roses to the fourth floor of the big building round the corner. Little Nozzle did not visit the boys that day, although he had counted on a call, but when he came the next he brought a little note from his mother, the pages of which were not unstained with tears.

All this while Little Nozzle had been becoming the most frantic fireman in the service, and he often entertained the boys, describing in innocent prattle how his mother fought with him to go to bed when the bells rang out at night. What he had not learned of the department in general the statistician could not teach him.

This sagacious child knew what street crossing the boys ought to reach ahead of other companies when called from certain boxes, and shared the mortification of his friends if a clumsy hitch or other mishap delayed them in beating their colleagues and making the record.

Not until the Chief Engineer himself, of whom Little Nozzle had been in something of awe—probably from the fact that the boys seemed to owe that functionary unusual deference—spoke pleasantly to him, was his happiness complete.

Then came inspection day, and Little Nozzle was actually to ride on the big fire-engine, over which he had crept many a time, as it stood in its house. The boys had promised him this distinction, provided his mother consented, and the answer he brought was the woman herself, who stammered her gratitude to the men for their kindness to her boy, and, being assured that no danger was in the exploit proposed, was willing he should go.

A reporter got an inkling of Little Nozzle's story, and made him famous by a pretty description of his fascination for that fire service. A firemen's periodical sent a week after for a photograph of Little Nozzle to be engraved as the picture of the youngest fireman in active service in the world.

Any other boy's head would have been turned by these attentions. But Little Nozzle counted them all as love tokens of the boys who shared his affection in twenty charming ways. There was no vanity in him, not even with the boys debarred by the regulations of the department from the society and intimacy he enjoyed.

"Mayn't I bring Nickie Leslie in here, boys?" Little Nozzle asked one day; "he says you don't want him to come in; and Mary Timmins told my mamma that I told Captain MacAllister to keep her brother Tom out of here. And I didn't, did I?"

The refusal to give him the privilege of introducing his friends, gentle though it was, might have worried this sensitive boy, had not the chief been blamed for the harshness of the rule.

"And Mary Timmins says I'm not a fireman at all," said Little Nozzle.

"But you know you are, don't you, Nozzle?" replied Alf Abbott.

"Yes, sir, if the boys say so."

"And the boys say so, Nozzle; don't you, boys?"

Those of the company who heard the question shouted in chorus:

"Rather, Nozzle."

"But Mary Timmins says the only reason you let me in is because my papa was killed by——"

"What did you tell her, when she said that?" Captain MacAllister asked, with a solemnity which made the men about him shudder, for they all wanted to know how their pet really felt.

"Mamma heard her say that, and told her she was a wicked little girl. I guess she isn't really wicked, but she tells lies! That was one. I know," and Little Nozzle took his place between MacAllister's knees and looked lovingly into the honest face of the stout captain.

"You tell Mary Timpkins, or whatever her name is, that she's a saucy dunce, and that I say you are a fireman as much as I am. Tell her that, Nozzle. You're one of the boys, Nozzle, and don't mind what they say."

"No, sir," said Little Nozzle briskly; "no, sir, I won't mind a bit."

"And you tell her too, Nozzle, that you are going to have a truck like ours for your own self," and the seared hands of the rugged captain were flattened against the rosy cheeks.

"Honest?"

"Yes, honest; ain't he, boys?"

"For sure," and "No mistake," were the responses.

"You know Christmas is coming," MacAllister went on, "and if old Santa Claus does not give you a truck, the boys will. Mind that."

As big as saucers Little Nozzle's eyes bulged out as he turned to survey the proportions of the engine, ready at a moment's warning to go to the rescue.

"And then I'll be a real fireman, won't I, boys?" he finally said, as the importance of the matter struck home.

All the boys assured him that he was already a real fireman.

"To be sure, Nozzle. Don't you let 'em make you believe you ain't a real fireman."

The boys had three weeks to contemplate the mischief they had done, for it soon became evident that the toy apparatus they had ordered of the dealer, though they said they wanted something handsome, was not exactly what Little Nozzle expected.

It was plain that he had fixed his expectations on a truck like the very one they ran with, and though they used the cleverest devices and remarked disingenuously that they wished their machine was a toy, they failed to disabuse the mind of their *protége*.

"We're in a pickle, certainly," remarked MacAllister one day about this time, "and unless we can make him believe our three-guinea toy is better than the truck itself, we'll break the child's heart. I'm mighty sorry we're in it."

Not long after the boys fondly thought they discovered a way out of the dilemma, when they came back from a run to the suburbs with a wheel disabled. Little Nozzle was on hand to commiserate with the boys on the misfortune, and the most was made of the fact that one of the ladder-men, John Gallagher, had been thrown off when the truck collided with the stone pile. Gallagher had barked his shins pretty badly, and was laid off duty for a few days, but, by advice of his embarrassed associates, pretended injuries he never had, when Little Nozzle went to see him.

The ladder-man said the size of the truck was the cause of the accident, and before his sympathiser left had worked a conviction in the active little mind that perhaps something smaller would be better.

The day after Little Nozzle failed to come to the house. Three days succeeding came and went, and as yet the pet of the boys was missing.

"Gallagher has gone and put his foot in it with Nozzle," blurted Abbott, "The boy's found out that we ain't going to give him a big truck, and it has broken his heart. That's what's the matter."

"I guess he's let on, sure enough," was the rejoinder of Jack Brier. "It's a pity he didn't break his blamed neck, when he struck the stone pile,"

"Let Gallagher alone," said Captain MacAllister, "and you go over to the tenement and see what's become of the boy, anyway."

The messenger came back wearing a long face. Little Nozzle was by no means well; indeed, so out of sorts that his mother had taken a neighbour's advice and called in a doctor.

The doctor was there before the captain, and of him MacAllister learned that the child was threatened with fever.

"Doctor," the captain said, a few minutes later on the kerbstone, "that boy's mother ain't rich, and medicine and that sort of thing costs money, but the boy's to have what he wants. Charge it to me—charge it to the boys at the station. Never mind what it costs, if you have to call ten times a day, get him out of this fix."

The boys heard their captain's report in silence. More than one shed tears; and all said in indorsement of the captain's promises to the doctor that nothing was too good for Little Nozzle.

Gloomy stories came from the tall building round the corner. The child, the doctor reported, had a virulent attack of typhoid fever, a thing so unusual in one of his years, that he could not pretend to say that his life was safe.

The boys were cast down, and their grim fears of the worst were not forgotten when their Christmas toy arrived from New York, packed in a neat box. It was really a remarkably pretty miniature of a truck, rigged with lanterns, and axes, and buckets, a swivelled hoisting ladder, and a tool chest. It was taken to the painter's to be lettered "Little Nozzle."

Christmas was no less than a week away. Little Nozzle had not improved, and the doctor said the chances of recovery had diminished, because of the development of organic troubles which had not before shown themselves in the child. Captain MacAllister had been permitted to go into the bedroom, and, as big and strong as he was, had burst into tears when he beheld the little fellow wasted by disease, the wan face angelic in its sweetness, and the small white hands clutching the coverlet, where they lay.

Little Nozzle seemed to know his caller, and his pinched features lighted up a moment as the stalwart captain stooped to press his hand. A flash of joy flitted across the features of the child, and said to his old friend unutterable things, for the tongue was powerless.

"He talks of you, sir," the widow said, under her breath, "and of the boys at the station. Last night I think he dreamt he was going to a fire, sir, for he said the horses were not going fast enough, and seemed to be giving orders himself. I got afraid, sir, and woke him up. Then he dozed off again, and talked of the boys again; and then I heard him say: 'Ain't it a big one?' and he laughed, poor little darling!"

After hearing this, the boys said they had not the heart to see the child, even were that privilege allowed.

Christmas Eve was there, and the toy truck had come back from the painter's a perfect model. The news that afternoon from the tenement block had been without a tinge of hope. The men at the fire station had decided that they would not send the toy to their pet until—and they looked askance at one another, as soldiers do on the verge of battle—until Little Nozzle was better.

"These doctors don't know everything, boys," said Gallagher, who had recently been in medical hands. "The boy may live after all."

But every man who answered roll call that night took a lump of lead to his bunk instead of a heart.

Far and wide throughout the city in ten thousand happy homes children were that night put to sleep with stories of things eerie and things wonderful.

Ill-attuned to such a night was the scene in the tenement, where a loving mother kept vigil over the couch of a boy burning up with fever.

The clocks in the steeple had tolled the midnight hour. Christmas had come.

The boys, ever ready for a call, had masked their woe; even the man on watch, who nodded in his chair, was lulled into uneasy, wakeful sleep by the uncanny silence of the long winter's night.

A half-hour later and a summons came. Through the chill air the bell in the tower was sending in its dreadful alarm.

Fifteen men, like so many automatons, were, in a mere twinkling, at their posts. Down from the floor above they came like demons in the pantomime, as one after another in quick succession they alighted by the rod of polished brass.

The horses were already champing at their bits and pawing the floor in their eagerness to be afoot.

"Thirty-two; right round the corner," the man on the watch cried, while the hitch was being completed and the company was mounting the truck.

"All right," sung out the voice of MacAllister.

That instant the doors were open and the next the truck was grinding the snow into the cobbles beneath it. It was a short run. One corner and a turn into the main street brought the firemen face to face with their foe. Rising and falling with the variations of the wind was a sheet of flame which seemed to claim an area round about it for its prey.

"Heavens, boys," Captain MacAllister yelled, "it's *the* tenement!" and without thought of personal safety leaped from his place on the truck. Over the beaten snow he outran the horses to the spot. The truck halted in the street in front of the staircase which led to the floors above.

MacAllister was first at the door, but was repulsed by a gust of smoke which rushed out upon the street. The boys never seemed so helpless, for, though nobody had ventured to say it, every stout heart knew that Little Nozzle was up there.

"The ladder," cried MacAllister, convinced that the staircase was inaccesible. "Quick, boys, for your lives. The fourth storey—light in the window. Abbott, help at the crank!"

No time was to be lost. The trained eye of the captain had the situation in his head in an instant. He saw that doom had lighted on this place with an awful certainty of consequences, which he had no opportunity to speculate upon.

The sheet of flame above the roof had found its way across the skylight from the place of origin, and was winding a course through the building from the roof downwards. Already it had cut off retreat for half the tenants by clouding the halls and staircases with dense, impenetrable smoke.

Engines were arriving, and from main streets, from cracks and crevices, no one knows where, people emerged out of the darkness and began to line the footpaths and streets to their imminent peril.

Windows were thrown up, and blank dismay on whitened, spectral faces started out into the biting night. A staircase at the other end of the building had been found available, and down it came the weird figures of men, women, and children, turned out of bed by the cries of fire repeated again and again outside their doors. Blanched faces looked upward to the open windows, from which heads were now thrust, but as the flames were not visible except from the street, the tenants had not yet appreciated their own jeopardy.

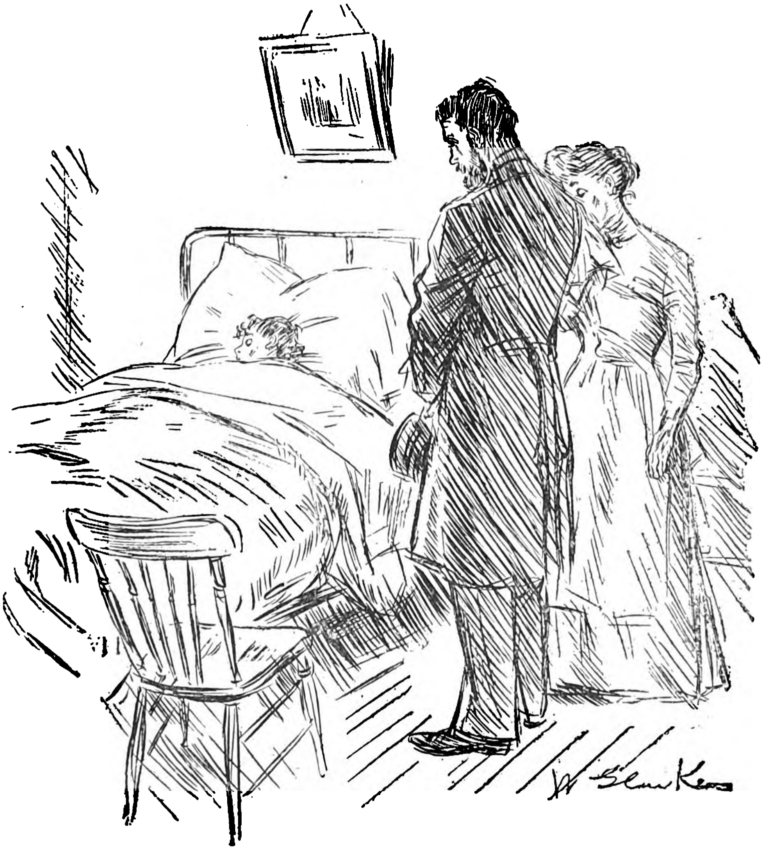
MacAllister had tried again to push his way up the staircase, trusting to the ladder when it had been raised for rescue, but had come back, more dead than alive, his face grimy with smoke.

"No use, boys," he said, staggering to the truck, "we've got to take them out with the ladder. Confound those wires!"

The ladder had been going higher and higher until it reached the maze of wires strung along the street and had caught in them for an instant. The next instant MacAllister was scaling the rounds with the agility of a cat, and with an axe snatched from its fastenings was slashing the intercepting strands.

"Grind away, boys, for Heaven's sake; never mind me," was his command, as he looked up and saw that a vast cyclone of lurid flame was now coming over the projecting cornice, breaking into a spray like the billows on the sea coast, and consuming the woodwork as if it were mere tissue paper.

All this while the room on the fourth floor



"He talks of you, sir," the widow said under her breath, "and of the boys."

front showed nothing but the flickering lamp.

From windows lower down by women, with children crouching at their sides, and by excited men leaning far out crying for aid, MacAllister was besought to extend a means of rescue, but he was deaf to their intreaties, and in a firm voice shouted:

"Higher, and be quick! Be quick!"

The crowds on the footpath looked at this spectacle chilled to the marrow, for the fire was now crowning the whole structure, and at the other end had burst out of the upper tier of windows. Smoke trickled out of the crevices of those left unopened, and the unrescued inmates elsewhere were obliged to lean out to catch their breath.

"Too high," somebody below found voice to cry, and the people within sight of the ladder and its solitary passenger repeated the warning.

At this instant MacAllister's order was heard by everyone in the street.

"High enough. Swing her round and drop her."

"Look out, captain," was an admonitory word from below. "You'll be jarred off. Better come down."

"Drop her, I tell you, drop," was the impetuous response, which rang out above the roar of the flames.

As the ladder moved on the turn-table below, and inclined with a plunge toward the window-sill, those who witnessed the scene stood aghast, for life was cheap up there.

But MacAllister, with his legs twisted about the rungs, held fast, and, with his hands thus free, poised the axe above his head. As the end of the ladder gripped the stone sill, the glass and frame of the window were splintered by a vicious blow.

As if to test the fireman's intrepidity the bellowing flames above curled downward toward the ladder, and would have enveloped him in a winding sheet of fire, had he not nimbly leaped into the opening he had made.

Up from the street there was a cry of dismay, and then wonderment seized everybody, for not a sign of life had shown itself at that particular window, when below many were full of perishing human beings.

Before MacAllister appeared at the window two men of his company had followed up the ladder, and from the windows from which the affrighted inmates stretched forth appealing hands had safely taken every living soul.

As the cloud of smoke, which had gushed out of the broken window through which MacAllister had disappeared, cleared a moment, eyes strained towards that spot saw the figure of the captain sustaining in his grasp, two figures: one the limp form of a woman, whose pallid face was lit up by the over-leaping light; the other a white-robed child, held so tenderly in that outstretched arm.

A ladder-man was quickly at the top, and dodging the intermediate descent of the flames, took from his captain's arm Little Nozzle's mother.

"I knew you'd come, captain," said a faint voice in MacAllister's ear as he held his precious burden next to his breast, nestling the head next his own.

Even there, hanging between an awful fate and death at hand, the fireman stopped, riveted where he stood, within reach of the raging fire, held by the sweetness of the tone and trembling at the horror of the situation.

"I kept telling mamma you'd come, you and the boys," the captain heard Little Nozzle say, though the consuming building crackled, as with an alert movement he cleared the sill and quickly descended the ladder. Poor little chap, his mind was wandering.

Captain MacAllister will never know how the crowd cheered. Clasping the rescued boy close to him, he went down the ladder and alighted on the turn-table which carried it.

"It's Christmas, and you's brought it to me; the boys remembered Nozzle, didn't they? And ain't it a big one! Now I'm a real fireman and belong to the Fire Brigade."

MacAllister, oblivious of all else, was holding the child in his firm hands, while he stared into the little face, now radiant with ineffable joy, though no longer as he first knew it, the outward token of boyish health. MacAllister had not descended to the ground, but, transfixed with mortal dread, cried aloud to find the child wriggling from his fond embrace and standing erect on the machine, a glorified image of calm and sweetness, in that tempestuous scene and misery.

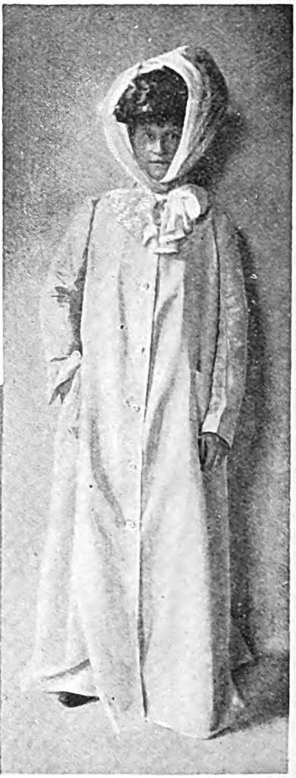
All the pain had faded from the haggard face, the eyes were lustrous and a smile was on the lips.

"Mamma, look! This is mine!" was all he said, and before the fireman could clasp the boy again to his heart, Little Nozzle had answered the still alarm sounded by angels from on high.

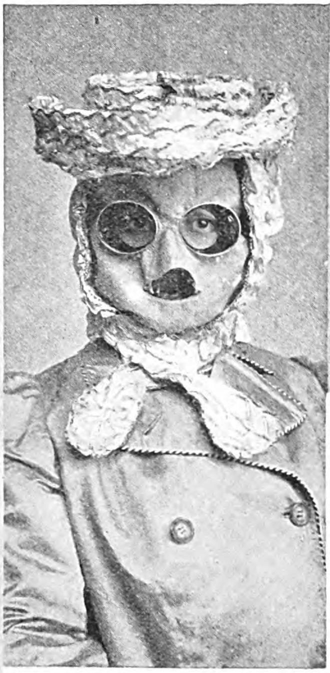
cap with a small peak, is as much worn as the more heavy variety.

There is, too, a cap with a big peak and long flaps to go round the ears similar to that in common use at Bisley and other rifle ranges. This is a capital headgear for keeping off the sun and dust from the face and neck, and with it heavy goggles are worn to protect the eyes.

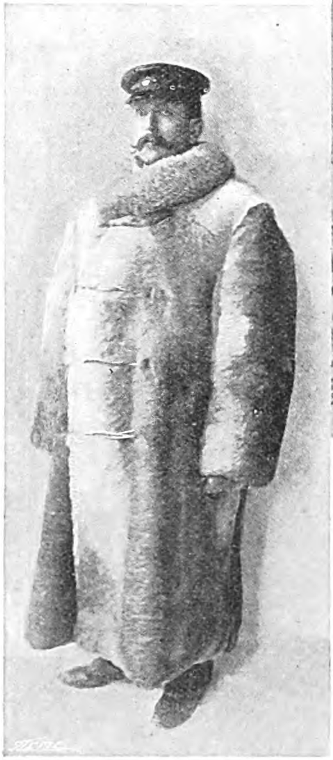
Ladies' head-dresses are little different to those worn in everyday life, save that veils and hoods are largely used. On long rides, when the dust and glare of the sun are very serious considerations against a lady's comfort and complexion, other means have to be resorted to. Here the ingenious manufacturer steps in with a big veil covering the whole neck, while the face is protected from the flying dust by a mask of some soft material. This is very ugly but of the greatest advantage to the wearer, protecting her complexion, keeping dust and insects out of her eyes, and preventing her hair from becoming inextricably tangled and untidy.



A lady equipped for a motor ride, wearing a long silk waterproof cloak and a silk veil, which, if necessary, can be folded completely over hat, face, and head.



A lady's mask that covers the entire face, leaving only the mouth and nose exposed for breathing purposes —not beautiful, is it?

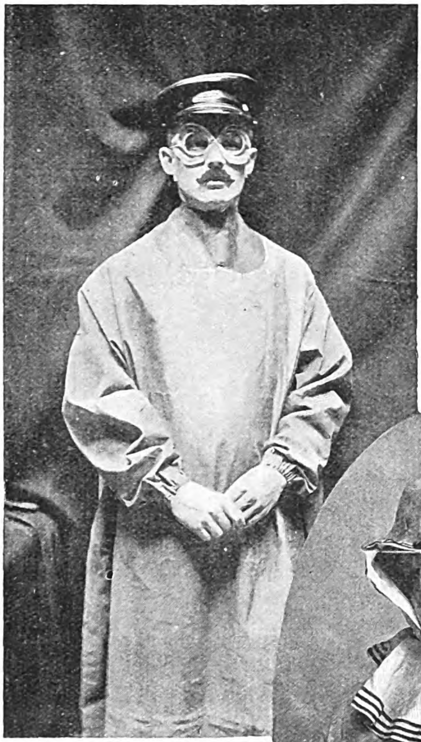


A luxurious motoring-coat of reindeer fur, which would be best suited for an Arctic motor expedition. The cost is extremely moderate—only just over twelve pounds.

Another veil, made of talc, hangs quite clear of the face, and is covered with lace on the outside as an extra protection from the sun. It is exceptionally quaint, completely hiding the face from the outward view.

These talc veils vary in price from twelve to fifteen shillings.

But the most hideous of all motor costume accessories are the goggles, worn to protect the eyes from the sun and dust. These are of all shapes and sizes, some with flaps partially and wholly concealing the face, others looking like the big eyes of a hideous monster, some ancient dragon, waiting for a gallant St. George. The goggles and face masks, in their way the most important part of the whole costume,



A motor-costume which fits tight, with elastic bands round the neck and wrists, and is used mostly by those who travel at great speeds.

can be bought for various sums from 5*s.* 6*d.* upwards to 18*s.* 6*d.*

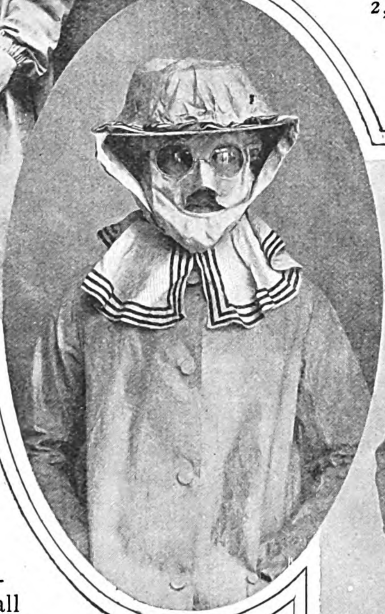
Coats are made of waterproof leather, and of all lengths. With short coats, leggings and knee breeches of waterproof leather are worn; and in winter fur coats of thick reindeer-skin. Clad in which you may challenge Jack Frost boldly and without fear. For really warm weather light rainproof dust coats are capital.

Ladies' coats are made in the usual mode and of various materials; some are of the natural sealskin, others from the Greenland seal with sable collars to keep the wind from the throat. Again, for the summer there are light silk dust cloaks and rain coats, waterproof, yet porous, and delightfully cool for hot weather. The black Greenland seal coat costs sixteen guineas, while the gentlemen's reindeer coat is lower in price, namely, £12 10*s.*

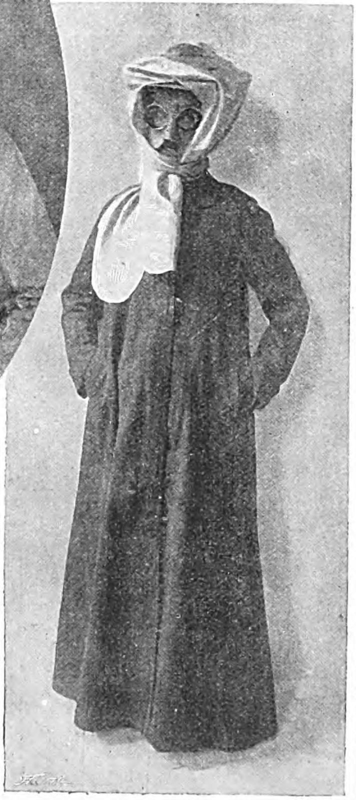
Such are the motoring costumes, so much held up to ridicule. So when you see a seventy-horse car slaying dogs and small children at forty miles an hour through a country village, its occupants swathed in leather and goggled up to the eyes, you must remember that these hideous costumes are not altogether for show.

And really there is no reason why you should laugh at them. Like the hideous costumes in vogue amongst cyclists fifteen years ago, they will have a short innings, as far as ordinary everyday riding goes. In the park they are hideous, but for high speed riding they are very necessary and useful.

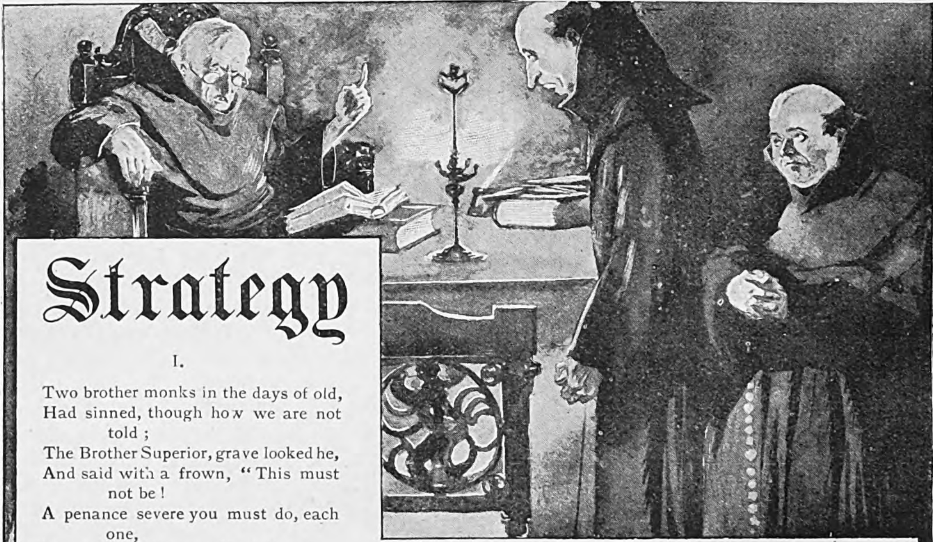
Finally we desire to express our indebtedness to Mr. Alfred Dunhill, 2, Conduit Street, London, for the very valuable assistance they have rendered us in bringing out this article.



An inelegant but serviceable headgear for motoring ladies; it only leaves room for breathing, and is very useful for fast travelling.



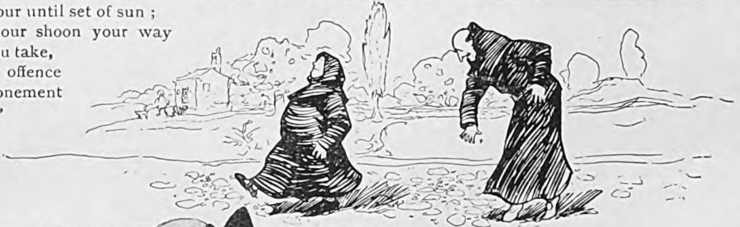
Another costume calculated to frighten cows and alarm the natives of villages passed by the motor.

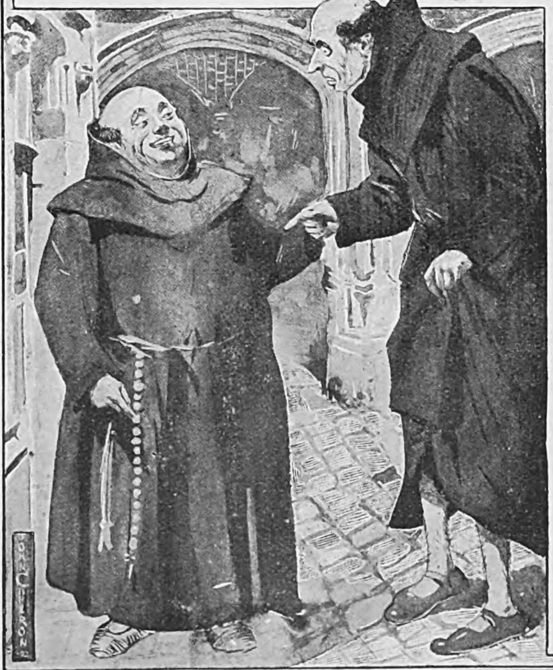


Strategy

I.

Two brother monks in the days of old,
Had sinned, though how we are not told;
The Brother Superior, grave looked he,
And said with a frown, "This must not be!
A penance severe you must do, each one,
From midday hour until set of sun;
With peas in your shoon your way shall you take,
And for your offence thus atonement make!"





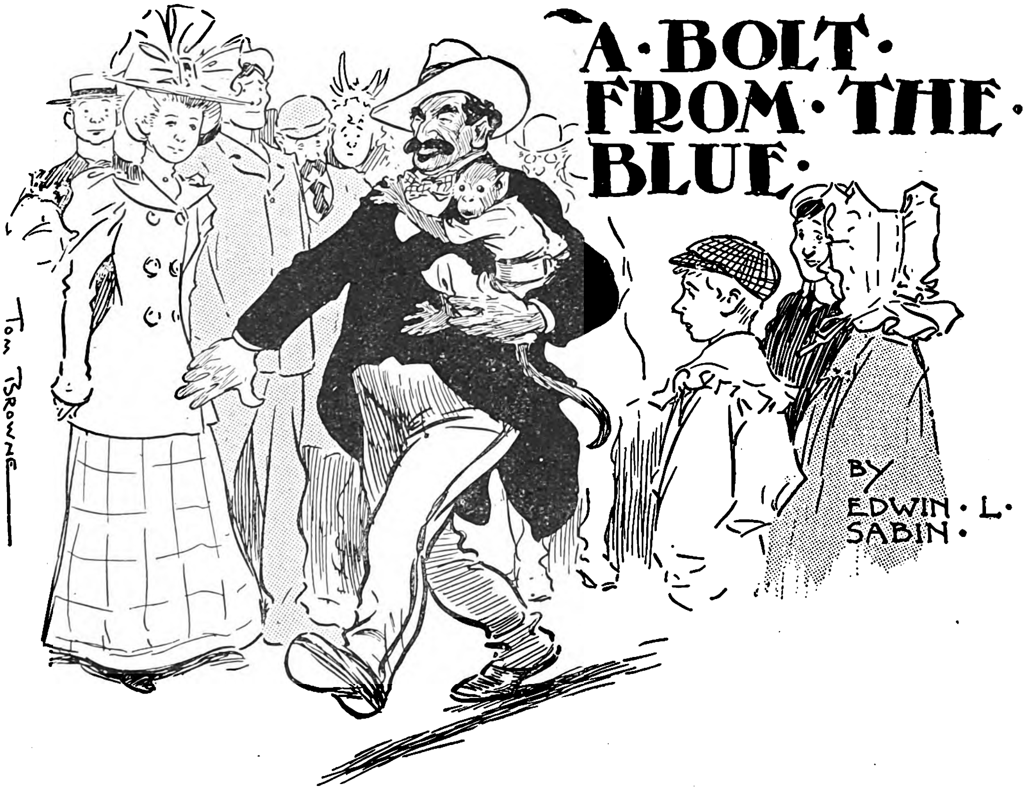
II.

So out they set that afternoon,
To walk with peas in their pilgrim shoon;
But while one hobbled in pain along,
The other merrily trolled a song!
He looked at his brother's face of woe,
And laughed, "Ha-ha," and chuckled, "Ho-ho!"
"You limp," cried he, "while I walk with ease—
You must have forgotten to boil your peas!"

Clifton Bingham.

A·BOLT·FROM·THE·BLUE·

BY EDWIN·L·SABIN·



"The Only Monkey Aëronaut and Parachute Leaper in the World" was on exhibition at Valhalla Palace.

And every afternoon and every evening crowds of people flocked to the Palace, to laugh at and to applaud the wretched little beast. Perchance a few there were who pitied.

The monkey's ridiculous title was Professor Mike, and in such wise was the order of Professor Mike's performances:

About three o'clock each afternoon, and seven o'clock each evening, the dingy balloon was hauled to an open space near the pavilion, and the process of inflation was begun.

Surrounded by a throng of interested witnesses, the canvas swelled and swelled, until, like a bubble from a stagnant pool, a huge, undulating sphere had grown out from the huddled mass of dirty cloth.

While this globe was wavering from side to side, and tugging to be free, Professor Mike appeared—but not voluntarily.

He was borne upon the scene of action clinging desperately to his bustling master, who elbowed a way down the narrow lane afforded by the curious onlookers.

Around Professor Mike's slender middle was a broad leathern band, with a swivel eye projecting from the top.

By this band and eye the monkey was fastened to the parachute. Chattering in protest, grimacing, clutching distractedly at arms, legs, and even very straws, the bold aëronaut was attached to the parachute, which, in turn attached to the balloon, lay on the ground like a furled umbrella.

The mechanism which was eventually to release the parachute was set going. An instant, and amid cheers which drowned the final, despairing appeal of the monkey, the balloon shot upwards — Professor Mike dangling below.

Away he went, an impotent babe in the clutch of a gigantic bird—and how the men, women, and children made merry!

Presently, when the apparatus governing the parachute willed, he would drop.

At first with a rush, then slowly, down, down, down, to land wherever chance decreed.

High in the blue he floated suspended.

Underneath him stretched the ten thousand roofs of the city, shrouded in a mantle of smoke. Pigmy people trotted about their insignificant affairs; played, worked, and schemed.

But above him and on either side—nothing. He was alone—a monkey solitary and adrift in an alien world.

Possibly he was not happy; although in Valhalla Palace his master assured all inquirers:

"Oh, naw—*he* no scared! Naw, naw, he like it—yas!"

Sometimes he lit on a hard and sloping roof; sometimes in a vacant garden; sometimes in a tree. But whatever it was that rose to meet him, he was powerless to avoid it.

Moreover, when once he had arrived, so to speak, he was unable to comport himself with dignity, for the broad belt and the dragging parachute seriously interfered with his movements.

Therefore he must abide, helpless, until his master should come and carry him back to think with terror upon the next "performance."

* * * * *

Who that lives in London's south-eastern suburbs does not know Maitland Gardens, that charming recreation ground of many acres, well covered with trees and flowering bushes, and traversed by winding paths?

Along the paths are placed, at regular intervals, benches, which on pleasant evenings are favourite resorts of lovers.

Heedless of observation, dwelling in their own private world built for two, in couples they snuggle and whisper and are content until the keepers ruthlessly intrude with the warning:

"'Leven o'clock—time to go home!"

One bench in particular is a popular paradise. It is located on a short by-path, and is nicely screened by the lilac bushes. Between swains cognisant of the spot exists quite a rivalry to secure it.

Living as they do not far from the park, until recently Augustus Maxon and Georgia Althouse were the most successful in securing this nook.

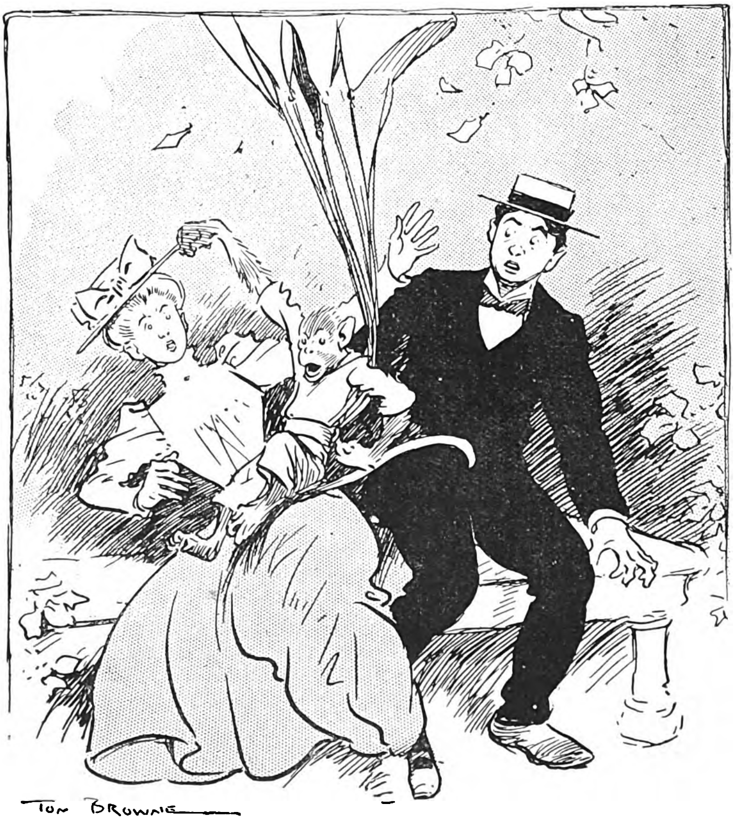
And here, on a certain balmy eve, they were sitting and chatting softly in the gloaming.

Romance was in the atmosphere; romance was in their hearts; and romance welled from the lips of Augustus.

In like measure as many another youth has yearned, so he, too, was yearning after deeds to do and spurs to win, that thereby he might prove to his love that she had secured one man in a thousand.

Georgia was not at all loath to listen. What girl is, in the glamour and fragrance of the twilight, when the world is hushed and still?

"If I could only *do* something!" prayed Augustus, his voice quivering with earnestness. "If I had only been allowed to enlist when I wanted to! If we only lived in the days when there were knights and crusades and things, so that I could cut a way with



A dusky object plunged upon them, and into the lap of the terrified girl.

my sword! But here I am just serving in a shop, and the biggest glory in sight is to sell more cloth than the other man—bah!"

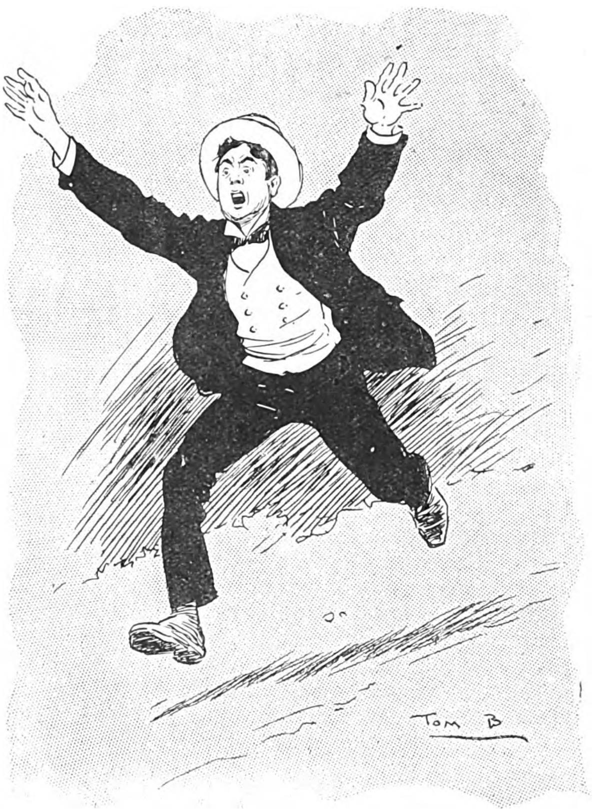
"But, Gus, pa says you're an awfully good shopman," interposed Georgia.

Gus snorted in scorn.

"'Shopman!'" he repeated. "Heavens! Oh, Georgia," he exclaimed passionately, "set me some great task—tell me to lick somebody, or swim the lake, or climb a steeple, or—or—I don't care what! I just wish you'd be attacked, or be in danger—not to be hurt, I mean—while I was about. Indeed I do!"

Really, Gus was sincere. Georgia's breast throbbed with an inexpressible pride in the brave zeal of her hero.

"A real danger," continued Gus more enthusiastically than ever, his eyes flashing, and his hands clutching eagerly at his trousers; "anything you like, a crowd of roughs, or a brutal assault on a woman by a drunken man, anything to show what an Englishman is. Why, I could knock out half-a-dozen of these French mossoos in two rounds, knock 'em down before they knew what they were doing. Oh, for a fight!"



"Help! Help! Help!" cried Augustus.

"Oh, Gus!" Once more the maiden, fired by his enthusiasm, murmured thus rapturously.

"Oh, for a chance," reiterated Gus.

Crash! Crash! Thump!

The branches of a tree over their heads were violently agitated.

Even while the two were frozen in the first start of alarm and surprise, from amidst this foliage above a dusky object plunged upon them, and into the lap of the terrified girl.

Out of the corner of his eyes Augustus beheld the creature at the throat of his companion, and simultaneously with the onslaught he sprang from the bench, and, shouting lustily for aid, sped, panic-stricken, down the path.

"Help! Help! Help!" cried Augustus, searching for a park policeman.

Behind he faintly heard what he deemed to be the last dying scream of his *fiancée*.

When the foremost rescuer of the little crowd, gathered by the frightened Augustus reached the bench, a small, active, dark-complexioned man burst through the shrubbery, calling excitedly:

"My monk—my monk! Where my monk?"

"Here he is," responded Georgia composedly, indicating the poor little being cuddling in her arms.

Then, straightway, ignoring alike the thanks of the Italian, the comments of the gathering crowd, and the shrinking presence of her erstwhile champion, she marched homeward.

If Augustus humbly attended her steps, she deigned him not a glance.

The bench in "Spoon Alley" (as the recess is designated by park *habitués*) still listens to the sundry vows and smacks of lad and lassie. But no more do Georgia and Augustus sit there together, and Augustus, though in his dreams at times he will rout a commando of Boers, and will stand at bay before a howling herd of Zulus thirsting for his blood, sticks to his trade and sells cloth as fast as any man in the shop, and at that is likely to achieve greatness.

But, let me advise you! Never mention monkeys to Augustus. He will not be polite.

THE STRONGEST WOMAN ON EARTH

Photo, W. V. Amey.

The Young Welsh Girl, Miss Kate Roberts — Vulcana — who has been a "Strong Woman" ever since she was fifteen, has won 120 Medals in Strength Contests, and holds all the World's Championships for Ladies' Weight-lifting.

By H. J. Holmes.

A GRACEFUL girl of medium height and shapely figure, with the clear complexion and bright eyes that tell of perfect health; a body whose every movement possesses a charm, full of ease and suppleness.

And this is Vulcana—this pretty girl, barely out of her teens—whose extraordinary feats of strength the London public have been talking about for weeks!

How different she is from our easily conjured up mind's-eye picture of the lusty god, the feminine of whose name she has chosen as that by which she is known in her professional capacity, Vulcana, the strongest woman in the world.

The pursuit of her profession has not been at the sacrifice of her womanliness. When she takes her walks abroad, no one to whom she is unknown could regard her as anything but the type of bright, smiling, athletic English girl that she is. There is none of the "strong woman" swagger in her demeanour.

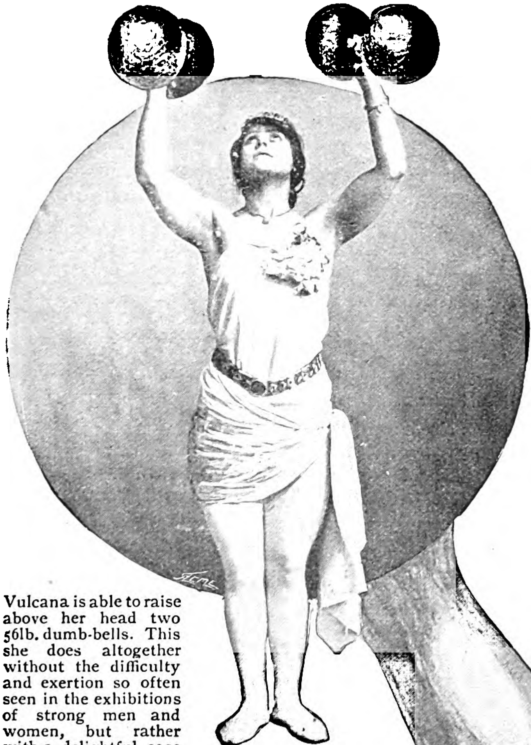
Miss Kate Roberts—Vulcana's real name — is the daughter of a popular Welsh preacher. Coming of an athletic family, she, in childhood, was remarkably strong, and developed a tendency for daring performances at an early age.

She loved an open-air life, and nothing used to delight her more than a visit to a wood, in the neighbourhood of her home, where she could climb high trees to her heart's content, or hang swinging by her arms from lofty boughs, risking her neck at almost every movement.

At school she performed feats of strength that astonished her teachers and fellow-pupils. On one occasion, when it was necessary for a harmonium to be conveyed from one room to another, she calmly volunteered to carry it single-handed — and

Photo, Hana.

Vulcana — showing the wonderful muscular development which natural strength and proper training have together produced.



Vulcana is able to raise above her head two 56lb. dumb-bells. This she does altogether without the difficulty and exertion so often seen in the exhibitions of strong men and women, but rather with a delightful ease and grace.

succeeded in doing so, much to the amazement of the lookers-on.

Although naturally strong, Vulcana owes much of her present state of physical perfection to her brother, one of the strongest men in England. Under his tuition training became a matter of pleasure and delight to her.

By an accident it was that Miss Roberts became a professional. Mr. Roberts had been engaged to carry out the management of a *fête* and gala at Pontypool. At the last moment a lady performer who ought to have been in her place failed to put in an appearance. Someone was necessary to fill the gap.

What was to be done? Mr. Roberts decided to "fill the bill" with his little sister Kate. She duly appeared before the Pontypool public, performing feats of strength, which so delighted them and herself that she there and then decided to become a professional. She was at that time a girl of fifteen.

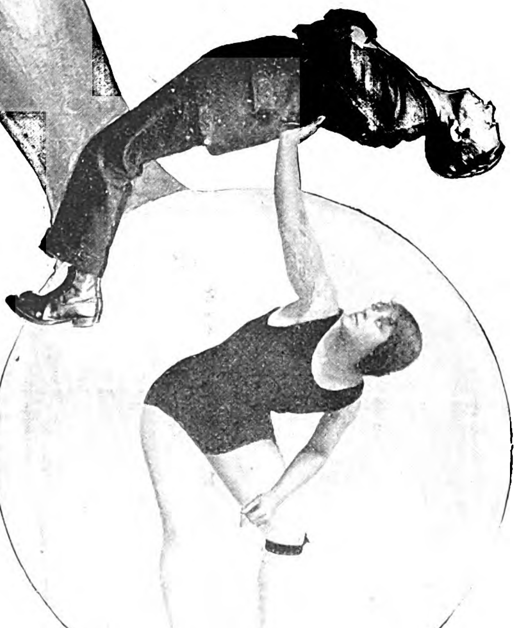
Vulcana, as a preliminary, lifts a couple of weights, each weighing 56lbs.—one in each hand—from the floor to high above her head, and plays about with them as though the heavy metal were so much cork.

She then begins to handle a bar-bell weighing no less than 120lbs. With this "toy" she goes through various manipulations, introducing every known style of weight-lifting. She caps the whole thing by lifting the bell, *and, in addition, a twelve stone man swinging from it,* several feet above the level of the stage.

Amongst the other objects which this Herculean young lady handles with ease are two 56lb. ring weights, two 112lb. dumb-bells—a really extraordinary feat this—a 200lb. bar-bell—which she raises and manipulates as readily almost, as the smaller one; and finally a 224lb. bar-bell—a gigantic affair that looks formidable enough to frighten the redoubtable Sandow, but does not give any particular trouble to the fair young lady athlete.

It may not be out of place to mention here the fact that this muscular young lady has held all the world's ladies weight-lifting championships for eight years, and has won some 120 medals in various competitions of strength.

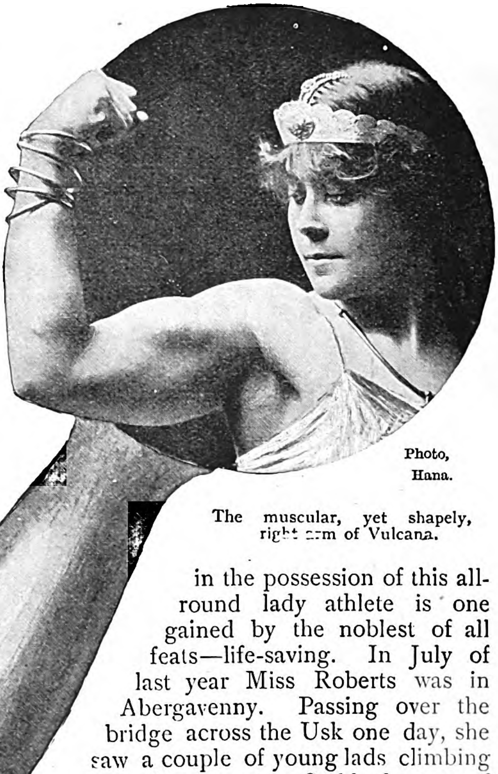
Many exciting incidents have



Vulcana can also raise and hold above her head, at arm's length, a man weighing more than twelve stone.

happened to Vulcana. At the age of thirteen she was walking with a relative through Egerton Road, Bristol, when a runaway horse came dashing along, dragging behind him a van from which the driver was missing. Always quick to act, the young girl darted forward, caught the dragging reins and with her strong arms pulled the animal, within a dozen yards, to a standstill.

I daresay the adventurous young gentleman who, a few months ago, made a raid on the pocket of Miss Roberts, whilst she was looking into a shop window in Waterloo Road, had previously summed her up as a quiet inoffensive kind of girl whom he could easily "work." He succeeded in getting his hand into the pocket and clutching the purse that lay there. Then things began to happen. His reflection in the window gave the game away. His arm was held in an iron grip. He wrenched—but the grip was still there. Then the pickpocket tried the old dodge of diving under the arm whose hand gripped him so tightly. But as he came up on the other side Vulcana's strong right clenched fist met him full in the face. He fell like a log. He had caught a tartar.



Photo, Hana.

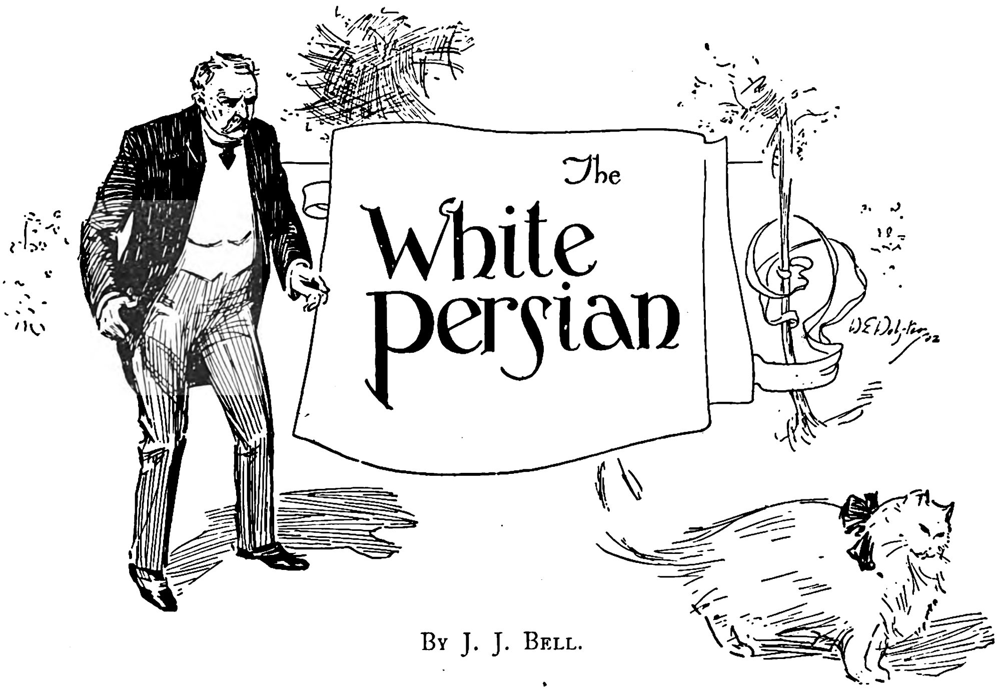
The muscular, yet shapely, right arm of Vulcana.

Among the many medals in the possession of this all-round lady athlete is one gained by the noblest of all feats—life-saving. In July of last year Miss Roberts was in Abergavenny. Passing over the bridge across the Usk one day, she saw a couple of young lads climbing upon the parapet. Suddenly one of the boys slipped; he clutched at his companion, and the two rolled across into the river below, which was in flood at the time. Miss Roberts promptly dived in, and succeeded in bringing the half-drowned youths to the bank.

About a year ago the calm evening air of Maiden Lane, Strand, resounded with a bombardment of "language" from the lips of a couple of irate waggoners, who, in endeavouring to steer their vehicles through the narrow thoroughfare, had only succeeded so far as to lock their front wheels. The usual crowd and policeman promptly gathered on the spot. Strenuous efforts were made to separate the two waggons. A great deal of perspiration and strong comments were in evidence, but the wheels remained locked. A young lady who was passing by had stopped to view the scene. The policeman and a few volunteers had paused from their struggles with the waggons to wipe their respective brows.

The young girl advanced. With an "Allow me, please," she grasped the situation and the nearside waggon, and calmly tilted the latter a few inches until the wheel rested on the footpath. The rest was easy. But didn't the waggoners, the policeman, and the adjacent public stare? They had not recognised Vulcana.

One of the "strong woman's" playthings—a 200lb bar-bell—which she can raise from the ground above her head, and there twist it about as if it were made of cork instead of iron.



The White Persian

By J. J. Bell.

Until the widow came they were separated only by an empty house of five rooms and kitchen. Mr. Thomas Haddock, of No. 7, and Mr. George Mulberry, of No. 9, Wellington Terrace, were regarded by the neighbourhood as delightful exemplars of bachelor friendship. When they took the air they did so together; when they desired an entertainment they sought it in company; and their annual summer tour cost each the same amount of money to a halfpenny, and provided each with an equal amount of enjoyment.

Thrice a week Mr. Haddock dined at No. 9; thrice a week Mr. Mulberry dined at No. 7; once a week they met in an old-fashioned eating-house, and shared a pie specially prepared for them, and likewise two bottles of good red wine. Occasionally they were asked out to dinner, but none of their friends would have dreamed of inviting the one without the other.

Both gentlemen were of that age which young people refer to as "fearfully old," and which old people term "comparatively young"—namely, fifty. Both were engaged in successful businesses, which did not require their attention before ten in the morning or after four in the afternoon. And both were devoted players of chess.

"What more do we want?" they frequently asked each other when, after an evening's tussle, they laid the board and men aside, lit a fresh pipe and cigar—they differed in the matter of tobacco, nodded their "respects" over their tumblers, and settled down for a comfortable half-hour before bedtime.

On the fine summer evenings they sat in the little strip of garden at the back of one or other of their houses, and when time was up the visitor took a short cut home over the two low fences and across the ground belonging to the empty dwelling, and sang out "good-night" on reaching the French window of his parlour.

One morning in early spring, as Messrs. Haddock and Mulberry were starting off to business, they noticed at the same moment that the long familiar bill bearing the words "To Let" had disappeared from the door of No. 8.

"That's a nuisance, Thomas," remarked Mr. Mulberry, frowning. "We won't be able to use our new neighbour's garden for a short cut this summer."

"I wonder who has taken the house. Not a big family, I hope, George."

"Or a family of musical young women, Thomas."

"Heaven forbid, George! Anyway, it's a pity," sighed Mr. Haddock.

"A great pity," agreed Mr. Mulberry.

A month later they knew the worst. It was

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not so bad, after all, they allowed, as they ate their pie and drank their wine in the old-fashioned eating-house.

"Only two ladies and a couple of maids," said Mr. Haddock.

"An old lady and a young one—at least, I should say she's young," said Mr. Mulberry.

"Aha! Take care, my boy—she's a widow. I'm no judge, but I should consider her good-looking." Mr. Haddock chuckled.

"Take care yourself, Thomas!" retorted his friend gaily.

"Did you notice the big white cat she brought with her?"

"No. Ugh! Cats are nasty beasts, George!"

"Abominable! Don't let it get in among your flowers."

"Mind your lettuces! If it gives me any trouble, I'll soon put an end to its fun. I'll set a trap, George!"

"So shall I, Thomas!"

"We don't intend to stand any nonsense."

"We don't! Why, this bottle's empty!" exclaimed Mr. Mulberry, with sudden surprise.

"Is that a fact?" cried Mr. Haddock. "Perhaps——"

"Well, we might——"

"I think we might order——"

"Another," said Mr. Mulberry, smiling.

They did. It was only according to custom.

Mr. Haddock was the first to make the widow's acquaintance. He had just finished his breakfast on a bright April morning when it occurred to him that he might enjoy his pipe none the less if he opened the French window and let the freshness of spring into his parlour.

He rose from the table and went to the window, whereupon he beheld the white cat strolling about his flower-beds.

"Confound the animal!" he muttered, and flung open the glass door.

"Peter, Peter, pretty Peter, come here, come here!" he heard a voice—a sweet voice—calling.

Pretty Peter, however, paid no attention, and continued his peregrinations.

Mr. Haddock peeped out. The widow was standing at the low fence, pleading with her pet to return to his proper domain.

"Peter, Peter!" she called again and again.

"A good-looking woman, but silly," thought Mr. Haddock. Just then he allowed his pipe to slip from his fingers, and to recover it he was obliged to step outside.

"Ah, good-morning," said the widow pleasantly. "Lovely morning! You see I am trying to get my naughty Persian to come back. Come here, pretty Peter," she called once more.

"If I could do anything," began Mr. Haddock, bowing.

"Oh, if you would trouble to catch him and hand him over the fence, I should be so obliged," said the lady. "He won't try to escape, if you don't alarm him."

"Puss, puss," cried Mr. Haddock, going down the garden, and hoping that no one was watching. "Puss, puss; che—che—che!"

There was no trouble whatever. Pretty Peter merely gave Mr. Haddock a mild look, and allowed himself to be caught.

"Oh, thank you so much," said the widow, with a gracious smile, as she received her treasure over the fence.

"No trouble, I assure you, madam," returned Mr. Haddock, who looked rather hot, but who felt fresher than he had done for twenty years. "It—it is a fine cat," he observed.

His new neighbour appeared pleased. "I trust he has not annoyed you," she murmured.

"Not in the slightest degree, madam. I shall be glad to hand it—him back to you at any time."

She bowed and smiled again. "You are very kind indeed. Good morning."

Half a minute after her departure Mr. Haddock became aware that Mr. Mulberry was standing in his own garden—an amused grin on his countenance. Somehow the grin irritated Mr. Haddock. He smiled stiffly in return, and his morning greeting was a trifle less warm than usual. But by the time they met in front of their houses his ill-humour had evaporated, and he bore Mr. Mulberry's chaff calmly.

"The brute smashed a dozen of my tulips," he remarked, laughing ruefully.

"Where's your trap, Thomas?" inquired the other jocularly. "You should poison some tit-bits and leave 'em about by accident."

"I really think I should, George. But I'd give you the same advice, my boy, for it may be your turn next."

And so it was. Three mornings later Mr. Haddock came out of doors and discovered Mr. Mulberry returning the Persian to its fair owner, and performing the service with not a little gallantry. Mr. Haddock was amused; at least, he told himself so.

Mr. Mulberry submitted to being chaffed

on his way to business, but lost his temper with his head clerk over a trifling matter immediately on his arrival there.

The dinner that night at No. 7 was not just so cheery as it was wont to be; next evening the chess at No. 9 was stopped twenty minutes earlier than usual, and the half hour of tobacco and whisky was also somewhat curtailed.

Nearly every morning the Persian was handed over the fence by one or the other, and received with increasing graciousness by the widow, whose name they had discovered was Mrs. Nevile, and whose age they secretly agreed upon and openly disputed.

In returning the cat on one occasion Mr. Haddock boldly, but blushingly, offered the lady several fine hyacinths. They were prettily accepted, and Mr. Mulberry, standing at his parlour window, wished his lettuces were ready.

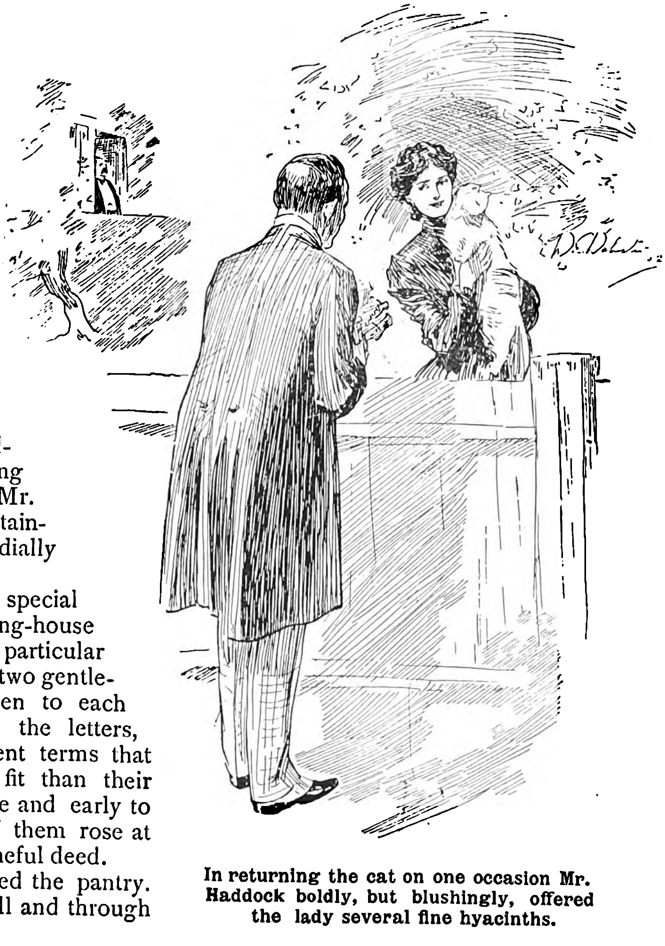
On the way to business that morning Mr. Haddock, fixing his eyes on a distant lamp-post, observed that he had just remembered that a piece of very particular work—he explained it with great minuteness—would detain him at the office till a late hour, and would prevent him dining at No. 7 in the evening.

Twenty-four hours later Mr. Mulberry announced with regret, which prevented him raising his eyes from the ground, that a relative had invited himself to his house, so that he would be unable to dine at No. 9 in the evening. Mr. Haddock accordingly spent one dismal night doing nothing in his office, and Mr. Mulberry spent another in entertaining a poor relation whom he cordially disliked.

On the third evening the special pie at the old-fashioned eating-house was prepared in vain, and the particular wine remained unopened. The two gentlemen had that afternoon written to each other from their offices, and the letters, which crossed, stated in different terms that the writers were feeling less fit than their wont, and intended going home and early to bed. This they did, but one of them rose at midnight and committed a shameful deed.

In his dressing-gown, he visited the pantry. Presently he stole across the hall and through the dark parlour, carrying something with extraordinary care. Silently he opened the French window, stealthily he peeped out, and a moment later boldly stepped into the garden. Under a small shrub, where it was not likely to be detected in the daytime, he laid a dish containing a goodly quantity of milk—*unpoisoned.* Then Mr. Haddock, like the guilty wretch he was, went back to his bed to toss restlessly till dawn.

But this attempt at monopoly failed. In fact, the Persian began to favour Mr. Mulberry's garden. It is true that Pretty Peter occasionally partook of the milk set out for him night after night, but he rarely did so until after Mr. Haddock had gone off to business. On the other hand, Mr. Mulberry, smoking his after-breakfast cigar, had conversations with Mrs. Nevile on five mornings out of the seven. The truth was that Pretty Peter preferred fish to milk, and that Mr. Mulberry was aware of the preference.



In returning the cat on one occasion Mr. Haddock boldly, but blushingly, offered the lady several fine hyacinths.

So matters went from bad to worse. The two old friends invented excuses for not meeting; they drifted further and further apart; the cosy dinners became things of the past; they set out to business at different hours. And they were very miserable.

The summer came and went, but they took no holidays. Neither could bear the thought of the other remaining in possession of the field, or, at any rate, of the back garden. Mrs. Nevile was frequently away on short visits, and on these occasions the twain sat through the evenings in their respective parlours with the windows open, and imagined themselves mourning her absence.

When she was at home she also sat at her open window, and they sometimes heard her laughing as she talked to her mother. Now and then she stepped into the garden and exchanged a few observations with the gentleman who was first to pop out of his parlour.

With the beginning of September trouble came to the widow. Pretty Peter was missing.

"Have you not seen Peter?" was her plaintive inquiry morning and evening.

Mr. Haddock insisted on being allowed to put an advertisement in the papers, but he unfortunately omitted to state that the creature was of Persian extraction. Result, a procession to Mrs. Nevile's door of several score of persons, each carrying a more or less white cat, which would be delivered up cheerfully for the sum of ten shillings, the reward offered. Mr. Haddock amended the advertisement, and doubled the reward, without avail.

Meantime Mr. Mulberry had traversed every lane and street in the neighbourhood, also without avail. Four days and nights went past, and nothing was heard of Pretty Peter.

Late on the evening of the fifth day the bachelors sat in the solitude of their parlours. Each had enjoyed a brief period of converse with the widow; each had sympathised with her in her loss, speaking tenderly, nay, affectionately of the missing pet. Both had heard her parlour window shut half-an-hour ago, and now both were mentally arranging to present her with a new Persian, cost what it might, on the morrow.

Suddenly the pipe fell from Mr. Haddock's fingers, the cigar from Mr. Mulberry's. The bachelors stood up trembling, and peered into the widow's garden. Surely—surely—why yes! without a doubt, the Persian was there! Pretty Peter had returned. He squatted in the middle of the garden and mewed wistfully.

Out of his parlour popped Mr. Haddock; out of his stumbled Mr. Mulberry.

"Puss, puss! *Che, che, che!*" said Mr. Haddock, in his most winning tones, from his side of the fence.

"Poor pussy! Pretty Peter!" said Mr. Mulberry, in a seductive but husky voice.

The Persian looked from one to the other, and remained in the middle of the garden.

"*Che, che, che!* Puss, puss! Milk!" said Mr. Haddock.

"Fish, pussy! Fish, fish, fish!" said Mr. Mulberry.

Pretty Peter took scant notice of the kind gentlemen, who were now glaring through the dark at each other. He gazed at the light filtering through the drawn blinds of his mistress's abode, and mewed intermittently.

The tenant of No. 9, Wellington Terrace put one leg over the fence, and his action was immediately repeated by the tenant of No. 7. Each had an intense ambition to have the honour of handing over the Persian to the fair widow. They dived forward. Mr. Mulberry felt a rush of triumph through his being as he secured Pretty Peter by the "scruff" of the neck but simultaneously Mr. Haddock grabbed the fine bushy tail. The rudely-surprised creature kicked out and mewed in protest.

"Let go!" exclaimed Mr. Mulberry.

Mr. Haddock merely tightened his grip.

"I got it first, you fool!" muttered the former, with a cruel tug.

"You didn't, you idiot!" retorted the other in a passion.

Pretty Peter emitted a prolonged and hideous wail.

"Confound you! You're hurting the brute."

"It's you who are hurting it. What are you pulling at?"

"It's mine! I had it first!"

"You hadn't. I was as soon as you."

A savage jerk was followed at once by a burst of loud squalls. The French window flew open, and the two bachelors, half dazed with the flood of light, stood panting and pale in the sight of Mrs. Nevile, her mother, and a tall man of about forty.

"Oh, my Peter, my Pretty Peter!" began the widow, but suddenly choked and went off in soft peals of merriment.

The Persian kicked himself clear of the now unresisting hands, and trotted to his mistress as if to confide to her a tale of the shocking treatment to which he had just been subjected.

Mrs. Nevile checked her mirth, but only for a moment.

"Oh, thank you, thank you," she managed to gasp, and then relapsed into laughter once more.

Mr. Haddock and Mr. Mulberry could bear it no longer. They grunted something unintelligible, and retired in undignified confusion. They slammed their parlour windows to shut out the sounds of feminine and also, alas! manly laughter. They went to bed that night, but could not sleep, the two most unhappy and ashamed middle-aged gentlemen in the Kingdom.

Mr. Haddock left business the following afternoon somewhat earlier than usual, and instead of taking out his latchkey as he reached No. 7, Wellington Terrace, he took out his handkerchief, wiped the perspiration from his brow, passed his own door, and rang the bell of No. 8. Could he see Mrs. Nevile for a few minutes on a matter of importance? He could, said the maid, whereat he nearly turned and fled. But he forced himself to enter the house, and, without time to rehearse the speech he had prepared over his private ledger that forenoon, found himself in the widow's presence.

She received him with a kindliness which was quite unexpected.

"I—I called, madam," he said, fumbling for nearly every word, "to apologise for—for hurting your cat last night. It—it was all my fault. Your cat was really found by—by Mr. George Mulberry, madam, but—owing to a misunderstanding, madam, I—I—I——" Here he broke down miserably.

Mrs. Nevile bit her lip. "You tell me," she said quietly, "that my Peter was found by Mr. Mulberry."

"Certainly. No doubt about it," cried Mr. Haddock eagerly.

"Um!" she murmured thoughtfully. "I should tell you, Mr. Haddock, that I have to-day received a note from Mr. Mulberry—pray let me go on—in which he positively informs me that Peter was found by you."

Mr. Haddock was staggered. At last he said, in a feeble voice: "Madam, that just shows what—what a good fellow George Mulberry is. But—but don't believe his letter, madam. He—I repeat it—found the cat!"

Mrs. Nevile was amused, but she was also touched.

"Where did he find Peter, do you know?' she asked.

"In your garden, Madam," replied her visitor simply. "I—I saw him find the cat!"

The widow pressed her handkerchief for a moment to her lips.

"I am very much indebted to Mr. Mulberry, I am sure," she remarked gravely.

"I'm glad I've explained the matter," said Mr. Haddock rising. "George Mulberry is a good fellow—an excellent fellow," he added warmly.

Words, almost similar, in Mr. Mulberry's note came back to the lady. She rose, holding out her hand.

"I should be glad if you would dine with us on Saturday, Mr. Haddock. Quite informally, of course. I am—er—giving up this house in a few weeks owing to—er—a certain change in my future." She smiled and flushed ever so little.

Mr. Haddock bowed. "I shall be delighted," he said.

"I have written to Mr. Mulberry," she continued, "asking him to join us. Might I trouble you to hand this note to him?"

The bachelor's face grew fiery, then pale.

"I shall be glad to do so," he said after a moment.

She accompanied him to the door, and there bade him a gracious good-bye.

Mr. Haddock walked slowly up to the door of No. 9. He laid hold of the bell handle, but let go without pulling it. The letter-box caught his eye, and his hand went towards it.

"Coward!" said his heart, and he turned to the bell again.

But before he could ring there was a step in the hall, and the door was opened.

"Thomas!"

"George!"

The words were spoken simultaneously.

"You—you are going out?" said Mr. Haddock awkwardly.

"No—no. At least, I—I was going along your way," stammered Mr. Mulberry. "Come in, man!" he added abruptly, almost harshly.

Thomas stepped in trembling, and without a word followed George to the parlour.

"Sit down," said the latter.

They seated themselves uncomfortably, and stared about as if the various objects in the room were curious novelties.

"George," said Mr. Haddock at last, "you wrote to Mrs. Nevile."

"How did you know?"

"I've just been there. You—you're a good fellow, George."

"Bah!"

"Here is a letter for you."

"Thanks." He opened it and glanced through its brief contents. "An invitation to dinner on Saturday. This is your doing, Thomas."

"No, George. I merely called on Mrs. Nevile to say that—that you found her cat."

"Good gracious! What an untruth!"

"Not such an untruth as yours, George."

"Oh, man, man, I wonder at you!"

"But, but—Oh! confound the cat!"

"Right, Thomas. Confound the nasty beast!" cried Mr. Mulberry, jumping up.

Mr. Haddock rose also. His hand went out and met Mr. Mulberry's.

"George!"

"Thomas!"

"The fact——"

"The fact is that——"

"That the cat found——"

"Itself!"

"Found itself!"

The two bachelors burst out laughing. Half-an-hour later a telegram was dispatched to the old-fashioned eating-house in the city.

It was when the second bottle had just been opened that Mr. Haddock said: "George, Mrs. Nevile is giving up No. 8 in a few weeks. I expect she is going to marry again."

"There seems to be no doubt about it. She's a fine woman—a fine woman."

"She is, indeed."

For the fraction of a second their glances met.

"Still, I never was a marrying man," remarked the one, examining a cork with interest.

"No, more was I," said the other, toying with the salt-cellar.

"We are a pair of confirmed bachelors."

"Absolutely!"

"Help yourself, George."

"After you, my dear fellow."

They helped each other to wine.

"H'm!" said Mr. Mulberry, with a gay chuckle, as he held up his glass, "here's her very good health, Thomas!"

"I'm with you, George! Let us couple it with that of Pretty Peter — confound the beast!"

And down went the wine.

"No. 8 will be to let again, I expect," observed Mr. Mulberry presently.

"It will. And I've got an idea, George."

"Have you? So have I, my boy. It has struck me that I might give up No. 9, and——"

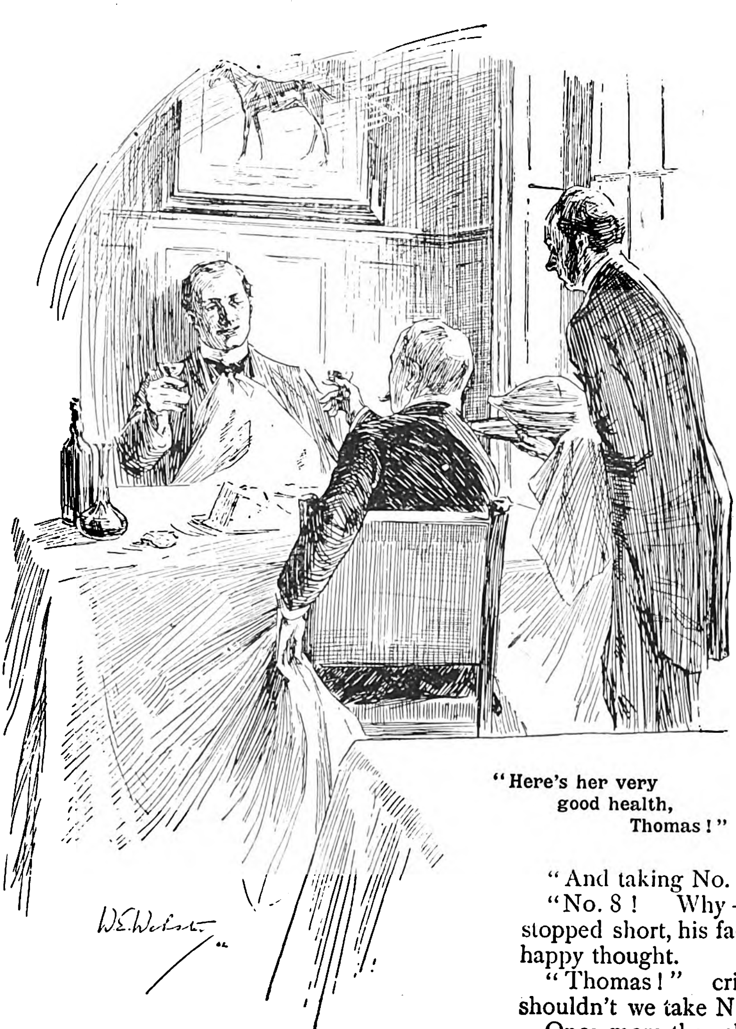
"I'm seriously thinking of giving up No. 7, and——"

"And taking No. 8."

"No. 8! Why——" Mr. Haddock stopped short, his face illumined by a sudden happy thought.

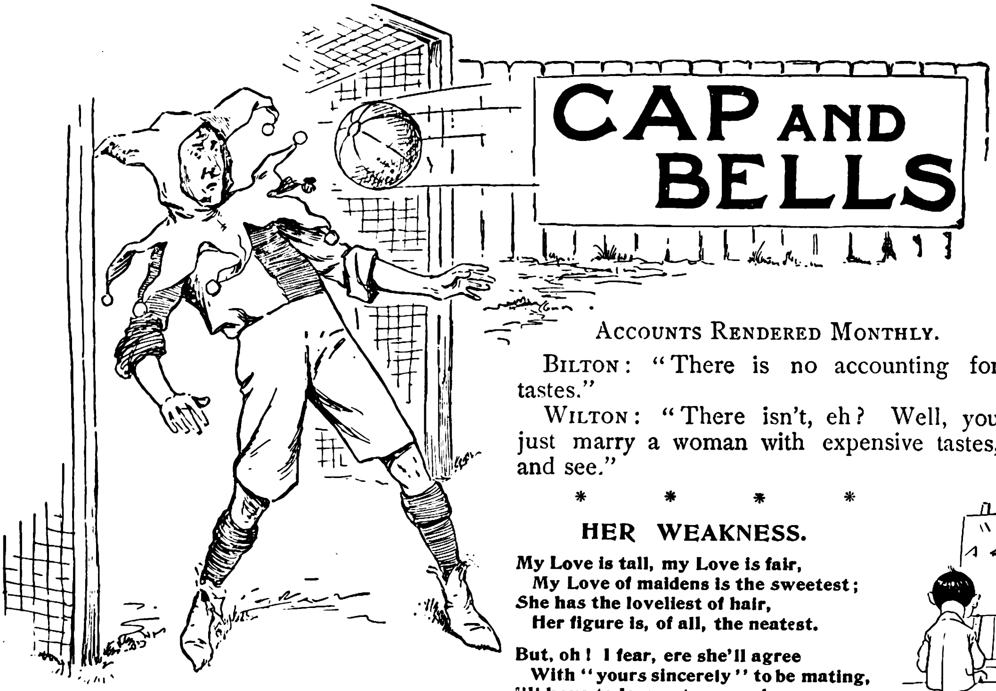
"Thomas!" cried his friend, "why shouldn't we take No. 8 together?"

Once more they shook hands.



"Here's her very good health, Thomas!"

CAP AND BELLS



A Transgression.

Links: "Look here, you're breaking one of the most important rules of the game."

Brassey: "What's that?"

Links: "In addressing the ball you should do so in language fit for publication."

* * * * *

THE NEXT STEP.

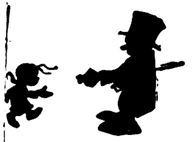
The horseless carriage having come,
The chances are 'twill strike
Some bold inventor that it's time
To launch the manless bike.

* * * * *

Inquiring Child: "Papa, why do people cry at weddings?"

Papa (abstractedly): "Most of 'em have been married themselves."

* * * *



"Here, my little girl, is a penny for you. I was poor once myself."

"T'anks, sir. I s'pose dey ain't any danger of yer ever gittin' dat way agin."

* * * *

"Didn't you promise me not to do it again?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, didn't I promise to whip you if you did?"

"Yes, sir; but as I didn't keep my promise, I won't hold you to yours."

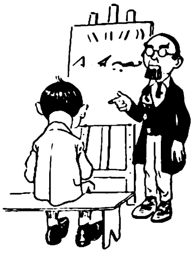
Accounts Rendered Monthly.

Bilton: "There is no accounting for tastes."

Wilton: "There isn't, eh? Well, you just marry a woman with expensive tastes, and see."

* * * *

HER WEAKNESS.



My Love is tall, my Love is fair,
My Love of maidens is the sweetest;
She has the loveliest of hair,
Her figure is, of all, the neatest.

But, oh! I fear, ere she'll agree
With "yours sincerely" to be mating,
I'll have to learn stenography,
My Love's so given to "dictating."

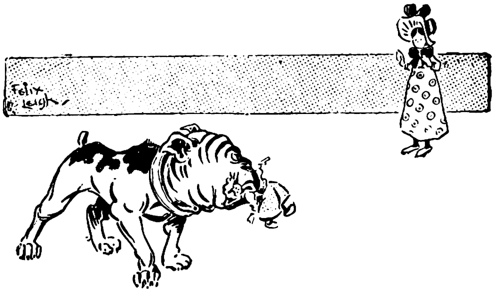
* * * *

Illnesses are the instruments by which the debt of Nature is collected.

* * * * *

"It's no use," said Fweddy disconsolately, "I've been twying to see how I look in the glawss when I sneeze, and when the sneeze comes I cawn't help closing my eyes to save my life, don't y' know!"

* * * * *



A JUVENILE VERSION.

Goodbye, Dolly, I must leave you,
Though it fills my heart with woe;
Great big dog has got you, darling,
And he will not let you go.
That he'll spill your precious sawdust,
Ere he's done with you, is clear,
But I daren't attempt a rescue—
Good-bye—Dolly—dear!

COULDN'T.

He: "Old Grouche hasn't spoken a hasty word to his wife during their married life."

She: "How lovely."

He: "Yes; he stutters."

* * * *

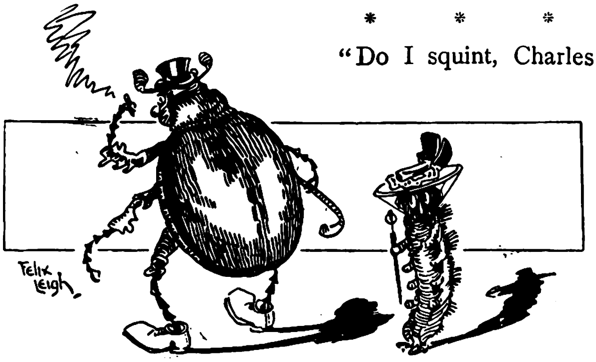
"Yes; he said if he had his choice he'd rather be an ex-convict than anything else."

"The ideal! How eccentric!"

"Not at all. You see, he's just been sent to prison for a term of ten years."

* *

The Ideal Woman will be found when the Ideal Man discovers her—not till then.



THE ATTRACTION OF THE MIRROR.

Miss Katie Pillar: "Ah, here is old Mr. Beetle, with his polished wing-cases. Now I shall be able to see how I'm looking in my new summer hat."

He Wants News.

Hewitt: "No news is good news."

Jewett: "That may be; but if you are a reporter you can't make your editor believe it."

* * * *

Lady: "I hope you won't kill any of the poor little birds."

Kid: "That's just the way with you women—always wishin' a feller bad luck."

* * * *

"Do I squint, Charles?" asked the rich girl.

"A little, Maude," he said tenderly; "but who wouldn't with your eyes? If mine were as beautiful as yours, I'd be trying to look into them myself."

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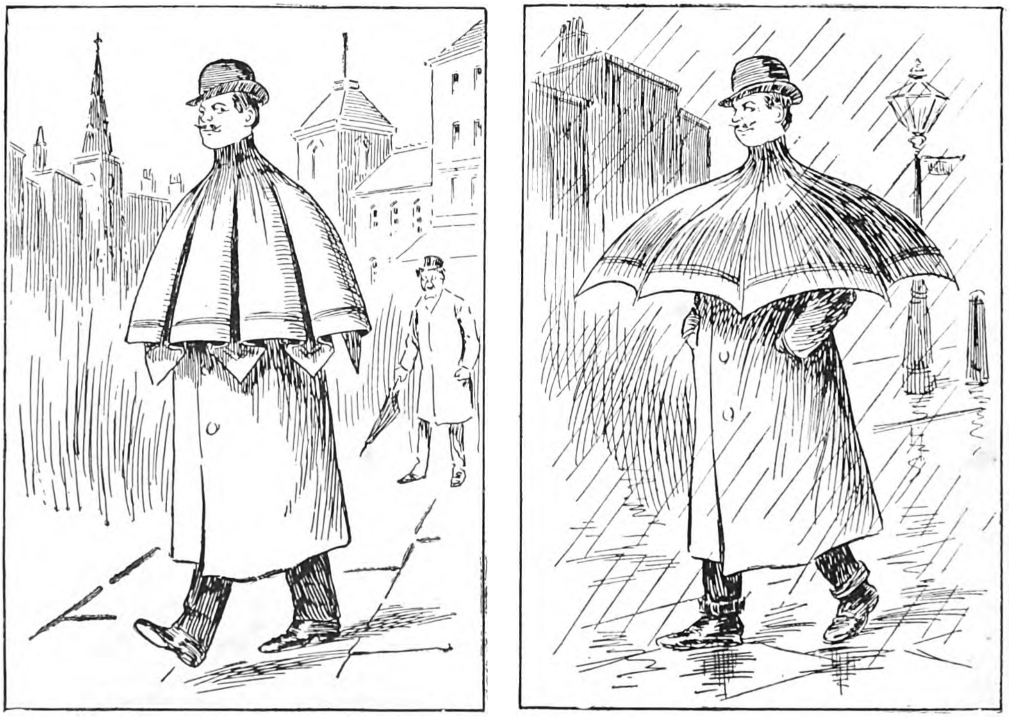
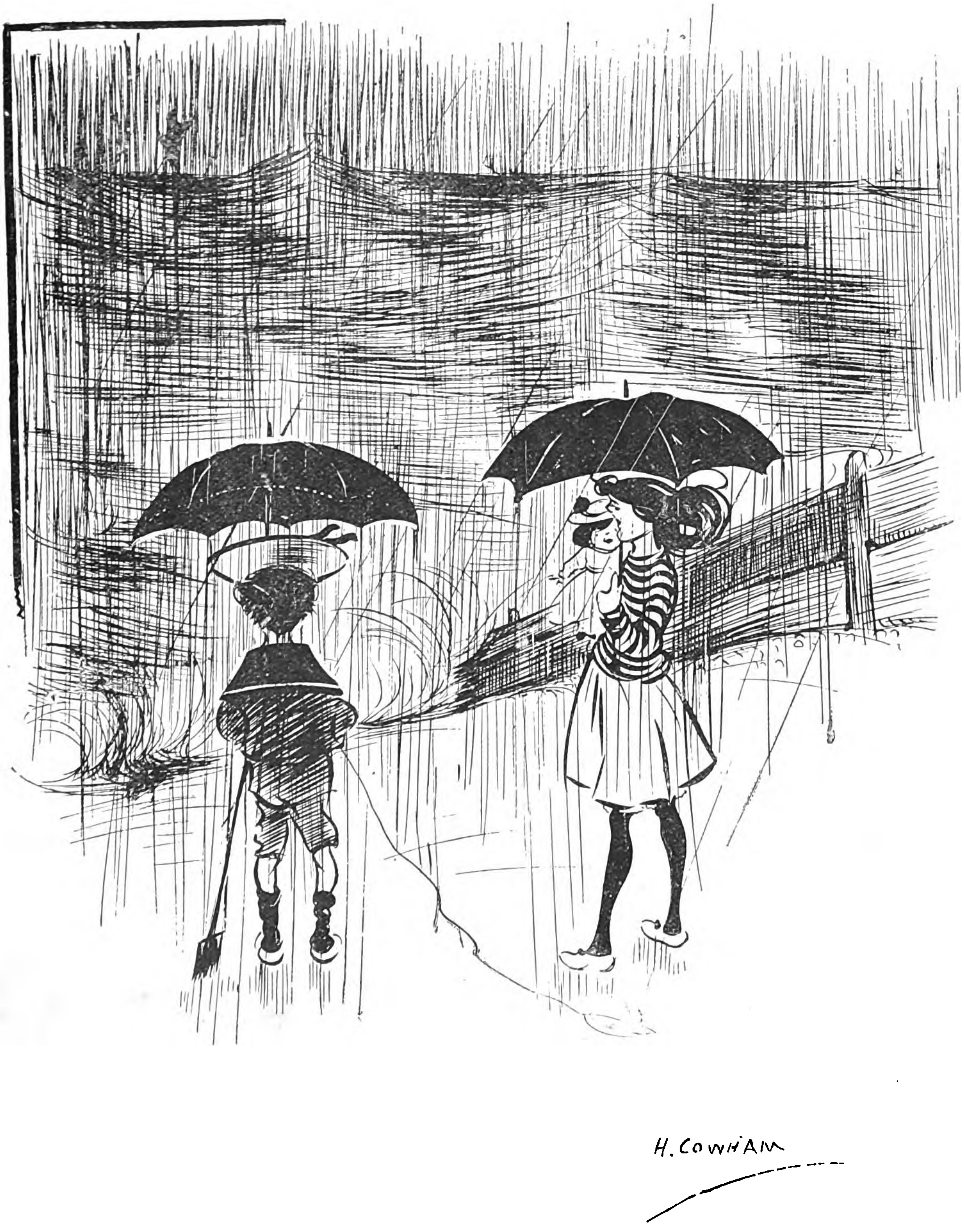


Our New Shower Cape Coat.



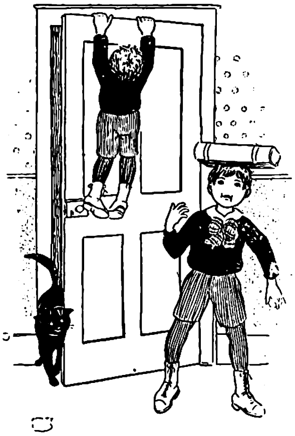
AN AWFUL THOUGHT.

"Jack, I think we'd better go home. We might come unstuck like dolly does, and they might not remember how to put us together again."

THE TWINS.

Jimmy and Timmy were two little twins,
They were just the same height and as like as two pins;
When people saw Timmy, they thought it was Jimmy,
And Jimmy was often mistaken for Timmy—
Until one sad day Jimmy started to grow,
And left little Timmy far, far down below.

"Oh dear," they both cried, "what a horrid surprise,
We cannot be happy if not the same size!"
So Timmy hung on to the top of the door—
To lengthen himself—for an hour or for more,
While Jimmy—to make himself shorter, he said—
Balanced a weight on the top of his head.
But in spite of their efforts, it all was in vain,
They were never exactly the same height again.



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AN EXTERIOR CONSCIENCE.

BONTER: "Excuse my yawning; I didn't get a wink of sleep last night."

JUPP: "Toothache?"

BONTER: "No. A woman asked me for some money yesterday, and I refused her. Well, the tones of her voice rang in my head all night. I couldn't close an eye."

JUPP: "Conscience-stricken, eh? Was it a deserving case, do you think?"

BONTER: "It was my wife."

* * * * *

POOR FELLOW.

HE: "I don't understand what Gruet can see in the girl he is to marry."

SHE: "Love is blind, you know."

HE: "Well, love will have to be deaf and dumb, too, if he gets along with her."

BITTERSWEET.

We love to tell about each ill and pain
We have, and how much we've endured—
Indeed, 'twould rather seem a loss than gain,
If we were cured!

* * * * *

MAGNIFICENT!

A GENTLEMAN went to a dentist and asked him to "take a look at his teeth." The dentist did so, and seemed full of admiration.

"What do you think of them?" asked the patient.

"Magnificent! Magnificent!" was all the dentist could say.

"Then you don't find anything to do to them?"

"To do to them? Why, there are four to be pulled, six to be filled, and three to be crowned!" said the dentist.

* * *

IN SHADY NOOK.

"I long to rest upon your breast,"
Said she—with fear he eyed her,
Then hurried from that leafy nest—
***She* was a garden spider.**

* * *

HONOURS EVEN.

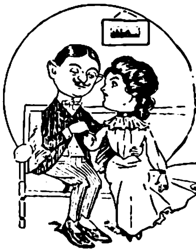
"Jones is as good a fish liar as anybody I know. I told him an awful whopper the other night, but he matched it right away."

"How?"

"He said he believed me."

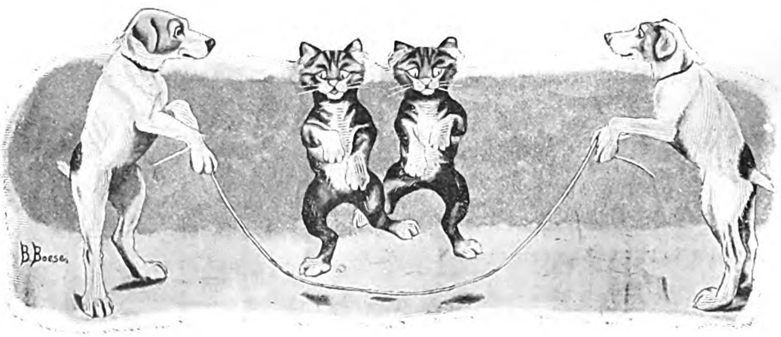
* * * *

NOT UNCOMMON.



He: "It seems strange I should be so much in love with you, when three weeks ago we hadn't met."

She: "Oh, it often happens that way."



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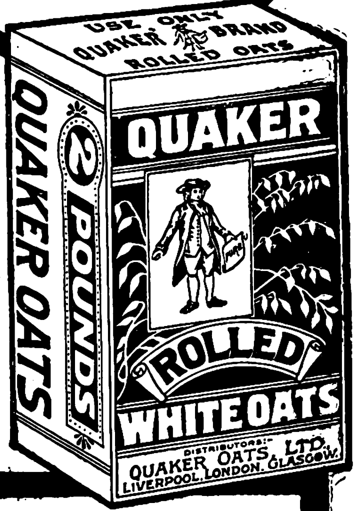
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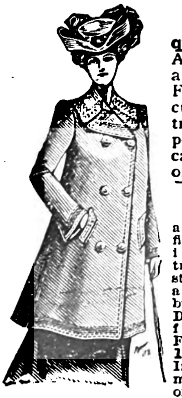

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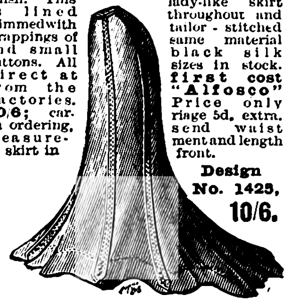

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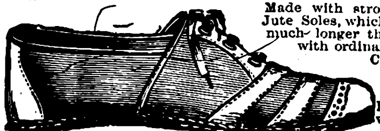

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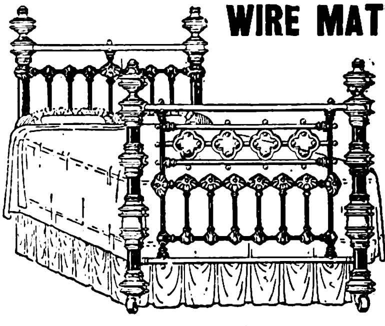

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